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T H E

D R A M A T I C K W O R K S

. O F

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

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BEAUMONT, FRANCIS

T H E

D R A M A T I C K W O R K S

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

A N D C O R R E C T E D ;

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 E I G H T H ;

C O N T A I N I N G ,

W O M E N P L E A S ' D ;

N I G H T - W A L K E R ; O R , T H E L I T T L E T H I E F ;

I S L A N D P R I N C E S S ; ✓

W O M A N ' S P R I Z E ; O R , T H E T A M E R T A M ' D ;

N O B L E G E N T L E M A N .

L O N D O N ,

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M D C C L X X V I I I .

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WOMEN PLEAS'D.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Play (which was first printed in the folio of 1647) to Fletcher alone. Part of it is founded on Boccace's Decameron, on which Chaucer has built a Tale, which Dryden has modernized: There has been no representation of it at either theatre for many years, nor do we know of any alteration of it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

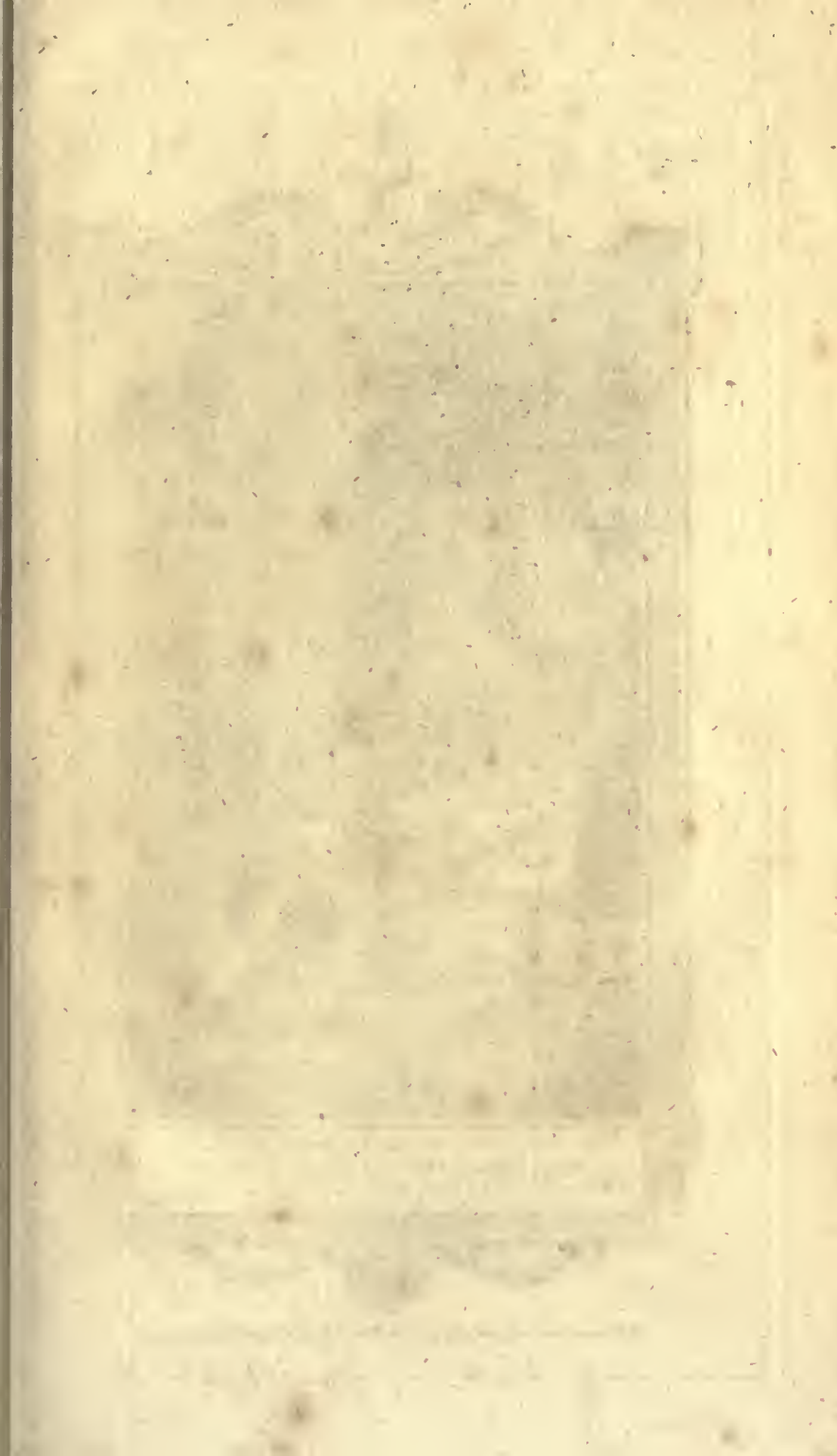
- Duke of Sienna, suitor to Belvidere.
Silvio, a gentleman of quality, servant to Belvidere.
Claudio, Silvio's friend, brother to Isabella, but disguis'd
to her under the name of Rugio.
Bartello, captain of the citadel, uncle to Silvio.
Lopez, a sordid usurer, the jealous husband of Isabella.
Penurio, a hungry servant to Lopez.
Soto, a merry servant to Claudio.
Lords of Florence.
Lords of Sienna.
Counsellors.
Courtiers.
A Farmer, father to Soto.
Captain.
Soldiers of the guard.
A Clerk.
Bomby, an enemy to wakes and may-poles.
Morris-dancers, Masquers.

W O M E N.

- Duchess of Florence.
Belvidere, a virtuous princess, daughter to the Duchess,
in love with Silvio.
Rodope, wife to Bartello.
Isabella, wife to Lopez.
Jaquenet, servant to Isabella.
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE, FLORENCE.

WOMEN





*What a devil's this? tied to her finger too? —
 A string, a damned string, to give intelligence!
 Oh my lov'd key, how truly hast thou serv'd me!* Act III

M. A. Rooker del.

J. Collyer sculp.

W O M E N P L E A S ' D .

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

Enter Bartello and Silvio.

Silvio. **T**IS true,
She is a right good princess, and a just
one,
And Florence; when she sets, has lost a planet.

Bart. My mistress? I tell thee, gentle nephew,
There is not such another friend to goodness;
To downright dealing, to faith, and true heart,
Within the Christian confines. Before she bless'd us,
Justice was a cheefmonger, a mere cheefmonger,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but mites and maggots,
And a main stink; law, like a horse-courser,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbands,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame, and founder'd.

Sil. But the sweet lady Belvidere, the bright one——

Bart. Ay, there's a face indeed! Oh, my dear nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that lady in his arms?

Sil. I think not.

Bart. Thou hast a parlous judgment! But let that
pass:

She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great mother's good; and that's not ordinary.

Sil. But why (so many princes, and so great ones,
Being suitors) should the Duchess deny to match her?

Bart. She is a jewel, man, hangs in her bosom;

4 WOMEN PLEAS'D.

Her only child : With her eyes she sees all things,
 Discourses with her tongue; and pluck her from her
 (So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
 You pluck her heart out too : Besides, of late days,
 The duke of Milan, who could never win her
 By love, nor treaty, laid a close train for her
 In her own private walks, some forty horse-men,
 So to surprize her, which we found, and dealt with ;
 And sent 'em running home to the duke their master,
 Like dogs with bottles at their tails.

Sil. Since that, I heard, Sir,
 Sh' has sent her to your citadel to secure her,
 My cousin Rodope¹, your wife, attending her.

Bart. You hear a truth; and all convenient pleasures
 Are there proportion'd for her.

Sil. I would fain, Sir,
 Like one, that owes a duteous service to her,
 Sometimes, so please you——

Bart. Gentle cousin, pardon me !
 I must not, nor you must not dare to offer :
 The last edict lies on his life pursues it.
 Your friend, Sir, to command abroad, to love you,
 To lend you any thing I have, to wait upon you ;
 But, in the citadel where I stand charg'd,
 Not a bit upon a march : No service, Sir,
 No, good Sir, by no means ! I kiss your hands, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Sil. To your keeping only ? none else to look upon her ?
 None but Bartello worthy her attendance ?
 No faith but his to serve her ? Oh, Belvidere,
 Thou faint to whom my youth is sacrific'd,
 Thou point to which my life turns, and my fortune !
 Art thou lock'd from me now ? from all my comforts,
 Art thou snatch'd violently² ? Thou hear'st me not ;

¹ *My cousin Rodope, your wife, &c.]* We have a mighty jumble through the play of *cousin* and *aunt*, as the reader will easily perceive.
Sympson.

² *From all my comforts*

Art thou snatch'd violently ?] *Silvio* is not lamenting the lady's condition

Nor canst thou see, fair soul, thy servant's mournings;
 Yet let thy gentle heart feel what is absence³,
 The great divorce of minds so truly loving,
 So long, and nurs'd in one affection,
 Ev'n from our infant eyes suck'd in, and nourish'd—
 Oh! let it feel but that, and there stand constant,
 And I am blest. My dear aunt Rodope,
 That is her governess, did love me dearly;
 There's one hope yet to see her: When he's absent,
 It may be ventur'd, and she may work it closely.
 I know the lady's will goes equal with me,
 And so the danger o' th' edict avoided:
 Let me think more! for I must try all hazards.

Enter Claudio and Soto.

Soto. Will you go yonder, Sir?

Clau. Yes, marry will I, Sir.

Soto. And by this ladder?

Clau. By that ladder, coxcomb.

Soto. Have you any more necks at home when this
 is broken?

For this will crack with the best friend he has, Sir.
 Or, can you pitch of all four, like an ape now?
 Let me see you tumble.

Clau. You are very pleasant, Sir.

Soto. No, truly, Sir; I should be loath to see you
 Come fluttering down like a young rook, cry *squab*,
 And take you up with your^m brains beaten into your
 buttocks.

Clau. Hold your peace, afs!—Who's this stands
 musing here?

condition but his own, and therefore I should think it would be better
 to read,

——— *From me all my comforts
 Are they snatch'd violently.*

Symphon.

The text is much best; and though loosely expressed, means to
 represent *Silvio* lamenting *his own* condition.

³ *Yet let thy gentle heart feel what his absence.*] A letter too much
 in *his* makes strange stuff in this passage: Our Authors possibly wrote,

——— *feel what is absence.*

Symphon.

Silvio?

Sil. Who calls me?

Clau. One most glad to see you, Sir.

Sil. My dearest Claudio? What make you thus private,

And with a preparation of this nature?

Soto. We've leave to play, and are going to climb birds' nests.

Sil. Prithee what is it, friend? Why start you from me?

Is your old mistress grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scal'd? It seems you're loath to tell me.
Since twenty years' continuance of our friendship
May not be worth the weight of such a secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again. Save you!

Clau. Nay, stay, dear Silvio! if you love me, take it;
For, 'till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I'll do my best to ease it.

Clau. You've heard, the lady Belvidere——

Sil. What heard, Sir?

Clau. Heard, to the citadel, upon some fears,
She is confin'd.

Sil. Why, dreams he on this beauty?— [*Aside.*
'Tis true, I've heard it.

Clau. And that no access,
No blessing from those eyes, but with much hazard,
Ev'n hazard of a life——

Sil. He dares not love her!—

I've heard that too: But whither points your purpose?

Clau. Oh, Silvio, let me speak that none may hear
me,

None but thy truth! I've lov'd this lady long,
Long giv'n away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruin;

Sil. Does she know this?

Clau. No; there begins my misery!
Ixion-like, I've only yet clasp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve me.

Sil.

Sil. And what d' you mean to do now ?

Clau. Tho' I die for't,
Tho' all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I stand prepar'd now
With this to reach her chamber; there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.

Sil. 'Twill not be easily done, Sir——

Clau. Oh, my Silvio,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession.

Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.

Clau. Love is blind, man ;
And he, that looks for reason there, far blinder.

Sil. Have you consider'd ripely ?

Clau. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.

Sil. Her honour too ?
What she may suffer in this rash adventure ?
The beauty of her name ?

Clau. I'll do it closely,
And only at her window, with that caution——

Sil. Are there no guards ?

Clau. Corruption chokes their service.

Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a woman,
To hold commerce with strange tongues ?

Clau. Why, this service,
This only hazard of my life, must tell her,
Tho' she were Vesta's self, I must deserve her.

Sil. I would not have you go ; pray let it sink here,
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser !

Clau. 'Tis too late, Sir.

Sil. Then I must say, you shall not go.

Clau. I shall not ?

Sil. You shall not go : That part bred with you,
Friendship,
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.

Clau. You stretch that tie too far.

Sil. I'll stretch it further :
The honour that I bear that spotless virtue

8. W O M E N P L E A S ' D .

You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command you stay; if not, thus force you!

Soto. This will be worse than climbing.

Clau. Why d' you draw, Sir?

Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy master,

Clau. I ever was your friend.

Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,

And not a night-thief of another's honour:
I never call'd a fool my friend, a mad man,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life t' dishonest dangers; I ne'er lov'd him,
Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin;
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Follows his life dares master his affections.
Will you give off, or fight?

Clau. I will not fight with you;
The sacred name of friend ties up that anger:
Rather I'll study——

Sil. Do, to be a friend still.

Clau. If this way, I shall never hold.

Sil. I'll watch you:

And, if I catch you false, by Heav'n you die for't,
All love forgot!

Clau. When I fear that, I'm fit for't. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I .

*Lopez at a table with jewels and money upon it, an egg
roasting by a candle.*

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are
banqueting,
And launching out their states to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that faints me.
Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious;

These

These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
 Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms;
 How bright they shine, like constellations!
 The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
 Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet;
 Here chains of lesser stones for ladies lustres,
 Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver,
 These are my studies to set off in sale well,
 And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.
 How roasts mine egg? he heats apace; I'll turn him.
 Penurio! where, you knave, d' you wait? Penurio,
 You lazy knave!

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Did you call, Sir?

Lopez. Where's your mistress?

What vanity holds her from her attendance?

Pen. The very sight of this egg has made him cockish;
 What would a dozen butter'd do?—She is within, Sir.

Lopez. Within, Sir? at what thrift, you knave?
 what getting?

Pen. Getting a good stomach, Sir, an she knew
 where to get meat to't;

She's praying heartily upon her knees, Sir,
 That Heav'n would send her a good bearing dinner.

Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on,
 Health slung behind! had she not yesternight, sirrah,
 Two sprats to-supper, and the oil allowable?

Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou
 (Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
 The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
 To make thee hearty broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, Sir;

But I might as soon make the philosopher's stone on't:
 You gave it me in water, and, but for manners' sake,
 I could give it you again, in wind, it was so hearty.
 I shall turn pissing-conduit shortly.—My mistress
 comes, Sir.

Enter.

Enter Isabella.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!

Isab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me.
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy?

Lopez. Good Isabella——

Isab. Too good for you! D' you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and if your misery
Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no bawd to mine own ruin.

Pen. Tickle him, mistress; to him!

Isab. Had you love in you,
Or any part of man——

Pen. Follow that, mistress!

Isab. Or had Humanity but ever known you,
You'd shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and basely! You're strangely jealous of me;
If I should give you cause——

Lopez. How, Isabella?

Isab. As do not venture this way to provoke me——

Pen. Excellent well, mistress!

Lopez. How's this, Isabella?

Isab. 'Twill stir a faint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may——

Lopez. By no means, chicken!
You know I love you. Fy, take no example
By those young gadding dames, (you're noted
virtuous)

That stick their husband's wealth in trifles on 'em,
And

And point 'em but the way to their own miseries.
 I am not jealous. Kifs me. Faith, I am not.
 And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthful
 (Surfeits destroy more than the sword) that I'm careful
 Your meat should be both neat, and cleanly handled;
 See, sweet, I'm cook myself, and mine own cater ⁴.

Pen. A pox of that cook cannot lick his fingers!

Lopez. I'll add another dish; you shall have milk
 to't;

'Tis nourishing and good.

Pen. With butter in't, Sir?

Lopez. (This knave would breed a famine in a king-
 dom!)

And cloaths that shall content you; you must be wife
 then,

And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
 Not wandring after every toy comes cross you,
 Nor struck with every spleen ⁵.—What's the knave
 doing? Penurio!

Pen. Hunting, Sir, for a second course of flies here;
 They're rare new fallads.

Lopez. For certain, Isabella,
 This rav'ning fellow has a wolf in's belly.
 Untemp'rate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
 I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrous.

Pen. If you had giv'n me those, 't had been more
 monstrous.

Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.
 Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
 And think the Roman dainties at our table!

'Tis all but thought. [Exeunt.]

Pen. 'Would all my thoughts would do it!
 The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,

⁴ *Cater.*] Probably we should read, *caterer*.

⁵ *Nor struck with every spleen.*] Seward would alter *spleen* to *shen*, which, says he, is the same as *bright* or *brightness*. The alteration proposed is, we think, a very poor one; and we do not remember *shen* as a substantive. *Nor struck with every spleen*, we conceive, signifies, *not put out of humour with trifles*.

To victual out a witch for the Bermoothes⁶ :
 'Tis treason to any good stomach living now
 To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to't.
 I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living man, unless a rascal
 That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd gentle-
 man,

Take me for a worse man than my master now ?
 I'm naturally proud in these cloaths : But if pride now
 Should catch a fall in what I am attempting !

'Tis but a proverb sound, and a neck broken,
 That's the worst can come on't ; a gentleman's gone
 then,

A gentleman o' th' first house, there's the end on't !
 My master lies most pitifully complaining,
 Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder,
 And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me :
 I've got his cloaths, and if I can get to her,
 By hook or crook here⁷, such a song I'll sing her—

⁶ *Bermoothes.*] i. e. *Bermudas.*—Dr. Warburton remarks, that
 ' Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172, says, *that the Bur-*
 ' *mudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them, The*
 ' *Isle of Devils.*—P. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an in-*
 ' *chanted den of furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely
 ' subject to storms and hurricanes ; and the islands were surrounded
 ' with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the
 ' water.'

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued
 so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's,
 intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expur-*
gatorio, &c. 12^o, in page 62, under the title of *Cases of Conscience*, is
 this,

34. ' Whether Bermudas and the parliament-house lie under one
 ' planet, seeing both are haunted with devils.' *Percy.*

⁷ *By hook or crook here.*] Mr. Warton observes, (*Observations on*
Spenser, vol. ii.) that the proverb of getting any thing *by booke*
or by crooke was supposed to have arisen in the time of Charles I. when
 there

I think I shall be hang'd; but that's no matter!
 What's a hanging among friends? I am valiant now
 As an elephant. I have consider'd what
 To say too. Let me see now! this is the place;
 'Tis plaguy high! Stay; at that lower window
 Let me aim finely now, like a good gunner,
 It may prove but a whipping,

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I saw somebody
 Pass by me now, and, though't were dark, methought
 yet

I knew the cloaths. Ha! let me not be cozen'd!
 The ladder too, ready to fling it? Monstrous!
 'Tis he, 'tis Claudio! most voluptuous villain,
 Scandal to woman's credit! Love, I forget thee——

Soto. What will he do, i' th' name of Heav'n?
 What's that there?

Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury
 here——

there were two learned judges, named *Hooke* and *Crooke*; and a difficult cause was to be gotten either by *Hooke* or by *Crooke*. This notion he shews to be groundless, and that the form was not then invented as a proverb, but applied as a pun. He is, however, mistaken in imagining there was any judge of that time of the name of *Hooke*. In *Hudibras*, part. iii. c. ii. are the following lines:

' These are the courses that we took

' To carry things by *Hook* or *Crook*.'

Line 933.

which, Dr. Gray says, alludes to the judgment of judge *Crook* and *Hutton*, who dissented from their brethren in the determination of the cause about ship-money, and occasioned the wags to say that the king carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*. The phrase, however, is certainly (as Mr. Warton proves) of higher antiquity than the time of Charles I. as may appear by several passages in our ancient writers. In Lodge's 'Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse,' 1596, p. 7,
 ' He matcheth not according to his birth, but the increase of his fortune: And by *hooke* or *crooke* so stirreth in the world, that not only he attaineth prebeminence in the city, but some place in court.'—
 Again, in the Life of Jasper Colignie, B. L. ' Therefore, having always this saying in his mouth, what skills it whither a man use manlinesse or wylinesse ageint his enemy? he determined to go intoo his camp as a revolter, and to hunt for opportunitie to accomplish his device by *locke* or by *crocke*.'

R.

Soto.

Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a cudgel.

Sil. Thy faults forgive, oh, Heav'n! Farewell,
thou traitor! [*Fires a pistol.*]

Soto. I'm slain, I'm slain!

Sil. He's down, and dead, dead certain,
(It was too rash, too full of spleen) stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in; only,
'Would I had given this hand that shot the pistol
I had mis'd thee, and thou wert once more Claudio!
[*Exit.*]

Enter Claudio.

Clau. Why should I love thus foolishly? thus
desp'rately?

And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain
me?

The devil's mouth I run' into, affright me?
The honour of the lady, charm my wildness?
I have no power, no being of myself,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my will. Oh, Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the tyrant in me——

Soto. Oh!

Clau. What's that cry?

Soto. A surgeon, a surgeon,
Twenty good surgeons!

Clau. 'Tis not far from me;
Some murder, o' my life!

Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no surgeon?

Clau. 'Tis my man, sure,
His voice, and here he lies. How is it with thee?

Soto. I'm slain, Sir, I am slain.

Clau. Slain? Who has slain thee?

Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd!

Clau. Where's thy hurt?

Soto. I know not;
But I am sure I'm kill'd.

Clau.

Clau. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?

Soto. I can sit up;
But, ne'ertheless, I'm slain.

Clau. 'Tis not o' this side?

Soto. No, Sir, I think it be not.

Clau. Nor o' this side.

Was it done with a sword?

Soto. A gun, a gun, sweet master.

Clau. The devil a bullet has been here; thou'rt well,
man.

Soto. No, sure, I'm kill'd.

Clau. Let me see thy thighs, and belly:
As whole as a fish, for any thing I see yet;
Thou bleed'st no where.

Soto. I think I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet, I am afraid I'm slain.

Clau. Stand up, fool!
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail. Who shot thee?
A pottle, or a pint?

Soto. Signor Silvio shot me;
In these cloaths, taking me for you, and seeing
The ladder in my hand here, which I stole from you,
Thinking to have gone to the lady myself, and have
spoke for you.

Clau. If he had hit you home, h' had serv'd you right,
sirrah,
You saucy rogue!—How poor my intent shews to me,
How naked now, and foolish!

Soto. Are you sure he has not hit me?
It gave a monstrous bounce.

Clau. You rose o' your right side,
And said your prayers too, you had been paid else:
But what need'st thou a bullet, when thy fear kills
thee?

Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this; you'll be
hang'd else,

If it be known.

Soto. If't be by my means, let me;

I'm

I'm glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My gentleman-like humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman is to be kill'd twice a-week.

Clau. Keep yourself close i' th' country for a while,
firrah!

There's money: Walk to your friends.

Soto. They have no pistols,

Nor are no gentlemen, that is my comfort. [*Exit,*

Clau. I will

Retire too, and live private (for this Silvio,
Inflam'd with nobleness, will be my death else);
And, if I can, forget this love that loads me,
At least the danger.—And, now I think on't better,
I've some conclusions else invite me to it. [*Exit,*

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

Enter Rodope and Silvio, at several doors.

Rod. NEPHEW!

Sil. My dear aunt!

Rod. Would you go by thus sily,
And never see me? not once send in to me,
Your loving aunt? she that, above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and plac'd you
Nearest my heart?

Sil. I thank you, worthy aunt,
But such at this time are my occasions——

Rod. You shall not go yet; by my faith, you shall not!
I will not be denied. Why look you sad, nephew?

Sil. I'm seldom other.—Oh, this blood fits heavy!—
As I walk'd this way late last night,
In meditation of some things concern'd me——

Rod. What, nephew?

Sil. Why, methought I heard a piece, lady,
A piece shot off, much about this place too,
(But could not judge the cause, nor what it boaded)
Under

Under the castle-wall.

Rod. We heard it too;
And the watch pursu'd it presently, but found
nothing,

Not any track.

Sil. I am right glad to hear it!—
The ruffians surely that command the night
Have found him, stript him, and into the river
Convey'd the body.

Rod. You look still sadder, nephew.
Is any thing within these walls to comfort you?
Speak, and be master of 't.

Sil. You're a right courtier;
A great professor, but a poor performer.

Rod. D' you doubt my faith? You never found
me that way,
(I dare well speak it boldly) but a true friend.

Sil. Continue then.

Rod. Try me, and see who falters.

Sil. I will, and presently: 'Tis in your power
To make me the most bound man to your courtesy.

Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——

Sil. 'Tis thus then:

Get me access to th' lady Belvidere,
But for a minute, but to see her; your husband
Now's safe at court; I left him full employ'd there.

Rod. You've ask'd the thing without my power to
grant you,
The law lies on the danger: If I lov'd you not,
I'd bid you go, and there be found, and die for't.

Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a
danger

How far you durst step for me! Give me a true friend,
That, where occasion is to do a benefit,
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it.
I was a fool to ask you this! a more fool
To think a woman had so much noble nature
To entertain a secret of this burthen:
You'd best to tell the Duchefs I persuaded you,

That's a fine course, and one will win you credit;
 Forget the name of cousin, blot my blood out,
 And, so you raise yourself, let me grow shorter!
 A woman-friend? He that believes that weakness,
 Steers in a stormy night without a compass.

Rod. What is't I durst not do might not impeach
 you?

Sil. Why, this you dare not do, you dare not
 think of!

Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.

Sil. If it were not so,

I would not come to you to seek a favour.

Rod. You'll lose yourself.

Sil. The loss ends with myself then.

Rod. You will but see her?

Sil. Only look upon her.

Rod. Not stay?

Sil. Prescribe your time.

Rod. Not traffick with her,

In any close dishonourable action?

Sil. Stand you yourself by.

Rod. I will venture for you:

Because you shall be sure I am a touch'd friend,
 I'll bring her to you. Come, walk; you know the
 garden,

And take this key to open the little postern;
 There stand no guards.

Sil. I shall soon find it, aunt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 Sold. Is the captain come home?

2 Sold. No; who commands the guard to-night?

1 Sold. I think Petruchio.

2 Sold. What's the word?

1 Sold. None knows yet.

2 Sold. I would this lady were married out o' th'
 way once,

Or

Or out of our custodies! I wish they would take in
more companies;

For I am sure we feel her in our duties shrewdly.

1 Sold. 'Tis not her fault; I warrant you; she's
ready for't;

And that's the plague; when they grow ripe for
marriage;

They must be slipt like hawks:

2 Sold. Give me a mean wench!

No state-doubt lies on her, she's always ready:

1 Sold. Come to the guard; 'tis late, and sure the
captain

Cannot be long away:

2 Sold. I've watch'd these three nights;

Tomorrow they may keep me tame for nothing:

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, and Rodepe with a light.

Sil. This is the place, I think. What light is that
there?

The lady and my cousin!

Bel. Is this the garden?

Rod. Yes, madam.

Sil. Oh, my blessed mistress,
Saint of my soul!

Bel. Speak softly!—Take me to you!

Oh, Silvio, I am thine, thine ever, Silvio!

Rod. Is this your promise, Sir? Lady, your honour!
I am undone if this be seen, disgrac'd;
Fallen under all discredit!

Bel. Do you love still?

Dear, do you keep your old faith?

Sil. Ever, lady;

And, when that fails me; all that's good forsake me!

Rod. Do not you shame? Madam, I must not
suffer this;

I will not suffer it! Men call you virtuous:

What do you mean, to lose yourself thus? Silvio,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire you;
I'll call the watch else.

Sil. Call all the world to see us!
We live in one another's happiness,
And so will die.

Bel. Here will I hang for ever!

Rod. As you respect me, as hereafter, madam,
You would enjoy his love—Nothing prevail with you?
I'll try my strength then: Get thee gone, thou villain,
Thou promise-breaker!

Sil. I am tied; I cannot.

Rod. I'll ring the bell then!

Sil. Ring it to death, I'm fix'd here.

Enter Bartello, and two Soldiers with lights.

Bart. I saw a light over the garden wall⁸,
Hard by the ladies' chamber: Here's some knavery!
As I live, I saw it twice.

Rod. The guard, the guard there!
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.

Bart. Light up the torch! I fear'd this. Ha! young
Silvio?

How got he in?

1. Sold. The devil brought him in sure;
He came not by us.

Bart. My wife between 'em bustling?
Guard, pull him off!

Rod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.

Bart. You, madam, at an hour so far-undecent?
Death o' my soul! This is a foul fault in you!
Your mother's care abus'd too! Light us to her
chamber⁹.

I'm sorry to see this.

Bel. Farewell, my Silvio,
And let no danger sink thee!

⁸ *Over the garden walk.*] Mr. Seward thinks with me, that it
might be better read, *garden wall.* *Symphon.*

⁹ *Light's to her chamber.*] So the former editions.

Sil. Nor death, lady. [*Exeunt Bel. and Rod.*]

Bart. Are you so hot? I shall prepare you physick
Will purge you finely, neatly; you're too fiery:
Think of your prayers, Sir, an you've not forgot 'em!
Can you fly i' th' air, or creep you in at key-holes?
I have a gin will catch you, tho' you conjur'd.
Take him to guard to-night, to strong and sure guard;
I'll back to th' Duchess presently. No less sport serve
you,

Than th' heir to a dukedom? Play at push-pin there,
Sir?

It was well aim'd; but, plague upon't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.

Sil. I know the loss then. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Claudio, like a merchant.

Clau. Now, in this habit, may I safely see
How my incens'd friend carries my murder;
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To such a height of rage: And much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me
I could not see his love; for sure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It must be so, it is so.—What, Penurio,
My shotten friend, what wind blew you?

Pen. Faith, 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a feather:
I am all air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good dinner
Your worship gave me yesterday; that stays by me,
And gives me ballast, else the sun would draw me.

Clau. But does my mistress speak still of me?

Pen. Yes, Sir,
And in her sleep, that makes my master mad too,

And turn and fart for anger.

Clau. Art sure she saw me?

Pen. She saw you at a window.

Clau. 'Tis most true,

In such a place I saw a gentlewoman,

A young, sweet, handsome woman——

Pen. That's she, that's she, Sir.

Clau. And well she view'd me: I view'd her——

Pen. Still she, Sir.

Clau. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.

Pen. That blush, Sir,

If you can read it truly——

Clau. But didst thou tell her,

Or didst thou fool me, thou knew'st such a one?

Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale——

Clau. But did she hear thee?

Pen. With a thousand ears, Sir,

And swallow'd what I said as greedily

As great-bellied women do cherries, stones and all,
Sir.

Clau. Methinks she should not love thy master?

Pen. Hang him, pilcher!

There's nothing loves him; his own cat can't endure
him.

Sh' had better lie with a bear; for he's so hairy,
That a tame warren of fleas frisk round about him.

Clau. And wilt thou work still?

Pen. Like a miner for you.

Clau. And get access?

Pen. Or conjure you together;

'Tis her desire to meet: She's poison'd with him,
And 'till she take a sweet fresh air—that's you, Sir——

Clau. There's money for thee; thou'rt a precious
varlet!

Be fat, be fat, and blow thy master backward.

Pen. Blow you my mistress, Sir, as flat as a flounder,
Then blow her up again, as butchers blow their veals:

If she die upon the same,

Bury her, bury her, in God's name!

Clau.

Clau. Thou art a merry knave! By this hand, I'll feed thee,

'Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar'st do this!
Thou shalt eat no fantastical porridge,
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust, and dead flies to-day; capons, fat capons—

Pen. Oh, hearty sound!

Clau. Cram'd full of itching oysters—

Pen. Will you have the Duchefs?

Clau. And lobsters big as gauntlets;
Thou shalt despise base beef—

Pen. I do despise it!

And now, methinks, I feel a tart come sliding—

Clau. Leaping into thy mouth; but first deal faithfully.

Pen. When will you come?

Clau. Tomorrow.

Pen. I'll attend you;

For then my master will be out in business.

Clau. What news abroad?

Pen. 'Mafs, as I was coming to you,
I heard that signor Silvio, a good gentleman,
(Many a good meal I have eaten with him)—

Clau. What of him?

Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the Duchefs;
But why, I could not hear.

Clau. Silvio arraign'd?—

Go, get you gone, and think of me.

Pen. I fly, Sir.

[Exit.

Clau. Arraign'd? for what? for my suppos'd death? No,

That cannot be sure, there's no rumour of it.

Be't what it will, I will be there and see it,

And, if my help will bring him off, he has it. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Dukes, Lords, Silvio (prisoner), Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clerk, Counsellors, and Attendants.

Duch. Read the edict last made; keep silence there!

Clerk [*reading*]. If any man, of what condition soever, and a subject, after the publishing of this edict, shall, without special licence from the great Dukes, attempt or buy¹⁰, offer, or make an attempt to solicit, the love of the princess Belvidere, the person so offending shall forfeit his life.

Coun. The reason why my royal mistress here,
In her last treaty with Sienna's duke,
Promis'd her beauteous daughter there in marriage;
The duke of Milan, rival in this fortune¹¹,
Unnobly sought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and cross'd, the citadel receiv'd her,
There to secure her mother's word; the last cause,
So many gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous princess, and not brooking
One more than other, to deserve a favour,
Blood has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless sh'had been kept close from their
violence,
Had like to have follow'd: Therefore, for due pre-
vention
Of all such hazards and un noble actions,

¹⁰ Attempt or buy, offer, or make an attempt.] This nonsensical place has been thus printed and pointed, ever since the year 1647. Now, though forms of law are big with synonymas, yet I imagine 'tis seldom found they are brought to-bed of nonsense. I suppose, for the credit of our Authors, that this edict might have been once wrote thus,

Great Dukes attain'd, try, offer, or make an attempt, &c.

Sympson.

¹¹ Rival in this fortune.] The sense seems to demand *his*, i. e. Sienna's fortune.

Sympson.

We think *this* is genuine; and the whole line signifies, that the duke of Milan was Sienna's rival in Belvidere, *THIS fortune*. The next line confirms this explanation.

This

This last edict was publish'd; which thou, Silvio,
Like a false man, a bad man, and a traitor,
Hast rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cause
Thou stand'st a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak, Silvio!

What canst thou say t' avoid the hand of justice?

Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit, and lay my
head to't.

Bel. Have ye no eyes, my lords, no understandings?
The gentleman will cast himself away,
Cast himself wilfully! Are you, or you, guilty?
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him;
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forc'd him to me;
Poor gentle soul, he's in no part transgressing;
I wrote unto him——

Sil. Do not wrong that honour,
Cast not upon that pureness these aspersions!
By Heav'n, it was my love, my violence;
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the law, solicited unjustly——

Bel. As there is truth in Heav'n, I was the first cause!
How could this man have come to me, left naked¹²,
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking consciences! I did it;
My love the main wheel that set him a-going;
His motion but compell'd.

Sil. Can ye believe this,
And know with what a modesty and whiteness
Her life was ever rank'd? Can ye believe this,
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?

¹² *Come to me, left naked.*] Sympson suspects we should read,
LESS naked.

Apt to what danger Love dares thrust me on,
 And, where Law stops my way, apt to contemn it?
 If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
 In love's alarms, a woman might awake me,
 Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness;
 But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
 Catch hold of all occasions, and run thro' 'em.

Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will answer it—

Sil. I charge ye, as ye are the friends to Virtue,
 That has no pattern living but this lady—

Bel. Let not his blood—

Sil. Let not her wilfulness

(For then you act a scene hell will rejoice at)—

Bel. He's clear.

Sil. She is as white in this as infants.

Clau. The god of Love protect your cause, and
 help ye!

Two nobler pieces of affection

These eyes ne'er look'd on; if such goodness perish,
 Let never true hearts meet again, but break! [*Exit.*

1 Lord. A strange example of strong love, a rare one!

2 Lord. Madam, we know not what to say, to think
 on.

Duch. I must confess it strikes me tender too,
 Searches my mother's heart. You found 'em there?

Bart. Yes, certain, madam.

Duch. And so link'd together?

Bart. As they had been one piece of alabaster.

Duch. Nothing dishonourable?

Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
 As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom!

Duch. What shall I do? H' has broke my law,
 abus'd me;

Fain would I know the truth: Either confess it,
 And let me understand the main offender;
 Or both shall feel the torture.

Sil. Are you a mother,
 The mother of so sweet a rose at this is,
 So pure a flower, and dare you lose that nature?

Dare

Dare you take to yourself so great a wickedness,
(Oh, holy Heav'n!) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly building? this temple, where the gods
dwell?

Give me a thousand tortures, I deserve 'em,
And shew me death in all the shapes imagin'd——

Bel. No death but I will answer't, meet it, seek it;
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiss it.

1 Lord. This is no way.

2 Lord. They say no more, for certain,
Than their strong hearts will suffer.

Duch. I've bethought me:
No, lords, altho' I have a child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a child still:
'Till now, I never look'd on love imperious.
I have bethought me of a way to break you,
To separate, tho' not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio, attend! I'll be your judge myself now.
The sentence of your death (because my daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away, and pardon: This remains then,
An easy and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd: Because unnobly
You've fought the love and marriage of a princess,
The absolute and sole heir of this dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant yourself into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce you a man banish'd from us.

Sil. For ever banish'd, lady?

Duch. Yet more mercy!
But for a year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance. Yet more pity:
If in that time you can absolve a question,
Writ down within this scroll, absolve it rightly,
This lady is your wife, and shall live with you;
If not, you lose your head.

Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiss those royal hands.

Duch. Receive it.

Bartello,

Bartello, to your old guard take the princess,
And so, the court break up!

Sil. Farewell to all,

And to that spotless heart my endless service! [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* What will this prove?

2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a year hence, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Penurio, Isabella, and Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have I not wrought
this wonder?

Non e ben fatto, signor?

Clau. Rarely, Penurio.

Pen. Close, close then, and work, wax!

Clau. I'm studying for thee

A dinner, that shall victual thee for ten year.

Pen. Do you hear, mistress?

You know what a dunder-whelp my master is,
(I need not preach to you) how unfit and wanting
To give a woman satisfaction; how
He stinks, and snores, a bull's a better bedfellow;
And, for his love, never let that deceive you.

Ifab. Nay, sure he loves me not.

Pen. If he could coin you,
Or turn you into metal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is traffic:
I've heard him swear, he'd sell you to the grand signor.

Ifab. The Turk?

Pen. The very Turk, and how they'd use you——

Ifab. I'll fit him for't: The Turk?

Pen. I know the price too:

Now you have time to pay him, pay him home, mistress,
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all his courtesies:
Here's one that dances in your eyes, young, delicate,
To work this vengeance; if you let it slip now,
There is no pitying of you. Od's precious, mistress,
Were I his wife, I would so maul his mazard—

'Tis

'Tis charity, mere charity, pure charity!
 Are you the first? Has it not been from Eve's time,
 Women would have their safe revenges this way?
 And good and gracious women, excellent women?
 Is't not a handsome gentleman, a sweet gentleman?
 View him from head to foot, a complete gentleman?
 When can you hope the like again? I leave you,
 And my revenge too, with you: I know my office;
 I'll not be far off. Be not long a-fumbling!
 When danger shall appear, I'll give th' alarm. [*Exit.*]

Ifab. You're welcome, Sir! and 'would it were my
 fortune

T' afford a gentleman of your fair seeming
 A freer entertainment than this house has:
 You partly know, Sir——

Clau. Know, and pity, lady,
 Such sweetnesss in the bud should be so blasted:
 Dare you make me your servant?

Ifab. Dare you make, Sir,
 That service worthy of a woman's favour
 By constancy and goodness?

Clau. Here I swear to you,
 By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
 (And kiss the book too) never to be recreant;
 To honour you, to truly love and serve you,
 My youth to wait upon you, what my wealth has——

Ifab. Oh, make me not so poor to sell affection!
 Those bought loves, Sir, wear faster than the monies.
 A handsome gentleman! a most delicate sweet one¹³!

Clau. Let my truth purchase then!

Ifab. I should first try it;
 But you may happily——

Clau. You shall not doubt me:
 (I hope she loves me) When I prove false, shame take
 me!

Will you believe a little?

Ifab. I fear, too much, Sir.

¹³ *A most delicate sweet one.*] These words have hitherto been given
 to Claudio.

Clau. And will you love a little?

Ifab. That should be your part.

Clau. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.

Ifab. A good beginning,

We have a proverb says, makes a good ending.

Clau. Say you so? 'tis well inferr'd.

Ifab. Good Sir, your patience!

Methinks I've ventur'd now, like a weak bark,

Upon a broken billow, that will swallow me,

Upon a rough sea of suspicions,

Stuck round with jealous rocks.

Pen. [*within.*] A-hem, a-hem there!

Ifab. This is my man! my fears too soon have found me.

Enter Penurio.

Now, what's the news?

Pen. A pox of yond old Rigel,
The captain, the old captain!

Ifab. What old captain?

Pen. Captain Courageous yonder, of the castle,
Captain, don Diego, old Bartello.

Ifab. Where

Is he?

Pen. He's coming in: 'Twould vex the devil
That such an old potgun as this, that
Can make no sport, should hinder them that can do't.

Ifab. I would not have him see the gentleman,
For all the world; my credit were undone then.

Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into the kitchen, there to dry him?

Ifab. That will not do. And he's so humorous too,
He will come in.

Clau. What is he?

Ifab. One much troubles me.

Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.

Ifab. Your fight now,
Out of a driveling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.

Clau. What would you have me do?

Ifab.

Ifab. But for a while, Sir,
Step here behind this hanging; presently
I'll answer him, and then——

Clau. I will obey you.

Enter Bartello.

Bart. Where's my rich jeweller? I've stones to fet.

Pen. He is abroad, and sure, Sir.

Bart. There's for your service!

Where's the fair lady? All alone, sweet beauty?

Ifab. She's never much alone, Sir, that's acquainted
With such companions as good honest thoughts are.

Bart. I'll sit down by thee, and I'll kiss thy hand too,
And in thine ear swear, by my life, I love thee.

Ifab. You're a merry captain.

Bart. And a mad one, lady.

By th' mass, th' hast goodly eyes, excellent eyes,
wench!

Ye twinkling rogues! look what thy captain brings
thee!

Thou must needs love me, love me heartily,

Hug me, and love me, hug me close.

Ifab. Fy, captain!

Bart. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain you,
firrah,

And vault into my feat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your smooth-chin'd boys in Florence.

I must needs commit a little folly with you;

I'll not be long; a bridling cast, and away, wench!

Th' hob-nail thy husband's as fitly out o' th' way now——

Ifab. D' you think he keeps a bawdy-house?

Bart. That all one.

Ifab. Or did you e'er see that lightness in my carriage,
That you might promise to yourself——

Bart. Away, fool!

A good turn's a good turn; I'm an honest fellow.

Ifab. You've a handsome wife, a virtuous gentle-
woman——

Bart. They are not for this time o' th' year.

Ifab.

Ifab. A lady,
That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy——

Bart. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid and Penurio.

Maid. Oh, mistress, you're undone! my master's coming.

Pen. Coming hard by here.

Bart. Plague consume the rascal!
Shall I make petty-patties of him?

Ifab. Now what love, Sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous first;
Your finding here will make him mad and desperate;
And what in that wild mood he'll execute——

Bart. I can think of nothing; I have no wit left me;
Certain my head's a mustard-pot¹⁴!

Ifab. I've thought, Sir;
And, if you'll please to put in execution
What I conceive——

Bart. I'll do it; tell it quickly.

Ifab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down
enrag'd,
As if you had pursu'd some foe up hither,
And grumble to yourself extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him; and so pass by him.

Bart. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Ifab. Stand you still, good Sir.

Bart. Rascal, slave, villain! take a house so poorly,
After th' hast wrong'd a gentleman, a soldier?
Base poltroon boy! you will forsake your nest, firrah?

¹⁴ — *I have no wit left me:*

Certain my head's a mustard pot.] So in the Second Part of Henry IV. act. ii. sc. iv. Falstaff says, in answer to Doll Tearsheet's observation that Poinc had a good wit, 'He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.'

R.

Lopez.

Lopez. The matter, good-sweet captain?

Bart. Run-away rogue!

And take a house to cover thy base cowardice?

I'll whip you, I'll so scourge you—— [Exit.

Lopez. Mercy upon me,

What's all this matter, wife?

Ifab. Did you meet the mad man¹⁵?

Lopez. I never saw the captain so provok'd yet.

Ifab. Oh, he's a devil sure, a most bloody devil!

He follow'd a young gentleman, his sword drawn,

With such a fury—how I shake to think on't!

And foïn'd, and slash'd at him, and swore he'd kill

him;

Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,

And, if I had not hid him, sure had slain him.

A merciless old man! [Claudio appears.

Clau. Most virtuous lady,

Even as the giver of my life, I thank you!

Lopez. This fellow must not stay here, he's too handsome.—

He's gone, Sir, and you may pass now with all security;

I'll be your guide myself, and such a way

I'll lead you, none shall cross, nor none shall know you.

The doors left open, sirrah? I'll starve you for this

trick!

I'll make thee fast o' Sundays: And for you, lady,

I'll have your lodgings further off, and closer;

I'll have no street-lights to you! Will you go, Sir?

Clau. I thank you, Sir!—The devil take this fortune!—

And, once more, all my service to your goodness!

[Exit.

Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madness!

Cross'd in the nick o' th' matter? Vengeance take it,

And that old cavalier that spoil'd our cock-fight!

¹⁵ *Did you meet, &c.*] This scene was afterwards introduced by Ravenscroft, into a contemptible play written by him, which, however, hath been acted within these few years, called *The London Cuckolds.*

I'll lay the next plot surer.

Ifab. I'm glad, and sorry:
Glad that I got so fairly off suspicion;
Sorry, I lost my new-lov'd friend.

Pen. Not lost, mistress;
I'll conjure once again to raise that spirit.
In, and look soberly upon the matter!
We'll ring him one peal more; and if that fall,
The devil take the clappers, bells, and all! [*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Duchess, Lords, and Rodope.

Duch. **N**OW, Rodope, how do you find my daughter?

Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,

What the state wishes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong will into;
Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble,
At the mere memory of such an ignorance.
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of Silvio;
His person spits at—

Duch. I am glad to hear this.

Rod. And humbly now to your will, your care,
madam,
Bends her affections, bows her best obedience;
Sienna's Duke with new eyes now she looks on,
And with a princely love, fit for his person,
Returns that happiness and joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the neighbour dukedoms
Not any private end, or rash affection,
She aims at now. Hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
(To whom she owes all honour, and all service)

She charg'd me kneel thus at your Grace's feet,
And not to rise without a general pardon.

Duch. She has it, and my love again, my old love;
And with more tenderness I meet this penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her honour.
I thank you, Rodope, am bound to thank you,
And daily to remember this great service,
This honest faithful service! Go in peace,
And by this ring, deliver'd to Bartello,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty;
And presently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your Grace has made me happy. [Exit.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Sienna's noble Duke craves his admittance.

Enter Duke of Sienna, with attendants.

Duch. Go, wait upon his Grace!—Fair Sir, you're
welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your virtues!
And now, methinks, my court looks truly noble.
You've taken too much pains, Sir.

Duke. Royal lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my service.

Duch. Keep that, Sir, for the saint you've vow'd
it to.

Duke. I keep a life for her. Since your Grace pleases
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your royal promise,
The beauteous Belvidere in marriage:
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlasting love.

Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, and attendants.

Duch. You're like to win, Sir.—
All is forget, forgiven too. No sadness,
My good child! you have the same heart still here.
The Duke of Sienna, child! Pray, use him nobly.

Duke. An angel beauty!

Bel. Your Grace is fairly welcome!
And what in modesty a blushing maid may
Wish to a gentleman of your great goodness—
But wishes are too poor a pay, for princes.

Duke. You've made me richer than all states and titles!
One kiss of this white hand's above all honours:
My faith, dear lady, and my fruitful service,
My duteous zeal—

Bel. Your Grace is a great master,
And speak too pow'rfully to be resisted.
Once more, you're welcome, Sir; to me you're
welcome,

To her that honours you! I could say more, Sir;
But in another's tongue 'twere better spoken.

Duke. As wise as fair! you've made your servant
happy.

I never saw so rich a mine of sweetness.

Duch. Will your Grace please, after your painful
journey,

To take some rest? Are the Duke's lodgings ready?

Lord. All, madam.

Duch. Then wait upon his Grace, all! And to-
morrow, Sir,

We'll shew you in what high esteem we hold you:
'Till then, a fair repose!

Duke. My fairest service! [*Exit Duke, &c.*]

Duch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest
daughter,

So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
I mean your loving carriage to Sienna,
That both for ever I forget all trespasses,
And to secure you next of my full favour,
Ask what you will within my power to grant you,
Ask freely; and if I forget my promise—
Ask confidently!

Bel. You're too royal to me;
To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you,
So like a girl, so far forgot my virtue,
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,

As did his dream, that thought he was in Paradise,
Awak'd and saw the devil. How was I wander'd!
With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that
coarse thing,
That wretched thing, call'd Silvio! that, now, A
despis'd thing!

And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
That god-like presence, as Sienna is!
Darkness and cheerful day had not such difference.
But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly:
How had I sunk else! what example given!

Duch. Prithee, no more; and as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a goodness!

Bel. Why did you let him go so slightly from you,
More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd?
Why did you make his penance but a question,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks?

Duch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it:
I have given that (unless myself discover it)
Will cost his head.

Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?

Duch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then absolv'd,
And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, madam:
Beside the promise you have tied upon it,
Which you must never keep——

Duch. I never meant it.

Bel. For Heav'n's sake, let me know't! 'tis my suit
to you,

The boon you'd have me ask: Let me but see it,
That, if there be a way to make't so strong
No wit nor powerful reason can run thro' it
For my disgrace, I may beg of Heav'n to grant it.

Duch. Fear not! it has been put to sharper judgments
Than e'er he shall arrive at: My dear father,
That was as fiery in his understanding
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it:

This night you are my bedfellow ; there, daughter,
 Into your bosom I'll commit this secret,
 And there we'll both take counsel.

Bel. I shall find
 Some trick I hope too strong yet for his mind, [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I'm batten'd well of late, grown
 lusty,

Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous Rugio !
 And, now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
 Cheese-parings, and the stinking tongues of pilchers :
 But why should I remember these ? they're odious,
 They're odious in mine eyes ; the full fat dish now,
 The bearing dish, is that I reverence,
 The dish an able serving-man sweats under,
 And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him,
 That dish is the dish ; hang your bladder banquets,
 Or half a dozen of turnips and two mushrooms !
 These, when they breed their best, hatch but two
 belches :

The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
 He marches in with, all the train and circumstance ;
 'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter !
 And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
 And he display'd in all parts ! for such a dish now,
 And at my need, I would betray my father,
 And, for a roasted conger, all my country ¹⁶.

Enter Bartello.

Part. What, my friend Lean-gut ! how does thy
 beauteous mistress ?
 And where's your master, sirrah ? where's that horn-
 pipe ?

¹⁶ All my country.] To betray a father and all a country, sounds something harsh. I would suppose the line once run so,
 And for a roasted conger all my country.

Pen. My mistress, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd gentlewoman

(Too much, Heav'n knows, oppress'd with injuries)
May do, and live.

Bart. Is the old fool still jealous?

Pen. As old fools are and will be, still the same, Sir.

Bart. He must have cause, he must have cause.

Pen. 'Tis true, Sir;

And would he had with all my heart?

Bart. He shall have.

Pen. For then he had salt to his saffron porridge.

Bart. Why

Don't I see thee sometime? why, thou starv'd rascal?
Why don't you come to me, you precious boy-case?
I keep good meat at home, good store.

Pen. Yes, Sir;

I will not fail you all next week.

Bart. Thou'rt welcome:

I have a secret I would fain impart to thee;
But thou'rt so thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it thro' thee.

Pen. Wrapt up in beef, Sir,

In good gross beef, let all the world look on me!
The English have that trick to keep intelligence.

Bart. A witty knave! First, there's to tie your tongue up.

Pen. Dumb as a dog, Sir.

Bart. Next, hark in your ear, firrah!

Pen. Well, very well, excellent well! 'Tis done, Sir;
Say no more to me.

Bart. Say, and hold.

Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.

Bart. As thou loy'st butter'd eggs, swear;

Pen. Let me kiss the book first:

But here's my hand, brave captain.

Bart. Look you hold, firrah.

[Exit.

Pen. Oh, the most precious vanity of this world!
When such dry neats' tongues must be soak'd and larded

With young fat supple wenches? Oh, the devil,
 What can he do? he cannot suck an egg off,
 But his back's loose i' th' hilts: Go thy ways, captain!
 Well may thy warlike name work miracles;
 But if e'er thy founder'd courser win match more,
 Or stand right but one train——

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Now, signor Shadow,
 What art thou thinking of? how to rob thy master——

Pen. Of his good deeds? The thief that undertakes
 that

Must have a hook will poze all hell to hammer.
 Have you din'd, gentlemen, or do you purpose?

2 *Gent.* Din'd, two long hours ago.

Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.

3 *Gent.* To supper, dost thou mean?

Pen. To any thing

That has the smell of meat in't. Tell me true, gentlemen;

Are not you three now going to be sinful?

To jeopard a joint, or so? I've found your faces¹⁷,
 And see *whore* written in your eyes.

1 *Gent.* A parlous rascal!

Thou'rt much upon the matter,

¹⁷ *To iropard a point.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward read with me *jeopard*, and the oldest folio retains pretty near the same reading.

To jeabard a point.

But what are we to make of *I've found your faces*? The reader may put what sense he pleases to this place. But I cannot help thinking but we ought to read,

I've con'd your faces,

i. e. *consider'd, view'd, study'd* 'em.

Sympson.

Why Mr. Sympson, in his quotations in this note, substitutes *joint* for *joint* we are at a loss to know; and so we are to find out where the difficulty of *I've FOUND your faces* lies; Penurio asks them coarsely, *Are not you three going to be sinful?* and afterwards adds, *I've FOUND your faces*; i. e. 'I have discovered the meaning of your looks, and see *whore* written in your eye.' This interpretation is unforced, and shews *found* to be the better, as well as the older-reading. *Con'd* conveys a weaker sense.

Pen.

Pen. Have a care, gentlemen!

'Tis a fore age, very fore age, lewd age;
And women now are like old knights' adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.

2 Gent. Where the most danger is, there's the most honour.

Pen. I grant ye, honour most consists in sufferance;
And by that rule you three should be most honourable.

3 Gent. A subtle rogue! But canst thou tell, Penurio,
Where we may light upon——

Pen. A learned surgeon?

3 Gent. Pox take ye, fool! I mean good wholesome wenches.

Pen. Faith, wholesome women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so us'd to snap-haunches¹³—But take my counsel;

Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty;
The Dog-days are come in.

2 Gent. Take fat old women?

Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better!
You do not know the pleasure of an old dame,
A fat old dame; you do not know the knack on't:
They're like our country grots, as cool as Christmas,
And sure i' th' keels.

1 Gent. Hang him, starv'd fool, he mocks us!

3 Gent. Penurio, thou know'st all the handsome wenches:

What shall I give thee for a merchant's wife now?

Pen. I take no money, gentlemen; that's base!
I trade in meat: A merchant's wife will cost ye—
A glorious capon, a great shoulder of mutton,
And a tart as big as a conjurer's circle.

3 Gent. That's cheap enough.

1 Gent. And what a haberdasher's?

Pen. Worse meat will serve for her; a great goose-pie—
(But you must send it out o' th' country to me,
It will not do else) with a piece of bacon,
And, if you can, a pot of butter with it.

¹³ *Snap-haunches*] So the former editions.

2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at horse-flesh: What a parson's?

Pen. A tithe-pig has no fellow, if I fetch her;
If she be Puritan¹⁹, plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat loin of veal, well fauc'd and roasted.

2 *Gent.* We'll meet one night; and thou shalt have
all these,

O' that condition we may have the wenches.
A dainty rascal!

Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll supply ye.

1 *Gent.* Farewell! and there's to fill thy paunch.

Pen. Brave gentleman——

2 *Gent.* Hold, firrah! there.

Pen. Any young wench i' th' town, Sir——

3 *Gent.* It shall go round.

[*Exeunt Gent.*

Pen. Most honourable gentlemen!

All these are courtiers; but they are mere coxcombs,
And only for a wench their purses open;

Nor have they so much judgment left to chuse her.

If e'er they call upon me, I'll so fit 'em——

I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel ladies,

Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear damsels——

But I forgot my business; I thank you, monsieurs!

I have a thousand whimsies in my brains now. [*Exit.*

¹⁹ *If she be Puritan, plumb porridge—*] I read;

If she be n't Puritan, &c.

The Puritans have several of them very warmly opposed the observance of church festivals, and of consequence the feasting upon them, which Hudibras has finely burlesqued, in part i. canto i.

Rather than fail, they will defy

That which they love most tenderly;

Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage

Their best and dearest friend plum porridge;

Fat pig and goose itself oppose,

And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.

From whence it will appear that a negative is wanting in the line above, which I have inserted. The reader will observe that in this and another banter on the fanatics, our Poets have brought their scene back to England; for I believe there never was any less of them, that held these doctrines on the other side the Alps. *Seward.*

This note confirms, we think, instead of shaking the text.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Enter (to a banquet) Duchess, Duke of Sienna, Lords
and attendants.*

Duch. Your Grace shall now perceive how much
we honour you,

And in what dear regard we hold your friendship.
Will you sit, Sir, and grace this homely banquet?

Duke. Madam, to your poor friend you're too
magnificent.

Duch. To the Duke's health, and all the joys I
wish him!

Let no man miss this cup. Have we no musick?

Duke. Your noble favours still you heap upon me!
But where's my virtuous mistress? Such a feast,
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it?
Methinks, it should not be; it shews not fully.

Duch. Young ladies, Sir, are long and curious
In putting on their trims²⁰, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good-morrow when they're ready.—
Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither;
Tell her the Duke and I desire her company.—
I warrant you, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd; this and that fashion look'd on,
For ruffs and gowns; cast this away, these jewels
Suited to these, and these knots: O' my life, Sir,
She fears your curious eye will soon discover else.—
Why stand ye still? why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my daughter?
Are you nail'd here? Nor stir, nor speak? Who am I?
And who are you?

1 Lord. Pardon me, gracious lady!

The fear to tell you that you would not hear of
Makes us all dumb: The princess is gone, madam.

²⁰ *Trims.* In our ancient writers, *trim* almost always signifies
dress. It plainly does so here, and in another passage in act v. So,
in Shakespeare's *King John*, a bride *undress* is called an *untrimmed*
bride. See act iii. sc. i.

Duch.

Duch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiser fellow answer me!

2 *Lord.* We sought the court all over; and, believe, lady,

No news of where she is, nor how conveyed hence.

Duch. It cannot be, it must not be!

1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, madam;

No room in all the court, but we search'd thro' it.

Her women found her want first, and they cried to us.

Duch. Gone? stol'n away? I am abus'd, dishonour'd.

Duke. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I dishonour'd!

Is this your welcome? this your favour to me?

To foist a trick upon me? this trick too,

To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?

Or, since I was your guest, am I grown odious?

Duch. Your Grace mistakes me; as I have a life,
Sir——

Duke. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor²¹!

Duch. But hear me patiently!

Duke. Give me my love!

Duch. As soon as care can find her;

And all care shall be us'd.

Duke. And all my care too,

To be reveng'd: I smell the trick; 'tis too rank;

Fy, how it smells o' th' mother!

Duch. You wrong me, Duke.

Duke. For this disgrace, ten thousand Florentines
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dying curse you!

And so I turn away your mortal enemy! [*Exit.*]

Duch. Since you're so high and hot, Sir, you've
half arm'd us.

Be careful of the town, of all the castles,

And see supplies of soldiers every where,

And musters for the field when he invites us;

For he shall know, 'tis not high words can fright us.

My daughter gone? Has she so finely cozen'd me?

This is for Silvio's sake sure; oh, cunning false one!

²¹ *Dor.*] See note 35 on Love's Pilgrimage.

Publish a proclamation thro' the dukedom,
That whosoe'er can bring to the court young Silvio,
Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thousand ducats for his labour!
See it dispatch'd and sent in haste. Oh, base one!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Isabella, and Penurio with a light.

Isab. Wast thou with Rugio?

Pen. Yes, marry was I, closely.

Isab. And does he still remember his poor mistress?

Does he desire to see me?

Pen. Yes, and presently;

Puts off all business else; lives in that memory;
And will be here according to directions.

Isab. But where's thy master?

Pen. Where a coxcomb should be;

Waiting at court with his jewels; safe for
This night, I warrant you.

Isab. I am bound to thee.

Pen. I would you were, as close as I could tie you.

Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend——

Pen. I labour,

I moil and toil for you; I am your hackney.

Isab. If ever I be able——

Pen. Steal the great cheese, mistress,

Was sent him out o' th' country.

Isab. Any thing——

Pen. That's meat; 'tis lawful, mistress. Where's
the castle-custard,

He got at court?

Isab. He has lock'd it in his study.

Pen. Get a warrant

To search for counterfeit gold.

Isab. Give me thy candle;

I'll find a time to be thy careful cater.

Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his cook,

And

And dress his calf's head to the sweetest sauce;
mistress!

Ifab. To bed, Penurio! go; the rest is my charge;
I'll keep the watch out.

Pen. Now if you spare him—— [Exit.]

Ifab. Peace, fool!—

I hope my Rugio will not fail; 'twould vex me.
Now to my string! so; sure he cannot miss now;
And this end to my finger. I'll lie down;
For on a sudden I am wondrous heavy;
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this;
And pull it, tho' it be with easy motion
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Thou secret friend²², how am I bound to
love thee!

And how to hug thee for thy private service!
Thou art the star all my suspicions sail by,
The fixed point my wronged honour turns to:
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my conjurer, my spell, my spirit!—
All's hush'd and still, no sound of any stirring;
No tread of living thing! The light is in still;
And there's my wife; how prettily the fool lies,
How sweet, and handsomely; and in her cloaths too!
Waiting for me, upon my life! her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
Oh, careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving husband?
I am an ass, an over-doting coxcomb;
And this sweet soul the mirror of perfection.
How admirable fair and delicate!
And how it stirs me! I'll sing thy sweets a requiem,
But will not waken thee.

²² *Thou secret friend*] His private key.

Symphon.

S O N G .

Oh, fair sweet face, oh, eyes celestial bright,
 Twin stars in Heav'n, that now adorn the night;
 Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
 And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
 Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
 Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
 And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
 Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself, he cries:
 Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
 Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
 Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
 To beauty sacred, and those angel-eyes!

Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
 And suck the rosy breath of this bright beauty.—
 What a devil's this? tied to her finger too?
 A string, a damned string, to give intelligence!
 Oh, my lov'd key, how truly hast thou serv'd me!
 I'll follow this: Soft, soft! to th' door it goes,
 And thro' to th' other side! a damn'd string 'tis!
 I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd; jaded,
 Ridden to death, to madness! Stay; this helps not;
 Stay, stay! and now Invention help me!
 I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
 And thus upon mine own: Dog, I shall catch you;
 With all your cunning, Sir, I shall light on you.
 I felt it pull sure; yes, but wondrous softly;
 'Tis there again, and harder now: Have at you!
 Now an thou scap'st, the devil's thy ghostly father!

[Exit.

Ifab. Sure 'twas my husband's voice! The string is
 gone too;

H'has found the trick on't! I'm undone, betray'd,
 And if he meet my friend, he perishes;
 What fortune follows me, what spiteful fortune!
 Hoa, Jaquenet!

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here, mistress; do you call me?

Ifab.

Ifab. Didst thou hear no noise?

Jaq. I hear my master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes——

Ifab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honour? all is lost else.

Jaq. Name what you will.

Ifab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompense so largely——

Jaq. Name it.

Ifab. Sit here as if thou wert asleep.

Jaq. Is that all?

Ifab. When he comes in, what'er he do unto thee,
(The worst will be but beating) speak not a word,
Not one word, as thou lov'st me.

Jaq. I'll run thro' it.

Ifab. I'll carry away the candle.

[*Exit.*

Jaq. And I the blows, mistress.

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Have you put your light out? I shall
stumble to you,

You whore, you cunning whore! I shall catch your
rogue too:

H' has light legs, else I had so ferret-claw'd him!

Oh, have I found you? Do you play at dog-sleep still,
whore?

D'you think that can protect you? Yes, I'll kill thee;

But first I'll bring thy friends to view thy villainies,

Thy whorish villainies: And first I'll beat thee,

Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou varlet,

Scratch out thine eyes: I'll spoil your tempting visage!

Are you so patient? I'll put my nails in deeper.

Is it good whoring? whoring, ye base rascal?

Is it good tempting men with strings to ride you?

So! I'll fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore;

And such a justice I will act upon thee—— [Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. What, is he gone?

Jaq. The devil go with him, mistress!

H' has

H' has harrow'd me, plough'd land was ne'er so harrow'd ;

I'd the most ado to save mine eyes.

Ifab. H' has paid thee ;

But I'll heal all again with good gold, Jaquenet.

H' has damned nails.

Jaq. They're tenpenny nails, I think, mistress ;
I'll undertake he shall strike 'em thro' an inch board.

Ifab. Go up and wash thyself ; take my pomatum ;
And now let me alone to end the tragedy.

Jaq. You'd best beware.

Ifab. I shall deal stoutly with him ;

Reach me my book, and see the door made fast,
wench ;

And so, good night ! Now to the matter politick !

[*Lopez knocks within.*]

Lopez [within]. You shall see what she is, what a
sweet jewel.

Ifab. Who's there ? what madman knocks ? is this
an hour,

And in mine husband's absence ?

Lopez [within]. Will you open ?

You know my voice, you whore ! I am that husband.

D' you mark her subtilty ? But I have paid her ;

I have so ferk'd her face—Here's the blood, gentlemen ;

Ecce signum ! I have spoil'd her goatish beauty ;

Observe her how she looks now, how she's painted !

Oh, 'tis the most wicked'st whore²³, and the most
treacherous—

Enter Lopez, Bartello, Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walks my cousin, full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.

Bart. Is this the monster ?

1 Gentlew. Is this the subject of that rage you
talk'd of,

²³ *Oh, 'tis the most wicked'st whore.*] The putting the sign of the superlative degree, to the superlative degree itself, as the comparative sign to the comparative degree a little above, is a practice in which our Authors are not singular.

Symphon.

That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces ?

Bart. Here's no such thing.

1 Gentlew. How have you wrong'd this beauty !
Are not you mad, my friend ? What time o' th' moon
is't ?

Have not you maggots in your brains ?

Lopez. 'Tis she sure !

Gent. Where's the scratch'd face you spoke of,
the torn garments,
And all the hair pluck'd off her head ?

Bart. Believe me,

'Twere better far you'd lost your pair of pebbles,
Than she the least adornment of that sweetness.

Lopez. Is not this blood ?

1 Gentlew. This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse !

Ifab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman ;
Nothing I do, but's subject to suspicion ;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.

Bart. Lopez, you must not use this.

2 Gentlew. 'Twere not amiss, Sir,
To give ye sauce t' your meat ; and suddenly——

1 Gentlew. You that dare wrong a woman of her
goodness,

Thou have a wife ? thou have a bear tied to thee,
To scratch thy jealous itch ! Were all o' my mind,
I mean all women, we would soon disburthen you
Of that that breeds these fits, these dog-flaws²⁴ in ye ;
A sow-gelder should trim you.

Bart. A rare cure, lady,

And one as fit for him as a thief for a halter !—
You see this youth ; will you not cry him quittance ?
Body o' me, I'd pine, but I would pepper him ;
I'll come anon.—He, hang him, poor pompillion !
How like a wench bepist he looks !—I'll come, lady.—
Lopez, the law must teach you what a wife is,

²⁴ *Flaws.*] This word, in our Authors' time, signified *storms*, or
gusts. Several instances might be produced,

R.

A good,

A good, a virtuous wife——

Ifab. I'll ne'er live with him!

I crave your loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair divorce may pass between us:
I'm weary of my life; in danger hourly.

Bart. You see how rude you are—I will not miss
you——

Unfufferable rude—I'll pay him soundly——

You should be whipt in Bedlam—I'll reward him——

2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.

Lopez. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits!

Bart. I'll put a trick upon him——

And get his goods confiscate; you shall have 'em.
I will not fail at nine——

Lopez. I think I'm here too;

And once I would have sworn I'd ta'en her napping;
I think my name is Lopez.

Gent. Fy for shame, Sir!

You see you have abus'd her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and coarse opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of suspicion:

Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence!
She is my kinswoman; and what she suffers

Under so base and beastly jealousies,
I will redress; else I'll seek satisfaction.

Bart. Why, every boy i' th' town will piss upon thee!

Lopez. I'm sorry for't——

1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your marrow-bones!

Lopez. E'en sorry from my heart: Forgive me,
sweet wife!

Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd you;
As freely here I beg a pardon of you!

From this hour no debate; no cross suspicion——

Ifab. To shew you, Sir, I understand a wife's part;
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardon.

2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done: Now to bed; and there
confirm it!

Gent. And so good night!

Bart. Aware relapses, Lopez.

[*Exeunt.*

Lopez. Now, Isabella, tell me truth, and suddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
(For, as I have a life, you die then! I'm not mad,
Nor does the devil work upon my weakness)

'Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.

Ifab. Will then that satisfy you?

Lopez. If you deal ingenuously.

Ifab. I'll tell you all, and tell you true and freely.

Bartello was the end of all this jealousy;

His often visitations brought by you, first

Bred all these fits, and these suspicions;

I knew your false key, and accordingly

I fram'd my plot, to have you take him finely,

Too poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,

His worthy virtuous wife! I felt it sensibly

When you took off the string, and was much pleas'd
in't,

Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid well;

And had you staid two minutes more y' had had him.

Lopez. This sounds like truth.

Ifab. Because this shall be certain,

Next time he comes (as long he cannot tarry)

Yourself shall see, and hear, his lewd temptations.

Lopez. 'Till then I'm satisfied: And if this prove
true,

Henceforward mistress of yourself I give you,

And I to serve you. For my lusty captain,

I'll make him dance, and make him think the devil

Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him.

Come now to bed; and prove but constant this way,

I'll prove the man you ever wish'd.

Ifab. You've blest me.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Silvio.

Sil. **W**HAT labour and what travel have I run thro',
 And thro' what cities, to absolve this riddle!
 Diviners, dreamers, schoolmen, deep magicians,
 All have I tried; and all give several meanings,
 And from all hope of any future happiness:
 To this place am I come at length, the country;
 The people simple, plain, and harmless witty,
 Whose honest labours Heav'n rewards with plenty
 Of corn, wine, oil, which they again, as thankful,
 To their new crops new pastimes celebrate,
 And crown their joyful harvests with new voices.
 By a rich farmer here I'm entertain'd,
 And rank'd among the number of his servants,
 Not guessing what I am, but what he'd have me.
 Here may be so much wit (tho' much I fear it)
 T'undo this knotty question; and 'would to Heav'n

Enter Soto, with a proclamation.

My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
 And never known a pitch above their plainness!

Soto. That it is, that it is. What's this word now?
 This is a plaguy word, that it is;
R, e, a, that it is, *reason.* By your leave,
 Mr. Soto, by your leave, you are too quick, Sir;
 There's a strange parlous *T* before the *reason*,
 A very tall *T*, which makes the word *high-treason.*

Sil. What treason's that? does this fellow understand himself?

Soto. Pitch will infect; I'll meddle no more with this geer.—

What a devil ails this fellow? this foolish fellow?

Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the masters of the sports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
D' you know me, friend?

Sil. You are my master's son, Sir.

Soto. And do you know what sports are now in
season?

Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.

Soto. Where are your bells then?

Your rings, your ribbands, friend? and your clean
napkins?

Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? An't I here
My father's eldest son? and at this time, Sir,
I would have you know it, tho' you be ten times his
servant,

A better man than my father far, lord of this harvest, Sir;
And shall a man of my place want attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, Sir, not duty, bred this;
I'd have made suit else for your lordship's service.

Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now; mend your
manners!

But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance
melancholy,

And that may breed an insurrection amongst us:

Go to! I'll lay the best part of two pots now

Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too;

I saw the wench that twir'd²⁵ and twinkled at thee,

The other day; the wench that's new come hither,

The young smug wench.

Sil. You know more than I feel, Sir.

Soto. Go to! I'll be thy friend, I'll speak a good
word for thee,

And thou shalt have my lordship's count'nance to her.

May be I've had a snap myself; may be ay, may be no;

We lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir;

I humbly thank you! you're too, too tender of me.

²⁵ Twir'd.] So Ben Johnson in his *Sad Shepherd*, 2d ii scene iii.
Which maids will twire at thro' their fingers. *Symson.*

But what, Sir, I beseech you, was that paper,
Your lordship was so studiously employ'd in,
When you came out a-doors?

Soto. Thou mean'st this paper?

Sil. That, Sir, I think.

Soto. Why, 'tis a proclamation,
A notable piece of villainy, as ever thou heard'st in
thy life;

By mine honour 'tis.

Sil. How, Sir? or what concerns it?

Soto. It comes you from the Duchefs, a plaguy
wife woman,

To apprehend the body of one Silvio,
(As arrant a rascal as ever piss'd against a post)
And this same Silvio, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good
service

The man that brings him has two thousand ducats:
Is not this notable matter now?

Sil. 'Tis so indeed.—

This proclamation bears my bane about it!
Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the country's laid round
for thee.

Oh, Claudio, now I feel thy blood upon me;
Now it speaks loudly here, I'm sure, against me;
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it.

Soto. Hast thou read it?

Sil. Yes.

Soto. And dost thou know that Silvio?

Sil. I never saw him, Sir.

Soto. I have, and know him too,

I know him as well as I know thee, and better;
And, if I light upon him, for a trick he play'd me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll so fiddle him!
Two thousand ducats? I'll so pepper him!

And with that money I'll turn gentleman,
Worth a brown baker's dozen of such Silvios.

Sil. There is no staying here; this rogue will
know me,
And for the money's sake betray me too:
I must bethink me suddenly and safely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear lady, have at thy honeycomb!
Now, for the honour of our town, boys, trace sweetly!
[*Cry within of, Arm, arm!*]
What a vengeance ails this whobub? pox refuse 'em!
Cannot they let's dance in our own defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient resolutions follow me!
Look how the beacons shew like comets; your poor
neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted thro' the villages;
Sienna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword makes thousand mothers childless.

Soto. What's this to our morris-dancers?

Sil. This
May serve my turn.

Soto. There's ne'er a duke in Christendom
But loves a May-game.

Capt. At a horse
You were always cefs'd; put your son on him,
And arm him well! i'th' states name, I command you:
And they that dare go voluntary shall
Receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, Sir.
This is strange, master Captain,
You cannot be content to spoil our sport here,
(Which I don't think your worship's able to answer)
But you must set us together by the ears,
With I know not who too? We are for
The bodily part o'th' dance.

Capt.

Capt. Arm him suddenly!

(This is no time to fool) I shall return you else
A rebel to the general state, and Duchefs;
And how you'll answer then——

Farmer. I've no more sons, Sir;

This is my only boy; I beseech you, master Captain——

Soto. I'm a rank coward too, to say the truth, Sir;
I never had good luck at buffets neither.

Farmer. Here's vorty shillings, spare the child.

Capt. I cannot,

Soto. Are you a man? will you cast away a May-
lord?

Shall all the wenches in the country curse you?

Sil. An't please you, Captain, I'll supply his person;

('Tis pity their old custom should be frightened)
Let me have horse, and good arms, I'll serve willingly,
And, if I shrink a foot of ground, hell take me!

Capt. A promising aspect, face full of courage.

I'll take this man, and thank you too——

Farmer. There's for thee;

'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.

Sil. I thank you, Sir.

Farmer. Go, saddle my forehorse, put his feather
on too,

(He'll prounce it bravely, friend; he fears no colours)
And take the armour down, and see him dizen'd.

Soto. Farewell! and if thou carriest thyself

Well in this matter—I say no more, but this,
There must be more May-lords, and I know who
Are fit.

Sil. Dance you; I'll fight, Sir.

Capt. Away, away!

Sil. Farewell! I'm for the captain¹⁶. [*Exeunt.*]

Farmer. Now to this matter again, my honest
fellows!

For, if this go not forward, I foresee, friends,
This war will fright our neighbours out o' th' vil-
lages:

¹⁶ *I'm for the captain.*] Theobald's margin says, *for thee, captain.*
Cheer

Cheer up your hearts! we shall hear better news, boys.

Bomby. Surely I'll dance no more²⁷, 'tis most ridiculous:

I find my wife's instructions now mere verities,
My learned wife's; she often hath pronounc'd to me
My safety: 'Bomby, defy these sports; thou'rt
damn'd else.'

This beast of Babylon I will ne'er back again,
His pace is sure prophane, and his lewd *wi-bees*,
The songs of Hymyn²⁸ and Gymyn, in the wilderness.

Farmer. Fy, neighbour Bomby, in your fits again²⁹?
Your zeal sweats. This is not careful, neighbour;
The hobby-horse is a seemly hobby-horse——

Soto. And as pretty a beast on's inches, tho' I say it——

Bomby. The beast is an unseemly and a lewd beast,
And got at Rome by the pope's coach-horses;
His mother was the mare of Ignorance.

Soto. Cobler, thou liest, an thou wert a thousand
coblers!

His mother was an honest mare, and a mare of good
credit;

I know the mare, and, if need be, can bring witness;
And, in the way of honesty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any coach-horse the pope had; thou'rt foolish,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the beast.

Bomby. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth too;
And tell thee to thy face, this prophane riding,

²⁷ *Hob. Surely I'll dance, &c.*] As there is no such name as *Hob* in the *dramatis personæ*, and as he is call'd, and calls himself here and through the scene, by the name of *Bomby*; methinks we ought to displace this nonsensical *Hob*, and insert *Bomby* in its place.
Symphon.

²⁸ *The sons of, &c.*] Corrected by Theobald.

²⁹ ——— in your fits again,

Your zeal sweats.] For the want only of a single hyphen, how difficult is it to understand the humour of the Farmer here? Sure we should write thus,

—— your fits again,

Your zeal-sweats?

Symphon.

The old reading is most easy and natural.

(I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it)
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a scourge
upon us;

This hobby-horse Sincerity we liv'd in,
War, and the sword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beast off, thus, the beast polluted.
And now no more shall Hope-on-high Bomby
Follow the painted pipes of worldly pleasures,
And, with the wicked; dance the devil's measures.
Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance shall be to th' pipe of persecution.

Farmer. Will you dance no more, neighbour?

Bomby. Surely, no:

Carry the beast to his crib; I have renounc'd him,
And all his works.

Soto. Shall th' hobby-horse be forgot then³⁰?
The hopeful hobby-horse, shall he lie founder'd?
If thou dost this, thou'rt but a cast-away cobler.
My anger's up; think wisely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure!
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious sowter,
Thou bench-whistler, of the old tribe of toe-pieces!)
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
Every man shall have a special care of his own foal,
And in his pocket carry his two confessors,
His lingel³¹, and his nawl. If thou dost this——

Farmer. He'll dance again, for certain.

Bomby. I cry out on't!

'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those tilt-staves

³⁰ *The hobby-horse.*] Amongst the country May games there was an *bobby-horse*, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed, and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. *Warburton.*

In the last edition of Shakespeare, Mr. Steevens produces some quotations (among the rest our present text) which prove the truth of Warburton's explanation.

³¹ *His yugel*] Corrected by Symphon.

They brandish 'gainst the church, the devil calls May-poles.

Soto. Take up your horse again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbour Bomby!

Bomby. I spit at him!

Soto. Spit in the horse' face, cobler?

Thou out-of-tune, psalm-singing slave! Spit in his
visnomy?

Bomby. I spit again; and thus I rise against him,
Against this beast, that signified destruction³²,
Fore-shew'd falls of monarchies.

Soto. I'th' face of him?

Spit such another spit, by this hand, cobler;
I'll make ye set a new piece o' your nose there.
Take't up, I say, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art still, but for this new nicety,
And your wife's learned lectures: Take up th' hobby-
horse!

Come, 'tis a thing th' hast lov'd with all thy heart,
Bomby,

And wouldst do still but for the round-breech'd
brothers:

You were not thus i'th' morning, Take't up, I say;
Do not delay, but do't! You know I'm officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge.
Chuse whether you will dance, or have me execute;
I'll clap your neck i'th' stocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at night too.
You mend old shoes well, mend your old manners
better;

And suddenly see you leave off this sincereneſs,

³² ——— *signify'd destruction,*

Fore-shew'd i'th' falls of monarchies.

Soto. *I'th' face of him.*] The *i'th'* in the second line is evidently crept in from the third, and spoils both sense and measure, for the third line completes the second verse. Hudibras took several hints from this passage.

See ar.d.

This new hot batch, borrow'd from some brown baker,
Some learned brother, or I'll so bait you for't³³——
Take't quickly up.

Bomby. I take my persecution,
And thus I'm forc'd, a bye-word to my brethren.

Soto. Strike up, strike up, strike merrily!

Farmer. To't roundly.

Now to the harvest-feast; then sport again, boys!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Silvio, arm'd.

Sil. What shall I do? Live thus unknown, and
base still,
Or thrust myself into the head o'th' battle?
And there, like that I am, a gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of danger,
(So in her angry eyes she carried honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

S O N G [within].

Silvio, go on, and raise thy noble mind
To noble ends; fling coarse base thoughts behind!
Silvio, thou son of ever-living fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a noble name.
Silvio, consider, honour is not won,
Nor virtue reach'd, 'till some brave thing be done.
Thy country calls thee now, she burns and bleeds,
Now raise thyself, young man, to noble deeds!
Into the battle, Silvio! there seek forth
Danger, and blood; by them stand's sacred Worth.

³³ *This new hot batch, borrowed from some brown baker,*

Or I'll so bait ye for't ——] I don't discard the word *bait*,
but to preserve that playing upon the words here, which the Poet seems
to have design'd, I suspect we ought to read,

—— or *I'll so bake you for't.*

'Tis scarce worth observing, that the *Brownists* are the people; against
whom the satire here was principally levell'd.

Symphon.

Sil.

Sil. What heav'nly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the battle:
It names me often, steels my heart with courage,

Enter Belvidere, deformed.

And in a thousand sweet notes comforts me.
What beldam's this? How old she is, and ugly!
Why does she follow me?

Bel. Be not dismay'd, son;
I wait upon thee for thy good and honour:
'Twas I that now fung to thee, stirr'd thy mind up,
And rais'd thy spirits to the pitch of nobleness.

Sil. Tho' she be old, and of a crooked carcase,
Her voice is like the harmony of angels.

Bel. Thou art my darling; all my love dwells on
thee,
The son of Virtue! therefore I attend thee.
Enquire not what I am; I come to serve thee;
For if thou be'st inquisitive, th' hast lost me.
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a cave, where, but mine own, no foot treads;
There, by mine art, I found what danger, Silvio,
And deep distress of heart, thou wert grown into;
A thousand leagues I've cut thro' empty air,
Far swifter than the sailing rack³⁴, that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee.

Sometimes o'er a swelling tide,
On a dolphin's back I ride;
Sometimes pass the earth below,
And thro' th' unmov'd center go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor I aspire;
Sometimes in mine own shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous:
Men of honourable minds,
Command my art in all his kinds:

³⁴ *Rack.*] See note 73 on the Faithful Shepherdess.

Pursue the noble thought of war ;
 From thy guard I'll not be far .
 Get thee worship on thy foe ;
 Lasting fame is gotten so .
 Single Sienna's Duke alone ;
 Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
 And with thy manly arm strike sure ;
 Then th' hast wrought thine own free cure .

Sil. Some sibil sure, some soul Heav'n loves, and
 favours,
 And lends her their free powers to work their wonders !
 How she incites my courage !

Bel. Silvio,
 I knew thee many days ago ;
 Foresaw thy love to Belvidere,
 'The Duchefs' daughter, and her heir ;
 Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past,
 When you were found i'th' castle fast
 In one another's arms ; foresaw
 The taking of you, and the law ;
 And so thy innocence I lov'd,
 The deepest of my skill I prov'd :
 Be rul'd by me ; ' for, to this hour,
 I've dwelt about thee with my power .

Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe thee ;
 For thou art sure an angel good sent to me .

Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight !
 Longer stay but robs thy right :
 When thou grow'st weary, I'll be near ;
 Then think on beauteous Belvidere !
 For every precious thought of her
 Will lend thine honour a new spur³⁵ ;
 When all is done, meet here at night ;
 Go, and be happy in the fight ! [Exit.

Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly ;
 And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die . [Exeunt.

³⁵ I'll lend thine honour.] The variation proposed by Symphon.

S C E N E III.

Enter Claudio and Penurio.

Clau. Is she so loving still?

Pen. She's mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, signor;
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love—It frets me too;
I'm fall'n away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a mere man of mat, no soul within me:
Pox o' my master! Sir, will that content you?

Clau. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me;
Upon my life, there are some other gamesters,
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me.—
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
(Prithee be true, be honest; do not mock me;
Thou know'st her heart) no former interest
Sh' has vow'd a favour to, and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If, where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly:
I am a stranger yet.

Pen. You're all she looks for;
And, if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations——

Clau. I know thou flatter'st me; tell me but truth—
Look here, look well; the best meat in the dukedom,
The rarest, and the choicest of all diets!
This will I give thee, but to satisfy me,
(That is, not to dissemble) this rare lobster,
This pheasant of the sea, this dish for princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thyself;
Have good Greek wine, or any thing belongs to't,
A wench, if it desire one.

Pen. All this, signor?

Clau.

Clau. All, and a greater far than this——

Pen. A greater?

Clau. If thou deserve by telling truth.

Pen. A wench too?

Clau. Or any thing; but if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this,
(In which th' hast parted with a paradise)
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morsel;
No smell of meat, by my means, shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing;
But to thy old part, Tantalus; again
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow!

Pen. Upon this point, had I intended treason,
Or any thing might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
(Give me but time to eat this lovely lobster,
This alderman o' th' sea, and give me wine to him)
I'd reveal all; and if that all were too little,
More than I knew. Bartello holds in with her,
The captain of the citadel; but you need not fear him;
His tongue's the stiffest weapon that he carries.
He's old and out of use: There are some other,
Men young enough, handsome, and bold enough,
Could they come but to make their game once; but
they want, Sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they're laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the man shall knock the nail in——

Bart. How now, Penurio?

Pen. Your worship's fairly met, Sir:—

You shall hear further from me: Steal aside, Sir.

Clau. Remember your master for those chains. [*Exit.*]

Pen. They're ready, Sir.

Bart. What young thing's this? By his habit he's
a merchant;

I fear he trades my way too.—You dried dog-fish,
What bait was that?

Pen. Who, Sir? the thing went hence now?

A notable young whelp——

Bart. To what end, firrah?

Pen. Came to buy chains and rings, is to be married;
An afs, a coxcomb! h' has nothing in his house, Sir.
I warrant, you think he came to see my mistress?

Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.

Pen. Away, away, 'tis foolish!

H' has not the face to look upon a gentlewoman;
A poor skimm'd thing! his mother's maids are fain, Sir,
To teach him how to kiss; and, 'gainst he's married,
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.

Bart. That is a fine youth.

Pen. Thou wouldst hang thyself,
That thou hadst half his power, thou empty potgun.

Bart. Am I come fit, Penurio?

Pen. As fit as a fiddle;
My master's now abroad about his business.

Bart. When thou
Cam'st to me home to-day, I half suspected
My wife was jealous, that she whisper'd to thee.

Pen. You deserve well the whilst. There's no such
matter;
She talk'd about some toys my master must bring to her,
You must not know of.

Bart. I'll take no note, Penurio.

Pen. No, nor you shall not, 'till you have it soundly.
This is the bravest *capitano pompo*!

Enter Isabella.

But I shall pump you anon, Sir.

Isab. Oh, my Bartello!

Bart. You pretty rogue, you little rogue, you sweet
rogue!

Away, Penurio; go and walk i' th' Horse-Fair.

Isab. You don't love me.

Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal!
There, firrah; to your centry!

Pen. How the colt itches!
I'll help you to a curry-comb shall claw you. [*Exit,*
Isab.

Ifab. And how much dost thou love me ?

Bart. Let's go in quickly ;

I'll tell thee presently, I'll measure't to thee.

Ifab. No buffes first ? Sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy ! Don't look so fiercely on me ;
Thou'lt fright me with thy face. Come, buss again, chick !
Smile in my face, you mad thing !

Bart. I'm mad indeed, wench ;

'Precious ! I'm all o' fire.

Ifab. I'll warm thee better.

Bart. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my bellows :
Ha, you sweet rogue, you loving rogue ! a boy now ;
A soldier I will get, shall prove a fellow :

Enter Jaquenot and Penurio.

Jaq. Mistress, look to yourself ; my master's coming !

Bart. The devil come and go with him !

Pen. The devil's come indeed ; he brings your wife,
Sir :

Ifab. We are undone, undone then !

Bart. My wife with him ?

Why, this is a dismal day.

Pen. They're hard by too, Sir.

Bart. I must not, dare not see her.

Ifab. Nor my husband,

For twenty thousand pound.

Bart. That I were a cat now,

Or any thing could run into a bench-hole !

Saint Anthony's fire upon the rogue has brought her !

Where shall I be ?—Just in the nick o' th' matter ?

When I had her at my mercy !—Think, for Heav'n's
sake !

My wife ? All the wild furies hell has——

Pen. Up the chimney !

Bart. They'll smoke me out there presently.

Ifab. There, there, it must be there,

We're all undone else ; it must be up the chimney.

Bart. Give me a ladder.

Ifab. You must use your art, Sir ;

Alas, we have no ladders.

Bart. Pox o' thy husband!
Does he ne'er mend his house?

Pen. No, nor himself neither.
Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly!

Bart. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean rogue.

Pen. Will you be kill'd?
For if he take you——

Bart. Lend me thy shoulder.

Pen. Soft, Sir!

You'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sides else.
Have you fast hold o' th' bars?

Bart. A vengeance bar 'em!

Isab. Patience, good captain, patience; quickly,
quickly!

Bart. D' you think I'm made of smoke?

Pen. Now he talks of smoke,
What if my master should call for fire?

Bart. Will you martyr me?

Isab. He must needs have it.

Bart. Will you make me bacon?

Isab. We'll do the best we can. Are all things ready?

Pen. All, all; I have 'em all.

Isab. Go let 'em in then³⁶.

[*Exit Pen.*]

Not a word now on your life!

Bart. I hang like a meteor.

Enter Lopez and Rodope.

Lopez. You're welcome, lady.

Rod. You are too, too courteous;
But I shall make amends. Fair Isabella——

Isab. Welcome, my worthy friend, most kindly
welcome!

Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his foolery.

³⁶ *Bar.* Go let 'em in, &c.] The change of the speakers here is from Mr. Theobald's margin. The reader will easily see the necessity of it.

Sympson.

Lopez.

Lopez. Some sweet-meats, wife; some sweet-meats presently!

Bart. Oh, my four sauce!

Lopez. Away quick, Isabella. [Exit *Isab.*

Did y' hear him?

Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, Sir.

Lopez. Speak loud enough.—Dare you at length but pity me?

Rod. 'Faith, Sir, you've us'd so many reasons to me, And those so powerfully——

Lopez. Keep this kifs for me.

Bart. And do I stand and hear this?

Rod. This for me, Sir.

This is some comfort now: Alas, my husband—
But why do I think of so poor a fellow,
So wretched, so debauch'd?

Bart. That's I: I'm bound
To hear it.

Rod. I dare n't lie with him, he is
So rank a whore-master——

Lopez. And that's
A dangerous point.

Rod. Upon my conscience, Sir,
He'd stick a thousand base diseases on me.

Bart. And now must I say nothing!

Lopez. I'm found, lady.

Rod. That's it that makes me love you.

Lopez. Let's kifs again then!

Rod. Do, do!

Bart. Do? the devil
And the grand pox do with you!

Lopez. Do you hear him? well——

Enter Penurio and Isabella.

Now, what's the news with you?

Pen. The sound of war, Sir,
Comes still along: The Duke will charge the city;
We've lost, they say.

Lopez. What shall become of me then,

And my poor wealth?

Bart. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rod. Remove your jewels presently, and what
You have of wealth, into the citadel;
There all's secure.

Lopez. I humbly thank you, lady.
Penurio, get me some can climb the chimney,
For there my jewels are, my best, my richest;
I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.

Pen. Most happily
I have two boys, that use to sweep foul chimnies;
Truly, I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your worship,
For the great fires you keep, and the full diet.

Lopez. I forgive thee, knave. Where are they?

Pen. Here, Sir, here.
Monsieur Black, will your small worship mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam, è be com to creep up into your
chimney, and make you [*Boy sings.*
Cleane, as any lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera,
and è.

Chanta, frere, chanta.

Pen. Come, monsieur, mountè, mountè! mount,
monsieur Mustard pot! [*Boy sings.*

1 *Boy.* Monsieur, è have dis for votra barba, ple ta
vou, monsieur.

Pen. Mountè, monsieur, mountè; dere be some fine
tings—

1 *Boy.* Me will creep like de ferret, monsieur.

Pen. Dere in de chimney. [*The Boy above singing.*

1 *Boy.* Here be de sheilde due shafon, madam.

[*Boy goes in behind the arras.*

Pen. There's a bird's nest; I would have you climb
it, monsieur:

Up, my fine singing monsieur. That's a fine monsieur!

Lopez. Watch him, he do not steal.

Pen. I warrant you, Sir.

Lopez. These boys are knavish.

Pen.

Pen. I'll look to him tightly.

Boy [*within*]. Madam, here be de rat, de rat, madam!

Enter Bartello, with the Boy singing on his shoulder.

Lopez. Lord! what comes here?

A walking apparition?

Ifab. Saint Christopher!

Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?

How like my husband it looks!

Bart. Get you down, devil;

I'll break your neck else. Wase'er man thus chimnied?

Lopez. Go, pay the boys well; see them satisfied.

Pen. Come, monsieur Devils; come, my black-berries!

I'll butter you o' both sides.

Boy. Adieu, madame! adieu, madame! [*Exit.*

Ifab. Nay, even look, Sir. Are you cool'd now, captain?

Bart. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too!

Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.

Lopez. You're welcome, Sir.

I'm glad I've any thing within these doors, Sir,

To make you merry. You love my wife, I thank you;

You've shew'd your love.

Bart. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,

This monstrous thing?

Rod. You ought, but yet you are not:

I've been bold with you, Sir, but yet not basely;

As I have faith, I have not.

Lopez. Sir, believe it.

'Twas all meant but to make you feel your trespass:

We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd for it.

Bart. Were you o' th' plot too?

Ifab. Yes, by my troth, sweet captain.

Bart. You will forgive me, wife?

Rod. You will deserve it?

Bart. Put that to th' venture.

Rod. Thus am I friends again then;

And, as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kifs you.

Bart. And I'll kifs you; and you too ask forgiveness.

Kiss my wife, Lopez; 'tis but in jest remember.
 And now, all friends together to my castle,
 Where we'll all dine, and there discourse these stories;
 And let him be chimney-swept, in's lust that glories!
 [Exeunt,

S C E N E IV.

Enter Silvio and Belvidere, severally.

Sil. Hail, reverend dame! Heav'n wait upon thy studies!

Bel. You are well met, son. What, is the battle ended?

Sil. Mother, 'tis done.

Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?

Sil. The Duchefs has the day; Sienna's prisoner;
 Arm'd with thy powerful art, this arm dismounted him,
 Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair valour
 Forc'd him mine own: This jewel I took from him,
 (It hung upon his casque) the victor's triumph;
 And to the Duchefs now a prisoner
 I've render'd him; come off again unknown, mother.

Bel. 'Tis well done: Let me see the jewel, son!

'Tis a rich one, curious set,

Fit a prince's burgonet³⁷.

This rich token late was sent

By the Duchefs, with intent

The marriage next day to begin.

Dost thou know what's hid within?

Wipe thine eyes, and then come near;

See the beauteous Belvidere!

Now behold it.

Sil. Oh, my faint!

Bel. Wear it nobly; do not faint.

Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this picture!
 For ever will I keep it here, here, mother,
 For ever honour it: How oft, how chafly

³⁷ A princeffe burgonet.] Corrected by Symphon.

Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kifs'd it?

Bel. The day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy answer to the Duchefs' question;
I know it troubles thee; for if thou fail in't——

Sil. Oh, I must die!

Bel. Fear not, fear not; I'll be nigh!

Cast thy trouble on my back!

Art nor cunning shall not lack,

To preserve thee, still to keep

What thy envious foemen seek.

Go boldly home, and let thy mind

No distrustful crosses find!

All shall happen for the best;

Souls walk thro' sorrows that are blest.

Sil. Then I go confident.

Bel. But first, my son,

A thankful service must be done:

The good old woman for her pain,

When every thing stands fair again;

Must ask a poor boon, and that granting,

There's nothing to thy journey wanting.

Sil. Except the trial of my soul to mischief,
And, as I am a knight, and love mine honour,
I grant it, whatsoever——

Bel. Thy pure soul

Shall never sink for me, nor howl.

Sil. Then any thing.

Bel. When I shall ask, remember!

Sil. If I forget, Heaven's goodness forget me!

Bel. On thy journey then awhile!

To the next cross-way and stile

I'll conduct thee; keep thee true,

To thy mistress and thy vow,

And, let all their envies fall!

I'll be with thee, and quench all.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Duchess, Duke of Sienna, and Lords.

Duke. **L**ADY, the stubborn war's more mild than
you are,

That allows ransom, and the prisoner taken——

Duch. We must not be too hasty: Remember, Sir,
The wrong and violence you've offer'd us;
Burnt up our frontier towns, made prey before you
Both of our beasts and corn; slain our dear subjects;
Open'd the fountain eyes of thousand widows,
That daily fling their curses on your fury:
What ord'nary satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty-thought-on ransom give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet; we'll take more counsel:
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble prince, we entertain you.

Duke. I'm at your mercy, lady; 'tis my fortune,
My stubborn fate! the day is yours, you have me;
The valour of one single man has cross'd me,
Cross'd me and all my hope; for when the battles
Were at the hottest game of all their furies,
(And Conquest ready then to crown me victor)
One single man broke in, one sword, one virtue,
(And by his great example thousands follow'd)
Oh, how I shame to think on't! how it shakes me!
Nor could our strongest head then stop his fury,
But, like a tempest, bore the field before him,
'Till he arriv'd at me; with me he buckled;
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pursu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my people.

Duch. One single arm, in a just cause, Heav'n
prosper.—

Is not this stranger-knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honour?

Lord. Not yet, that we hear, madam; but to that
purpose

Two days ago we publish'd proclamations.

Enter Soto with a trumpet, and Silvio.

Soto. Oh, dainty Duchefs, here I bring that knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that Sienna's Duke, and all his louts,
Beat (as the proverb seemly says) to clouts;
He that unhors'd the man o' fame to boot,
And bootless taught his Grace to walk afoot;
He that your writings, pack'd to every pillar,
Promis'd promotion to, and store of filler;
That very man I set before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.

Duch. A pretty foolish squire! what must the
knight be?

Duke. Some juggler, or some mad-man.

Sil. I was not so,

When thy faint troops in flocks I beat before me;
When, thro' the thickest of thy warlike horse,
I shot myself e'en to thy standard, Duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd
thee

The temper of my sword. 'Tis true, thou stood'st me,
And like a noble soldier bidst me welcome;
And this I'll say, more honour³⁸ in that arm
I found and tried, than all thy army carried;
What follows, thy imprisonment can tell thee.

Duke. His fair relation carries truth and virtue;
And by those arms I see, (for such were his,
So old, so rusty) this may be he that forc'd me.

Sil. D' you know this jewel? from your casque I
rent it,

³⁸ *More honour in that arm.*] Symphon (thinking the arm an im-
proper situation for *honour*) would substitute *valour* for *honour*, which
we think quite unnecessary.

E'en as I clos'd, and forc'd you from your saddle:
D' you now remember me?

Duke. This is the valour,
Madam; for certain, he; it must be he;
That day I wore this jewel: You remember it.

Duch. Yes, very well: Not long before, I sent it.

Duke. That day I lost this jewel, in fight I lost it;
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my casque. Take it again, Sir;
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.

Soto. My father and myself are made for ever!

Duch. Kneel down, brave Sir. Thus, my knight
first I raise you

(Gird on a sword); next, gen'ral of my army
(Give him a staff); last, one in counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your fight.—How! Silvio?

[*Discovers himself.*]

Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honour?
The treasons thou hast wrought set off with favours?
Unarm him presently!—Oh, thou foul traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my country,
Thou kindler of these wars——

Sil. Mistake not, madam!

Duch. Away with him to prison,
See him safe kept.—The law shall shortly, firrah,
Find fitter titles for you than I gave you.

Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me; I'll be quit
with him.

What a blind rogue was I, I could ne'er know him!—
An't please your Grace, I claim the benefit
O' th' proclamation that proclaim'd him traitor;
I brought him in.

Duch. Thou shalt have thy reward for't.

Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.

Duch. Away with him!

Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first; you're
tied to it,

You've pass'd your princely word.

Duch. Prove it, and take it.

Sil.

Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace, for my appearance,
To answer to the question.

Duch. I remember it.

Sil. I claim it then.

Duch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.

Sil. I not repent it.
If I absolve the words——

Duch. Your life is free then.
You've drawn a speedy course, above my wishes,
To my revenge: Be sure you hit it right,
Or I'll be sure you shall not scape the danger.

Sil. My rest is up now, madam³⁹.

Duch. Then play't cunningly.

Sil. Now, where's the hag? where now are all her
promises

She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,
And with her art—I see her no where now!
What have I undertaken? Now she fails me;
No comfort now I find; how my soul staggers!
'Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess'd me:
She cannot come, she will not come, sh' has fool'd me,
(Sure she's the devil) has drawn me on to ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger!

Duke. He stands distracted, and his colour changes.

Duch. I've given him that will make his blood
forfakc him,

Shortly his life.

Duke. His hands and contemplation
Have motion still; the rest is earth already.

³⁹ *My rest is up.*] From the Duchess's answer, this appears to be a phrase used at some kind of game. So in Churchyard's Challenge, p. 62, 'On which resolution the souldier sets up his rest, and commonly hazards the winning or loosing of as great a thing as life may be worth, &c.' Again, p. 115,

'Spoylc brings home plagues to wife and children both,
'When husband hath at play set up his rest.'

R.
Duch.

Duch. Come, will you speak, or pray? Your time grows out, Sir.

How ev'ry where he looks! He's at last cast.

Enter Belvidere, who secretly gives him a paper, and exit.

Duke. His colour comes again fresh.

Duch. 'Tis a flash, Sir,

Before the flame burns out. Can you yet answer?

Sil. Yes, madam, now I can.

Duch. I fear you'll fail in't.

Sil. And do not think my silence a presage,
Or omen to my end; you shall not find it;
I'm bred a soldier, not an orator.

Madam, peruse this scroll; let that speak for me,
And, as you're royal, wrong not the construction!

Duch. By Heav'n, you shall have fair play!

Sil. I shall look for't.

Q U E S T I O N.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong?

A N S W E R.

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair)
Richly trimm'd⁴⁰, to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespied;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill,
They desire to have their will:
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Duch. You've answer'd right, and gain'd your life;
I give it.

⁴⁰ *Richly trimm'd.*] i. e. *Richly dress'd.* See note 20, p. 43 of this vol.

Sil. Oh, happy hag!—But, my most gracious madam,
Your promise tied a nobler favour to me.

Duch. 'Tis true; my daughter too.

Sil. I hope you'll keep it.

Duch. 'Tis not in my power now; she's long since
wander'd,

Stol'n from the court and me; and what I have not
I cannot give. No man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not Silvio,
Which strongly I believe——

Sil. Mock me not, lady!

For, as I am a servant to her virtue,
Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her!

Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too, too true; and
lamentable:

Our last hope was in you.

Sil. What do I here then,

And wherefore have I life bestow'd and honour?
To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at?
And fight, and fool? Pray you take your honours
from me,

(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em)

And, when you please, my life.—Art thou gone,
mistress?

And wander'st Heav'n knows where?—This vow I
make thee,

That 'till I find thee out, and see those fair eyes,
Those eyes that shed their lights and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred,
To rest where pleasure dwells, and painted glory;
But thro' the world, the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world, alone, no comfort with me;
But the mere meditations of thy goodness!
Honour and greatness, thus adieu!

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay, Silvio!

And, lady, sit again! I come for justice.

Sil. What would she now?

Bel.

Bel. To claim thy promise, Silvio;
The boon thou swor'st to give me.

Duke. What may this be?

A woman or a devil?

Duch. 'Tis a witch fure;
And by her means he came t' untwist this riddle.

Sil. That I'm bound to her for my life, mine honour,
And many other thousand ways for comfort,
I here confes; confes a promise too,
That what she'd ask me to requite these favours,
Within th' endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand, my word's full master.

Bel. I wish no more! Great lady, witness with me:
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.

Sil. How! for to marry thee? Ask again, woman;
Thou wilful woman, ask again!

Bel. No more, Sir.

Sil. Ask land, and life!

Bel. I ask thee, for a husband.

Soto. Marry her, and beat her into gunpowder;
She'd make rare crackers.

Sil. Ask a better fortune:
Thou art too old to marry; I a soldier,
And always married to my sword.

Bel. Thy word, fool!
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes yet!

Duch. He shall not;
I'm witness to his faith, and I'll compel it.

Duke. 'Tis fit you hold your word, Sir.

Sil. Oh, most wretched!

Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my wishes;
For now my daughter's free, if e'er I find her.

Duke. But not from me.

Duch. You're sharer in this happiness.
Myself will wait upon this marriage,
And do th' old woman all the honour possible.

Duke. I'll lead the knight; and what there wants in
dalliance,

We'll

We'll take it out in drink.

Sil. Oh, wretched Silvio! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Lopez and Isabella.

Lopez. Hast thou sent for him?

Ifab. Yes.

Lopez. A young man, sayst thou?

Ifab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.

Lopez. And handsome?

Ifab. As the town affords.

Lopez. And dar'st thou

Be so far good, and mistress of thine honour,
To slight these?

Ifab. For my husband's sake, to curse 'em:
And, since you've made me mistress of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but husband.
I could have cozen'd you; but so much I love you,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife——

Lopez. I dare believe thee;
And never more shall Doubt torment my spirit.

Enter Penurio.

Ifab. How now, Penurio?

Pen. The thing's coming, mistress.

Lopez. I'll take my standing. [Exit.

Pen. Do, and I'll take mine.

Ifab. Where didst thou leave him?

Pen. I left him in a cellar,

Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home, mistress;
We'd an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet
mistress,

And threescore and ten damnations to my master.

Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to you?

Ifab. What's that, Penurio? The fellow's drunk.

Pen. I would feign know your body.

Ifab. How's that? how's that, prithee?

Pen. I would know it carnally; I would conglutinate.

Ifab. The reason, firrah?

Pen. Lobster, sweet mistress, lobster!

Ifab. Thy master hears.

Pen. Lobster, sweet master, lobster!

Ifab. Thou art the most precious rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Most precious lobster!

Ifab. D'you see who's here? Go sleep, you drunken rascal!

Pen. Remember you refuse me, arm'd in lobster!
[Exit.]

Ifab. Oh, my lost Rugio! welcome, welcome, welcome!

A thousand welcomes here I'll seal.

Clau. Pray you stay, lady:

D'you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your husband,
More fervent on you?

Ifab. Can I chuse but love thee?

Thou art my martyr; thou hast suffer'd for me,
My sweet, sweet Rugio!

Clau. Do you do this seriously?

'Tis true, I would be entertain'd thus.

Ifab. These are nothing,

No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those——

Clau. Do what you will.

Ifab. Those that shall follow,

Those I will crown our love withal. Why sigh you?
Why look you sad, my dear one?

Clau. Nay, faith, nothing;

But methinks so sweet a beauty as yours shews to me,
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer siege.

Ifab. Ha! you speak truth, Sir.

Clau.

Clau. I would not have it so.

Ifab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me;
I have been cozen'd; fearfully abus'd;
My reason blinded——

Clau. Nay, I did but jest with you.

Ifab. I'll take you at your word, and thank you
for't, Sir;
And now, I see no sweetness in that person;
Nothing to stir me to abuse a husband;
To ruin my fair fame——

Clau. Good Isabella!

Ifab. No handsome man; no any thing to dote on;
No face, no tongue to catch me; poor at all points;
And I an afs!

Clau. Why do you wrong me, lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me;
My service of so mean a way to win you;
(Which you yourself are conscious must deserve you;
If y' had thrice the beauty you possess, must reach you)
If in my tongue your fame lay wreck'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink; if in opinion
I were a lost, defam'd man—But 'tis common,
Where we love most, where most we stake our for-
tunes,

There least and basest we're rewarded! Fare you well!
Know now, I hate you too as much, contemn you,
And weigh my credit at as high a value——

Ifab. May be I did but jest.

Clau. You are a woman;
And now I see your wants, and mine own follies;
And task myself with indiscretion,
For doting on a face so poor!

Ifab. Say you so, Sir?

I must not lose my end.—I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: My Rugio,
D' you think I could forget?

Clau. Nay, 'tis no matter.

Ifab. Is't possible I should forsake a constancy,
So strong, so good, so sweet?

Clau. A subtle woman!

Ifab. You shall forgive me; 'twas a trick to try you:
And, were I sure you lov'd me——

Clau. Do you doubt now?

Ifab. I do not doubt; but he that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do——

Clau. What should I do?

Ifab. I cannot shew you.

Clau. I'll try thee, damned'st devil!—Hark ye, lady!
No man shall dare do more, no service top me;
I'll marry you.

Ifab. How, Sir?

Clau. Your husband's sentenc'd,
And he shall die——

Ifab. Die?

Clau. Die for ever to you;
The danger is mine own.

Ifab. Die, did you tell me?

Clau. He shall die; I have cast the way.

Ifab. Oh, foul man,
Malicious, bloody man!

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. When shall he die, Sir?
By whom, and how?

Clau. Hast thou betray'd me, woman?

Ifab. Base man, thou wouldst have ruin'd me, my
name too,

And, like a toad, poison'd my virtuous memory!
Further than all this, dost thou see this friend here,
This only friend? (Shame take thy lust and thee,
And shake thy soul!) his life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life, thou aim'st at!

Clau. Am I catch'd thus?

Lopez. The law shall catch you better.

Ifab.

Ifab. You make a trade of betraying womens' honours,

And think it noble in you to be lustful!

Report of me hereafter——

Clau. Fool'd thus finely?

Lopez. I must entreat you walk, Sir, to the justice; Where, if he'll bid you kill me——

Clau. Pray stay a while, Sir; I must use a player's shift. Do you know me now, lady?

Lopez. Your brother Claudio sure!

Ifab. Oh me, 'tis he, Sir!
Oh, my best brother!

Clau. My best sister now too!

I've tried you, found you so; and now I love you, Love you so truly, nobly——

Lopez. Sir, I thank you; You've made me a most happy man.

Clau. Thank her, Sir; And from this hour preserve that happiness; Be no more fool'd with jealousy!

Lopez. I've lost it; And take me now, new-born again, new-natur'd!

Ifab. I do; and to that promise tie this faith, Never to have a false thought tempt my virtue.

Lopez. Enough, enough! I must desire your presence; My cousin Rodope has sent in all haste for us: I'm sure you will be welcome.

Clau. I'll wait on you.

Lopez. What the project is——

Ifab. We shall know when we're there, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Duchess, Sienna, Lords, and Silvio.

Duch. Joy to you, Silvio, and your young fair bride!

You've stol'n a day upon's; you cannot woode, Sir!

Sil. The joys of hell hang over me: Oh, mischief!
To what a fortune has the devil driv'n me!
Am I reserv'd for this?

Duke. Beshrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow;
Let you alone to chuse!

Sil. I beseech your Grace——
'Tis misery enough t' have met the devil;
Not mens' reproaches too.

Duke. How bld is she?

Duch. A very girl; her eye delivers it.

Duke. Her teeth are scarce come yet.

Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! She's rarely made to breed on;
What a sweet-timber'd body!

Duch. Knotty i'th' back;
But will hold out the stronger. What a nose!

Duke. Ay, marry, such a nose, so rarely mounted!
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.

Duch. And that fine little eye to't, like an elephant's!

Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears
sachels——

Duke. For any thing we know——

Sil. Have ye no mercy?

No pity in your bloods, to use a wretch thus?
You princes, in whose hearts the best compassions,
Nearest to those in Heav'n, should find fit places,
Why d' you mock at misery? fling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken back, that sinks with sorrows?
Heav'n may reward you too; and an hour come,
When all your great designs shall shew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine——

[*Music in divers places.*]

Duch. Fy, Sir! so angry
Upon your wedding-day? go smug yourself;
The maid will come anon. What music's this?

Duke. I warrant you some noble preparation.

Duch. Let's take our places then.

Sil.

Sil. More of these devil's dumps?
Must I be ever haunted with these witchcrafts?

Enter a masquerade of several shapes, and dances; after which, Enter Belvidere and disperses them. Enter two presenters; then the maskers⁴², among which are Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Isabella, Rodope, Soto, Penurio, and Jaquenet.

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry spirits, room!

Hither on command we come;
From the good old beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.

2 *Pre.* Look up, Silvio, smile, and sing!
After winter comes a spring.

1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint fool, what may follow;
Eyes, that now are sunk and hollow,
By her art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.

2 *Pre.* Art commands all youth and blood;
Strength and beauty it makes good.

1 *Pre.* Fear not then, despair not, sing,
Round about as we do spring;
Cares and sorrows cast away!
This is th' old wives holiday.

[Dance here, then enter Belvidere.

Duch. Who's this?

Duke. The shape of Belvidere!

Bel. Now, Silvio,

How dost thou like me now?

Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.

Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer; mark me well
too;

For if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly:

Now chuse wisely, or chuse never,

One thou must enjoy for ever!

Dost thou love me thus?

Sil. Most dearly.

⁴² *Before the maskers, enter two presenters, among which, &c.]*
So the former editions.

Bel. Take heed, fool! it concerns thee nearly.
 If thou'lt have me young and bright,
 Pleasing to thine eye and sight,
 Courtly, and admir'd of all,
 Take heed, lest thy fame do fall!
 I shall then be full of scorn,
 Wanton, proud, (beware the horn!)
 Hating what I lov'd before,
 Flattery apt to fall before,
 All consuming, nothing getting;
 Thus thy fair name comes to setting!—
 But if old, and free from these,
 Thou shalt chuse me, I shall please;
 I shall then maintain thee still,
 With my virtue and my skill,
 Still encrease and build thy name;
 Chuse now, Silvio! here I am.

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me;
 Into thy sov'reign will I put my answer.

Bel. I thank you, Sir, and my will thus rewards you;
 Take your old love, your best, your dearest, Silvio!
 No more spells now, nor further shapes to alter me;
 I am thy Belvidere indeed. Dear mother,
 There is no altering this, Heav'n's hand is with it;
 And now you ought to give me; he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that hag?

Bel. In that shape most secure still,
 I follow'd all your fortunes, serv'd, and counsell'd you.
 I met you at the farmer's first, a country-wench;
 Where fearing to be known, I took that habit,
 And, to make you laughing-sport at this mad marriage,
 By secret aid of my friend Rodope,
 We got this masque.

Sil. And I am sure I have you?

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Duch. You see it must be;
 The wheel of Destiny hath turn'd it round so.

Duke. It must, it is; and curs'd be he that breaks it!

Duch. I'll put a choice t' you, Sir: You are my
 prisoner—

Duke.

Duke. I am so, and I must be so, till't please you—

Duch. Chuse one of these; either to pay a ransom
At what rate I shall set it, (which shall be high enough)
And so return a free-man, and a bachelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour ev'ry way your Grace's equal,
And so your ransom's paid.

Duke. You say most nobly!
Silvio's example's mine; pray chuse you for me.

Duch. I thank you, Sir! I've got the mast'ry too;
And here I give your Grace a husband's freedom:
Give me your hand, my husband!

Duke. You much honour me;
And I shall ever serve you for this favour.

Bart. Come, Lopez, let's give our wives the breeches
too!
For they will have 'em.

Lopez. Whilst they rule with virtue,
I'll give 'em, skin and all.

Ifab. We'll scratch it off else.

Sil. [turning to Claudio.] I'm glad you live; more
glad you live to honour;
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with us!
Pray you take your man again.

Clau. He knows my house, Sir.

Duch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your loves:
We'll lead the way. And you, young men, that know
not

How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their sovereign wills, and pleas'd they are.

[*Exeunt.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Tom Lurcher, *a wild young man, brother to Alathe.*

Jack Wildbrain, *nephew to the Lady.*

Justice Algripe, *married to Maria.*

Frank Heartlove, *enamour'd of Maria.*

Toby, *coachman to the Lady.*

Gentlemen.

Servants.

Sexton.

Bell-Ringers.

W O M E N.

Lady, *mother to Maria.*

Maria, *in love with Heartlove.*

Alathe, *contracted to Algripe, disguised as a boy.*

Nurse.

Mistress Newlove.

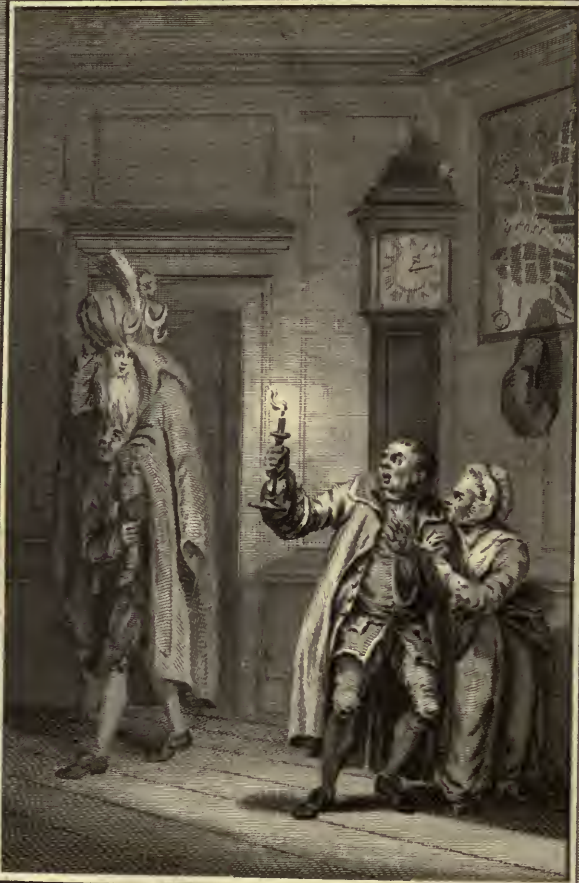
Women.

Mistress, *a courtesan to Lurcher.*

be.

E

THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE THIEF.



*I have no power to pray! it grows still longer,
Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away, Nurse.
Let's call the Butler up, for he speaks Latin,
And that will daunt the devil.*

Act II

M. A. Rooker del.

J. Collyer sculp.

Published as the Act directs, 15 Sep^r 1777, by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, Covent Garden.

T H E
N I G H T - W A L K E R ;

O R , T H E

L I T T L E T H I E F .

A C T I .

Enter Lurcher and Wildbrain.

Lurcher.

JACK!

Wildb. What wind brought thee hither?

In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,

Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this winter?

Where hast thou been, man?

Lurc. Following the plough.

Wildb. What plough? Thou hast no land; stealing
is thy own purchase.

Lurc. The best inheritance.

Wildb. Not in my opinion;
Thou hadst five hundred pound a-year.

Lurc. 'Tis gone:

Prithee, no more on't! Have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,

Her distribution to each child alike;

'Till Labour came and thrust a new will in,

Which I allow not; 'till men won a privilege

By

By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage,
An allow'd way to cheat? Why should my neighbour,
That hath no more soul than his horsekeeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four groats?
Why should he keep it?

Wildb. Thy old opinion still.

Lurc. Why should that scriv'ner,
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor any thing
That time e'er gloried in; that never knew
How to keep any courtesy conceal'd,
But *noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal?
Consider this; why should that mouldy cobbler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,
And give five thousand pounds? is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution,
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg?

Wildb. What's this to thee?

Thou canst not mend it: If thou be'st determin'd
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a noose.

Lurc. I am no woodcock;
He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity; let me alone to shuffle!
Thou art for wenching.

Wildb. For beauty I, a safe course:
No halter hangs in my way; I defy it.

Lurc. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty;
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee; 'tis thy destiny!
One is a kind of weeping cross, Jack,
A gentle purgatory: Do not fling at all;
You'll pay the box so often, 'till you perish.

Wildb. Take you no care for that, Sir, 'tis my
pleasure:

I will

I will employ my wits a great deal faster
 Than you shall do your fingers; and my loves,
 If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest
 And handsomer, and come within less danger.
 Where's thy young sister?

Lurc. I know not where she is; she's not worth
 caring for,

She has no wit. Oh, you'd be nibbling with her!
 She's far enough, I hope; I know not where;
 She's not worth caring for, a fullen thing,
 She would not take my counsel, Jack; and so
 I parted from her.

Wildb. Leave her to her wants?

Lurc. I gave her a little money, what I could spare;
 She had a mind to th' country; she is turn'd,
 By this, some farmer's dairy-maid¹; I may meet her
 Riding from market one day, 'twixt her dorsers²;
 If I do, by this hand I wo'not spare
 Her butter-pence.

Wildb. Thou wilt not rob thy sister?

Lurc. She shall account me for her eggs and cheeses.

Wildb. A pretty girl.—Did not old Algripel love her?
 A very pretty girl she was.

Lurc. Some such thing;

But he was too wise to fasten. Let her pass.

Wildb. Then where's thy mistress?

Lurc. Where you sha' not find her,
 Nor know what stuff she is made on; no, indeed, Sir,
 I chose her not for your use.

Wildb. Sure she's handsome.

Lurc. Yes, indeed is she; she is very handsome;
 But that's all one.

Wildb. You'll come to th' marriage?

Lurc. Is it

¹ *Some farrier's dairy maid.*] That this is sense, and may be true, I won't dispute; but I can't yet help thinking that the better reading is,

A farmer's dairy maid.

Symphon.

² *Dorsers.*] i. e. *Panniers.* See Johnson's Dictionary.

To-day? *Wildb.* Now, now, they are come from church now.

Lurc. Any great preparation?

Does justice Algripe shew his power?

Wildb. Very glorious,

And glorious people there!

Lurc. I may meet with him

Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is.

Wildb. You may do good, Tom, at the marriage;
We've plate and dainty things.

Lurc. Do you no harm, Sir;

For yet methinks the marriage should be marr'd.

If thou may'st have thy will: Farewell! say nothing!

[Exit.

Enter Gentlemen.

Wildb. You're welcome, noble friends.

1 Gent. I thank you, Sir.—

Nephew to the old lady; his name's Wildbrain,
And wild his best condition.

2 Gent. I have heard of him.—

Pray you tell me, Sir, is young Maria merry
After her marriage-rites? Does she look lively?
How does she like her man?

Wildb. Very scurvily;

And as untowardly she prepares herself:

But it is mine aunt's will, that this dull metal
Must be mix'd with her, to allay her handfomencfs.

1 Gent. Had Heartlove no fast friends?

Wildb. His means are little;

And where those little are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of—

Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets;
But 'tis her unhandsome fate—

Enter Heartlove.

1 Gent. I'm sorry for't.

Here comes poor Frank.—Nay, we're friends; start
not, Sir!

We

We see your willow, and are sorry for't;
And, tho' it be a wedding, we're half mourners.

Heartl. Good gentlemen, remember not my fortunes;
They are not to be help'd with words:

Wildb. Look up; man!
A proper sensible fellow; and shrink for a wench?
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomeness?

Heartl. Prithee, leave fooling:

Wildb. Prithee, leave thou whining!
Have maids forgot to love?

Heartl. You are injurious:

Wildb. Let 'em alone a while; they'll follow thee.

1 Gent. Come, good Frank;

Forget now; since there is no remedy;
And shew a merry face; as wife men would do.

2 Gent. Be a free guest, and think not of those
passages.

Wildb. Think how to nick him home; thou
know'st she dotes on thee;

Graft me a dainty medlar on his crabstock;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.

Heartl. Well, make your mirth; the whilst I bear
my misery:

Honest minds would have better thoughts:

Wildb. I am her kinsman;

And love her well; am tender of her youth;
Yet, honest Frank, before I'd have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maidenhead—

Heartl. Prithee leave mocking!

Wildb. Prithee, Frank, believe me;

Go to, consider: Hark; they knock to dinner!

[Knock within]

Come, wo't thou go?

2 Gent. I prithee, Frank, go with us;

And laugh and dance as we do.

Heartl. You're light, gentlemen;

Nothing to weigh your hearts; pray give me leave!

I'll come and see, and take my leave:

Wildb. We'll look for you:

Do not despair; I have a trick yet.

[*Exit.*

Heartl. Yes,

When I'm mischievous I'll believe your projects!
 She's gone, for ever gone, (I cannot help it)
 My hopes and all my happiness gone with her,
 Gone like a pleasing dream! What mirth and jollity
 Reigns round about this house! how every office
 Sweats with new joys! Can she be merry too?
 Is all this pleasure fet by her appointment?
 Sure sh' has a false heart then. Still they grow louder.
 The old man's god, his gold, has won upon her,
 (Light-hearted, cordial gold!) and all my services,
 That offer'd naked truth, are clean forgotten:
 Yet if she were compell'd—but it can't be—
 If I could but imagine her will mine,
 Altho' he had her body—

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

Lady. He shall come in!

Walk without doors o' this day? Tho' an enemy,
 It must not be.

Wildb. You must compel him, madam.

Lady. No, she shall fetch him in; nephew; it
 shall be so.

Wildb. It will be fittest. [*Exit with Lady.*

Heartl. Can fair Maria look again upon me?
 Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?

Enter Maria.

Or has she got a strong heart to defy me?
 She comes herself: How rich she is in jewels!
 Methinks they shew like frozen isicles,
 Cold Winter had hung on her. How the roses,
 That kept continual spring within her cheeks,
 Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces!
 She would speak to me.—I can sigh too, lady;
 But from a sounder heart: Yes, and can weep too;
 But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,
 Tears of more pious value than your marriage!

You

You would encase yourself³; and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me!

Go, and forget me, and my poverty—
I need not bid you; you're too perfect that way:
But still remember that I lov'd Maria,
Lov'd with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from me!
I will not ask a tear more; you are bountiful;
Go, and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left!

Maria. Good Sir, hear me!

What has been done; was th' act of my obedience
And not my will, forc'd from me by my parents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely;
And if there can be more society,
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage,
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still:
You had the first; the last; had my will prosper'd;
You talk of little time of life, dear Frank;
Certain, I am not married for eternity:
The joy my marriage brings; tells me I'm mortal,
And shorter-liv'd than you; else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Add what I coveted, content. Go with me;
They seek a day of joy; prithee let's shew it,
Tho' it be forc'd; and, by this kiss believe me,
However I must live at his command now,
I'll die at yours.

Frank. I have enough; I'll honour you! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lurcher.

Lurcher. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage
I mean to visit; I have shifts of all sorts,
And here are thousand wheels to set 'em working:
I'm very merry; for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage: If mad Wildgoose,
That debauch'd rogue; keep but his ancient revels,

³ You would encase yourself.] Symphon supposes *encase* a corruption, and would substitute *excuse*. We think *encase* may be genuine; and used in the sense of DEFEND, ARM yourself with an excuse.

100 THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR,
And breed a hubbub in the house, I'm happy.

Enter Alathe.

Now, what are you ?

Alathe. A poor distressed boy, Sir,
Friendless and comfortless, that would entreat
Some charity and kindness from your worship.
I would fain serve, Sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous labour to deserve the love
Of that good gentleman shall entertain me.

Lurc. A pretty boy, but of too mild a breeding,
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour.
What canst thou do ?

Alathe. I can learn any thing
That's good and honest, and shall please a master.

Lurc. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not ;
I love a bold and secure confidence,
An impudence that one may trust: This boy now,
Had I instructed him, had been a jewel,
A treasure for my use. Thou canst not lie ?

Alathe. I would not willingly.

Lurc. Nor thou hast no wit
To dissemble neatly ?

Alathe. Do you love such boys, Sir ?

Lurc. Oh, mainly, mainly ; I'd have my boy
impudent ;

Out-face all truth, yet do it piously ;
Like Proteus, cast himself into all forms,
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts ;
Blench at no danger, tho' it be the gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cozenage,
Though't be i' th' church. Your soft, demure, still
children

Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,
And sing songs to dull tunes : I would keep thee,
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,
And be a tender master to thy knavery ;
But thou art not for my use.

Alathe. Do you speak this seriously ?

Lurc.

Lurc. Yes, indeed do I.

Alatbe. Would you have your boy, Sir,
Read in these moral mischiefs?

Lurc. Now thou mov'st me.

Alatbe. And be a well-train'd youth in all activities?

Lurc. By any means.

Alatbe. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneness?

Lurc. I speak this to make thee.

Alatbe. Then take me, Sir, and cherish me, and love
me;

You have me what you would: Believe me, Sir,
I can do any thing for your advantage.

I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As easily as I can sleep, Sir, and securely;

As naturally I can steal too——

Lurc. That I'm glad on,
Right heartily glad on; hold thee there, thou'rt
excellent.

Alatbe. Steal any thing from any body living.

Lurc. Not from thy master?

Alatbe. That is mine own body,
And must not be.

Lurc. The boy mends mightily.

Alatbe. A rich man, that like snow heaps up his
monies,

I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;
A fool, that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.

Lurc. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me!
Of mine own nature just!

Alatbe. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best, Sir,
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And, to those, twice so many tongues to flatter;
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher;
And for my conscience——

Lurc. Peace! I've found a jewel,
A jewel all the Indies cannot match!

And thou shalt feel——

Alatbe. This tittle, and I've done, Sir;
I never can confess, I've that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a magistrate,
Such innocence to catch a judge, such ignorance——

Lurc. I'll learn of thee; thou art mine own. Come,
boy!

I'll give thee action presently.

Alatbe. Have at you!

Lurc. What must I call thee?

Alatbe. Snap, Sir.

Lurc. 'Tis most natural;

A name born to thee: Sure thou art a fairy!
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy. [*Exe.*]

Enter Lady, Nurse, Mrs. Newlove, and Toby.

Lady. Where be these knaves? who strews up all
the liveries?

Is the bride's bed made?

Toby. Yes, madam, and a bell
Hung under it artificially.

Lady. Out, knave, out!
Must we have larums now?

Toby. A little warning,
That we may know when to begin our healths, madam,
The justice is a kind of old jade, madam,
That will go merriest with a bell.

Lady. All the house drunk?

Toby. This is a day of jubilee.

Lady. Are the best hangings up? and the plate set
out?

Who makes the posset, nurse?

Nurse. The dairy-maid,
And she will put that in will make him caper.—
Well, madam, well, you might ha' chose another,
A handsomer, for her years⁴:

Lady. Peace! he is rich, Nurse;

⁴ *A handsomer for your years.*] The amendment proposed by
Symphon.

He's rich, and that is beauty.

Nurse. I am sure he's rotten ;

'Would h' had been hang'd when he first saw her !

Lady. Termagant !

What an angry quean is this !—Where, who looks to him ?

Toby. He's very merry, madam ; master Wildbrain Has him in hand, i' th' bottom o' the cellar ;

He sighs and tipples——

Nurse. Alas, good gentleman !

My heart's fore for thee.

Lady. Sorrow must have his course. Sirrah, Give him some sack to dry up his remembrance. How does the bridegroom ? I am afraid of him.

Nurse. He's a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him !

Must my sweet new-blown rose find such a winter Before her spring be near ?

Lady. Peace, peace ! thou'rt foolish.

Toby. And dances like a town-top⁶, and reels and hobbles.

Lady. Alas, good gentlemen ! give him not much wine.

Toby. He shall ha' none by my consent.

Lady. Are the women comforting my daughter ?

Mrs. Newl. Yes, yes, madam,

And reading to her a pattern of true patience ;

They read, and pray for her too.

Nurse. They had need !

You had better marry her to her grave a great deal ;

⁵ *When he first saw her.* Termagant.] The word *termagant* has hitherto been made a part of the *Nurse's* speech. It undoubtedly (as Symphon supposes) belongs to the *Lady* ; though he would omit the words *angry quean* in the next line, and put *termagant* in their place.

⁶ *Nurse.* *And dances like a town-top.*] The putting this line in the *Nurse's* mouth is against all sense and reason, and confounds the discourse : I suspect these words belong to *Toby*, whose speech at *sighs and tipples* being interrupted by the *Lady* and the *Nurse*, is here resumed and finished.

Symphon.

There

There will be peace and rest. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Must she become a nurse, now in her tenderness?
Well, madam, well! my heart bleeds!

Lady. Thou'rt a fool still——

Nurse. Pray Heav'n I be!

Lady. And an old fool, to be vex'd thus!

'Tis late; she must to bed. Go, knave; be merry;
Drink for a boy: Away to all your charges! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wildbrain and Heartlove.

Wildb. Do as thou wo't; but, if thou dost refuse it;
Thou art the stupid'st ass—There's no long arguing;
Time is too precious, Frank.

Heartl. I'm hot with wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou dost this
Out of a villainy, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough——

Wildb. Does she not love thee?
Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?
Had she not swooned if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?

Heartl. I must confess all this.

Wildb. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting,
casting!

If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee going!
She whom thou lov'st——

Heartl. Pray let me think a little.

Wildb. There is no leisure; think when th' hast
embrac'd her.

Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her,
Enjoy her maidenhead? Take but that from her,
That we may tell posterity a man had it,
A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To save the honour of our house, the credit!
'Tis no great matter I desire.

Heartl. I hear you:

Wildb.

Wildb. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And oafs, got by this shadow: We talk too long.

Heartl. She's going now to-bed, among the women;
What opportunity can I have to meet her?

Wildb. Let me alone! Hast thou a will? speak
foundly,

Speak discretely, speak home and handsomely;
Is't not pity, nay misery, nay infamy, to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a rascal?

Heartl. I will go presently; now, now, I stay thee?

Wildb. Such a dainty doe to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheasant,
Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia?
Is it not conscience?

Heartl. Yes, yes; now I feel it.

Wildb. A meritorious thing?

Heartl. Good father Wildgoose,
I do confess it.

⁷ Frank. *I will go, &c.*] Sympson supposes we should both alter
and divide this speech, making *Wildbrain* say,

Now, now, I SAY.

⁸ *Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia.*] *Braggat*, i. e. mead
and ale sweetened with honey. Our Authors in this place have re-
ceded from the common acceptation of *ambrosia*, making that the
liquor here, which the general run of the classics call the meat of the
gods. But they are not destitute of good authority for so doing.
Thus in *Atheræus*, b. ii. c. 2. *Anaxandrides* introduces one saying,
that he *eats* *nectar* and *drinks* *ambrosia*, &c. And *Sappho* too to the
same purpose, a little lower, says in one of her poems,

A bowl ambrosial was mixed.

Apuleius, b. vi. among the Latins takes the same liberty, when *Psyche*
is to be made immortal, *Mercury* holds out a cup of *ambrosia* to her,
and bids her drink of it, &c.

After I had wrote this, I found the same observation had been
made by *Le Clerc*, in his notes upon *Hesiod's Theogony*, ver. 640.
Neither are our Authors the only English poets who make *ambrosia*
the gods drink: *Taylor*, the Water-Poet, has done the same in his
Pennylefs Pilgrimage,

And I intreat you take these words for no-lies;

I had good aqua-vitæ, rosa fo-lies,

With sweet ambrosia (the gods own drink)

Most excellent geere for mortals as I think.

But how this person came by the knowledge of such a thing, I have
either will nor leisure to examine at present.

Sympson.

Wildb.

Wildb. Come then, follow me,
And pluck a man's heart up! I'll lock thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee: But be sure——

Hearil. I shall be sure enough; lead on, and crown
me.

Wildb. No wringings in your mind now, as you love
me! [Exeunt.]

*Enter Lady, Maria, Algripe, Gentlewomen, Nurse,
and Mrs. Newlove.*

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.

Alg. I prithee, sweetheart,
Consider my necessity!—Why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon——

Nurse. Of Tom Thumb;
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.

Mrs. Newl. I pity the young wench!

1 *Gentlew.* And so do I too.

2 *Gentlew.* Come, old sticks take fire.

1 *Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly.
Give him another cup.

2 *Gentlew.* Those are but flashes;
A tun of sack won't set him high enough.—
Will you to bed?

Maria. I must.

1 *Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowl to lie close to you⁹;
Make your best use!

Alg. Nay, prithee, duck, go instantly:
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. 'Tis almost midnight.

Lady. Prithee to bed, Maria.

Wildb. Go you afore, and let the ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts awhile; there must be
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries,

⁹ *And win him like a bowl.*] A single letter seems wanting here,
And wind him like a bowl.

Bewailing o' their maidenheads¹⁰.

Lady. Come then,
We'll wait i' th' next room.

Alg. Do not tarry; for if
Thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep, *Mall.* [*Exe.*

Wildb. Do, do, and dream of dottrels!—Get you
to-bed quickly,

And let us ha' no more stir; come, no crying!
'Tis too late now; carry yourself discretely:
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;
For the rest, you must make your own play. Nay,
not that way!

They'll pull you all to-pieces for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves; go modestly,
And privately steal to bed; 'tis very late, *Mall*;
For if you go by them, such a new larum——

Maria. I know not which way to avoid 'em.

Wildb. This way,
This thro' the cloisters, and so steal to-bed!
When you are there once, all will separate,
And give you rest: I came out of my pity
To shew you this.

Maria. I thank you.

Wildb. Here's the keys;
Go presently, and lock the doors fast after you,
That none shall follow.

Maria. Good night!

Wildb. Good night, sweet cousin!
A good and sweet night—or I'll curse thee, *Frank.* [*Exe.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. She stays long: Sure young Wildgoose has
abus'd me,
H' has made sport wi' me. I may yet get out again,
And I may see his face once more: I ha' foul intentions;
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark! it was the door!

¹⁰ *Bewailing others maiden heads.] Corrected in 1750.*

Something comes this way, wondrous still and stealing!
 May-be, some walking spirit to affright me.

Maria. Oh, Heav'n, my fortune!

Heartl. 'Tis her voice! stay.

Maria. Save me,
 Bless me, you better powers!

Heartl. I'm no devil.

Maria. You're little better, to disturb me now.

Heartl. My name is Heartlove.

Maria. Fy, fy, worthy friend!

Fy, noble Sir!

Heartl. I must talk further with you:

You know my fair affection——

Maria. So preserve it;

You know I'm married now. For shame, be civiler!
 Not all the earth shall make me——

Heartl. Pray walk this way;

And if you ever lov'd me——

Maria. Take heed, Frank,

How you divert that love to hate: Go home, prithee,

Heartl. Shall he enjoy that sweet——

Maria. Nay, pray unhand me.

Heartl. He that never felt what love was?

Maria. Then I charge you

Stand further off!

Heartl. I'm tame; but let me walk w' you,
 Talk but a minute.

Maria. So your talk be honest,
 And my untainted honour suffer not,
 I'll walk a turn or two.

Heartl. Give me your hand then. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wildbrain, Algripe, Lady, Nurse, Gentlewomen,
 and Mrs. Newlove.*

Alg. She is not in her chamber.

Lady. She's not here.

Wildb. And I'll tell you what I dream'd——

Alg. Give me a torch!

1 Gentlew. Be not too hasty, Sir.

Wildb.

Wildb. Nay, let him go ;
For if my dream be true he must be speedy ;
He will be trickt, and blaz'd else "

Nurse. As I am a woman,
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty !
'Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her !

Lady. I'll hang her then.

Nurse. I'll bless her then ! she does justice ;
Is this old stinking dogs-flesh for her diet ?

Wildb. Prithee, honest Nurse, do not fret too much ;
For fear I dream you'll hang yourself too.

Alg. The cloister ? [*Wildb.* whispers *Alg.*

Wildb. Such was my fancy ; I don't say 'tis true,
Nor do I bid you be too confident.

Alg. Where are the keys ? the keys, I say !

Wildb. I dream'd she
Had 'em to lock herself in.

Nurse. What a devil
Do you mean ?

Enter Servant.

Wildb. No harm ; good nurse, be patient !

Serv. They are not in the window, where they use
to be.

Wildb. What foolish dreams are these !

Alg. I'm mad.

Wildb. I hope so ;

If you ben't mad, I'll do my best to make you.

1 *Gentlew.* This is some trick.

2 *Gentlew.* I smell the Wildgoose.

Alg. Come, gentlemen ; come quickly, I beseech
you,

Quick as you can ! this may be your case, gentlemen.
And bring some lights, some lights ! [*Exit.*

Wildb. Move faster, faster ! you'll come too late else.

¹¹ Trickt, and blaz'd.] *Tricking* is drawing any person's arms, with pen and ink ; *blazoning* them is to set them forth in their proper colours.

Symphon.

I'll

110 THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR,
I'll stay behind and pray for you. I had rather
She were dishonest than thou shouldst have her. [*Exc.*]

Enter Maria and Heartlove.

Maria. You're most unmanly! Yet I have some
breath left;

And this steel to defend me: Come not near me!
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you! if I miss that,
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.

Heartl. Most virtuous maid, I've done: Forgive my
follies;

Pardon, oh, pardon! I now see my wickedness,
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me.
On your fair hand I seal.

Alg. [*within*]. Down with the door!

Maria. We are betray'd! Oh, Frank, Frank!

Heartl. I'll die for you;

Rather than you shall suffer, I'll——

Enter Algripe, Lady, &c.

Alg. Now enter,

Enter, sweet gentlemen. Mine eyes, mine eyes!
Oh, how my head aches!

1 *Gentlew.* Is it possible?

2 *Gentlew.* Hold her; she sinks.

Maria. A plot upon my honour!

To poison my fair name, a studied villainy!

Farewell! As I have hope of peace, I'm honest.

Alg. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains!
they bud sure.

Nurse. She's gone, she's gone!

Alg. A handsome riddance of her.

'Would I could as easily lose her memory!

Nurse. Is this the sweet of marriage? have I bred
thee

For this reward?

1 *Gentlew.* Hold, hold! He's desperate too.

Alg.

THE LITTLE THIEF. III

Alg. Be sure you hold him fast! we'll bind him over
To the next sessions, and, if I can, I'll hang him.

Heartl. Nay then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.—
Sweet virgin rose, farewell! Heav'n has thy beauty,
That's only fit for Heav'n. I'll live a little,
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,
And then, most blessed soul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewell! I feel myself another creature. [Exit.

Lady. Oh, misery of miseries!

Nurse. I told you, madam.

Lady. Carry her in. You will pay back her portion?

Alg. No, not a penny: Pay me back my credit,
And I'll condition wi'ye.

Lady. A sad wedding!

Her grave must be her bridal-bed. Oh, Mall,
'Would I had wed thee to thy own content!
Then I had had thee still.

Alg. I'm mad! Farewell!

Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. **W**HAT hast thou done?

Alathe. I've walk'd thro' all the lodgings:
A silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.

Lurc. What hast thou seen?

Alathe. Nought but a sad confusion;
Every thing left in such a loose disorder,
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be laden.

Lurc. 'Tis very well; I like thy care: But 'tis strange
A wedding-night should be so solitary.

Alathe. Certainly there's some cause; some death
or sickness

Is fallen suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange news is come.

Lurc.

Lurc. Are they all a-bed?

Alatbe. I think so, and found asleep, unless it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

Lurc. Where's all the plate?

Alatbe. Why, lock'd up in that room:
I saw th' old lady, ere she went to bed,
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings,
In a small long chest; her chains and rings are there
too:

It stands close by the table, on a form.

Lurc. 'Twas a good notice; didst thou see the men?

Alatbe. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves;
But what they said I was too far to hear, Sir.

Lurc. 'Tis daintily discover'd; we shall certainly
Have a most prosp'rous night. Which way?

Alatbe. A close one,
A back-door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the garden side.

Lurc. I love thy diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?

Alatbe. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.

Lurc. Say they had spied thee?

Alatbe. I was then determin'd
T' have cried downright too, and have kept 'em
company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness;
Or made an errand to I know not whom, Sir.

Lurc. My dainty boy! Let us discharge; that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers
'Till I have fast hold of it.

Alatbe. Pray be wise, Sir; do't handsomly, ben't
greedy;
Let's handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring thieving into honour:

We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches—

Lurc. Still my blest boy!

Alatbe. And clear the room of drunken jealousies.

The

The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise i'th' carriage we may be snap'd.

Lurc. Come, open: Here's a devil's face.

Alatbe. No, no, Sir, we'll have no shape so terrible;
We will not do the devil so much pleasure
To have him face our plot.

Lurc. A winding-sheet then!

Alatbe. That's too cold a shift;
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness:
I wonder you're an old thief, and no cunninger.
Where's the long cloak?

Lurc. Here, here.

Alatbe. Give me the turbant
And the false beard. I hear some coming this way!
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct—Stay; let them enter,
And when I touch move forward; make no noise!

Enter Nurse and Toby.

Nurse. Oh, 'tis a sad time! All the burnt wine's
drunk, Nick:

Toby. We may thank your dry chaps for't. The
cattary's gone too;
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon;
I cannot mourn in beer: If she should walk now,
As discontented spirits are wont to do——

Nurse. And meet us in the cellar?

Toby. What fence have we with single beer against
her?

What heart can we defy the devil with?

Nurse. The March beer's open.

Toby. A fortification of March beer will do well;
I must confess 'tis a most mighty armour;
For I presume I cannot pray:

Nurse. Why, Nicholas?

Toby. We coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no
prayers

Can go an even pace.

Nurse. Hold up your candle.

Toby. Verily, Nurse, I have cried so much
For my young mistress that is mortified,
That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall e'en sleep: Hey ho, for another flaggon!
These burials and christnings are the mournful
matters,

And they ask more drink——

Nurse. Drink to a sad heart's needful.

Toby. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, Nurse.

Nurse. Methinks the light burns blue; I prithee
snuff it!

There's a thief in't, I think.

Toby. There may be one near it.

Nurse. What's that that moves there, i'th' name of—
Nicholas?

That thing that walks?

Toby. 'Would I had a ladder to behold it!

Mercy upon me, the ghost of one of the guard sure;
'Tis the devil by his claws, he smells of brimstone;
Sure he farts fire, what an earthquake I have in me!
Out with thy prayer-book, Nurse!

Nurse. It fell i'th' frying-pan, and the cats eat it.

Toby. I have no power to pray! It grows still longer,
'Tis steeple-high now; and it falls away, Nurse.
Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin¹²;
And that will daunt the devil. I am blasted,
My belly's grown to nothing.

Nurse. Fly, fly, Toby! [Exit with Toby.]

Alatbe. So, let them go! And whilst they are astonish'd,

Let's presently upon the rest now, suddenly.

Lurc. Off, off, and up again when we're near the
parlour!

Art sure thou know'st the chest?

¹² *He speaks Latin.*] The wonderful effect of speaking *Latin* to ghosts, and other supernatural beings, hath at all times uniformly been the prevailing notion of the common people. In like manner, the honest Butler, in Mr. Addison's *Drummer*, recommends that the Steward shall speak *Latin* to the ghost in that play. R.

Alatbe. Tho' it were i'th' dark, Sir,
I can go to it.

Lurc. On then, and be happy. [Exeunt.]

Enter Toby.

Toby. How my haunches quake! Is the thing here still?

Now can I out-do any button-maker at his own trade;
I have fifteen fits of an ague. Nurse! 'tis gone, I hope:
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone. Nurse!
And she knows too I ha' but a lean conscience to keep
me company. [Noise within.]

The devil's among 'em in the parlour sure,
The ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He's boiling of her bones now; hark, how she whistles!
There's gentlewomen within too; how will they do?
I'll to the cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he's valiant; he's a-kin to th' devil too,
And fears no fire.

Enter Lurcher and Alatbe, with a coffin.

Lurc. No light?

Alatbe. None left, Sir;

They're gone, and carried all the candles with 'em.
Their fright is infinite; let's make good use on't:
We must be quick, Sir, quick, or th' house will rise else.

Lurc. Was this the chest?

Alatbe. Yes, yes.

Lurc. There was two of 'em,
Or I mistake.

Alatbe. I know the right. No stay, Sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily!
Put to your strength, and make as little noise—
Then presently out at the back door.

Lurc. Come, boy;
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence!

[Exeunt.]

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. What thousand noises pass thro' all the rooms!

116 THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR,
What cries and hurries! Sure the devil's drunk,
And tumbles thro' the house. My villainies,
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me:
My cousin's death sits heavy o' my conscience;
'Would I'd been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it!
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial,
That Frank might have had some hope. Hark! still
In every room confusion; they're all mad,
Most certain all stark-mad within the house;
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,
And run the more mad too. My aunt is hang'd sure,
Sure hang'd herself, or else the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, 'the devil, the devil!'
Then roaring, and then tumbling; all the chambers
Are a mere Babel, or another Bedlam.
What should I think? I shake myself too: Can the
Devil find no time, but when we are merry?
Here's something comes.

Enter Mrs. Newlove.

Newl. Oh, that I had some company,
(I care not what they were) to ease my misery,
To comfort me!

Wildb. Who's that?

Newl. Again? Nay then, receive——

Wildb. Hold, hold! I am no fury.—

The merchant's wife!

Newl. Are you a man? Pray Heav'n you be!

Wildb. I am.

Newl. Alas, I have met, Sir,
The strangest things to-night.

Wildb. Why do you stare?

Newl. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out;
For if I see the spirit again I die for't.
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.

Wildb. I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,
Hold you as tenderly—I've put the light out;

Retire

Retire into my chamber, there I'll watch wi'ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.

Newl. And will you keep me?

Wildb. Keep you as secure, lady——

Newl. You must not wrong me then; the devil
will have us.

Wildb. No, no, I'll love you; then the devil will
fear us;

For he fears all that love. Pray come in quickly!
For this is the malicious house he walks in¹³,
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the senses; now within this half-hour,
He will have power to turn all citizens' wives
Into strange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd monkies,
Jays, pies, and parrots: Quickly! I smell his brim-
stone.

Newl. It comes again! I'm gone; shift for your-
self, Sir! [Exit.

Wildb. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion.
Here's nothing comes; all they are mad! damn'd devil,
To drive her back again! It had been thy policy
To have let us alone; we might have done some fine
thing

To have made thy hell-hood laugh: 'Tis a dainty
wench;

If I'd her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their claws, should scratch her hence. I'll
stay still;

May be her fright will bring her back again;
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Toby. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber;
Sure they are all i'th' cellar! and I cannot find that
neither.

¹³ *The malicious house.*] I am inclinable to think that, *house* is a
corruption for *hour*, and if the reader considers the passage coolly,
I make no doubt but he will be of my opinion. *Symphen.*

House is here used in its *astrological sense*, as it is frequently in *Rollo*.

I am led up and down like a tame ass; my light's out,
And I grope up and down like blind-man buff,
And break my face, and break my pate,

Wildb. It comes again sure!

I see the shadow; I'll have faster hold now.
Sure she's mad; I long to lie with a mad woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.

Toby. I hear one whisper:

If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets——

Wildb. I've a glimpse of her guise¹⁴: 'Tis she; she
would steal by me,

But I'll stand sure.

Toby. I've but a dram of wit left,

And that's even ready to run: Oh, for my bed now!

Wildb. She nam'd a bed; I like that, she repents sure;
Where is she now?

Toby. Who's that?

Wildb. Are you there? In, in,
In presently!

Toby. I feel his talons thro' me;

'Tis an old haggard devil; what will he do with me?

Wildb. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick!

Toby. A lech'rous devil!

Wildb. What a hairy whore 'tis; sure she has a
muffler.

Toby. If I should have a young Satan by him, (for
I dare not deny him)

In what case were I! Who durst deliver me?

Wildb. 'Tis but my fancy; she's the same. In quickly,
Gently, my sweet girl!

Toby. Sweet devil, be good to me! [Exit.

¹⁴ *I have a glimpse of her.* The dropping of speakers, as well as the wrong naming of them, is a fault very common among the editors of our author's works. The former, I suppose, with Mr. Theobald, is the case here, as the latter is afterwards in this very play, &c. *Wildb.* ought to be fixed before,

I have a glimpse of her, &c.

Sympson.

Enter

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Where's my love, boy?

Alathe. She's coming with a candle,
To see our happy prize.

Lurc. I'm cruel weary.

Alathe. I cannot blame ye; plate is very heavy,
To carry without light or help.

Lurc. The fear too

At every stumble to be discover'd, boy,

At every cough to raise a constable!

Well, we'll be merry now.

Alathe. We have some reason:

Things compass'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious¹⁵, Sir, to live upon:

Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their natures as much merit,

As his that digs 'em out o'th' mine; they taste too¹⁶,
Season'd with doubts and dangers, most deliciously;

Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,

And dull our appetites.

Lurc. Most learned child!

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. You're welcome! where have you left it?

Lurc. In the next room, hard by.

Mistress. Is it plate all?

Lurc. All, all, and jewels. I am monstrous weary;
Prithee let's go to bed.

Mistress. Prithee let's see't first.

Lurc. Tomorrow's a new day, sweet.

Mistress. Yes, to melt it;

But let's agree to-night, how't shall be handled.

I'll have a new gown——

¹⁵ *Are too luxurious to live upon*] The meaning of *luxurious* seems here to be that of *sweet, cloying, &c.* a sense I never remember to have found it used in: If the line is to be alter'd, I would do it thus,

Are too too luscious, Sir, to live upon. Symphon.

¹⁶ *They last too.*] Corrected by Symphon.

Lurc. 'Sha't have any thing.

Mistress. And such a riding-suit as *Mistress Newlove's*:

What tho' I be no gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lurc. Thou say'st right.

Mistress. You promis'd me a horse too, and a lacquey.

Lurc. Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion.

Mistress. That will be stately, sweetheart; a postilion?

Lurc. Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride before us

In winter, with as much dirt would damp a musquet;
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

Mistress. That will be dear.

Lurc. There is a dye projecting

Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou shalt have any thing.

Mistress. Where is this chest? I long, sweet, to behold

Our Indies.

Alathe. *Mistress*, let's melt it first, and then 'tis fit
You should dispose it; then 'tis safe from danger.

Mistress. I'll be a loving mistress to my boy too,
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.

Alathe. Hold your light, *Mistress*, we may see to enter. [*Lurc* and *Alathe* drag in the coffin.]

Mistress. Ha! what's here? Call you this a chest?

Alathe. We ha' mis'd, Sir;

Our haste and want of light made us mistake.

Mistress. A very coffin!

Lurc. How! a coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.

Alathe. The devil ow'd us a shame, and now h'has paid us.

Mistress. Is this your treasure?

Alathe. Bury me alive in't.

Lurc. It may be there's no room.

Mistress. Nay, I will search it:

I'll see what wealth's within.—A woman's face,

And

And a fair woman's?

Alatbe. I cannot tell, Sir;

Belike this was the sadness that possess'd 'em.

The plate stood next, I'm sure.

Lurc. I shake, I shake, boy;
What a cold sweat!

Alatbe. This may work. What will become on's, Sir?

Mistress. She's cold, dead-cold; d'ye find your
conscience?

D'ye bring your Gillians hither?—Nay, she's punish'd,
Your conceal'd love's cas'd up.

Lurc. It is Maria;

The very same, the bride: New horror!

Mistress. These are fine tricks; you hope she's in
a swoon,

But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover

To bore my nose: Come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.

Lurc. Be not so hasty, fool; that may undo us;

We may be in for murder so: Be patient;

Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.

Mistress. I'm sure she shall not.

Alatbe. Be not, Sir, dejected

Too much: A strange mistake! this had not been else;
It makes me almost weep to think upon it.

Lurc. What an unlucky thief am I?

Mistress. I'll no consid'ring; either bestir your-
self, or——

Lurc. Hold!

Mistress. Let it not stay to smell then; I will not
Endure the stink of a rival.

Lurc. 'Would 'twere there again!

Alatbe. We must bury her.

Lurc. But where o'th' sudden, or with what pro-
vidence,

That no eyes watch us.

Mistress. Take a spade and follow me;

The next fair ground we meet make the church-yard:
As I live I'll see her lodg'd.

[Exit.

Lurc.

Lurc. It must be so;
How heavy my heart is! I ha' no life left.

Alatbe. I am past thinking too, no understanding:
That I should miss the right chest!

Lurc. The happy chest!

Alatbe. That which I saw and mark'd too!

Lurc. Well, passion wo'not help us.
Had I twenty falls for this——

Alatbe. 'Twas my fault, Sir¹⁷.

Lurc. And twenty thousand fears for this? Oh, the
devil!

Now could I curse! Well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Hang both, for two blind buzzards!
Here's a spade;
Quickly, or I'll call the neighbours.

Lurc. There's no remedy¹⁸;
'Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pasty!
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Algripe, and a Servant with a light.

Serv. 'Twas a strange mischance, Sir.

Alg. Mischance, say't? No, 'twas happiness to me;
There is so much charge sav'd; I have her portion;
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.

Serv. Did it not trouble you, Sir, to see her dead?

Alg. Not much, I thank my conscience:
I was tormented 'till that happen'd; furies
Were in my brain, to think myself a cuckold
At that time of the night.
When I come home, I charge you shut my doors!
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure me.

¹⁷ 'Twas my fault, Sir.

And twenty thousand fears, &c.] These two speeches were printed as one, 'till separated by Symphon.

¹⁸ *There's no remedy, &c.]* This speech also, which had always been given to the *Mistress*, Symphon judiciously advises giving to *Lurc.*

Serv. Why, an it please you?

Alg. Fool, to ask that question!

To keep out women. I expect her mother
Will visit me with her clamours: Oh, I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily!
They are all walking devils, harpies; I will study
A week together how to rail sufficiently
Upon 'em all: And, that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing books and ballads
That malice hath invented against women;
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
'Till I grow fat with curses.

Serv. If you'll go

To th' charge, let me alone to find you books!—
What's that? They come near us¹⁹.

Alg. Where? hold up the torch, knave!

Serv. Did you hear nothing? 'tis a——

Alg. Why dost make a stand?

Serv. What's that?

Alg. Where, where? dost see any thing?

We are hard by th' church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places²⁰;
They say ghosts walk sometimes. Hark! d'ye hear
nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Alatbe, and Mistress.

Mistress. No further; dig here, and lay her in
quickly.

Lurch. What light is that, boy? we shall be dis-
cover'd!

Set the coffin up an end, and get behind me;
There's no avoiding.

Alatbe. Oh!

Alg. Where is that groan?

I begin to be afraid.

Serv. What shall we do, Sir?

¹⁹ Just. *They come near us.*

Serv. *What's that?*] So the former editions.

²⁰ *Irksome places.*] Probably we should read, *darksome.*

Alg. We are almost at home now; thou must go forward;

Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

Lurc. 'Tis he!

Alatbe. I know him too; let me alone!

Serv. Oh, Sir,

A ghost, the very ghost of mistress bride!

I have no power to run away.

Alg. Curs'd ghost! bless me! preserve me!

I do command thee, whatsoever thou art,

I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me.

If thou be'st a devil, vex me not so soon,

If thou be'st—the spirit of my wife——

Alatbe. Thy wife.

Alg. I shall be tormented!

Alatbe. Thy abused wife,

That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.

Thou hast an evil conscience.

Alg. I know it.

Alatbe. Among thy other sins, which black thy soul,

Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction

Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man! or else

A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,

Until thou leap into eternal flames;

Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,

Melted the fiends shall pour into thy throat!

For this time, pass; go home and think upon me!

Lurc. Away!

Serv. There are more spirits!

Alg. Thank you, dear wife!

I'll bestow twenty nobles on a tomb for thee;

Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.

[*They go backward in.*

Lurc. So, so; they're gone; 'twas my ingenious rascal!

But how dost know he made vows to another?

Alatbe. I overheard the women talk to-night on't;

But

But now let's lose no time, Sir! pray let's bury
This gentlewoman. Where's my Mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Here; I durst not tarry.

Lurc. We ha' so cozen'd the old forty i'th' hundred,
An the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;
But come, about our business! set her down again.

Maria. Oh!

Lurc. She groans! ha!

Maria. Oh!

Lurc. Again! she stirs!

Mistress. Let's fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.

Lurc. An you be good at that, bury yourself,
Or let the Sexton take you for his fee.

Away, boy!

[*Exeunt.*

Maria. I am very cold, dead-cold!
Where am I? what's this? a coffin? where have I
been?

Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember
I was betray'd, and swooned. My heart aches;
I'm wondrous hungry too; dead bodies eat not:
Sure I was meant for burial; I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me;
Darkness spreads o'er the world too. Where? what
path?

Best Providence, direct me²¹!

[*Exit.*

²¹ *Best.*] Perhaps the original exhibited *blest*.

A C T III.

Enter Lady, Wildbrain, Women, and Toby.

Lady. **T**HOU art the most unfortunate fellow—
Wildb. Why, aunt,
 What have I done?

Lady. The most malicious varlet—
 Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering
 And hatching hellish things, and to no purpose,
 So thou mayst have thy base will.

Wildb. Why do you rail thus?
 Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
 But I must be at one end on't?

Lady. Thou art at both ends.

Wildb. Cannot young fullen wenches play the fools,
 And marry, and die, but I must be the agent?
 All that I did (and if that be an injury,
 Let the world judge it) was but to persuade her,
 (And, as I take it, I was bound to't too)
 To make the reverend coxcomb her husband cuckold:
 What else could I advise her? was there harm i' this?
 You are of years, and have run thro' experience;
 Would you be content, if you were young again,
 To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
 A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to,
 Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
 Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,
 Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night-caps,
 With twenty several sweats?

Toby. Some Jew, some justice,
 A thousand heathen-smells, to say truth, madam;
 And would you mellow my young pretty mistress
 In such a mis-ken?

Lady. Sirrah,
 Where is the body of my girl?

Wildb.

Wildb. I know not;
I am no conjurer: You may look the body!
I was like to be stol'n away myself; the spirit
Had like to ha' surpriz'd me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.

Toby. So had I, madam, simply tho' I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty spirits;
In every corner of the house a fiend met me.

Lady. You lie, like rascals! Was Mistress Newlove
such

A spirit, Sir, to fright your worship? Well,
I discharge you, Sir; you are now at liberty;
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy;
You know your substance: Tho' you are my nephew,
I am no way bound, Sir, to protect your mischief:
So, fare you well!

Wildb. Farewell, good aunt! I thank you!
Adieu, honest Nick! The devil, if h'have power,
Will persecute your old bones for this marriage.
Farewell, mistress Win!

Toby. And shall we part with dry lips?
Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,
Flinch for an old woman's fart?

Wildb. 'Tis a fine time o' night too; but we must
part, Nick.

Toby. Shall we heverring again? ne'er tofs the tenor,
And roll the changes in a cup of claret?

You shall not want; whate'er I lay my hands on
(As I am sure Automedon the coachman²²)

Shall be distributed: Bear up, I say, hang sorrow!
Give me that bird, abroad that lives at pleasure.

Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan;
The falkner shall sell his hawks, and swear they were

rotten;

There be some wandring spoons, that may be met with;
I'll pawn a coach-horse. Peace, utter no sentences!

The harness shall be us'd in our wars also;

²² Automedon.] Automedon was the charioteer of Achilles, and is now a name applied to every one of that calling.

Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now;
Say but the word) over some rotten bridge,
Or by a marl-pit side? she may slip in daintily;
Let me alone for myself!

Wildb. No, no; farewell, Toby!
Farewell, spiny Nicholas! no such thing;
There be ways i' th' world—If you see me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell. Commend me to the household!
Nay, cry not, Toby; 'twill make thy head giddy.

Toby. Sweet master Wildbrain!

Wildb. No more, Toby; go,
The times may alter.——
But where's the corse of my dead cousin,
(If she be dead)? I hop'd 'thad but dissembled:
That sits heavy here. Toby, honest Toby,
Lend me thy lanthorn; I forgot 'twas dark;
I had need look to my ways now.

Toby. Take a lodging with me to-night in the stable,
And ride away tomorrow with one of the horses,
Next your heart, pray do!

Wildb. No.
Good night, good neighbour Toby! I will wander;
I scorn to submit myself, ere I have rambled——
But whither, or with what? that's more material;
No matter; and, the worst come, 'tis but stealing,
And my aunt won't see me hang'd, for her own credit;
And farewell in a halter costs me nothing. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of darkness,
Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty!
For I am weary both of life and light too.
Keep my wits, Heav'n! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open:
I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow,
But speak unto her spirit, ere I died,
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.

I was

I was a villain; but her wretched kinsman,
That set this plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy
Her injur'd life and honour.—What light's this?

Enter Wildbrain with a lanthorn.

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The tavern-doors are barricado'd too,
Where I might drink 'till morn, in expectation;
I cannot meet the watch neither; nothing in
The likeness of a constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Heartl. 'Tis his voice; Fate, I thank thee!

Wildb. Ha! who is that? An thou be'st a man,
speak:

Frank Heartlove? then I bear my destinies!
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for:
My aunt has turn'd me out a-doors; she has,
At this unchristian hour; and I do walk
Methinks like Guido Vaux, with my dark lanthorn,
Stealing to set the town o'fire; i' th' country
I should be ta'en for William o' th' Wisp,
Or Robin Good-Fellow. And how dost, Frank?

Heartl. The worse for you!

Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy
lodging?

I'll lie with thee to-night; and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha' met withal;
Our house is haunted, Frank, whole legions—
I saw fifty for my share.

Heartl. Didst not fright 'em?

Wildb. How! fright 'em? No, they frighted me
sufficiently.

Heartl. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make
them stare,

And be afraid o'thee, malicious devil!
And draw thy sword; for, by Maria's soul,
I will not let thee scape, to do more mischief.

Wildb. Thou art mad; what dost mean?

Heartl. To kill thee; nothing else will ease my anger;
The injury is fresh I bleed withal;
Nor can that word express it, there's no peace in't,
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death;
Therefore call up thy valour, if th' hast any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee!
Thy heart must suffer for thy damned practices
Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.

Wildb. Hold! hear a word! did I do any thing
But for your good? That you might have her?
That in that desp'rate time I might redeem her,
Altho' with show of loss?

Heartl. Out, ugly villain!
Fling on her the most hated name of *whore*
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy?
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk t' attempt it?

Enter Maria.

Maria. I hear some voices this way.

Heartl. No more! if you can pray,
Do't as you fight.

Maria. What new frights oppose me?
I have heard that tongue.

Wildb. 'Tis my fortune:
You could not take me in a better time, Sir;
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.
My life my sword protect!

Maria. I know 'em both; but, to prevent their ruins,
Must not discover—Stay, men most desp'rate!
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave; and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.

Wildb. Ha! 'tis her ghost!

Heartl. Maria?

Maria. Hear me both! Each wound you make
Runs thro' my soul, and is a new death to me;
Each threatening danger will affright my rest.
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinsman, view me!
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,

Sufficient

Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,
 But you must add, with your most impious angers,
 Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?
 Would you teach Time to speak eternally
 Of my disgraces? make records to keep 'em,
 Keep them in brass? Fight then, and kill my honour!
 Fight deadly both; and let your bloody swords,
 Thro' my reviv'd and reeking infamy,
 (That never shall be putg'd) find your own ruins!
 Heartlove, I lov'd thee once; and hop'd again
 In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit:
 If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer;
 And murder never shall inherit Heaven²³.
 My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me:
 Farewell, and follow not! your feet are bloody,
 And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are melted:
 This is my way sure. [Exit.

Heartl. Stay, bless'd soul!

Wildb. 'Would she had

Come sooner, and ha' sav'd some blood!

Heartl. Dost bleed?

Wildb. Yes, certainly; I can both see and feel it.

Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous.

Give me thy hand; as far as honour guides me,
 I will know thee again. [Exit.

Wildb. I thank thee heartily!

I know not where to get a surgeon.

This vision troubles me; sure she is living,
 And I was foolish blind, I could not find it.

I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy;

If I go far I faint; I'll knock at this house,

They may be charitable. 'Would 'twere perfect day!

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. 'Tis not he.—What would you, Sir?

²³ *And murder shall never inherit Heaven.*]

Theobald reads, *And murderers shall ne'er inherit Heaven;*

And Symphon, *And a murderer shall ne'er inherit Heaven.*

For the ease of the verse, we have made a small transposition;
 though it is not improbable that the old line is genuine.

Wildb. I would crave a little rest, lady,
And for my hurts some surgery; I am
A gentleman that fortune of a fight——

Mistress. A handsome gentleman!
Alas, he bleeds; a very handsome gentleman!

Wildb. A sweet young wench! beshrew my heart,
a fair one!

Fortune has made me some recompense.

Mistress. Pray, come in; the air is hurtful for
you;

Pray let me lead you; I'll have a bed for you presently;
I'll be your surgeon too. Alas, sweet gentleman!

Wildb. I feel no hurts; the morning comes too
fast now.

Mistress. Softly, I beseech you! [Exit.

Enter Lady and Toby.

Toby. He is not up yet, madam; what meant you
To come forth so early?

Lady. You blockhead!
Your eyes are sow'd up still; they cannot see
When it is day. Oh, my poor Maria!
Where be the women?

Toby. They said they would follow us.

Lady. He shall not laugh thus at my misery;
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her portion too.

Toby. Let him be hang'd for't;
You have my voice.

Lady. These women not come yet?
A son-in-law! I'll keep a conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.

Toby. Do, and I'll help him.
And if he were here, this whip should conjure him:
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on's breech,
I'd make him soon believe the devil were there.

Lady. An old usurer!

Toby. He married the money; that is all he look'd
for;
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

Lady.

Lady. I'll swim him!

This is his house: I wonder they stay thus.
That we might rail him out on's wits!

Toby. They'll come,

Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with 'em,
Or some have lost their old wont: I have heard
(No disparagement to your ladyship) some o'their
tongues

Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off:

Lady. Oh fy!

How tedious are they!

Toby. What an we lost no time?

You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our instruments 'till th' consort come
To make up the full noise: I'll knock.

Alg. [*above.*] Who is that raps so saucily?

Toby. 'Tis I;

Toby: Come down, or else we'll fetch you down.
Alas, this is but the saunce-bell²⁴; here's a gentlewoman
Will ring y' another peal: Come down, I say!

Alg. Some new fortifications! look to my doors!
Put double bars! I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her tribe: They come to terrify me.
Keep out her tongue too, if you can!

Lady. I hear you,

And I will send my tongue up to your worship;
The echo of it shall fly o'er the street.
My daughter, that thou kill'dst with kindness²⁵, Jew,
That thou betray'dst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol'st her body!

Toby. Jew's too good for him.

Alg. I defy you both!

²⁴ Saunce-bell.] *Sanctus*-bell, wont to be rung when the priest said, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabbæoth*. Coles's English Dictionary, 8vo. 1677.

²⁵ *My daughter that thou kill'dst.*] Sympson would make this a question, and read,

Where's *my daughter*, &c.

But surely the Poet meant she should *demand* her daughter, which is much better than *interrogating*.

Thy daughter play'd the villain, and betray'd me,
Betray'd my honour.

Lady. Honour, rascal?

And let that bear an action, I'll try't with thee.
Honour?

Toby. Oh, reprobate!

Lady. Thou musty justice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyself!

Toby. A worshipful rope's end is too good for him.

Lady. Get honour that way; thou wot die a dog else.

Toby. Come, and be whipt first!

Lady. Where's her portion?

Enter Nurse and Women.

Alg. Where
I'll keep it safely.

Nurse. Traitor, thou sha'n't keep it!

Alg. More of the kennel? Put more bolts to th'
doors there,

And arm yourselves! Hell is broke loose upon us.

Toby. I am glad ye're come; we'll blow the house
down.

Lady. Oh, Nurse, I have such cause——

Women. Villain, viper!—

Altho' you had no cause, we're bound to help.

Nurse. Yes, and believe, we come not here t'examine;
And, if you please, we'll fire the house.

Alg. Call the constable!

Toby. A charitable motion! fire is comfortable.

Lady. No, no; we'll only let him know our minds;
We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.

Alg. Give me my musquet!

Lady. Where's my daughter's body,
That I may bury it?

Women. Speak, or we'll bury thee!

Nurse. Alive we'll bury thee; speak, old Iniquity!

Toby. Bury him alive by all means for a testimony.

Alg. Their voices make my house reel; oh, for
officers!

I'm in a dream ! Thy daughter's spirit walks
 A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours : Go
 Hire a conjurer ; I'll say no more.
Lady. The law shall say more !
Women: Nurse. We are witnesses ;
 And, if thou be'st not hang'd——

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Buy a book of good manners,
 A short book of good manners !

Alathe. Buy a ballad,
 A ballad of the maid was got with child !

Toby. That might ha' been my case last night ;
 I'll ha't,
 Whate'er it cost me.

Alathe. A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow !

Toby. I'll have that too ;
 There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em ;
 I would be glad to hear her testament.

Lurc. A new book of women !

Alg. The thunder's laid ; how they stare at him !

Lurc. A new book of fools, a strange book,
 Very strange fools !

Alg. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.

Lurc. A book of walking spirits !

Alg. That I like not.

Toby. Nor I ; they walk'd me the fools' morris.

Lurc. A book of wicked women !

Alg. That's well thought on.

Lurc. Of rude, malicious women, of proud women,
 Of scolding women !—We shall ne'er get in.

Alathe. A ballad of wrong'd maids !

Lady. I'll buy that.

Lurc. A little, very little book,
 Of good and godly women, a very little one,
 So little you may put it in a nutshell !

Toby. With a small print that no body can read it.

Nurse. Peace, firrah, or I'll tear your books.

Alg. Open the door and let him in ; I love him.

Lurc. A book of evil magistrates!

Lady. Ay, marry!

D'ye hear that, Justice?

Lurc. And their eviller wives,
That wear their places in their petticoats!

Alg. D'ye hear that, Lady?

Alatbe. A book new printed against playing,
dancing,

Masking, May-poles; a zealous brother's book,
And full of fables!

Lurc. Another book of women, of mad women,
Women that were born in March! [*Exit with Alatbe.*]

Lady. Are you got in?

We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide else! This
fellow

Was sent t' abuse us; but we shall have time
To talk more with this justice.

Alg. Farewell, madam!

As you like this, come visit me again,
You and your treble-strings. Now scold your hearts out!

Wom. Shall he carry't thus away?

Nurse. Go to the judge,
And what you'll have us swear——

Lady. I thank ye heartily;

I'll keep that for the last. I will go home,
And leave him to his conscience for a while;
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* What book has he given thee?

2 *Serv.* A dainty book; a book of the great navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of cannon-proof,
Built upon whales to keep their keels from sinking,
And dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile,
And elephants that carry goodly castles.

1 *Serv.* Dost thou believe it?

2 *Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print?

1 *Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of hempseed too,
Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance,

I re-

I reverence.

2 *Serv.* I prithee what are they?

1 *Serv.* They are so pat upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix;
Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily and learnedly he bangs him;
'So may a Puritan's ruff, tho' starch'd, in print,
'Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't,'
And confute Horace with a Water-Poet²⁶:
A play in the Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't.
What hast there? a ballad too?

2 *Serv.* This? This is
A piece of poetry indeed!—What noise is that?

[*He sings; Algripe cries within.*]

1 *Serv.* Some cry i'th' streets: Prithee sing on!

[*Sing again.*]

2 *Serv.* Again! dost not hear? 'Tis i'th' house
certainly.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis a strange noise! and has a tang o'th'
justice.

2 *Serv.* Let's see? [Exit.]

*Re-enter Servants, bringing in their master, bound
and gagg'd.*

1 *Serv.* Unty his feet; pull out his gag,

²⁶ So may a Puritan's ruff, &c.] Our Poets, here, wrote by memory,
without having recourse to Taylor's book, where the lines run thus,

'Thus may a Brownist's zealous ruff, in print,

'Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't.'

But this is not the only fault; the two lines that follow seem to have
suffer'd a change of places, as well as undergone the loss of a speaker;
for 'tis plain, *And confute Horace, &c.* has no connection with the
preceding lines of Taylor. To set the place right, I suppose the
2d Servant's speech to end full with the Water-Poet's lines, which
strikes the 1st Servant so smartly, that he cries out,

1 *Serv.* A play in a Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,

And confute Horace with a Water-Poet. *Symphon.*

We think no change is necessary, except placing inverted commas
before Taylor's lines, to which the Servant archly connects,

And confute Horace with a Water-Poet;

then comments on the passage quoted, *A play in a Puritan's ruff?*—
Even were a transposition advisable, no additional speaker is requisite.

He

He will choak else! What desp'rate rogues were these!

2 Serv. Give him fresh air.

Alg. I'll never study books more!

I am undone; these villains have undone me!

Rifted my desk; they have undone me, learnedly!

A fire take all their books! I'll burn my study.

Where were you, rascals, when the villains bound me,

You could not hear?

1 Serv. He gave us books, Sir, dainty books to

busy us;

And we were reading, in that which was the brewhouse,

A great way off; we were singing ballads too,

And could not hear.

Alg. This was a precious thief;

A subtle trick to keep my servants safe!

2 Serv. What ha' you lost, Sir?

Alg. They ranfack'd all before my face, and threaten'd

To kill me if I cough'd; they have a chain,

My rings, my box of casting gold, my purse too.

They robb'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me,

They took away some writings; 'twas a rogue

That knew me, and set on by the old Lady;

I will indite her for't.

1 Serv. Shall we pursue 'em?

Alg. Run, run, cursed rascals!

I am out of my wits! Let not a creature in;

No, not with necessaries!

2 Serv. We shall be starv'd.

Alg. I'll buy my meat at window, as they pass by,

(I wonot trust my scriv'ner, he has books too)

And bread I'll ha' flung up: I charge ye all

Burn all the books i'th' house!

1 Serv. Your little prayer book?

Alg. I'll never pray again! I'll have my doors

Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too:

No sound shall tempt me again! Remember, I

Have forswore books.

2 *Serv.* If you should be call'd to take your oath?

Alg. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likenefs of a book;
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang
Than read again. Come in, and search all places;
They may be about the house: Were the doors lock'd?

1 *Serv.* But the keys in 'em; and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in, Sir.

Alg. Never was man so miserably undone;
I'd lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady and Nurse.

Lady. Thy brother's daughter, say'st, and born in
Wales?

Nurse. I have long time desir'd to see her, and I hope
Your ladyship will not be offended.

Lady. No, no.

Nurse. I should be happy, if she might be ser-
viceable

To you, madam.

Lady. Beshrew me, but at first she took me much.
Is she not like Maria? setting aside
Her language, ivery like her! and I love her
The better for't. I prithee call her hither.
She speaks feat English.

Nurse. Why, Guennith, Guennith! du hummah,
Guennith!
She is coarse, madam, after her country guise;

And were she in fine cloaths—

Lady. I'll have her handsome.

Enter Maria.

What part of Wales were you born in?

Maria. In Abehundis, madams.

²⁷ *Is she not like Maria?*] I wou'd propose putting the words
that follow these, in the *Nurse's* mouth, otherwise the *Lady* will ask
the question, and give herself the answer.

Symson.

Which is extremely natural, and much better than the proposed
alteration.

Nurse.

Nurse. She speaks that name in Welsh, which we call Brecknock.

Lady. What can you do?

Maria. Her was toe many tings in Walls; know not The fashion in Londons? Her was milk the cows, Make seeze and butters, and spin very well The Welsh freeze; her was cooke to te mountain cots, And sing very fine Prittish tunes; was mage good ales And bred; and her know to dance on Sundays, Marge you now, madams!

Lady. A pretty innocence!
I do like her infinitely, *Nurse*; and if I live——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Heartlove, madam, come to see you.

Lady. Alas, poor gentleman! Prithee admit him.

Enter Heartlove and Gentlemen.

Heartl. Madam, I'm come to take my last leave——

Lady. How, Sir!

Heartl. Of all my home affections, and my friends: For th' interest you had once in Maria, I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

Lady. 'Would there were any thing in my poor power

That might divert your will, and make you happy! I'm sure I've wrong'd her too; but let your pardon Assure me you are charitable: She is dead; Which makes us both sad. What do you look on?

1 Gent. The likest face²³——

Maria. Pless us awle! why does that fentilman Make such unders and mazements at her?
I know her not.

²³ *The likest face*——] This, as it here stands, is the end of the Lady's speech; but sure it can't be so, as the least attention will make evident. I suspect with Mr. Theobald, that Frank Heartlove's name ought to be prefix'd here, or else write with the oldest Quarto, which Mr. Theobald overlook'd, thus,

1 Gent. *The likest face.*

Sympson.

Heartl.

Heartl. Be not offended, maid!

Lady. How the wench blushes!

She represents Maria's loss to him.

Maria. Will the sentilman hurt her? Pray you be her defences!

Was have mad phisnomies; is her troubled
With lunaticks in her prain-pans? Ples us awle!

Heartl. Where had you this face?

Maria. Her faces be our nowne, I warrant her.

Heartl. I wonot hurt you.—All the lineaments
That built Maria up, all those springing beauties,
Dwell on this thing; change but her tongue, I know
her.

Let me see your hand!

Maria. *Du Guin*²⁹! Was never thieves and robberies;
Here is no findge in her hands, warrant her.

Heartl. Trust me, the self-same white
And softness! Prithee speak our English dialect.

Maria. Ha leggs? what, does her speage hard
urds to her,
To make poor Guennith ridicles? was no mannerly
Sentilman, to abuse her.

Heartl. By the love,
That everlasting love I bear Maria——

Maria. Maria? her name was Guennith; and
good names;
Was poor else, oman maid; her have no fine kanags,
To mage her tricfy; yet, in her own cuntries,
Was held a fine ense, her can tell her, and honest
Ense too, marg you dat now: Her can keep
Her little legs close enough, warrant her.

Lady. How prettily this anger shews!

Gent. She gabbles innocently.

Heartl. Madam, farewell; and all good fortune
dwell wi'ye!

With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,

²⁹ *Du Guin.*] The very ingenious Editor of 1750 varies, *tacitly*,
to GUENNITH was never, &c. The Reader is requested to consult
note 48 on Monsieur Thomas.

Fair gentle maid!

2 Gent. She sighs.

Maria. Du cat a wbee³⁰!

Heartl. I cannot go; there's somewhat calls me back

Maria. Poor Frank,

How gladly would I entertain thy love,

And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids me

[*Aside*

If please her Ladyship's, dwell here with Guennith,

And learn to spin and card ull, to mage flannels,

And linsfeyes-ulfeis, fal tawge cood urds

To her Ladyships urships for her.

[*The tears flow from him.*

The tears of true affection! woe is me!

Oh, cursed love, that glories in maids' miseries,

And true mens' broken hearts!

Lady. Alas, I pity him!

The wench is rude, and knows you not; forgive her.

Maria. Wipe your nyes, pray you! tho' was

born in Walls,

'Mong craggy rocks and mountains, yet heart is soft:

Look you, hur can weep too, when hur see men mage

Prinie tears and lamentations.

Heartl. How hard she holds me!

Just as Maria did; weeps the same drops.

Now, as I have a living soul, her sigh too!

What shall I think? Is not your name Maria?

If it be not, delude me with so much charity

To say it is.

Maria. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love

With some podies; your pale seekes and hollow nyes,

And pantings upon her posom, know very well.

Because, look you, her think her honest sentilman,

You fall call her Maria.

Heartl. Good madam, think not ill I am thus faucy.

Lady. Oh, no, Sir; be you not angry with the wench.

Heartl. I am most pleas'd.

³⁰ *Du cat a wbee.*] See note 4 on Monsieur Thomas.

1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him; he'll be mad outright else.

2 *Gent.* Observe a little more.

Heartl. 'Would I could in your language beg a kiss!

Maria. If her have necessities of a kiss, look you, Dere is one in farities³¹!

Heartl. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries
Be more a-kin, than her lips to Maria's:
And, if this harsh illusion would but leave her,
She were the same. Good madam, shall I have
Your consent now——

Lady. To what?

Heartl. To give this virgin
To me.

Lady. She is not mine; this is her kinswoman,
And has more power to dispose.—Alas, I pity him!
Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Heartl. You have been always kind to me; will you
Deny me your fair cousin?

Nurse. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

Heartl. He is no friend that wishes my departure;
I do not trouble you!

1 *Gent.* 'Tis not Maria.

Heartl. Her shadow is enough; I'll dwell with that.
Pursue your own ways! Shall we live together?

Maria. If her will come tomorrow and tauge to her,
Her will tell her more of her meanings; and then
If her be melancholy, her will sing her
A Welch song too, to make her merries: But Guennith
Was very honest; her was never love
But one sentilman, and he was bear her
Great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day:
St. Davy! her give her five pair of white gloves
If her will dance at her weddings.

Heartl. All I'm worth;
And all my hopes, this strange voice would forsake her,

³¹ *In farities.] i. e. In charity.*

For then she should be——Prithee stay a little!
 Hark in thine ear! dissemble not, but tell me,
 And save my life: I know you are Maria:
 Speak but, as I do, ten words to confirm me.
 You have an English soul; do not disguise it
 From me with these strange accents——She pinch'd
 hard

Again, and sigh'd.

[*Exit Maria.*

Lady. What ails the wench?

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Why, Guennith!

Heartl. She is gone too!

2 Gent. Come, leave this dream.

Heartl. A dream? I think so;

But 'twas a pleasing one. Now I'll obey,
 And forget all these wonders; lead the way! [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wildb. H O N E S T Toby!

Toby. Sweet Mr. Wildbrain! I'm glad
 I ha' met w'ye.

Wildb. Why? did my aunt send for me?

Toby. Your aunt's a mortal; and thinks not on you,
 For aught I can perceive.

Wildb. Is my cousin
 Alive again?

Toby. Neither; and yet we do not
 Hear that she's buried.

Wildb. What should make thee glad then?

Toby. What should make me glad? Have I not,
 cause?

To see your princely body well, and walk thus,
 Look blithe and bonny, and your wardrobe whole still!

Wildb. The case is clear; and I ha' found a mine,
 A perfect Indie, since my aunt cashier'd me:

What

What think'st of this? [*Chinking money.*]

Toby. Oh, delicate bells!

Wildb. Thou puttest me in mind;

We are to ring anon; I meant to fend for thee:

Meet me at the old parish-church:

Toby. Say no more.

Wildb. When thy Lady is a-bed, we ha' conspir'd
A midnight peal, for joy.

Toby. If I fail;

Hang me i'th' bell-ropes!

Wildb. And how? and how

Does my aunt?

Toby. She's up to th' ears in law:

I do so whirl her to the counsellor's chambers;

And back again, and bounce her for more money,

And to again—I know not what they do with her,

But she's the merriest thing among these law-drivers,

And in their studies half a day together.

If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears,

By all th' ability of her old body;

She will so claw the justice—she will fell

The tiles of th' house, she vows, and sack out o'th'
cellar;

(That she worships to idolatry) but she'll hang him.

Wildb. I would she could! But hark thee, honest

Toby!

If a man have a mistress, may we not,

Without my aunt's leave, borrow now and then

A coach to tumble in, toward th' Exchange,

And so forth?

Toby. A mistress?

Wildb. She may be thine when we are married:

Toby. Command, I'll carry ye both in pomp;

And let my Lady go a-foot a law-catching,

And exercise her corns. Where is she, master John?

Wildb. 'Sha't see her.

Toby. Shall we ring for her?

Wildb. And drink her health:

Toby. Drink stiffly for five hours?

Wildb. We'll drink fifteen.

Toby. To-night? We will ha' twenty torches then,
And thro' the streets drive on triumphantly,
Triumphantly we'll drive: By my Lady's door,
As I'm a Christian coachman, I will rattle you,
And urine in her porch, and she shall fear me.
If you say more, I shall run mad outright!
I will drink sack, and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lurcher.

Wildb. Hold, for thy buttocks' sake! The knave's transported.

Lurc. Jack Wildbrain?

Wildb. Honest Tom, how thrives
The felonious world with thee now?

Lurc. You look and talk as you were much exalted.

Wildb. Thou art i'th' right, Tom. I will tell thee:
First,

I ha' shook off my aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha'
spoil'd me;

I keep no hours now; nor need any false key
To the old woman's cabinets; I ha' money
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' butler;
No matrimonial protestations
For sack-poffets, to the chambermaid: I praise
My fate, there be more ways to th' wood, Tom.

Lurc. Prithee
Release my wonder.

Wildb. I'll encrease it: Wipe thine eyes;
Here is a chain worth money, an some man had it,
A foolish diamond, and other trifles——

Lurc. The very same! Oh, gipsy! infidel!
All that I sweat, and ventur'd my neck for,
H'has got already: Who would trust a strumpet?

Wildb. This? this is nothing to what I possess
At home.

Lurc. What home?

Wildb.

Wildb. A house that shall be nameless.
The mistress of it mine too; such a piece
For flesh and blood! added to that, so loving!

Lurc. Is she married?

Wildb. I know not; nor I care not:
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious!
Thou wilt run mad: I'll tell thee more hereafter.

Lurc. Nay, prithee a word more.

Wildb. I took
No pains to find out all this Paradise;
My destiny threw me upon't i'th' dark; I found it,
Wanting a lodging too.

Lurc. No old acquaintance?

Wildb. Never; never saw her:
But these things happen not in ev'ry age.
I cannot stay; if thou wilt meet anon
At my own rendezvous; (thou know'st the tavern)
We'll sup together; after that; a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.

Lurc. You keep your exercise i'th' old church?

Wildb. No other;
There is no music to the bells: We would
Have bonfires, if we durst. An thou would come,
It shall cost thee nothing; Tom: Hang pilfering,
And keep me company! In time I may
Shew thee my wench too.

Lurc. I cannot promise; but you will be there?

Wildb. We'll toss the bells, and make the steeple
roar, boy:
But come to supper then!

Lurc. My hand; and expect me. [*Exit Wildb.*
Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose.
Art come, boy?

Enter Alathe, with gown, beard, and constable's staff.
Excellent knave! How didst thou purchase these?

Alathe. The staff I stole last night from a sleeping
constable;
The rest I borrow'd by my acquaintance with

The players' boys. You were best to lose no time, Sir.

Lurc. So, so; help, boy! 'tis very well; do I not look

Like one that breaks the king's peace with authority?
You know your charge; prepare things handsomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.

Alatbe. There wants nothing³²; all ready: But I fly,
Sir. [Exit.

Lurc. Now, Fortune, prove no slut, and I'll adore
thee! [Knocks.

Serv. [within.] Who's there?

Lurc. A friend would speak with master justice.

Serv. Who are you?

Lurc. I'm the constable.

Serv. My master's not at leisure to hear business.

Lurc. How! not at leisure to do the king service?
Take heed what you say, Sir! I know his worship,
If he knew my business, would make no excuse.

Serv. You must go to another justice; I'll assure you
My master is not well in health.

Lurc. I know not;

But if your worshipful be not at leisure
To do himself a benefit—I am gone, Sir—
An infinite benefit, and the state shall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too. I am an officer,
And know my place; but I do love the justice;
I honour any authority above me:
Beside, he is my neighbour, and I worship him.

Serv. You have no books, nor ballads, Mr. Constable,
About you?

Lurc. What should I do with books? does it become
A man of my place to understand such matters?
Pray call your master; if he please to follow me,
I shall discover to him such a plot
Shall get him everlasting fame: I'll be hang'd for't,
An he be not knighted instantly, and for
Reward have some of the malefactors' lands

³² There wants nothing already.] So the former copies. Symphon
proposes, ALL'S ready.

I'll bring him to; but I can't dally time!

Alg. [*within.*] Who's that?

Serv. A constable, Sir,

Would speak about some business, he says
Will bring you fame, and mighty profit.

Lurc. Please

Your worship come down, I will make you happy:
The notablest piece of villainy I have in hand, Sir,
And you shall find it out: I ha' made choice
To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and
Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.

Alg. What is it? treason?

Lurc. 'Tis little better, I can tell you; I've lodg'd
A crew of the most rank and desperate villains—
They talk of robberies, and ways they did 'em,
And how they left men bound in their studies.

Alg. With books and ballads?

Lurc. That, Sir, that, and murders,
And thousand knaveries more; they're very rich, Sir,
In money, jewels, chains, and a hundred more
Devices.

Alg. Happy, happy constable!

I'll meet you at the back door. Get ready, knaves!

Lurc. Not a man, I beseech you!

I've privately-appointed strength about me:
They cannot start; your men would breed suspicion:
All my desire is, you would come alone,
That you might have the hope o' th' enterprize,
That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed, Sir.

Alg. I come, I come!

Lurc. 'Tis very well.

Alg. Keep all my doors fast. It is something late.

Lurc. So, so! An please your worship, I'll direct
you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. My master stays; I doubt his lime-twigs
catch not:

If they do, all's provided. But I all

150 THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR,
This while forget my own state: Fair Maria
Is certainly alive; I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurse; 'twas she!
There is some trick in't: But when this is over
I'll find it out. This project for the usurer
May have good effect; however, 'twill be sport

Enter Lurcher.

To mortify him a little. He is come without him;
Have you fail'd, Sir?

Lurc. Prosper'd, my little engineer: Away!
He is i' th' next room; be not you seen, firrah! [*Exit.*]

Alatbe. The pit-fall's ready; never justice
Was caught in such a noose: Ere he get out,
He shall run thro' a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick. 'Tis night already.

[*Retires.*]

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lurc. Come softly; yet, Sir, softly! ar'n't you weary?

Alg. Th' hast brought me into a melancholy place;
I see no creature.

Lurc. This is, Sir, their den,
Where they suppose themselves secure. I'm faint
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a cordial;
Without this I should die: How it refreshes me

[*Seems to drink.*]

Already! Will't please your worship—I might have
had

The manners to ha' let you drink before me,
Now am I lusty.

Alg. 'Thas a good taste.

Lurc. Taste?

How d' you find the virtue? Nay, Sir, spare it not!
My wife has the receipt. Does it not stir
Your worship's body? When you come t' examine,
'Twill make you speak like thunder.

Alg. Hoy he!

[*He yawns.*]

Lurc. It works already.

Alg.

Alg. Is there ne'er a chair? I was wearier than I thought.

But who shall we have to take 'em, Mr. Constable?

Lurc. Let me alone! when I but give the watch-word, We will have men enough to surprize an army.

Alg. I begin to be sleepy: What, hast a chair?

Enter another with a chair.

Lurc. They do not dream of us.—'Tis early rising, Care, care, and early rising! commonwealth's men Are ever subjects to the nods: Sit down, Sir; A short nap is not much amiss.—So, so! he's fast, Fast as a fish i' th' net; he has winking powder Shall work upon him to our wish. Remove him! Nay, we may cut him into collops now, And he ne'er feel. Have you prepar'd the vault, firrah?

Alatbe. Yes, yes, Sir; ev'ry thing in's place.

Lurc. When we have plac'd him, you and I, boy, must

About another project hard by: His potion Will bind him sure enough 'till we return. This villainy weighs mainly; but we'll purge you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sexton. [*Bells ring.*]

Sexton. Now for mine ears! mine ears, be constant to me!

They ring a wager, and I must deal justly;
Ha, boys!

Enter Lurche and Alatbe.

Lurc. Dost hear 'em? hark! these be the ringers.

Alatbe. Are you sure the same?

Lurc. Or my directions fail. The coast is clear: How the bells go! how daintily they tumble! And methinks they seem to say, Fine fools, I'll fit you!

Sexton. Excellent again, good boys!—Oh, that was naught.

Lurc. Who's that?

Alatbe. Be you conceal'd by any means yet. Hark! They stop; I hope they'll to't again. Close, Sir!

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wildb. A palpable knock!

Ringer. 'Twas none!

Toby. Be judg'd by th' Sexton then!

If I have ears——

Sexton. A knock, a knock, a grofs one!

Toby. Carman, your gallon of wine! you ring most impiously!

Art thou o' th' worshipful company of

The knights o' th' West, and handle a bell with no more

Dexterity? You think you are in Thames-Street, Justling the carts: Oh, a clean hand's a jewel!

Alatbe. Good speed to your good exercise!

Toby. You're welcome!

Alatbe. I come, Sir, from a gentleman, and neighbour Hard by, one that loves your music well——

Toby. He may have more on't.—

Handle a bell as you were haling timber?

Grofs, grofs, and base, absurd!

Ringer. I'll mend it next peal.

Alatbe. I' entreat a knowledge of you, whether it be By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' eye; For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.

Wildb. But which way has he laid?

Alatbe. That your ear guides you, And not your eye.

Toby. H' has won, h' has won; the ear's Our only instrument.

Alatbe. But how shall we Be sure on't?

Toby. Put all the lights out; to what end Serve our eyes then?

Wildb. A plain case!

Alatbe. You say true.

'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear sure! And can you ring i' th' dark so?

Wildb. All night long, boy.

Alatbe.

THE LITTLE THIEF: 153

Alatbe. 'Tis wonderful! Let this be certain, gentlemen,

And half his wager he allows among ye:
Is't possible you should ring so?

Toby. Possible?

Thou art a child! I'll ring when I'm dead-drunk.
Out with the lights! no twinkling of a candle!
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can bang it soundly in the dark, I warrant you.

Wildb. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the
wager! [*Exeunt.*

Alatbe. Let me hear, to strengthen me; and, when
ye've rung,

I'll bring the money to you.

Lurc. So, so, follow 'em: [*Exit Alatbe.*

They shall have a cool reward; one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket; [*Ring.*

But this will be reveng'd in a short warning.

They're at it lustily: Hey, how wantonly

They ring away their cloaths! how it delights me!

Enter Alatbe with cloaths.

Alatbe. Here, here, Sir!

Lurc. Haft Wildbrain's?

Alatbe. His whole

Case, Sir; I felt it out; and, by the guards,
This should be the coachman's; another suit too.

Lurc. Away, boy, quickly now to th' usurer!
His hour to wake approaches.

Alatbe. That once finish'd,
You'll give me leave to play, Sir. Here they come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wildb. I'm monstrous weary!

Toby. Fy, how I sweat! Reach me my cloak to
cover me.

I run to oil, like a porpoise. 'Twas a brave peal!

Sexton. Let me light my candle first, then I'll wait
on you. [*Exit Sexton.*

Wildb.

Wildb. A very brave peal!

Toby. Carman, you came in close now.

Wildb. Sure 'tis past midnight.

Ringer. No stirring in the streets I hear.

Toby. Walk further!

Was that a pillar? 'tis harder than my nose.

Where's the boy promis'd us five pounds?

Wildb. Room! I sweat still.

Come, come, my cloak! I shall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sexton. Where lies it?

Wildb. Here, here, and all our cloaths.

Sexton. Where, where?

Ringer. I' th' corner.

Toby. Is thy candle blind too? Give me the bottle!
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.

Sexton. Here are the corners, but here are no cloaths;
Yes, here's a cuff.

Wildb. A cuff? give me the candle!
Cuffs wo'not cover me.—I smell a knavery.

Toby. Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turn'd
to a button?

Wildb. Now am I as cold again as tho' 'twere
Christmas,
Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by th' ear more.

Toby. My new cloaths vanish'd?

Wildb. All my cloaths, Toby!

Ringer. Here's none.

Toby. Not one of my dragon's wings left to adorn
me?

Have I mew'd all my feathers³³?

Wildb. Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put out the
candle!

I could be mad! my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold!

Toby. The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry truly;
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me!

Wildb. What miserable fools were we!

³³ *Have I muted all my feathers.*] Corrected from Theobald's suggestion.

Toby. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune.
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights
out!

Wildb. Prithce, Sexton, let's have a fire at thy house,
A good fire; we'll pay thee some way for't: I am stone-
cold.

Sexton. Alas, I pity you! Come quickly, gentlemen.

Wildb. Sure I've been in a dream! I had no mistress,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing rascal.

Toby. Fellows in affliction, let us take hands all!
Now are we fit for tumblers. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lurc. So, so! Presently
His sleep will leave him, and wonder seize upon him:
Bid 'em within be ready.

Alg. What sound's this?
What horrid din? What dismal place is this
I never saw before? and now behold it
But by the half-light of a lamp, that burns here?
My spirits shake, and tremble thro' my body.

Enter two Furies with black tapers.

Help, help! Mercy protect me! my soul quakes.
What dreadful apparitions! How I shudder!

1 & 2 *Fury.* Algripe!

Alg. What are you?

1 *Fury.* We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,
That have commission from the prince of darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.

Alg. Am I not alive still?

1 *Fury.* Thou art; but we have brought thee in-
struments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life.
Stab!

2 *Fury.* Poison!

1 *Fury.* Hang thyself! this choice is offer'd.

2 *Fury.*

2 *Fury*. Thou canst not hope for Heaven; thy base
foul is

Lost to all hope of mercy.

1 *Fury*. Quickly, quickly!

The torments cool.

2 *Fury*. And all the fiends expect thee.

Come with us to that pit of endless horror,

Or we will force thee.

Alg. Oh, oh, oh!

1 *Fury*. Groans are too late: Sooner the ravisher,

Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,

Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,

To punish the distempers of his blood,

Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid

The certainty of meeting hell where he is.

Shall murderers be there for ever dying,

Their souls shot thro' with adders, torn on engines,

Dying as many deaths for killing one,

(Could any imagination number them)

As there be moments in eternity;

And shall that justice spare thee, that hast slain,

Murder'd by thy extortion, so many?

Alg. Oh, oh!

2 *Fury*. Do execution quickly! or we'll carry thee
Alive to hell.

Alg. Gently, gentle devils! do not force me
To kill myself, nor do not you do't for me!

Oh, let me live! I'll make amends for all.

1 *Fury*. Tell us of thy repentance? perjurd villain!

Pinch off his flesh! he must be whipt, salted and whipt.

Alg. Oh, misery of miseries! [*Recorders.*

1 & 2 *Fury*. Tear his accurs'd limbs, to hell with
him—Ha!

A mischief on that innocent face! away! [*Creep in.*

Enter Alathe like an angel.

Alathe. Malicious furies, hence! choak not the seeds
Of holy penitence.

Alg. This must be an angel;

How

How at his presence the fiends crawl away !
Here is some light of mercy.

Alatbe. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man !
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee !
What says thy conscience now ?

Alg. Be my good angel, here I promise thee
To become honest, and renounce all villainy :
Enjoin me any penance ; I'll build churches,
A whole city of hospitals.

Alatbe. Take heed !
There is no dallying ; nor are these impos'd.

Alg. Name any thing within my power, sweet
angel ;
And, if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to icicles !

Alatbe. I' th' number of thy foul oppressions,
Thou hast undone a faithful gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land.

Alg. Young Lurcher !
I do confess.

Alatbe. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself :
Prevent his ruin ! or his blood will be
More sin in thy account. Hast thou forgotten
He had a sister ?

Alg. I do well remember it.

Alatbe. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn
vow

Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a-day for thy unkindness ?
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart ?
And couldst thou marry another ?

Alg. But she's dead ;
And I will make true satisfaction.

Alatbe. What do I instance these, that has been false
To all the world ?

Alg. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise repentance. Do not frown, sweet angel !

I will

I will restore all mortgages, forswear
 Abominable usury, live chaste;
 For I've been wanton in my shroud, my age:
 And if that poor innocent maid, I so abus'd,
 Be living, I will marry her, and spend
 My days to come religiously.

Alatbe. I was commanded but a messenger
 To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those
 Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to hell:
 If thou abuse this mercy, and repent not,
 Double damnation will expect thee for it;
 But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
 A blessedness shall reward thy good example.
 Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses;
 Drink of this viol, and renew thy spirits!
 I ha' done my office; think on't, and be happy!

Enter Lurcher.

Lurc. So, so! He gapes already; now he's fast.
 Th' hast acted rarely; but this is not all:
 First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.

Alatbe. You will
 Dispense with me now, as you promis'd, Sir?

Lurc. We will make shift without thee; th' hast
 done well.

By our device, this bandog may 'scape hell. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lady, Nurse, and Maria.

Lady. Didst think, Maria, this poor outside, and
 Dissembling of thy voice, could hide thee from
 A mother's searching eye, tho' too much fear,
 Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover,
 That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dear Maria,
 I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee:
 Welcome again to life! We shall find out
 The mystery of thy absence. Conceal
 Thy person still, (for Algripe must not know thee)
 And exercise this pretty dialect:
 If there be any course in law to free thee,
 Thou shalt not be so miserable. Be silent,

Good

Good Nurse!

Nurse. You shall not need to fear me, madam;
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

Lady. Be not dejected, Mall.

Maria. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness.—

Heartlove? I dare not see him.

Nurse. We'll withdraw.

Lady. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,
Since there's no possibility to relieve him. [Exeunt.

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. The world's a labyrinth, where unguided
men

Walk up and down to find their weariness:
No sooner have we measur'd with much toil
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures! Oh, Maria!
If thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me?
Sure 'tis because I live: Were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen!

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. Thus far my wishes have success: I'll lose
No time. Sir, are not you call'd Mr. Heartlove?
Pardon my rudeness³⁴!

Heartl. What does that concern thee?
Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.

Alathe. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, Sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak this language,

³⁴ Thus far, &c.] This speech is made a continuation of *Heartlove's* in every edition but the first.

But

But I should know you by your sorrow.

Heartl. Thou wert well inform'd, it seems. Well, what's your business?

Alathe. I come to bring you comfort.

Heartl. Is Maria alive again? that's somewhat; and yet not enough to make my expectation rise to past half a blessing; since we cannot meet to make it up a full one! Thou'rt mistaken.

Alathe. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:

In vain I should report Maria living;
The comfort that I bring you must depend
Upon her death.

Heartl. Thou'rt a dissembling boy!
Some one has sent thee to mock me; tho' my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe
For malice, did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus³⁵, I should revenge it.

Alathe. Indeed I've no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you; let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserv'd,
If you do find me false! I serve a mistress
Would rather die than play with your misfortunes;
Then, good Sir, hear me out!

Heartl. Who is your mistress?

Alathe. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you'll receive her message: She is one
That's full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow,
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one anothers'.

Heartl. Thou art wild:

³⁵ *To tempt my sorrow thus.*] Symphon would substitute *taunt* for *tempt*; but the text is very good, more elegant than the variation, and requires no change.

Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
 Her miserable story can, at best;
 But swell my volume, large enough already.

Alatbe. She was late belov'd, as you were; promis'd
 faith;

And marriage; and was worthy of a better
 Than he, that stole Maria's heart.

Heartl. How is that?

Alatbe. Just as Maria dealt with your affection;
 Did he that married her deal with my mistress;
 When, careless both of honour and religion,
 They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.

Heartl. Part of this truth I know; but prithee, boy,
 Proceed to that thou canst for! thou didst promise
 Something, thy language cannot hitherto
 Encourage me to hope for.

Alatbe. That I come to:

My mistress thus unkindly dealt withal;
 You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
 And had, ere this, wept herself dry as marble;
 Had not your fortune come to her relief,
 And, twin to her own sorrow, brought her comfort.

Heartl. Could the condition of my fate so equal;
 Lessen her sufferings?

Alatbe. I know not how;

Companions in grief sometimes diminish
 And make the pressure easy: By degrees
 She threw her troubles off, remembering yours;
 And, from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
 Affection to your person; this encreas'd,
 And, with it, confidence that those whom Nature
 Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
 Could not but love as equally one another;
 Were things but well prepar'd: This gave her boldness
 T' employ me thus far.

Heartl. A strange message, boy!

Alatbe. If you incline to meet my mistress' love,
 It may beget your comforts: Besides that,
 'Tis some revenge that you, above their scorn

And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

Heartl. Have you done, boy?

Alatbe. Only this little more,
When you but see, and know my mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness; she's fair,
Fair as Maria was——

Heartl. I'll hear no more!

Go, foolish boy, and tell thy fonder mistress
She has no second faith to give away;
And mine was given to Maria. Tho' her death
Allow me freedom—See the picture of her!

Enter Maria and Nurse.

I'd give ten thousand empires for the substance:
Yet, for Maria's sake, whose divine figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world; and had thy mistress all
The grace and blossom of her sex, now she
Is gone, that was a walking spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.

Alatbe. Sir, your pardon!

I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant; nor did she on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your disquiet; she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.

Heartl. Pretty boy!

Alatbe. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray, if I have, enjoin me any penance for't:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another.

Heartl. And I'll take thee
At thy word, boy; thou hast a moving language:
That pretty innocent copy of Maria
Is all I love; I know not how to speak;
Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.

Alatbe.

Alatbe. I undertake
Nothing for gain; but since you have resolv'd
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you;
And my prophetic thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Heartl. Thou wert sent to bless me!

Alatbe. Pray give us opportunity.

Heartl. Be happy! [Exit.]

Nurse. He's gone.

Alatbe. With your fair leave, mistress!

Maria. Have you business with her, pray you?

Alatbe. I have a message from a gentleman;
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private!

Nurse. You
Shall have my absence, niece. [Exit.]

Maria. Was the gentleman
Afeard to declare his matters openly?
Here was no body was not very honest:
If her like not her errands the better, was wist
To keep her preaths to cool her porridges,
Can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings
And tawgings.

Alatbe. You may, if please you, find another
language;
And with less pains be understood.

Maria. What is her meaning?

Alatbe. Come, pray speak your own English.

Maria. Have yous lost her itts and memories?
Pless us aule!

Alatbe. I must be plain then: Come, I know you are
Maria; this thin veil cannot obscure you:
I'll tell the world you live. I have not lost you,
Since first, with grief and shame to be surpriz'd,
A violent trance took away show of life:
I could discover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin; could declare the place and minute
When you reviv'd; and what you have done since,
as perfectly——

Maria. Alas, I am betray'd to new misfortunes!

Alatbe. You are not, for my knowledge; I'll be dumb

For ever; rather than be such a traitor.

Indeed I pity you; and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace. Call home your modest blood!

Pale hath too long usurp'd upon your face:

Think upon love again, and the possession
Of full-blown joys, now ready to salute you!

Maria. These words undo me more than my own
griefs.

Alatbe. I see how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But I'll remove suspicion: Have you in
Your heart an entertainment for his love.

To whom your virgin faith made the first promise?

Maria. If thou mean'st Heartlove, thou dost wound
me still!

I have no life without his memory,

Nor with it any hope to keep it long.

Thou seest I walk in darkness, like a thief,

That fears to see the world in his own shape;

My very shadow frights me; 'tis a death

To live thus, and not look day in the face.

Away, I know thee not!

Alatbe. You shall hereafter know, and thank me,
lady:

I'll bring you a discharge at my next visit,

Of all your fears: Be content, fair Maria!

'Tis worth your wonder.

Maria. Impossible!

Alatbe. Be wise, and silent! Dress yourself³⁶:
You shall be what you wish.

Maria. Do this, and be

My better angel!

Alatbe. All your cares on me! [*Exeunt.*

³⁶ Dress yourself,

You shall be what you wish.] Dress here seems to confound the sense greatly, and I propose reading, if the place is wrong, rest yourself.—i. e. rest and repose yourself, and all your cares on me. *Sympson.*

Dress is right; and, accordingly, she comes in (p. 164) dress'd as Maria.

A C T V.

*Enter Lurcer and Alathe.**Lurc.* I MUST applaud thy diligence.*Alathe.* It had been nothing
T' have left him in the porch. I call'd his servants ;
With wonders they acknowledg'd him ; I pretended
It was some spice sure of the falling sickness,
And that 'twas charity to bring him home ;
They rubb'd and chaf'd him, plied him with strong-
water ;Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him ;
I wish'd 'em then get him to bed ; they did so,
And almost smother'd him with rugs and pillows ;
And, 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,
I watch'd him 'till he wak'd ³⁷.*Lurc.* 'Twas excellent !*Alathe.* When his time came to yawn, and stretch
himself,I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home ; his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his servants,
And told 'em he had seen strange visions,
That should convert him from his heathen courses ;
They wonder'd, and were silent ; there he preach'd
How sweet the air of a contented conscience
Smelt in his nose now, ask'd 'em all forgiveness
For their hard pasture since they liv'd with him ;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold surloin,
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't ;
The conceal'd muskadine should now lie open
To every mouth ; that he would give to th' poor ;
And mend their wages ; that his doors should be

³⁷ I watch'd 'em till he wak'd.] The variation proposed by Symphon.

Open to every miserable sutor.

Lurc. What said his servants then?

Alatbe. They durst not speak,
But bless'd themselves, and the strange means that had
Made him a Christian: In this over-joy
I took my leave, and bad 'em say their prayers,
And humour him, lest he turn'd Jew again.

Lurc. Enough, enough!—Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my ringers, (stand close!) my lady's
coachman!

Toby. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
'Would I were at rack and manger among my horses!
We have divided the Sexton's household-stuff
Among us; one has the rug, and he's turn'd Irish;
Another has a blanket, and he must beg in't;
The sheets serve another for a frock,
And with the bed-cord he may pass for a porter;
Nothing but the mat would fall to my share, which,
With the help of a tune, and a hassock out o'th' church,
May disguise me 'till I get home. A pox
O' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man
Take me at it again, let him pull mine
To the pillory. I could wish I had lost
Mine ears, so I had my cloaths again: The weather
Wo'not allow this fashion; I do look
For an ague besides.

Lurc. How the rascal shakes!

Toby. Here are company!

Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
A hassock for your feet, or a piss clean and sweet!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to church
more.

Lurc. You with a mat!

Toby. I'm call'd. If any one
Should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in!
Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horse-loaf,

Something

Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.

Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He's deaf.

Toby. I am glad I am: Buy a mat for a bed!

Lurc. How the rascal sweats! what a pickle he is in!
Every street he goes thro' will be a new torment.

Toby. If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—
I am cold, and yet I drop. Buy a mat for a bed,
buy a mat!

Lurc. He has punishment enough. [*Exit Toby.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this? my t'other youth? he is turn'd bear.

Wildb. I am half afraid of myself: This poor shift
I got o'th' Sexton, to convey me handsomely
To some harbour; the wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for some watchman of the parish.
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,
For every thing will scorn me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers—
If I get in a-doors, not the pow'r o'th' country,
Nor all my aunt's curses, shall disemboque me.

Lurc. Bid her come hither presently. Hum! 'tis
he. [*Exit Servant.*

Wildb. I'm betray'd to one that will eternally laugh
at me!

Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death.

Lurc. 'Tis Mr. Wildbrain sure; and yet, methinks,
His fashion's strangely alter'd. Sirrah, watchman!
You ragamuffin! turn, you lousy bear's skin,
You with the bed-rid bill!

Wildb. H' has found me out;
There's no avoiding him: I'd rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,
Than answer to his articles. Your will, Sir?
I am in haste.

Lurc. Nay, then I will make bold wi'ye.

L 4

A watchman,

A watchman, and ashamed to shew his countenance,
His face of authority?—I have seen that physiognomy:
Were you never in prison for pilfering?

Wildb. How the rogue worries me!

Lurc. Why may not this

Be th' villain robb'd my house last night,
And walks disguis'd in this malignant rug,
Arm'd with a ton of iron? I will have you
Before a magistrate.

Wildb. What will become of me!

Lurc. What art thou? speak!

Wildb. I am the Wandering Jew³⁸, an't please your
worship:

Lurc.

³⁸ *The Wandering Jew.*] The following very entertaining passage is extracted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 295, & seq.

'The story of the *Wandering Jew* is of considerable antiquity: It had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith.' The archbishop answered, 'That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well; That he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: That he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apoc-

tles

Lurc. By your leave, rabbi, I will shew you then
A synagogue, yclept Bridewell, where you,
Under correction, may rest yourself.

You have brought a bill to guard you; there be dog-
whips

To firke such rugg'd curs, whips without bells

Indeed.

Wildb. Bells?

Lurc. How he sweats!

Wildb. I must be known; as good at first.—Now
jeer on,

But do not anger me too impudently;

The rabbi will be mov'd then.

Lurc. How! Jack Wildbrain?

What time o'th' moon, man, ha? What strange bells
Hast in thy brains?

Wildb. No more bells,

No more bells! they ring backwards.

Lurc. Why, where's the wench, the blessing that
befel thee?

The unexpected happiness? where's that, Jack?

Where are thy golden days?

Wildb. It was his trick, as sure as I am lousy!

But how to be reveng'd—

Lurc. Fy, fy, Jack! marry

A watchman's widow in thy young days, with a
Revenue of old iron and a rug?

Is this the paragon, the dainty piece,

The delicate divine rogue?

Wildb. 'Tis enough! I am undone,

Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating.

Give me my bill.

'tles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very
'grave and holy person.' This is the substance of Matthew Paris's
'account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living
'at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.
'Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under
'the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several
'histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See
'also the Turkish Spy, vol. II. book. iii. let. 1.'

Lurc.

Lurc. You need not ask your taylor's,
Unless you had better linings. It may be,
To avoid suspicion, you are going thus
Disguis'd to your fair mistress.

Wildb. Mock no further,
Or, as I live, I'll lay my bill o' thy pate;
I'll take a watchman's fury into my fingers,
To ha' no judgment to distinguish persons,
And knock thee down.

Lurc. Come, I ha' done; and now
Will speak some comfort to thee: I will lead thee
Now to my mistress, hitherto conceal'd.
She shall take pity on thee too; she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good: I'll not be jealous, Jack;
Her beauty shall commend itself: But do not,
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me!

Wildb. Art thou in earnest? by this cold iron——

Lurc. No oaths; I am not covise. Here she comes.

Enter Mistress.

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you;
He's other than he seems. Why do ye stare thus?

Mistress. Oh, Sir, forgive me! I have done you wrong.
[To *Lurcher*.

Lurc. What is the matter? didst e'er see her afore,
Jack?

Wildb. Prithee do what thou wot wi' me; if thou hast
A mind, hang me up quickly!

Lurc. Never despair; I'll give thee my share rather:
Take her; I hope she loves thee at first sight,
Sh'has petticoats will patch thee up a suit:
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles;
I took some pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.
What think you, pink of beauty? Come, let me
Counsel you both to marry; sh'has a trade,
If you've audacity to hook in gamesters:
Let's ha' a wedding! You'll be wondrous rich;

For

For she is impudent, and thou art miserable ;

'Twill be a rare match.

Mistress. As you're a man, forgive me ! I'll redeem all.

Lurc. You wo'not to this geer of marriage then ?

Wildb. No, no, I thank you, Tom ! I can watch for
A groat a-night, and be ev'ry gentleman's fellow.

Lurc. Rise, and be good ; keep home, and tend
your business ! [*Exit Mistress.*

Wildb. Th'haft done't to purpose. Give me thy
hand, Tom :

Shall we be friends ? Thou see'st what state I'm in ;
I'll undertake this penance, to my aunt,

Just as I am, and openly I'll go ;

Where, if I be receiv'd again for current,

And Fortune smile once more——

Lurc. Nay, nay, I'm satisfied ;

So, farewell, honest, lousy Jack !

Wildb. I cannot

Help it ; some men meet with strange destinies.

If things go right, thou mayst be hang'd, and I

May live, to see't, and purchase thy apparel :

So, farewell, Tom ! Commend me to thy polcat ! [*Exe.*

Enter Lady, Nurse, and Servant.

Lady. Now, that I have my counsel ready, and my
cause ripe ;

The judges all inform'd of the abuses ;

Now that he should be gone——

Nurse. No man knows whither ;

And yet they talk he went forth with a constable

That told him of strange business, that would bring him

Money and lands, and Heav'n knows what ; but they

Have search'd, and cannot find out such an officer :

And as a secret, madam, they told your man

Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spy,

They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil

I'th' likeness of a constable, that has tempted him

By this time to strange things : There have been men,

As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,

And

172 THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR,
And so forth; many trees have borne strange fruits;
D'ye think he has not hang'd himself?

Lady. If he
Be hang'd, who has his goods?

Nurse. They are forfeited,
They say.

Lady. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.

Nurse. Very likely!

Lady. Or did not th' constable carry him to some
prison?

Nurse. They thought on that too, and search'd
every where.

Lady. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.

Nurse. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And muster'd all the bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is the gentleman again.

Lady. What gentleman?

Serv. He that lov'd my young mistress.

Lady. Alas, 'tis Heartlove; 'twill but feed his
melancholy

To let him see Maria, since we dare not.
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrow'd tongue and habit.

Nurse. Please you entertain him awhile, madam,
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.

Lady. Do what thou wo't!—Pray Mr. Heartlove
enter. [*Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally,*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.

Lady. Pardon? for what? you ne'er offended me.

Heartl. Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.

Lady. I was her mother; but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her: In that very minute
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names

Of

Of mother and of daughter.

Heartl. Alas, madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood :
No matter for the empty voice of mother !
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love Maria, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted.

Lady. You amaze me !
By whom ?

Heartl. By me ; I am the vile profaner.

Lady. Why do you speak thus indiscretely, Sir ?
You ever honour'd her.

Heartl. I did, alive ;
But, since she died, I ha' been a villain to her.

Lady. I do beseech you say not so ; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.

Heartl. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for ;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And thro' her marble ought to be reveng'd ;
A wickedness, that, if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.

Lady. Was I a witness ?

Heartl. Yes ; you knew I lov'd
Maria once ; or, grant you did but think so,
By what I ha' profess'd, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I should drop my tears upon her grave ;
Yes, and proof sufficient——

Lady. To what ?

Heartl. That I, forgetful of my fame and vows
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender shroud, had chang'd her for another.
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel ?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,

Without

Without a name? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow,
That she had escap'd a punishment more killing?
Oh, how I shame to think on't!

Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your Maria, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

Heartl. No more! you are too charitable: But
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent
face,

Like your Maria's, won so late upon me:
My passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without
Love in a thought. 'Tis this I came to tell you:
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent grave
You have dispos'd your daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of her dust, and never leave,
'Till, with a loud confession of my shame,
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon.
Will you deny this favour? Then, farewell!
I'll never see you more. Ha!

*Enter Nurse, and Maria in her own apparel; after some
show of wonder, Heartlove goes towards her.*

Lady. Be not deluded, Sir! upon my life,
This is the soul whom you but thought Maria,
In my daughter's habit. What did you mean, Nurse?
I knew she would but cozen you: Is she not like now?

Heartl. One dew unto another is not nearer ³⁹.

Nurse. She thinks she is a gentlewoman; and that
Imagination has so taken her,
She scorns to speak. How handsomely she carries it,

³⁹ ——— is she not like now?

[One dew unto another is not nearer.] Mr. Theobald saw with
me, that *Frank Heartlove's* name was dropt here, which I have
made no scruple to insert in the text, *Sympson.*

As if she were a well-bred thing, her body!

And, I warrant you, what looks!

Lady. Pray, be not foolish.

Heartl. I disturb nobody. Speak but half a word,
And I am satisfied! But what needs that?

I'll swear 'tis she.

Lady. But do not, I beseech you;
For, trust me, Sir, you know not what I know.

Heartl. Peace then,
And let me pray! She holds up her hands with me.

Lady. This will betray all.

Heartl. Love, ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou sovereign of all hearts,
Of all our sorrows the sweet ease—She weeps now⁴⁰!
Does she still cozen me?

Nurse. You'll see anon.

'Twas her desire; expect the issue, madam.

Heartl. My soul's so big, I cannot pray! 'Tis she!
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, and Alathe.

Nurse. Here is Mr. Algripe,
And other strangers, madam.

Alg. Here, good lady;
Upon my knees, I ask thy worship's pardon!
Here's the whole sum I had with thy fair daughter:
'Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty!

I had a wife before, and could not marry:
My penance shall be, on that man that honour'd her
To confer some land.

Lady. This is incredible!

⁴⁰ *Of all our sorrows the sweet ease.*

She weeps now.]

Mr. Theobald says in his margin, *She weeps now*, which is here only made a stage direction, must be part of the text. However, I have not dar'd to follow his opinion, as it either might or might not have been, so the Reader is left to his own judgment either to admit or reject it.

Symphon.

The measure and sense both declaring for it, we have inserted the words in the text.

Alg. 'Tis truth.

Lurc. Do you know me, Sir?

Alg. Ha! the gentleman I deceiv'd?

Lurc. My name is Lurcher.

Alg. Sha't have thy mortgage.

Lurc. I ha' that already;

No matter for the deed, if you release it.

Alg. I'll do't before thy witness.

But where's thy sister? if she live, I'm happy,

Tho' I conceal'd our contract⁴¹, which was stol'n
from me

With the evidence of this land.

Alathe goes to Maria, and gives her a paper; she wonders, and smiles upon Heartlove; he, amaz'd, approaches her; afterwards she shews it her mother, and then gives it to Heartlove.

Nurse. Your daughter smiles.

Lurc. I hope she lives; but where I cannot tell, Sir.

Alathe. E'en here, an please you, Sir.

Alg. How!

Alathe. Nay, 'tis she.

To work thy fair way, I preserv'd you, brother,

That would have lost me willingly, and serv'd you

Thus like a boy: I serv'd you faithfully,

And cast your plots but to preserve your credit;

Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses,

So far as you would hearken to my counsel,

That all the world may know how much you owe me.

Alg. Welcome, entirely! welcome, my dear Alathe!

And, when I lose thee again, blessing forsake me!

Nay, let me kiss thee in these cloaths!

Lurc. And I too,

And bless the time I had so wise a sister!

Wert thou the Little Thief?

Alathe. I stole the contract,

I must confess, and kept it to myself;

It most concern'd me.

⁴¹ Tho' I conceal our contract.] So former editions.

Heartl. Contracted? this destroys
His after-marriage.

Maria. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with it.

Alg. Maria alive? how my heart's exalted! 'Tis my
duty:

Take her, Frank Heartlove, take her; and all joys,
With her; besides some land t' advance her jointure!

Lady. What I have is your own; and blessings
crown ye!

Heartl. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen!
My hopes are too high.

Maria. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be Welsh again!

Alg. A day of wonder!

Alatbe. Lady, your love! I ha' kept my word; there
was

A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you;

And hearing you were dead, I stole your coffin,
That you might never more usurp my office.

Many more knacks I did, which at the weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales ⁴². [*Shout within.*]

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. Hollow your throats apieces! I'm at home;
If you can roar me out again——

Lady. What thing is this?

Lurc. A continent of fleas; Room for the pageant!
Make room afore there! Your kinsman, madam.

Lady. My kinsman? let me wonder!

Wildb. Do, and

I'll wonder too to see this company
At peace one with another.

⁴² *Lady, your love, &c.*] This speech has been, hitherto given to
Lurcber; tho' the circumstances recited in it prove that it belongs
to *Alatbe*. The fourth line of it, however, requires some amend-
ment: We should either read, *And hearing you were dead*, or *And*
fearing you wern't dead. We prefer the former.

Maria. 'Tis not worth
Your admiration; I was never dead yet ⁴³.

Wildb. You're merry, aunt, I see, and all your
company:

If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forswear midnight, taverns, and temptations;
Give good example to your grooms; the maids
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.

Lurc. And, when you'll fool again, you may go ring.

Wildb. Madam, have mercy!

Lady. Your submission, Sir,

I gladly take (we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards),
Now you are soundly sham'd; well, we restore you.
Where's Toby? where's the coachman?

Nurse. He's a-bed, madam,
And has an ague, he says.

Lurc. I'll be his physician.

Lady. We must afoot then.

Lurc. Ere the priest ha' done,
Toby shall wait upon you with his coach,
And make your Flanders mares dance back again
wi' ye,

I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;
Your suit shall be granted too.

Wildb. Make, make room afore there!

Lady. Home forward with glad hearts! home, child.

Maria. I wait you.

Heartl. On joyfully!—The cure of all our grief,
Is owing to this pretty Little Thief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

⁴³ 'Tis not worth

Your admiration; I was never dead yet.] These words (though so obviously belonging to *Maria*) have hitherto stood as part of *Wildbrain's* speech.

T H E

ISLAND PRINCESS.

A T R A G I - C O M E D Y.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. In the year 1687, Tate made some alterations in this piece, with which it was printed; and Peter Motteux, about ten years afterwards, brought it forward as an Opera, under the title of 'The Island Princess, or The Generous Portuguese.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

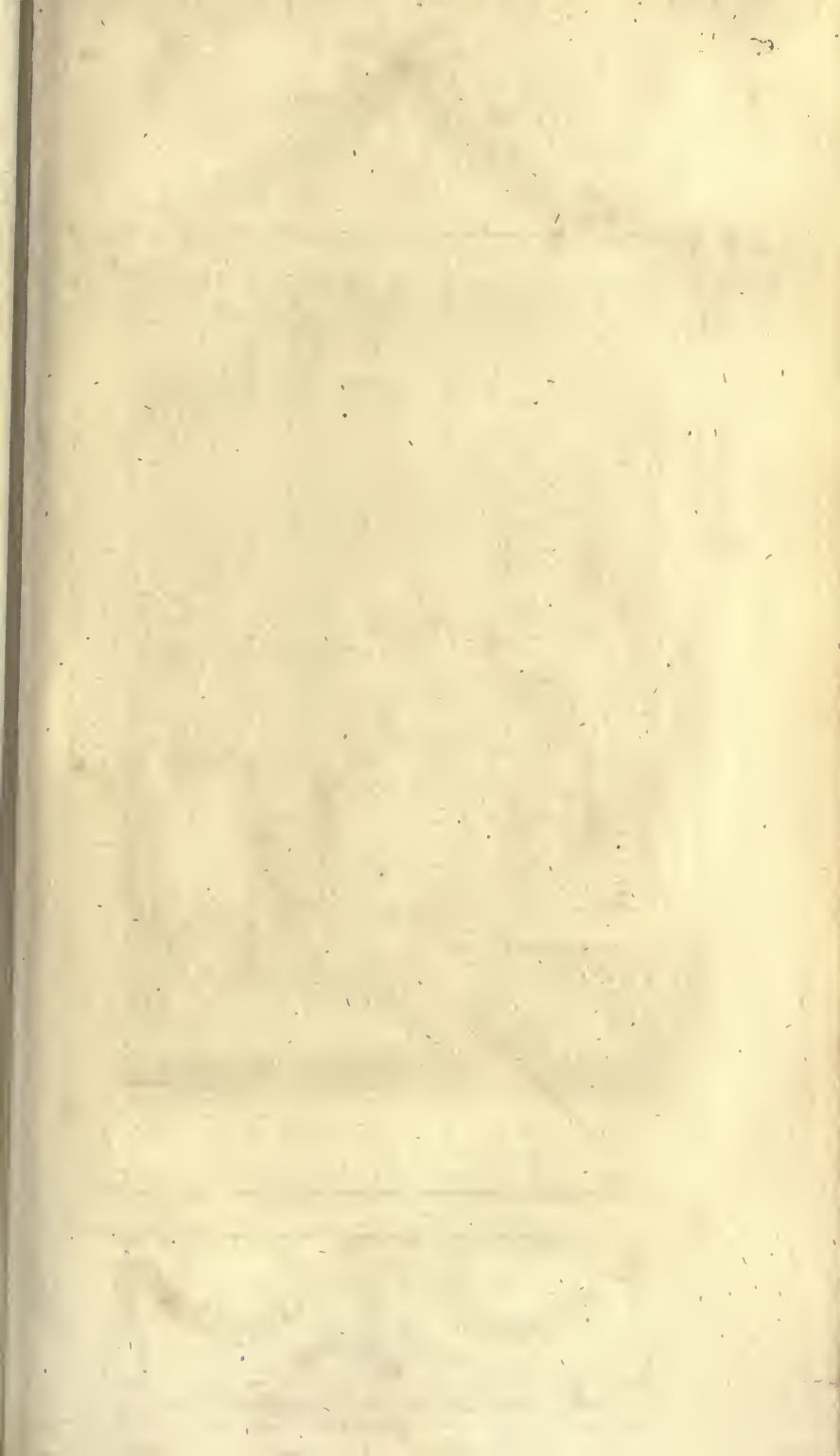
King of Tidore.
 King of Bakam,
 Prince of Syana, }
 Armusia, } *Portuguese.* } *Suitors to Quisara.*
 Ruy Dias, }
 Governor of Ternata,
 Piniero, *nephew to Ruy Dias.*
 Soza, }
 Emanuel, } *Friends to Armusia.*
 Christophero, }
 Pedro, } *Friends to Piniero.*
 Keeper.
 Moors.
 Guard.
 Captain.
 Citizens.
 Townsmen.

W O M E N.

Quisara, *the Island Princess, sister to the King of Tidore.*
 Quisana, *aunt to the Princess.*
 Panura, *waiting-woman to the Princess Quisara.*
 Citizens' Wives.

SCENE, I N D I A.

T H E



THE ISLAND PRINCESS.



Piniero. *I'll tear him thus before you. — Ha! what art thou?*
King. *How's this! Art thou a prophet?* Act V.



Published by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, Covent Garden, Sep. 1, 1777.

T H E
A C T

ISLAND PRINCESS.

A C T I.

A bell rings.

Enter Piniero, Christophero, and Pedro.

Piniero. **O** P E N the ports, and see the watch
reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their
business,

Their vigilant eyes fix'd on these islanders!
They're false and desp'rate people; when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty souls. Believe me, gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which, against all arms and honesty,
The Governor of Ternata made surprize
Of our confederate', the King of Tidore,
(As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both lands) bids us be wise and circumspect.

Chrisf. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done: That Governor is a fierce knave,
Unfaithful as he's fierce, too; there's no trusting:
But I wonder much, how such poor and base pleasures

¹ Governor of Terna, &c.] Ternata (or Ternate, as Milton calls it), Tidore, and Bakan or Bacham, are three of the Molucco islands.

As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
Should become princes.

Pin. Base breedings love base pleasure;
They take as much delight in a baratto,
(A little scurvy boat) to row her tightly,
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, (tho' it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a gentleman)
As we Portugals, or th' Spaniards, do in riding,
In managing a great horse, (which is princely)
The French in courtship², or the dancing English
In carrying a fair presence.

Pedro. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no trust; h'has paid for't,
His sister yet, the fair and great Quisara,
Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother; and the nobler
Still it appears, and seasons of more tenderness,
Because his ruin stiles her absolute,
And his imprisonment adds to her profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brother's freedom,
If wealth or honour—

Pin. Peace, peace! you are fool'd, Sir:
Things of these natures have strange outsides, Pedro,
And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us;
Draw 'em but near, they're gross, and they abuse us:
They that observe her close shall find her nature,
Which, I doubt mainly, will not prove so excellent.
She is a Princess, and she must be fair,
That's the prerogative of being royal;
Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beautiful,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,

² *The French in courtship, or the dancing English.*] If the English were as fond of dancing in the time of the Poets, as they are now, the common lesson is right; otherwise I should chuse to read so,

The French in courtship, dancing, or the English, &c. Symphon.

And people must believe it, they are damn'd else:
Why, all the neighbour princes are mad for her.

Chris. Is she not fair then?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer.

And there's a haughty master, the king of Bakam,
That lofty Sir, that speaks far more and louder,
In his own commendations, than a cannon;
He is strucken dumb with her.

Pedro. Beshrew me, she is a sweet one.

Pin. And there's that hopeful man of Syana,
That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a lover too.

Chris. 'Would I were worth her looking!
For, by my life, I hold her a complete one:
The very fun, I think, affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny livery.

Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And her complexion in a case³: Let him but like it
A week⁴, or two, or three, she would look like a lion.
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth deliver'd for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner⁵,

³ *And her complexion.*] First folio and Sympfon read,
And wears her complexion, &c.

⁴ *Let him but like it, &c.*] The editors of 1750 propose varying
to, *let him but LICK it*; or, *let him but KISS it*; or, *let him but*
LOOK ON'T: 'So (says Sympfon) in Solomon's Song: *LOOK not*
' upon me because I am black, because the Sun bath look'd upon me.'

⁵ *And he brought, &c.*] I read and point the latter part of this
speech thus:

*And he hath brought a letter from his prisoner,
Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd
From the poor King: and what else be in't—*

The addition of a monosyllable in the first line, and the change of
the points, is required by the sense and the measure: The *or* in the
third got there from the line above, and excluded the proper mono-
syllable.

Seaward.

(Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd)
From the poor King; or what else dare be in't—

Chris. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one;
For I dare think she'll do the best.

Pin. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and solicits hourly.
Now if he have the trick——

Pedro. What trick?

Pin. The true one,
To take her too: If he be but skill'd in bat-fowling,
And lime his bush right——

Chris. I'll be hang'd when that hits;
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd affection
That must take her: I guess her stout and virtuous,
But where's your uncle, Sir, our valiant captain,
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while?

Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongst 'em too.

Pedro. A lover?

Pin. Nay,
I know not that; but sure he stands in favour,
Or would stand stiffly; he's no Portugal else.

Chris. The voice says, in good favour; in the list too
Of the privy wooers. How cunningly of late
(I have observ'd him) and how privately
H'has stolen at all hours from us, and how readily
H'has feign'd a business to bid the fort farewell
For five or six days, or a month together!
Sure there is something——

Pin. Yes, yes, there's a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it,
A dainty thing! Lord, how this uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my bones——

Pedro. You car'd not for it.

Pin. I faith, not much; I ventur'd on still easily,
And took my chance; danger's a soldier's honour.
But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy Dias,
This father of our faculties, should slip thus!

(For

(For sure he is a-ferreting) that he
 That would drink nothing, to depreſs the ſpirit,
 But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air,
 To make his blood obedient; that his youth,
 In ſpite of all his temperance, ſhould tickle,
 And have a love-mange on him——

Chriſ. 'Tis in him, Sir,

But honourable courtſhip, and becomes his rank too.

Pin. In me it were abominable lechery, or would be;
 For when our thoughts are on't⁶, and miſs their level,
 We muſt hit ſomething.

Pedro. Well, he's a noble gentleman;
 And, if he be a ſuitor, may he ſpeed in't!

Pin. Let him alone; our family ne'er fail'd yet.

Chriſ. Our mad lieutenant ſtill, merry Piniero.
 Thus would he do, if the ſurgeon were ſearching of
 him.

Pedro. Eſpecially if a warm wench had ſhot him.

Pin. But hark, Chriſtophero; come hither, Pedro;
 When ſaw you our brave countryman, Armuſia,
 He that's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
 A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
 Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
 For he that dares come hither dares fight any where.

Chriſ. I ſaw him not of late. A ſober gentleman
 I'm ſure he is; and no doubt bravely ſprung,
 And promiſes much nobleneſs.

Pin. I love him,
 And by my troth would fain be inward with him.
 Pray let's go ſeek him.

Pedro. We'll attend you, Sir.

Pin. By that time, we ſhall hear the burſt of
 buſineſs. [Exeunt.]

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, and Panura.

Quiſar. Aunt, I much thank you for your courteſy,
 And the fair liberty you ſtill allow me,

⁶ Our thoughts are on't.] Sympſon would read,

Our thoughts are out.

Both of your house and service. Tho' I be
 A princess, and by that prerogative stand free
 From the poor malice of opinion,
 And no ways bound to render up my actions,
 Because no power above me can examine me;
 Yet, my dear brother being still a prisoner,
 And many wandering eyes upon my ways,
 Being left alone a sea-mark, it behoves me
 To use a little caution, and be circumspect.

Quisan. You're wise and noble, lady.

Quisar. Often, aunt,
 I resort hither, and privately to see you,
 It may be to converse with some I favour:
 I would not have it known as oft, nor constru'd;
 It stands not with my care.

Quisan. You speak most fairly;
 For ev'n our pure devotions are examin'd.

Quisar. So mad are mens' minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monstrous;
 They're thick dreams bred in fogs, that know no
 fairness.

Quisan. Madam, the house is yours, I'm yours,
 (pray, use me)
 And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
 My care shall ever be to yield you honour,
 And; when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault, lady.
 A poor and simple banquet I've provided,
 Which if you please to honour with your presence—

Quisar. I thank you, aunt! I shall be with you
 instantly.

A few words with this gentleman!

Quisan. I'll leave you;
 And, when you please retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt Quisan. and Pan.*]

Quisar. Why, how now, captain? what, afraid to
 speak to me?

A man of arms, and daunted with a lady?
 Commanders have the power to parle with princes.

Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still showr'd on me,
 (Which

(Which are so high above my means of merit,
 So infinite, that nought can value 'em
 But their own goodness; no eyes look up to 'em
 But those that are of equal light and lustre)
 Strike me thus mute! You are my royal mistress,
 And all my services, that aim at honour,
 Take life from you, the faint of my devotions.
 Pardon my wish! it is a fair ambition,
 And well becomes the man that honours you:
 I would I were of worth, of something near you,
 Of such a royal piece⁷! a king I would be,
 A mighty king that might command affection⁸,
 And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you,
 And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk, Sir!

You Portugals, tho' you be rugged soldiers,
 Yet, when you list to flatter, you're plain courtiers.
 And could you wish me Christian, brave Ruy Dias?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great lady,
 At all my hopes, at all——

Quisar. Pray you stay a little;
 To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. Oh, glorious lady,
 That I might—But I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare then;
 That you might hope to marry me: Nay, blush not;
 An honourable end needs no excuse.
 And would you love me then?

⁷ *Of such a royal piece.*] Seward proposes, *royal PRICE.*

⁸ ——— *command affection.*

And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you] To wish to bring a youth upon him is an expression, I fancy, not easily to be exemplified. To preserve the delicacy, as well as propriety of the sentiment here intended, I suspect the passage once run thus,

————— *a King I would be,*

A mighty King that might command affection,

A spring of youth upon me might bewitch ye, &c. Symphon.

This is a happy emendation; and we think meets confirmation from a passage in the *Night-Walker*, (p. 162) where Heartlove, speaking of Maria, calls her *a walking SPRING of beauty.*

Ruy. My soul not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me
that way,

Something of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatch'd nobleness, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you.

'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon;
That inward man I love that's lin'd with virtue,
That well-deserving soul works out a favour.

I've many princes suitors, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you; you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune:
I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry;
Only the hope is, something may be done
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom,
And leave opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear lady!

And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt——

Quisar. You are too sudden;

I must be rul'd by you: Find out a fortune,
Wisely and handsomely; examine Time,
And court Occasion that she may be ready!
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
You may find daily; be sure you take a good one!
A brave and worthy one, that may advance you!
Forc'd smiles reward poor dangers: You're a soldier,
(I'd not talk so else) and I love a soldier,
And that that speaks him true and great, his valour:
Yet for all these, which are but womens' follies,
You may do what you please; I shall still know you,
And, tho' you wear no sword——

Ruy. Excellent lady!

When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a tombstone. You've read to me
The story of your favour: If I mistake it,
Or grow a truant in the study of it,

A great

A great correction, lady——

Quisar. Let's to th' banquet,
And have some merrier talk, and then to court,
Where I give audience to my general suitors!

Pray Heav'n my woman's wit hold! There, brave
captain,

You may perchance meet something that may startle
you:

I'll say no more: Come, be not fad! I love you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Piniero, Armusia, Soza, Christophero, and
Emanuel.*

Pin. You're welcome, gentlemen, most worthy
welcome!

And know, there's nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir, we thank you,
And rest your servants too.

Pin. Ye're worthy Portugals;
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits,
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring unwearied souls to seek adventures,
Minds never satisfied with search of honour:
Where time is, and the sun gives light, brave coun-
trymen,

Our names are known; new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties and their prides, to our embraces,
And we the first of nations find these wonders.

Arm. These noble thoughts, Sir, have entic'd us
forward,

And minds unapt for ease, to see these miracles,
In which we find Report a poor relater:

We are arriv'd among the blessed islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,

And every breath of air is like an incense;
The treasure of the sun dwells here; each tree,

As if it envied the old Paradise,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the spices

Renewing

Renewing nature, tho' not deifying;
 And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
 The fullen earth, should taint or suck their beauties,
 But as we dream'd, for ever so preserve us:
 Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
 The very rivers, as we float along,
 Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;
 The bowels of the earth swell with the births
 Of thousand unknown gems, and thousand riches;
 Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treasure.
 The people they shew brave too, civil-manner'd,
 Proportion'd like the masters of great minds;
 The women, which I wonder at——

Pin. You speak well.

Arm. Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beauteous,
 And, to that admiration, sweet and courteous.

Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave Armusia,
 You never saw the court before?

Arm. No, certain;
 But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
 The government exact——

Chris. You shall see anon
 That that will make you start indeed! such beauties,
 Such riches, and such form——

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Governor.

Soza. We're fire already;
 The wealthy magazine of Nature sure
 Inhabits here.

Arm. These sure are all islanders.

Pin. Yes, and great princes too, and lusty lovers.

Arm. They're goodly persons. What might he
 be, signor,
 That bears so proud a state?

Pin. King of Bakam,
 A fellow that farts terror.

Eman. He looks highly;
 Sure he was begot o'th' top of a steeple.

Chris. It may well be;

For you shall hear him ring anon.

Pin. That is Syana,

And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more valiant.

Soza. What rugged face is that?

Pin. That's the great Governor,

The man surpriz'd our friend; I told you of him.

Arm. H'has dangerous eyes.

Pin. A perilous thief, and subtle!

Chrif. And, to that subtilty, a heart of iron.

Pin. Yet the young lady makes it melt.

Arm. They start all,

And thunder in the eyes.

Bakam. Away, ye poor ones!

Am I in competition with such bubbles?

My virtue and my name rank'd with such trifles?

Syana. You speak loud.

Bakam. Young man, I will speak louder!

Can any man but I deserve her favour,

You petty princes?

Pin. He will put 'em all in's pocket.

[*Princes fly at one another.*]

Syana. Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of
glory,

So full of vanity!

Bakam. How! I contemn thee,

And that fort-keeping fellow!

Pin. How the dog looks,

The bandog Governor!

Gov. Ha! Why?

Bakam. Away, thing,

And keep your rank with those that fit your royalty!

Call out the Princess?

Gov. Dost thou know me, bladder,

⁹ Call out the Princess] 'Tis possible this place may seem intire in the judgment of my readers, and so any correction or attempt towards one needless; yet, I own, I don't think so, but imagine the line once run thus,

Call out the Princess.

i. e. Do you pick out the Princess to disgrace her with the love of a person so ev'ry way unworthy of her as you are? *Sympson.*

Thou

Thou insolent imposthume ?

Bakam. I despise thee.

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature, baby ?
With my revenge for injuries ? Dar'st thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee ?
What canst thou merit ?

Bakam. Merit ? I'm above it ;
I'm equal with all honours, all achievements,
And what is great and worthy ; the best doer
I keep at my command ; Fortune's my servant :
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye ;
And, but she deigns at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestow'd some titles on ye,
I should forget your names.

Syana. Mercy of me !

What a blown fool has self-affection
Made of this fellow ! Did not the queen your mother
Long for bellows and bagpipes when she was great
with you,

She brought forth such a windy birth ?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one

She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a larum ;
Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was
young¹⁰.

Syana. He swells too mainly with his meditations :
Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with you !

We're princes ;

But those are but poor things to you : Talk wiser !

'Twill well become your mightiness : Talk less,

That men may think you can do more !

Gov. Talk truth,

That men may think you're honest, and believe you !
Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of you.

Bakam. Why, I can talk and do——

¹⁰ Or else——] *Syana* should begin here, and *too* in the
second line should be *so*.

We cannot think so.

Gov. That would do excellent.

Bakam. And tell you, only I deserve the Princess;
And make good *only I*, if you dare; you, Sir;
Or you, Syana's prince!

Pin. Here's a storm toward;
Methinks it sings already. To him, Governor!

Gov. Here lies my proof. [Draw.

Syana. And mine.

Gov. I'll be short with you;
For these long arguments I was ne'er good at.

Pin. How white the boaster looks!

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Arm. I see he lacks faith.

Ruy. For shame, forbear, great princes; rule your
angers!

You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty——

Gov. He's well contented,
It seems; and so I've done.

Arm. Is this she, signor?

Pin. This is the Princess, Sir.

Arm. She's sweet and goodly,
An admirable form; they've cause to juggle.

Quisar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward
princes!

Comes your love wrapt in violence to seek us?

Is't fit, tho' you be great, my presence should be

Stain'd and polluted with your bloody rages?

My privacies affrighted with your swords?

He that loves me, loves my command: Be temper'd,

Or be no more what ye profess, my servants!

Omnes. We're calm as peace.

Arm. What command she carries!

And what a sparkling majesty flies from her!

Quisar. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find danger,

And danger that shall start your resolutions:

But not this way. 'Tis not contention who loves

Me to my face best, or who can flatter most,

Can carry me: He that deserves my favour,

And will enjoy what I bring, love and majesty,
Must win me with his worth, must travel for me,
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well-confirm'd, a temperate, and true valour.

Omnes. But shew the way.

Quisar. And will; and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I'll say ye're worthy!

Pin. What task now will she turn 'em to? These
hot youths

I fear will find a cooling card: I read in her eyes,
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst 'em:
By this hand, I love her a little now!

Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miserable,
And prisoner to that man: If I were ambitious,
Gap'd for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his miseries upon him;
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontrol'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death would give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all:
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness, cannot force me
To forget nature and my fair affection:
Therefore, that man that would be known my lover
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him,
Either alive or dead, to my embraces,
(For e'en his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery)
Or seek another mistress. 'Twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness!
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chris. How they stand gaping all!

Quisar. Ruy Dias cold?

Not fly like fire into it? May be, you doubt me:
He that shall do this is my husband, prince",

By

" Is my husband prince.] Ruy Dias appears only to have been
the

By the bright Heavens, he is! by whose justice
I openly proclaim it: If I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me; and reward my falshood!
No stirring yet? no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be; but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time: The cause will ask it;
Great acts require great counsels.

Quisar. Take your pleasure!—
I fear the Portugal.

Bakam. I'll raise an army
That shall bring back his island; fort and all;
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your grandfather's days.

Syana. What may be,
And what my power can promise, noblest lady—
My will I'm sure stands fair.

Quisar. Fair be your fortune!
Few promises are best, and fair performance.

Gov. These cannot do; their power and arts are
weak ones!

'Tis in my will; I have this King your brother;
He is my prisoner; I accept your proffer;
And bless the fair occasion that atchiev'd him:
I love you, and I honour you. But speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be render'd;
And see how readily; how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes, lady—

Quisar. No; I scorn you;
You and your courtesy! I hate your love; Sir;
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I'd study to forget he was my brother.

the general of the Portugals, not a prince; this speech therefore is
made to all the suitors; and should run,

Is my husband, princes.

Seward.

The whole speech is apparently address'd to Ruy Dias; and Quisar certainly means, though perhaps not very correctly, to call him *prince*.

By force he was ta'en; he that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Pin. As I live, a rare wench!

Arm. She has a noble spirit.

Gov. By force?

Quisar. Yes, Sir, by force, and make you glad too
To let him go.

Gov. How! You may look nobler on me,
And think me no such boy: By force he must not;
For your love much may be.

Quisar. Put up your passion,
And pack you home! I say, by force, and suddenly;
He lies there till he rots else! Tho' I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him,
Yet, to receive him as thy courtesy,
With all the honour thou couldst add unto him,
From his hands that most hates him, I had rather
(Tho' no condition were propounded for him)
See him far sunk i'th' earth, and there forget him!

Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good Governor.

Arm. A rare woman!

Gov. Lady,

I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud Princess! This neglect of me
Shall make thy brother-king most miserable,
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty:
For where before I us'd him like a king,
And did those royal offices unto him,
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Loaden with chains and fetters; cold and hunger,
Darkness, and lingring death, for his companions.
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desp'rate fool look toward it! Farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies!
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppets! [*Exit.*]

Quisar. If none dare undertake't, I'll live a mourner.

Bakam.

Bakam. You cannot want.

Syana. You must not.

Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men would proceed with care and counsel;
Yet some way 'would I knew. Walk with me, gen-
tlemen! [Exeunt.]

Manent Armusia and his companions.

Arm. How do you like her spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,
Clogg'd with no dirty stuff; she's all pure honour.

Eman. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts! She is most fair;
Yet her mind such a mirror——

Arm. What an action
Would this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely rais'd.

Soza. To step into't,
Just while they think; and, ere they have determin'd,
To bring the King off!

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Eman. And prosper'd best, when they were least
consider'd.

Arm. Bless me, my hopes! and you, my friends,
assist me!

None but our companions——

Soza. You deal wisely,
And, if we shrink, the name of slaves die with us!

Eman. Stay not for second thoughts.

Arm. I am determin'd:
And, tho' I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story,
Worthy the Princess' tongue. A boat! that's all
That's unprovided; and habits like to merchants!
The rest we'll counsel as we go.

Soza. Away then!
Fortune looks fair on those make haste to win her.

[Exeunt.]

A C T II.

Enter Keeper and two or three Moors.

Keeper. I HAVE kept many a man, and many a great one,

Yet, I confess, I never saw before
A man of such a sufferance: He lies now
Where I'd not lay my dog, (for sure 'twould kill him)
Where neither light or comfort can come near him,
Nor air, nor earth that's wholesome. It grieves me
To see a mighty king, with all his glory,
Sunk o'th' sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
Whither should we descend, that are poor rascals,
If we had our deserts?

1 Moor. 'Tis a strange wonder!
Load him with irons, oppress him with contempts,
(Which are the Governor's commands) give him
nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life, 'tis next nothing;
They stir not him; he smiles upon his miseries,
And bears 'em with such strength as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up and foster'd with calamities.

2 Moor. He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines
not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And, in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.

Keeper. I'll be sworn
He fears not; for e'en when I shake for him,
(As many times my pity will compel me)
When other souls, that bear not half his burden,
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their op-
pressions,
Then will he sing, woe his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad airs, as if he would wed 'em.

1 Moor.

1 Moor. That's more than we have heard yet; we are only

Appointed for his guard, but not so near him:
If we could hear that wonder——

Keeper. Many times
I fear the Governor should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That, when I find his hour, I've music ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. Be but still and private,
And you may chance to hear.

[King appears loaden with chains, his head and arms only above.

2 Moor. We will not stir, Sir.

This is a sudden change; but who dares blame it?

Keeper. Now hark and melt! for I am sure I shall.
Stand silent! What stubborn weight of chains——

1 Moor. Yet he looks temperately.

2 Moor. His eyes not sunk, and his complexion firm still,

No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him:

How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted!

With what a majesty he heaves his head up! [Music.

Keeper. Now, mark! I know he'll sing; do not disturb him.—

Your allowance from the Governor! 'Would it were more, Sir,

Or in my power to make it handsomer!

King. Do not transgress thy charge! I take his bounty.

And, Fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,

Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,

Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me,

Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee¹²!

Enter

¹² King. Do not transgress thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.] The

Enter Governor.

Keeper. The Governor himself!

Gov. What, at your banquet?

And in such state, and with such change of service?

King. Nature's no glutton, Sir; a little serves her.

Gov. This diet's wholesome then?

King. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented mind! Give him less next;
These full meals will oppress his health; his Grace

Is of a tender and pure constitution;

And such repletions——

King. Mock, mock! it moves not me, Sir;
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, fly behind me.

Gov. You carry't handsomely. But tell me, Pa-
tience,

Do not you curse the brave and royal lady;

Your gracious sister? don't you damn her pity,

Damn twenty times a-day, and damn it seriously?

Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?

The very soul sweat in thee with the agony

Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her

For being so injurious to thy fortune,

Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldst not thou wish her

A bastard, or a whore Fame might proclaim her,

Black ugly Fame, or that th'hadst had no sister?

Spitting the general name out, and the nature,

Blaspheming Heav'n for making such a mischief,

For giving power to pride, and will to woman?

King. No, tyrant, no! I bless and love her for it;

And, tho' her scorn of thee had laid up for me

As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,

Editors of 1755 propose different variations in the speech of the *King*; but they need no recital when the real cause of the obscurity is discovered, which is; that the *Governor* has been hitherto set down to speak the last line of the *King's* apostrophe to *Fortune*.—What a contemptible boast does this line appear when coming from the *Governor*; (who is in no other place here; forth as a *fool*, though a *tyrant*) but how finely does it conclude the unfortunate Monarch's address!

J. N.

As

As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,
 As many forms of death as Doubt can figure;
 Yet I should love her more still, and more honour her.
 All thou canst lay upon me cannot bend me;
 No, not the stroke of death, that I despise too;
 For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me:
 As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
 And less than those thy prayers, tho' thou wouldst
 kneel to me!

And if she be not mistress of this nature,
 She's none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

Gov. Are you so valiant, Sir?

King. Yes, and so fortunate;

For he that holds his constancy, still conquers.
 Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
 And, as at first, made my restraint seem to me
 But only as the shadow of captivity,
 I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
 A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd thee,
 And still preferr'd thy fair love to my sister;
 But to compel this from me with a misery,
 A most inhuman and unhandsome slavery——

Gov. You will relent, for all this talk, I fear not,
 And put your wits a-work again.

King. You're cozen'd:

Or, if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
 So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
 How I should curse her heart, if she consented!

Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or——

King. Do thy utmost,

And, e'en in all thy tortures, I'll laugh at thee.
 I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
 Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
 Archiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
 Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest;
 Nor no way live to build a name, thou'rt barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him
 murmur!

And see his diet be so light and little,

He

He grow not thus high-hearted on't! I'll cool you,
 And make you cry for mercy, and be ready
 To work my ends, and willingly: And your sister,
 ta'en down,

Your scornful, cruel sister, shall repent too,
 And sue to me for grace. Give him no liberty,
 But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessen'd,
 Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him!
 Let him not sleep; nothing that's dear to Nature
 Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
 Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
 But see he arrive not at it! I will humble him,
 And her stout heart that stands on such defiance:
 And let me see her champions that dare venture,
 Her high and mighty woopers! Keep your guards close,
 And, as you love your lives, be diligent,
 And what I charge observe!

Omnes. We shall be dutiful.

Gov. I'll pull your courage, King, and all your
 bravery! [Exit.

1 Moor. Most certain he's resolv'd, nothing can
 stir him;

For, if he had but any part about him
 Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
 And do thus stoutly too: As willingly,
 And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
 As some men to their sleeps.

Keeper. Yes, and sleeps with 'em,
 (So little he regards them, there's the wonder)
 And often soundly sleeps. 'Would I durst pity him,
 Or 'would 'twere in my will—But we are servants,
 And tied unto command.

2 Moor. I wish him better,
 But much I fear h'has found his tomb already.
 We must observe our guards.

1 Moor. He cannot last long;
 And when he's dead, he's free.

Keeper. That's the most cruelty,
 That we must keep him living.

2 Moor,

2 *Moor*. That's as he please;

For that man that resolves needs no physician. [*Exe.*

*Enter Armusia, Soza, and Emanuel; like Merchants,
arm'd underneath.*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a fair omen.

Omnes. We believe it:

Arm. The sea and wind strove who should most
befriend us;

And, as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the boat that brought us?

Soza. Safe lodg'd within the reeds, close by the
castle,

That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.

Eman. But where ha' you been, brave Sir?

Arm. I've broke the ice, boys,

I have begun the game; fair Fortune guide it!

Suspectless have I travell'd all the town thro',

And in this merchant's shape won much acquaintance;

Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,

View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge

Of where the prison is, and what power guards it:

Soza. These will be strong attempts.

Arm. Courage is strong:

What we began with policy, my dear friends,

Let's end with manly force! There's no retiring;

Unless it be with shame.

Eman. Shame's his that hopes it.

Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,

However, lose or win, and speak our memories,

Than if we led out armies¹³: Things done thus,

And of this noble weight, will stile us worthies.

Soza. Direct, and we have done; bring us to execute,

And if we flinch, or fail——

¹³ *Than if we led our armies.*] As these are private adventurers, not generals of armies, *our* seems a flattening expletive, and was probably a mistake for *o'er*, they having cross'd the sea. *Seaward.*

We have varied *our* to *out*, which we do not doubt is genuine.

Arm.

Arm. I'm sure ye dare not:
Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be false——

Eman. Speak boldly on; we're honest,
Our lives and fortunes yours.

Arm. Hard by the place then
Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the King,
I've hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant;
A cellar to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his storehouse.

Soza. What of all this?

Arm. Ye're dull, if y' apprehend not.
Into that cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it,
That that will make all shake, and smoke too.

Eman. Ha!

Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my
practice:

The fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a comet.
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it;
The match is left a-fire, all, all hush'd, and lock'd close,
No man suspecting what I am, but merchant.
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose;
For by that time 'twill take!

Soza. What are our duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his wits, to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office,
Then fly we to the prison suddenly!
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Eman. Then to our swords and good hearts! I long
for it.

Arm.

Arm. Certain we shall not find much opposition;
But what is, must be forc'd.

Soza. 'Tis bravely cast, Sir;
And surely too, I hope.

Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature. Some must presently,
Upon the first cry of th' amazed people,
(For nothing will be mark'd then, but the misery)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant;
And then all's right and fair.

Eman. Bless us, dear Fortune!

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And Fortune must befriend us. Come, all sever;
But keep still within sight: When the flame rises,
Let's meet, and either do, or die!

Soza. So be it!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and Captain.

Gov. No, Captain, for those troops, we need 'em
not;

The town is strong enough to stand their furies:
I'd see them come, and offer to do something.
They're high in words.

Capt. 'Tis safer, Sir, than doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare attempt?

Capt. May be by treaty,
But sure by force they will not prove so forward.

Gov. No, faith,

I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with.
They know my nature too; I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones; they've reason to remember me.

It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and pow'rs are to bring things to pass:
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep, and care
To prevent these threatenings, Captain?

Capt. You look well, Sir:

Upon my conscience, you're not like to sicken

Upon

Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not.—

Well, 'would I had this wench! for I must have her;
She must be mine: And there's another charge;
Captain;

What betwixt love and brawling, I get nothing¹⁴;
All goes in maintenance—Hark! What was that,

[*The train takes:*
That noise there? It went with a violence.

Capt. Some old wall belike, Sir,
That had no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings;
They blur the beauty of the town.

[*Within.* Fire, fire!

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain!
It comes on fresher still; 'tis loud and fearful.
Look up into the town; how bright the air shews!
Upon my life, some sudden fire! The bell too?

[*Exit Captain. Bell rings.*
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Fire, fire!

Gov. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's house, Sir.
Fearful and high it blazes. Help, good people!

Gov. Pox o' their paper-houses! how they smother!
They light like candles! How the roar still rises!

Enter Captain.

Capt. Your magazine's a-fire, Sir; help, help suddenly!
The castle too is in danger, in much danger:
All will be lost! Get the people presently,
And all that are your guard! and all help, all hands, Sir!

¹⁴ I got *nothing*.] Corrected by Symphon.

Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the town
perish'd.

The castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soul shakes!

Capt. A merchant's house next joining? Shame
light on him!

That ever such a neighbour, such a villain——

Gov. Raise all the garrison, and bring 'em up,

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward!—Oh, I've lost all
In one house, all my hopes. Good worthy citizens,
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me!

I will reward you all. Oh, cursed fortune!

The flame's more violent¹⁵!—Arise!—Still help,
help, Citizens!

Freedom and wealth to him that helps! Follow, oh,
follow!

Fling wine, or any thing; I'll see it recompens'd.

Buckets, more buckets! Fire, fire, fire! [*Exe. omnes.*]

Enter Armusia and his company.

Arm. Let it flame on! a comely light it gives up
To our discovery.

Soza. Hark,

What a merry cry these hounds make! Forward fairly!

We are not seen i'th' mist, we are not noted.

Away, away! Now if we lose our fortune—— [*Exe.*]

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Capt. Up, soldiers, up, and deal like men!

Cit. More water, more water! all is consum'd else.

¹⁵ *The flame's more violent; arise still, help, &c.*] This appears to be a very confus'd passage, what is *Arise still, help?* To set the place right, I propose reading, by only dashing out an apostrophe and removing a semicolon, thus;

The flames more violent arise still; help, help,——

And then the whole appears easy and natural.

Symphon.

We think the present punctuation obviates every difficulty.

Capt.

Capt. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight,
Your wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your
labour¹⁶

Bravely. Up, up, away! [Exeunt.]

Enter Armusia and his company, breaking open a door.

Arm. So, thou art open. Keep the way clear behind still!

Now for the place!

Sold. 'Tis here, Sir.

Arm. Sure this is it.

Force ope the door!—A miserable creature!

Yet, by his manly face—— [The King discover'd.]

King. Why stare ye on me?

You cannot put on faces to affright me;

In death I am a King still, and contemn ye.

Where is that Governor! Methinks his manhood

Should be well pleas'd to see my tragedy,

And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows:

I dare him to the fight; bring his scorns with him,

And all his rugged threats. Here's a throat, soldiers:

Come, see who can strike deepest!

Eman. Break the chain there.

King. What does this mean?

Arm. Come, talk of no more governors!

H'has other business, Sir. Put your legs forward,

And gather up your courage, like a man!

We'll carry off your head else. We are friends,

And come to give your sorrows ease.

Soza. On bravely!

Delays may lose again.

¹⁶ ——— *straight;*

Your wealth too, that must preserve and pay your labour—] 'Tis evident at first sight, that this passage is nonsense: 'All's consum'd and gone, says the Captain, unless you undertake the extinguishing of the fire, nay your wealth too is perish'd, which must preserve and pay your labour. "Your wealth that *must preserve* your labour." The Poets certainly never wrote so, but possibly might express themselves thus,

Your wealth too, that preserv'd must pay your labours. *Symphon.*

Enter

Enter Guard.

Arm. The guard!

Soza. Upon 'em!

Arm. Make speedy and sure work.

Eman. They fly.

Arm. Up with him,

And to the boat. Stand fast! Now be speedy!

When this heat's past, we'll sing our history.

Away, like thoughts! sudden as desires; friends!

Now, sacred Chance, be ours!

Soza. Pray when we've done, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter three or four Citizens severally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the fire allay'd?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,

Or past the worst. I never did so stoutly;

I'll assure you, neighbours, since I was a man:

I have been burnt at both ends like a squib;

I liv'd two hours i' th' fire. 'Twas a hideous matter;

But when men of understanding come about it,

Men that judge of things—My wife gave me over,

And took her leave a hundred times; I bore up still;

And tosd' the buckets, boys!

3 *Cit.* We're all mere martins.

1 *Cit.* I heard a voice at latter end o' th' hurry;

(Or else I dream'd I heard it) that said *treason*.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough

It might cry *murder* too; for there was many

Without a joint: But what is that to us?

Let's home and fright our wives! for we look

Like devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us.

1 *Wom.* Mine's alive; neighbour.—Oh, sweet honey
husband!

2 *Cit.* Thou liest! I stink abominably¹⁷: An thou hadst

¹⁷ *Thou liest, I think abominably.*] Amended in 1750.

Been in my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both ends.
Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns! for I have four dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly: I have more smoke in my mouth than would
Blote a hundred herrings.

2 *Wom.* Art thou come safe again?

3 *Wom.* I pray you what became of my man? Is he
well¹⁸?

2 *Cit.* At heart's ease in a well; is very well,
neighbour:

We left him drinking of a new dozen of buckets.
Thy husband's happy, he was thorough roasted,
And now he's basting of himself at all points:
The clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums.
Body o' me, neighbours, there's fire in my codpiece.

1 *Wom.* Bless my husband!

2 *Cit.* Blow it out, wife! Blow, blow, the gable
end o' th' story-house!

Women. Some water, water, water!

3 *Cit.* Peace! 'tis but a sparkle;

Raise not the town again; 'twill be a great hindrance.
I'm glad 'tis out; an't had ta'en in my hay-loft—
What frights are these¹⁹? marry, Heaven bless thy
modicum?

3 *Wom.* But is a drown'd outright? pray put me
Out of fear, neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Thou wouldst have it so;
But after a hundred fires more, he'll live to see thee
Burnt for brewing musty liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's go, neighbour!

¹⁸ 3 *Wom.* *I pray what's become of my husband? is he in a well.*] The pleasant answer which the man makes to this question, evidently supposes it to have been wrote thus,

What's become of my husband? Is he well?

2 *Cit.* *At heart's ease in a well, is very well neighbour.*

Symfson.

¹⁹ *What frights are these.*] Mr. Seward suspects that this line belongs to the first woman, and that the dialogue will then be more natural.

Symfson.

We think it much best as it stands.

2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this liquor.
Come, come; I fry like a burnt marrowbone.
Women, get you afore, and draw upon us!
Run, wenches, run; and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails, cry ale, ale!

Women. Away; let's nourish the poor wretches!

2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the rest of the burnt regiment:

[*Exeunt:*

Enter Governór, Captain, Soldiers, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quench'd, captain, but the mischief
hangs still:

The King's redeem'd, and gone too! A trick, a
damn'd one!

Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely!

Capt. Where were the guard that waited upon the
prison?

Sold. Most of 'em slain; yet some scap'd, Sir, and
they deliver,

They saw a little boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and
fighting;

Fighting beyond the force of men——

Gov. I'm lost, captain;

And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me;
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage, or common sense!

Sold. He's gone, Sir;

And put to sea amain, past our recovery;
Not a boat ready to pursue: If there were any,
The people stand amaz'd so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my
boys' brains

'Gainst every post I meet! Fool'd with a fire?

Capt. It was a crafty trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy,

Confident, sluggish lazy: Had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen blows, I had forgiv'n 'em.

By both these hands held up, and by that brightness
 That gilds the world with light, by all our worships,
 The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean,
 I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
 Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
 'Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour!
 Make ready my barratos instantly,
 And what I shall intend——

Capt. We are your servants.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Quisara and Ruy Dias.

Quisara. Never tell me! you never car'd to win me;
 Never, for my sake, to attempt a deed
 Might draw me to a thought you sought my favour:
 If not for love of me, for love of arms, Sir,
 For that cause you profess, for love of honour,
 Of which you stile yourself the mighty master,
 You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
 (As if you had intended something excellent)
 Put on a forward face——

Ruy. Dear lady, hold me——

Quisara. I hold you, as I find you, a faint servant.

Ruy. By Heaven, I dare do——

Quisara. In a lady's chamber,
 I dare believe you; there's no mortal danger:
 Give me the man that dares do, to deserve that!
 I thought you Portugals had been rare wonders,
 Men of those haughty courages and credits
 That all things were confin'd within your promises;
 The lords of Fate and Fortune I believ'd you;
 But well I see I am deceiv'd, Ruy Dias,
 And blame, too late, my much belief!

Ruy. I am asham'd, lady,
 I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
 Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,
 And something shall be thought on suddenly,
 And put in act as soon, some preparation——

Quisara. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, lady, and so great too;

In which ²⁰, the noise of all my countrymen——

Quisfar. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,

And, tho' he be restor'd alive ²¹——

Ruy. I have you.

Quisfar. For then we are both servants.

Ruy. I conceive you;

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quisfar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you ²². [Exit.

Ruy. Myself, my cousin, and the garrison,
The neighbours of the out-isles of our nation,
Syana's strength, (for I can humour him)
And proud Bakamus, I shall deceive his glory--[*Alboud.*
What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be, the princes are in sport.

Enter Piniero and Christophero.

Pin. Where are you?

Ruy. Now, Piniero, what's the haste you seek me?

Pin. Do you know this sign, Sir?

²⁰ *In which, the noise of all my countrymen—*] Instead of *noise*, Mr. Seward supposes *choice*, or with equal probability, as I imagine, *voice*, i. e. *approbation, consent*, &c. was originally wrote in our Poets manuscript. *Symphon.*

²¹ *And though he be restor'd alive.*] A negative seems evidently lost here, which makes the hint very plain.

And though he ben't restor'd alive.

The mixture of character in Quisara is finely drawn, and from great insight into human nature. *Seward.*

²² *Quisfar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you.*] As we oft have no names where they ought to be, so here we have probably one more than there is occasion for. The princess hardly can be supposed to make herself so cheap, as to say, that she would visit or wait upon *Ruy Dias*; no surely, that duty was owing to her from him. And I can't for this reason help thinking, but *Quisara's* name has been inadvertently put before *Do, and make*, &c. and that the whole ran formerly thus,

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Do, and make all things fit; and then I'll visit you. [Exit.

Ruy Dias, solus.

My self, &c.

Symphon.

Ruy.

Ruy. Ha!

Pin. Do you know this emblem?
Your nose is bor'd.

Ruy. Bor'd? what is that?

Pin. You're topt, Sir:

The King's come home again, the King ²³!

Ruy. The devil!

Pin. Nay, sure he came a God's name home;
He's return'd, Sir.

Chrif. And all this joy you hear——

Ruy. Who durst attempt him?
The princes are all here.

Chrif. They're worthy princes,
They're special princes! all they, love by ounces.
Believe it, Sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely
And easily. What fortune have you lost, Sir!
What justice have you now unto this lady ²⁴?

Pin. How stands your claim? That e'er man should
be fool'd so,
When he should do and prosper! stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and fawning for a favour,
When he should be about his business sweating!
She bid you go, and pick'd you out o' purpose,
To make yourself a fortune by, a lady,
A lady, and a lusty one, a lovely,
That now you may go look, she pointed you,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly: You've made a fair flight on't;
You've caught a goose.

Ruy. How dare you thus molest me? [*A shout.*
It cannot be!

Chrif. Hark how the general joy rings!

Pin. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk
too?

²³ *The King's come home, the King——*

Ruy. The devil?] The Poets might possibly, with more emphasis, have wrote thus,

The King's come home——

Ruy. The King? the devil.

²⁴ *Justice.*] i. e. Right, claim, or pretence.

Sympson.

Sympson.

For,

For, if you had been sober, you'd been wise sure.

Ruy. Done? who dares do?

Pin. It seems an honest fellow,

That has ended his market before you be up.

Chris. The shame on't, is a stranger too.

Pin. 'Tis no shame;

He took her at her word and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to th' cause, as he will do to th' lady:
'Is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness,
He'll get her with child too, ere you shall come to
know him.

Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At th' first sight too——

Ruy. I'm undone!

Pin. Like an oyster.—

She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these?—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings! they make men cowards.
You're undone, as a man would undo an egg,
A hundred shames about you!

Enter Quisara, Panura, and train.

Quisar. Can it be possible?

A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A man I never grac'd? Oh, captain, captain,
What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune;
It cannot be, it must not be.

Pin. It is, lady;

And, by my faith, a handsome gentleman!
'Tis his poor scholar's prize.

Quisar. Must I be given

Unto a man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what nation?

Pin. He's a Portugal,

And of as good a pitch—He'll be giv'n to you, lady,

For he's given much to handsome flesh.

Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth, Ruy Dias!

Pin. Your love-sloth, uncle; do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully, [*A shout.*
And then the other had laid ready for you.

Madam, the general joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it;
But with what comfort?

*Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boys singing after them;
then King, Armusia, Sozá, Emanuel; the princes and
train following.*

Quisar. Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs thro'
me,

To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty!
What a blest day is this!

King. Rise up, fair sister!
I am not welcome 'till you have embrac'd me.

Ruy. A general gladness, Sir, flies thro' the city,
And mirth possesses all to see your Grace arriv'd,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly.

'Twas a brave venture, whoso'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great Sir,
And in short time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In spite of all his threats——

King. I thank ye, gentlemen.

Ruy. And all his subtilties, to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.

King. I know ye love me.

Pin. This had been good, with something done
before it,

Something to set it off²⁵, to beautify it:
Now it sounds empty, like a barber's basin.
Pox, there's no metal in't, no noble marrow!

Bakam. I have an army, Sir, (but that the Governor,
The foolish fellow, was a little provident,

²⁵ *Something set off to beautify it.*] Amended by Seward.

And

And wife in letting slip no time, became him too)
That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peal——

Pin. Yes, backward,
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a farthing;
Thy army's good
For hawks; there's nothing but sheeps' hearts in it.

Syana. I have done nothing, Sir; therefore I think it
Convenient I say little what I purpos'd,
And what my love intended.

King. I like your modesty.
And, thank ye, royal friends! I know it griev'd ye
To know my misery: But this man, princes²⁶,
I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this man saw me in it, and redeem'd me:
He look'd upon me sinking, and then caught me.
This, sister, this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man——

Ruy. My countenance, it shames me²⁷!
One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not read
In dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd—
Oh, I have boy'd myself!

King. This noble bulwark,
This lance and honour of our age and kingdom,
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my sorrows
Has new-begot my name, and once more made me!
Oh, sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompense invented——

Arm. You are too noble, Sir; there is reward,
Above my action too by millions:
A recompense so rich and glorious,
I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promis'd;

²⁶ *But this man, princes.]* The Editors of 1750 sagely conjecture that we should read *princes* for *princes*. The first folio exhibits that lection!

²⁷ *My countenance, it shames me.]* To make Ruy Dias, or any one else to protest by his *countenance*, is seemingly odd; I would propose *my conscience*, as a more natural and sensible reading. *Symphon.*

But that it was propounded, sworn and seal'd
 Before the face of Heav'n, I durst not hope it;
 For nothing in the life of man or merit
 (It is so truly great) can else embrace it.

King. Oh, speak it, speak it; bless mine ears to hear
 it!

Make me a happy man, to know it may be!
 For still methinks I am a prisoner,
 And feel no liberty before I find it.

Arm. Then know, it is your sister; she is mine,
 Sir;

I claim her by her own word, and her honour.
 It was her open promise to that man
 That durst redeem you: Beauty set me on,
 And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.

King. Receive you, Sir?—Why, sister! ha! so
 backward?

Stand as you knew me not? nor what h' has ventur'd?
 My dearest sister!

Arm. Good Sir, pardon me!

There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
 That holds her back: Women are nice to wooe, Sir.
 I would not have her forc'd; give her fair liberty!
 For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
 Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.

King. Look on him, my Quisara: Such another,
 (Oh, all ye powers!) so excellent in nature,
 In honour so abundant——

Quisara. I confess, Sir;

Confess my word is past too; he has purchas'd:
 Yet, good Sir, give me leave to think, but time
 To be acquainted with his worth and person;
 To make me fit to know it: We're both strangers,
 And how we should believe so suddenly,
 Or come to fasten our affections——
 Alas, Love has his compliments.

King. Be sudden

And certain in your way; no woman's doubles,
 Nor coy delays! you're his, and so assure it,

Or cast from me and my remembrance ever.
 Respect your word! I know you will. Come, sister,
 Let's see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
 And what fair looks a friend.—Oh, my most noble
 Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty!
 He that frowns this day is an open enemy.
 Thus in my arms, my dear!

Arm. You make me blush, Sir.

King. And now, lead on,
 Our whole court crown'd with pleasure!

Ruy. Madam, despair not; something shall be
 done yet,
 And suddenly, and wisely.

Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias! [*Exeunt King, &c.*]

Pin. Well, he's a brave fellow, and h'has deserv'd
 her richly.

And you have had your hands full I dare swear, gen-
 tlemen.

Soza. We have done something, Sir, if it hit right.

Chrif. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty;
 So much I think.

Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
 To the King's health, and my brave countryman's!
 My uncle looks as tho' he were sick o'th' worms,
 friends. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Enter Piniero.

Pin. **M**Y uncle haunts me up and down, looks
 melancholy,
 Wondrous proof-melancholy; sometimes swears,
 Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans as if h' had
 the bots,
 (As, to say truth, I think h'has little better)
 And would fain speak; bids me good morrow at
 midnight,

And

And good night when 'tis noon: H'has something
hovers

About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent!—Ay marry,
There was a sigh would set a ship a-failing!
These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now speak, an't be thy will.—Good morrow, uncle!

Ruy. Good morrow, Sir!

Pin. This is a new salute!

Sure h'has forgot me; this is purblind Cupid!

Ruy. My nephew?

Pin. Yes, Sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ruy. I would fain speak with you.

Pin. I would fain have you, Sir;

For to that end I stay.

Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have lov'd you long, my dear Piniero,
Bred and supplied you——

Pin. Whither walks this preamble?

Ruy. You may remember, tho' I'm but your
uncle,

I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness——

Pin. Sure he would wrap me into something now
suddenly,

He doubts my nature in, (for mine is honest)
He winds about me so.

Ruy. A father's diligence.

My private benefits I have forgot, Sir²⁸,

²⁸ *My private benefits I have forgot, Sir.*

But those you might lay claim to as my follower;

Yet some men would remember——]

The benefits Ruy Dias means here seem to be *publick ones*, which he had conferied upon Piniero in his *publick capacity* as governor of the fort, and for this cause one should think the place should be read thus,

My publick benefits I have forgot,

Be it those you might lay claim to as, &c.

The meaning is, 'My publick benefits (*viz.* the places you hold
under

But those you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet some men would remember——

Pin. I do daily.

Ruy. The place
Which I have put you in, which is no weak one:
Next to myself you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments with me equal;
So is my study still to plant your person:
These are small testimonies I've not forgot you,
Nor would not be forgotten.

Pin. Sure you cannot.

Ruy. Oh, Piniero——

Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you?
What heavy weight oppresses you? You've lost
(I must confess, in those that understand you)
Some little of your credit; but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes.

Ruy. Oh, my best nephew——

Pin. It may be, you fear her too, (that disturbs you)
That she may fall herself; or be forc'd from you.

Ruy. She's ever true, but I undone for ever!
Oh, that Armusia, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murd'ring chain shot at me from my country,
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me!

Pin. Now it comes flowing from him! I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durst be idle durst be ill too.—
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess it, nephew, must allow it:
But that brave thing has undone me, has funk me,
Has trod me, like a name in sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt Hope and me, and threatens my ruin;
And, if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune!

' under me) I omit to mention. Say that being my follower gives you
' a sort of right to 'em; yet, for all that, a grateful man would re-
' member how careful I have been of your interests; that I have
' plac'd you next myself in rank and power, and that your assignments
' are equal with mine.' I must confess the change here made is great
enough, but, seemingly, it appears no more than is necessary.

Symphon.

And

And when that's set, where's thy advancement, cousin?
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these; that men were grateful;
And he that durst do something here, durst love me.

Pin. You say true; 'tis worth consideration;
Your reasons are of weight: And, mark me, uncle;
(For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you)
Say this Armusia then were taken off,
(As't may be easily done)
How stands the woman?

Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.

Pin. Pox on him!
Or, if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hogs', the dogs', and devils' pox possess him!—
Faith, this Armusia stumbles me; 'tis a brave fellow;
And if he could be spared, uncle—

Ruy. I must perish:
Had he set up at any rest but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth—

Pin. I understand you now, who set you on too;
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
'Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed;
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him.—
I'll see what may be done then; you shall know
You have a kinsman (but no villain, uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair Fame, I scorn it;
I love and honour Virtue). I must have
Access unto the lady, to know her mind too:
A good word from her mouth you know may stir me;
A lady's look at setting-on—

Ruy. You say well!
Here, cousin, here's a letter ready for you,
And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you,
And with what care direct.

Pin. Farewell then, uncle!
After I've talk'd with her, I am your servant—
To make you honest, if I can, else hate you.—

Pray

Pray you no more compliments! my head is busy.
 Heav'n blefs me, [Exit Ruy Dias.
 What a malicious foul does this man carry!
 And to what scurvy things this love converts us,
 What stinking things; and how sweetly they become us!
 Murder's a moral virtue with these lovers,
 A special piece of divinity, I take it.
 I may be mad, or violently drunk,
 Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
 And learn to murder mens' estates, that's base too;
 Or proud, but that's a paradise to this;
 Or envious, and sit eating of myself
 At others' fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
 Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
 Cozen, cut purses, sit i'th' stocks for apples:
 But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!
 These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues²⁹;
 Love and Ambition draw the devil's coach.

Enter Quisana and Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh, my great lady's fol-
 lowers,
 Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,

²⁹ *But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy.*

These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues.] To make way for a pretty bold emendation, the reader will please to observe, that there is a fine sentiment aim'd at here, but not compleated. *Lord have mercy*, in the first line, refers to the writing over the doors of houses infected by the plague; the former sins therefore are compared to common diseases, and when love, in comparison of them, should be called the *plague*, the metaphor is spoilt by calling them *plagues*. It is highly probable that this has happened by an error either of transcriber or printer, and as the sense may be easily restored, though we have no trace to lead us to any certainty of the true words, yet I think we should venture to change the text rather than suffer so beautiful a passage to remain so mangled. I propose, therefore, either

These are poor pelting sins, but that the plague.

Or

These are poor pelting sins, the other plagues,

Love and Ambition, draw the devil's coach.

This latter being nearer the trace of the letters than the former, bids fairest for having been the original.

Seaward.

Her

Her readers of her love-lectures; her inflamers.
 These doors I must pass thro'; I hope they're wide.
 Good day to your beauties! How they take it to 'em!
 As if they were fair indeed!

Quisan. Good morrow to you, Sir!

Pin. That's the old hen, the brood-bird; how she
 bristles³⁰!

How like an inventory of lechery she looks!
 Many a good piece of iniquity
 Has pass'd her hands, I warrant her.—I beseech you,
 Is the fair Princess stirring?

Pan. Yes, marry is she, Sir;

But somewhat private: Have you a business with her?

Pin. Yes, forsooth have I, and a serious business!

Pan. May not we know?

Pin. Yes, when you can keep counsel.

Pan. How prettily he looks! he's a soldier sure;
 His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.

Quisan. A good blunt gentleman!

Pin. Yes, marry am I:

Yet, for a push or two at sharp, an please you——

Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you
 speak to;

This is the Princess' aunt.

Pin. I like her the better;

An she were her mother, lady, or her grandmother,
 I'm not so bashful, but I can buckle with her:

Pan. Of what size is your business?

Pin. O'th' long sixteens,

And will make way, I warrant you;

Pan. How fine he talks!

Pin. Nay, in troth I talk but coarsely, lady;

But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.—

How fain they'd draw me into ribaldry!

These wenches that live easily, live high;

Love these broad discourses, as they love possets;

These dry delights serve for preparatives.

Pan. Why do you look so on me?

³⁰—How she bristles.} So the former copies.

Pin. I am gueſſing,
By the caſt of your face, what the property of your
place ſhould be;

For I preſume you turn a key, ſweet beauty;
And you another, gravity, under the Princeſs:
And, by my ſoul, I warrant you good places,
Comely commodious ſeats!

Quiſan. Prithee let him talk ſtill;
For methinks he talks handſomely!

Pin. And truly,
As near as my underſtanding ſhall enable me,
You look as if you kept my lady's ſecrets.
Nay, do not laugh! for I mean honeſtly.—
How theſe young things tattle, when they get a toy
by th' end!

And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look for't!
Would it not dance too, if it had a fiddle?
Your gravity, I gueſs, to take the petitions,
And hear the lingring ſuits in love diſpos'd,
Their ſighs and ſorrows in their proper place;
You keep the Ah-me office³¹.

Quiſan. Prithee ſuffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow!
I love to hear ſometimes what men think of us;
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice.—
Proceed, good honeſt man!

Pin. I will, good madam.
According to mens' ſtates and dignities,
Monies and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And caſt the nativity of their deſires.
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous;
And if he promiſe place, his dreams are oracles:
Your antient practique art too in theſe diſcoveries,
Who loves at ſuch a length, who a ſpan further,
And who draws home, yields you no little profit;
For theſe you milk by circumſtance.

Quiſan. You're cunning.

³¹ Ay-me office.] So former copies.

Pin. And as they oil you, and advance your spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love. Your doors too,
The doors of Destiny, that men must pass thro':
These are fair places!

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in at, that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires,
thro' at,
And draw their states and bodies into cobwebs;
Your postern-doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
And would not have the world's eye find their kna-
veries;
Your doors of danger (some men hate a pleasure,
Unless that may be full of fears). your hope-doors;
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement a new custom:
You have your doors of honour, and of pleasure;
But those are for great princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous thro' diseases.
There be the doors of poverty and death too,
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.

Quisan. This is a rare lecture!

Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me,

I dare not venture on you; you cut too keen, Sir.

Enter Quisara.

Quisan. We thank you, Sir, for your good mirth;
You are a good companion.

Here comes the Princess now; attend your business.

Quisar. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free?—Who's there ho?

Quisan. Troubled?

Her looks are almost wild: What ails the Princess?
I know nothing she wants.

Quisar. Who's that there with you?

Oh, signor Piniero, you're most welcome!

How

How does your noble uncle?

Pin. Sad as you are, madam:

But he commends his service, and this letter.

Quisar. Go off; attend within.—Fair Sir, I thank you:

Pray be no stranger; for indeed you're welcome;

For your own virtues, welcome:

Quisar. We're mistaken;

This is some brave fellow sure:

Pan. I'm sure he's a bold fellow;

But, if she hold him so, we must believe it. [Ex.

Quisar. Do you know of this, fair Sir?

Pin. I guess it, madam,

And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.

Quisar. It is a business of no common reckoning.

Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;

Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:

Give me a matter of some weight to wade in!

Quisar. And can you love your uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?

Can there be such a faith?

Pin. Dare you say ay to it³²;

And set me on? 'Tis no matter for my uncle,

Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.

Quisar. I would fain——

Pin. Have it done? Say but so, lady.

Quisar. Conceive it so.

Pin. I will; 'tis that I'm bound to:

Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,

The fair aspects of those eyes that must direct me.

I am no uncle's agent; I'm mine own, lady;

I scorn my able youth should plow for others,

Or my ambition serve for pay: I aim,

Altho' I never hit, as high as any man,

And the reward I reach at shall be equal,

³² *Dare you say ay to it.*] 'Tis not impossible but this might come from our Poets pen, but the general word on such occasions is mostly *aim*, as the reader can't but remember in several places in these Plays, and so I conjecture they wrote here. *Sympson.*

And what love spurs me on to: This desire
 Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
 A valiant and a virtuous man, my countryman,
 Armusia, the delight of all, the minion³³:
 This love of you, doting upon your beauty,
 The admiration of your excellence,
 Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
 Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
 And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
 And set your thoughts at peace! I am no flatterer,
 To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
 To lie a-bed, and swear men into fevers,
 Like some of your trim suitors; when I promise,
 The light is not more constant to the world
 Than I am to my word.—She turns, for millions!

Quisar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage.

Pin. For a tun of crowns she turns! she is a woman;

And, much I fear, a worse than I expected.—
 You are the object, lady, you're the eye
 In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
 From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
 And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
 Or but thinks of his estate, father, mother,
 Friends, wife, and children, is a fool, and I scorn him;
 An't be but to make clean his sword, a coward.
 Men have forgot their fealty to beauty!
 Had I the place in your affections,
 My most unworthy uncle's fit to fall from,
 Liv'd in those blessed eyes, and read the stories
 Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there,
 I'd find out your commands before you thought 'em,
 And bring 'em to you done, ere you dream'd of 'em.

Quisar. I admire his boldness!

Pin. This, or any thing;
 Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,

³³ *Armusia, the delight of all the minions.*] The addition of a point, and omission of a letter, seem greatly to improve this line, and we do not doubt are genuine.

No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
 Look on my youth, (I bring no blastings to you)
 The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quisar. No more, Sir!

I am too willing to believe: Rest satisfied,
 If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful.
 You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one;
 My servant if you please: I seal it thus, Sir.
 No more, till you deserve more.

[*Exit.*

Pin. I'm rewarded.—

This woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
 Altho' she pulls her talons in, she's mischievous;
 Form'd like the face of Heav'n, clear and transparent.
 I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
 For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
 Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish. Well, uncle,
 What will become of this, and what dishonour
 Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let Time tell!
 I can but only fear, and strive to cross it³⁴.

[*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Soza.

Eman. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve
 or vex you,

That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
 The honour, and the loves at your disposal?
 Why should a man that wants nothing want his quiet?

Arm. I want what beggars are above me in, con-
 tent:

I want the grace I've merited, the favour,
 The due respect.

Soza. Does not the King allow it?

Arm. Yes, and all honours else, all I can ask,

³⁴ *And strive to cross it.*] The reader may be surpris'd to find this line run otherwise in the 1647 edition.

— and cross to cross it.

For though *strive* be the sense of the place here cited, and *cross to cross it* be but an odd expression, yet I fancy the original word, of which *cross* is but a corruption, might be once wrote thus,

I can but only fear, and course—

i. e. run, strive, endeavour to cross it.

Sympson.

That

That he has power to give ; but from his sister,
 The scornful cruelty, (forgive me, Beauty,
 That I transgress) from her that should look on me,
 That should a little smile upon my service,
 And foster my deserts for her own faith's sake ;
 That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me—

Soza. And you go whining up and down for this,
 Sir ?

Lamenting and disputing of your grievances ?
 Sighing and sobbing, like a fullen school-boy,
 And cursing good-wife Fortune for this favour ?

Arm. What would you have me do ?

Soza. Do what you should do,
 What a man would do in this case, a wise man,
 An understanding man that knows a woman,
 Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her
 trifles :

Go to her, and take her in your arms, and shake her ;
 Take her and toss her like a bar !

Eman. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
 Shake her between a pair of sheets, Sir ; there shake
 These fullen fits out of her, spare her not there !
 There you may break her will, and bruise no bone, Sir.

Soza. Go to her——

Eman. That's the way.

Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
 And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourself,
 With being too indulgent to her pride ;
 Let her hear roundly from you, what you are,
 And what you have deserv'd, and what she must be.

Eman. And be not put off, like a common fellow,
 With 'The Princess would be private ;'
 Or, that sh'has taken physic, and admits none ;
 I would talk to her any where.

Arm. It makes me smile !

Eman. Now you look handsomely :
 Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her !
 They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice ;
 A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.

Soza.

Soza. Pray take our counsel, Sir.

Arm. I shall do something;

But not your way; it shews too boisterous;
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soza. The King!

King. Why, how now, friend?

Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly, Sir? I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure.
Why sad? thus sad still, man? I will not have it;
I must not see the face I love thus shadow'd.

Eman. An't please your Grace, methinks it ill be-
comes him;

A soldier should be joyial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so: Come, come, I know your
reason;

It shall be none to cross you; you shall have her:
Take my word, ('tis a King's word) you shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing. Pray be merry!

Arm. Your Grace has given me cause: I shall be,
Sir,

And ever your poor servant.

King. Me myself, Sir,

My better self. I shall find time, and suddenly,
To gratify your loves too, gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you.
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks; no further compli-
ment!

Will you go with me, friend?

Arm. I beseech your Grace,

Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you:
Some little private business with myself, Sir,
For such a time.

King. I'll hinder no devotion,

For I know you're regular. I'll take you, gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him.

I shall look for you, friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Armusia. Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir.

What shall I do to make her know my misery ?

To make her sensible?—This is her woman :

I have a toy come to me suddenly ;

It may work for the best ; she can but scorn me,

And lower than I am I cannot tumble ;

I'll try, whate'er my fate be.—Good ev'n, fair one!

Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger.—A good night to you,
Sir!

Now, by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman!

How happy shall she be in such a husband!

'Would I were so provided too!

Arm. Good pretty one,

Shall I keep you company for an hour or two ?

I want employment for this evening :

I am an honest man.

Pan. I dare believe you ;

Or, if you were not, Sir, that's no great matter ;

We take mens' promises. Would you stay with me,
Sir?

Arm. So it please you ; pray let's be better ac-
quainted ;

I know you are the Princess' gentlewoman,

And wait upon her near——

Pan. 'Tis like I do so.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair courtesies,

If he have business your way——

Pan. I understand you.

Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gen-
tleman

Hereafter to be yours, and your way too ;

And you may bless the hour you did this benefit :

Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,

And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business :

Yet

Yet if, I think, it be to her, yourself, Sir,
 (For I know what you are, and what we hold you,
 And in what grace you stand) without a second,
 (For that but darkens you) would do it better:
 The Princess must be pleas'd with your access; ;
 I'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a courtier's boldness,
 And am yet but a stranger: I'd fain speak with her.

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, Sir.

Arm. Pray you wear this, and believe my meaning
 civil, [Gives her a jewel.

My business of that fair respect and carriage.
 This for our more acquaintance!

Pan. How close he kisses! and how sensible
 The passings of his lips are! I must do it,
 An I were to hang now, and I will do't:
 He may do as much for me; that's all I aim at:
 And come what will on't, life or death, I'll do it,
 For ten such kisses more, an 'twere high-treason.

Arm. I would be private with her.

Pan. So you shall; it is
 Not worth thanks else. You must dispatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, Sir,
 Where you must lock yourself that none may see you;
 'Tis close to hers. You cannot miss the entrance,
 When she comes down to bed.

Arm. I understand you,
 And once more thank you, lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee——

Pan. Come close then³⁵!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Quisara and Quisana.

Quisara. 'Tis late; good aunt, to bed! I'm e'en
 unready;

³⁵ *Arm.* If I fail thee——

Come close then.] Mr. Seward supposes with me, that
Panura's name is unhappily dropt here; for who can imagine these
 words could be spoke with the least propriety by *Armistia*? *Symphon.*

My woman won't be long away.

Quisan. I'd have you

A little merrier first: Let me sit by you,
And read or discourse something that you fancy;
Or take my instrument.

Quisar. No, no, I thank you;
I shall sleep without these. I wrong your age, aunt,
To make you wait thus; pray let me entreat you!
Tomorrow I will see you; I know you're sleepy,
And Rest will be a welcome guest: You shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay. Oh, here's my woman!

Enter Panura.

Good night, good night! and good rest, aunt, attend
you!

Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair
dreams court you!

Quisar. Come, where have you been, wench?
Make me unready;

I slept but ill last night.

Pan. You'll sleep the better
I hope to-night, madam.

Quisar. A little rest contents me;
Thou lov'st thy bed, Panura.

Pan. I'm not in love, lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils; I sleep soundly.

Quisar. I'll swear thou dost; thy husband would
not take't so well,
If thou wert married, wench.

Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me! I am no dormouse:
Husbands have larum-bells, if they but ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Prithce fetch my book!

Pan. I'm glad of that.

Quisar. I'll read a while before I sleep.

Pan. I will, madam.

Quisar. And if Ruy Dias meet you, and be im-
portunate,

.He

He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you.

Now least in fight play I.

[*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, locks the door.

Quisar. Why should I love him?

Why should I dote upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it?—Who's there, wench?—
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. You may know me:

I bring not such amazement, noble lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless love, that serves you.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother's love protect this boldness,
You build so strongly on: My rooms are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that seek my favours,
And humble fears, shall render their approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less.

Quisar. I'm mistress of myself, Sir,
And will be so: I will not be thus visited,
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off! I'll cry out else.

Arm. Oh, dear lady!

Quisar. I see dishonour in your eyes.

Arm. There's none:

By all that beauty, they are innocent!
Pray you tremble not! you have no cause,

Quisar. I'll die first;
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces.
The little strength I've left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I'm forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer——

Arm. You wrong my duty.

Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty!
I know you're bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman's fears into a madness,

And

And ere you arrive at what you aim at——

Arm. Lady,

If there be in you any woman's pity,
 And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous,
 Look on me, and believe me! Is this violence?
 Is it, to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
 A ruffian's boldness? is humility a rudeness?
 The griefs and sorrows that grow here, an impudence?
 These forcings, and these fears I bring along with me,
 These impudent abuses offer'd you?
 And thus high has your brother's favour blown me.
 Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not
 With any purpose rough or desperate,
 With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
 As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger;
 Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet!
 A heavy curse light on't, when I intend it!

Quislar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been mischievous,
 As then I must be mad, or were a monster,
 If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
 Or violence that became not man³⁶,
 You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you.
 The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
 Your honour and your virtues are such armours,
 Your clear thoughts such defences. If you misdoubt
 still,

And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
 Come with impure thoughts to this place,
 Take this, and sheath it here; be your own safety;
 Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish!
 How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you!

Quislar. No; I believe now, you speak worthily:

³⁶ *If any such base thought had harbour'd here,*

Or violence that became not man.] It has been often observ'd, that words belonging to one line have been repeated in that above or below, but here the reverse has happened; for when the same adjective should have been repeated, it was in the second line omitted.

Seward.

What

What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, beauty;
But modestly.

Quislar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce cruelty;
(For, tho' I die, I will not blame the doer)
Humbly to tell your Grace you had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accus'd,
(For that I dare not do) your scorns: Pray pardon me,
And be not angry that I use the liberty
To urge that word! A little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve you,
If any thing that love commands may reach you;
To have remember'd you, (but I'm unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my fortunes)
To have told you, and by my life you may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You or your memory: Pray be not angry!

Quislar. I thank you, Sir; and let me tell you
seriously,

You have taken now the right way to befriend you,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion.

Yet, to try your obedience——

Arm. I stand ready, lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing³⁷.

Quislar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember services or smiles;
Dangers you have past thro', and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs; but, leaving all to me,
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey you.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha!

³⁷ *I stand ready, lady,*
Without presuming to ask any thing.] This second line evi-
dently belongs to the Princess, or else her speech will not be grammar.
Sympson.

It will be grammar, supposing her to take up the sense of what he
has said, which it is plain she does.

Arm.

Arm. Who's this? What art thou?

Ruy. A gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more, I'm sure. Oh, 'tis Ruy
Dias:

How high he looks, and harsh!

Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow-room?

Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, Princess?

Arm. The captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet.
Go freely, go! I'll give thee leave.

Ruy. Your leave, Sir?

Arm. Yes, my leave, Sir. I'll not be troubled
neither,

Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee.

I kiss your fair hand first; then, farewell, captain! [*Exit.*

Quisar. What a pure soul inherits here! what in-
nocence!

Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still: How he blusters!

Ruy. Am I your property? or those your flatteries
The banquets that you bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisar. Be more temperate!

Ruy. Are these the shows of your respect and favour?
What did he here, what language had he with you?
Did you invite him? could you stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ruy. Why at these private hours?

Quisar. You are too saucy,
Too impudent, to task me with those errors.
Do you know what I am, Sir? and my prerogative?
Tho' you be a thing I've call'd by th' name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty:
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?

And

And name an action, and of mine, but noble?
 Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee!
 How have I nourish'd thee and rais'd thee hourly!
 Are these the graticudes you bring, Ruy Dias?
 The thanks? the services? I'm fairly paid!
 Was't not enough I saw thou wert a coward,
 And shadow'd thee? no noble spark in thee?
 Daily provok'd thee, and still found thee coward?
 Rais'd noble causes for thee, strangers started at;
 Yet still, still, still a coward, ever coward!
 And, with those taints, dost thou upbraid my virtues?

Ruy. I was to blame, lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold

To touch at my behaviour? Durst thou but look
 Amiss at my allowance?—If thou hadst
 Been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some licence,
 Some liberty; I might have then allow'd thee,
 For thy good-face, some scope to have argued with me;
 But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
 The mere sign of a soldier, of a lover
 The dregs and drassy part, disgrace and jealousy,
 I scorn thee, and contemn thee!

Ruy. Dearest lady,

If I have been too free——

Quisar. Th' hast been too foolish;

And go on still; I'll study to forget thee.

I would I could! and yet I pity thee.

[*Exit.*

Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, that's misery!
 The next door is but death; I must aim at it. [*Exit.*

A C T IV.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moor-Priest.

King. SO far and truly you've discover'd to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound t' acknowledge you most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.

Gov. I am no liar.—
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbour:
But these are not my ends.

King. Pray you sit, good father!—
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.

Gov. Ay, that belief's well now; and let me work
then,
I'll make you curse religion ere I leave you.—
I've liv'd a long time, son, a mew'd-up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the world's vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And shook hands with all heats of youth and pleasures.
As in a dream, these twenty years I've slumber'd;
Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden wills of Heaven,
Lain shaking under; many a burning sun
Has fear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feebled my knees, and stamp'd a meagreness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge;
Which I have now attain'd to, thanks to Heaven,
All for my country's good too: And many a vision,
Many a mystic vision, have I seen, son,
And many a sight from Heav'n which has been ter-
rible,

Wherein the goods and evils of these islands
Were lively shadow'd; many a charge I've had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,

To

To travel and discover: Now I'm come, son,
The hour's now appointed, my tongue's touch'd,
And now I speak:

King. Do, holy man! I'll hear you.

Gov. Beware these Portugals, I say beware 'em!
These smooth-fac'd strangers, have an eye upon 'em!
The cause is now the gods'! hear, and believe, King!

King. I do hear; but, before I give rash credit, or
Hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange deliverance.

Gov. Oh, son, the future aims of men, (observe me)
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at: The stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but, with my eyes, pupil.
These men came hither, as my vision tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feebled;
Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suit for traffick, and for comfort,
To vent their childrens' toys, cure their diseases:
They had their suit, they landèd, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suck'd the fat and freedom
Of this most blessed isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the castle here, the citadel,
They've clapt upon the neck of your Tidore,
(This happy town, 'till that she knew these strangers)
To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so indeed, father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed! I find your fair de-
livery,
(Tho' you be pleas'd to glorify that fortune,
And think these strangers gods; take heed; I say!)
I find it but a handsome preparation;
A fair-fac'd prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end; good King, the pin he shoots at!
That was the man deliver'd you, the mirror;
Your sister is his due: What's she? your heir, Sir.
And what is he a-kin then to the kingdom?

But heirs are not ambitious; who then suffers?
 What rev'rence shall the gods have? and what justice
 The miserable people? what shall they do?

King. He points at truth directly.

Gov. Think of these, son!

The person, nor the manner I mislike not
 Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
 Were he but season'd in the faith we are,
 In our devotions learn'd.

King. You say right, father.

Gov. To change our worships now, and our religion?
 To be traitor to our gods?

King. You've well advis'd me,
 And I will seriously consider, father.
 P'th' mean time, you shall have your fair access
 Unto my sister, advise her to your purpose,
 And let me still know how the gods determine.

Gov. I will.—But my main end is to advise
 The destruction of you all, a general ruin;
 And then I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle! [*Exe.*]

Enter Ruy Dias and Piniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad you were not greedy,
 And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
 Upon the person of Armusia;
 I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
 And love to me——

Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, uncle;
 It shew'd not handsome, carried no man in it.

Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
 Only this good has risen from this evil,
 I've tried your honesty, and find it proof,
 A constancy that will not be corrupted,
 And I much honour it.

Pin. This bell sounds better.

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I've suf-
 fer'd,

Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
 And my sick honour cur'd the right and straight way:

My

My sword's in my hand now, nephew, my cause upon
it;

And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his——

Pin. Why, this is like Ruy Dias!
This carries something of some substance in it,
Some mettle and some man; this sounds a gentleman;
And now methinks you utter what becomes you:
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation——

Ruy. 'Tis no better.

But, Piniero, now——

Pin. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our states flung by, for-
gotten;

The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods——

Pin. In a service, Sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for you. I had thought you had
Forsworn fighting, or banish'd those brave thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are, nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them;
Here, you guess what this means? [*Shews a challenge.*]

Pin. Yes, very well, Sir. A portion of scripture
That puzzles many an interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him——

Pin. That will not be long, uncle;
And, o' my conscience, he'll be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew. Carry't so,
If you can possible, that we may fight——

Pin. Nay, you shall fight, assure yourself.

Ruy. Pray you hear me!—

In some such place where it may be possible

The Princess may behold us.

Pin. I conceive you :

Upon the sand behind the castle, Sir ;
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I'm mistaken.

Ruy. You're i'th' right ; if you can work that hand-
somely——

Pin. Let me alone ! and pray be you prepar'd
Some three hours hence.

Ruy. I'll not fail.

Pin. Get you home ;
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers that may befriend you,
Run 'em over quickly ! I warrant, I'll bring him on.

Ruy. Farewell, nephew !

And, when we meet again—— [Exit.

Pin. Ay, ay, fight handsomely :
Take a good draught or two of wine to settle you ;
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience, uncle.
I am glad to see this man's conversion ;
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o'th' island, soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base courses. He will fight now,
And I believe too bravely ; I have seen him
Curry a fellow's carcase handsomely ;
And i'th' head of a troop, stand as if he had
Been rooted there, dealing large doles of death.—
What a rascal was I, I did not see his will drawn !

Enter Quisara.

What does she here ? If there be any mischief towards,
A woman makes one still : Now what new business
Is for me ?

Quisara. I was sending for you, but since
We've met so fair, you've sav'd that labour : I must
Entreat you, Sir——

Pin. Any thing, madam ; your wills
Are my commands.

Quisara. You're nobly courteous.

Upon

Upon my better thoughts, signor Piniero,
 And my more peaceable considerations,
 (Which now I find the richer ornaments)
 I would desire you to attempt no further
 Against the person of the noble stranger,
 (In truth, I am asham'd of my share in it)
 Nor be incited further by your uncle:
 I see it will sit ill upon your person.
 I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,
 Carried at best, a most unheard-of cruelty:
 Good Sir, desist!

Pin. You speak now like a woman,
 And wondrous well this tendernefs becomes you:
 But this you must remember, your command
 Was laid on with a kiss; and seriously
 It must be taken off the same way, madam,
 Or I stand bound still.

Quisar. That shall not endanger you:
 Look you, fair Sir, thus I take off that duty.

Pin. By th' mass, 'twas soft and sweet! Some bloods
 would bound now,
 And run a-tilt. Do not you think, bright beauty,
 You've done me, in this kiss, a mighty favour,
 And that I stand bound, by virtue of this honour,
 To do whatever you command me?

Quisar. I think, Sir,
 From me these are unusual courtesies,
 And ought to be respected so: There are some,
 And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
 Not poorly bless'd to taste of such a bounty.

Pin. I know there are, that would do many unjust
 things
 For such a kiss, (and yet I hold this modest)
 All villainies, body and soul dispense with;
 For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
 Demolish the fair credits of their parents;
 Those kisses I am not acquainted with:

Most certain, madam,
 Th' appurt'nance of this kiss would not provoke me

To do a mischief; 'tis the devil's own dance
To be kiss'd into cruelty.

Quisar. I'm glad you make that use, Sir.

Pin. I am gladder

That you made me believe you were cruel³⁸;
For, by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd you, ('twas high time too;
Some common slave might have been set upon it else)
That willingly I would not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman;
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find: To kill a man?
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,
And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy——

Quisar. I take it in you well.

Pin. I thank you, lady;
And I shall study to confirm it.

Quisar. Do, Sir;
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it.

[*Exit Pin.*]

Most holy Sir!

Enter Governor, Quisana, and Panura.

Gov. Bless you, my royal daughter!
And, in you, bless this island, Heav'n!

Quisar. Good aunt,
What think you of this man?

Quisana. Sure he's a wise man,
And a religious: He tells us things have happen'd
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp tongue?

Pan. He tells me, madam,
Marriage and mouldy cheese will make me tamer.

Gov. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,

³⁸ *That you made me believe you were cruel.*] I read this line so,
You made me but believe that you were cruel. Seward.

An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a jade, may be your share.

Pan. By'r lady, a sharp prophet! When this proves
good,

I'll bequeath you a skin to make you a hood.

Gov. Lady, I'd talk with you.

Quisar. Do, reverend Sir!

Gov. And for your good, for that that must concern
you;

And give ear wisely to me!

Quisar. I shall, father.

Gov. You are a Princess of that excellence,
Sweetness, and grace, that angel-like fair feature,
(Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this) I am amazed³⁹, lady,
And as I think the gods bestow'd these on you,
The gods that love you——

Quisar. I confess their bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their use, to their honour,
To them, and to their service give this sweetness!
They have an instant great use of your goodness;
You are a faint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart——

Quisar. I seek no fealty;

Nor will I blemish that Heav'n has seal'd on me;
I know my worth. Indeed the Portugals
I have at those commands, and their last services,
Nay e'en their lives, so much I think my handsomeness,

That what I shall enjoin——

Gov. Use it discretely!

(For I perceive you understand me rightly)

For here the gods regard your help, and suddenly:

³⁹ *I am amazed, lady.] Amazement at beauty, tho' it does not necessarily imply dotage, yet often both foreruns and accompanies it, and would certainly be rather a cause why he should than why he should not dote: The most natural reason for him to give is,*

Nor do I dote in telling this, I am aged, lady. Seward.

The Portugals, like sharp thorns (mark me, lady)
 Stick in our sides; like razors, wound religion;
 Drawn deep, they wound, until the life-blood follows;
 Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn,
 A mighty hand they bear upon our government:
 These are the men your miracle must work on,
 Your heav'nly form, either to root them out,
 (Which, as you may endeavour, will be easy,
 Remember whose great cause you have to execute)
 To nip their memory, that may not spring more,
 Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions;
 Which will be blessed, and for which you fainted,
 But cannot be, and they go; let me bustle!

Quisar. Go up with me,
 Where we'll converse more privately:
 I'll shew you shortly how I hold their temper,
 And in what chain their souls.

Gov. Keep fast that hold still!
 And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,
 And link it to our gods and their fair worships,
 Or, daughter, pinch their hearts apieces with it.
 I'll wait upon your Grace.

Quisar. Come, reverend father!—
 Wait you below. [*Exe. Quisar. and Gov.*]

Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
 I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
 These holy coats are long, and hide iniquities.

Quisan. Away, away, fool! a poor wretch!

Pan. These poor ones,
 Warm but their stomachs once——

Quisan. Come in; thou'rt foolish. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Piniero.

Arm. I'm sorry, Sir, my fortune is so stubborn,
 To court my sword against my countryman:
 I love my nation well; and where I find
 A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
 I am his humble servant. Signor Piniero,

Your

Your person, nor your uncle's, am I angry with;
 You're both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
 And, I protest, I'd rather use my sword
 In your defences than against your safeties:
 It is, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies,
 When we seek foes among ourselves.

Eman. You're injur'd,
 And you must make the best on't now, and readiest—

Arm. You see I'm ready in the place, and arm'd
 To his desire that call'd me.

Pin. You speak honestly,
 And I could wish you'd met on terms more friendly;
 But it can't now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Eman. Turn, Sir, and see!

Pin. I have kept my word with you, uncle;
 The gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor and Quisara above.

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid those fools welcome that affect your cour-
 tesy!

I come not to use compliment: You've wrong'd me;
 And you shall feel, proud man, ere I part from you,
 Th' effects of that; If Fortune do not fool me,
 Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud word; more than your faith
 can justify.

Quisara. Sure they will fight!

Ruy. She is there; I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone! let 'em kill one another!
 These are the main posts; if they fall, the buildings
 Will tumble quickly.

Quisara. How temperate Armusia!

Gov. No more; be quiet yet⁴⁰.

Arm. I am not bloody,

⁴⁰ *Quisara. No more, be quiet yet.]* Possibly these words belong to
 the Governor.

Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me ;
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home, Armusia !
For, if thou faint'st or fall'st——

Arm. D'you make all vantages ?

Ruy. All ways, unto thy life: I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.

Arm. I am arm'd then.

Ruy. Stand still, I charge you, nephew, as you honour me !

Arm. And, good Emanuel, stir not.

Pin. Ye speak fitly ;
For we had not stood idle else.

Gov. I'm sorry for't⁴¹.

Eman. But since you'll have it so——

Ruy. Come, Sir !

Arm. I wait you.

Pin. Ay, marry, this looks handsomely !
This is warm work !

Gov. Both fall, an't be thy will ! [*Ruy falls.*

Pin. My uncle dead !

Eman. Stand still, or my sword's in——

Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,
Now where's your confidence? Your prayers, quickly!
Your own spite has condemn'd you.

Quisar. Hold, Armusia !

Arm. Most happy lady !

Quisar. Hold, and let him rise ;

⁴¹ *Gov.* I'm sorry for't.

Eman. But since you'll have it so—] The same cause of complaint returns upon us again which was mention'd above, viz. the multiplication of names, for here the *Governor* has nothing to do. Both these lines belong to *Emanuel*, sorry that the seconds are not permitted to fight ; or both to *Armusia*, for the unhappy necessity he lay under of fighting with his countryman. If it was left to me, I believe I should determine in favour of *Emanuel*. *Symphon.*

The old books surely are right : The *Governor* avows his sorrow that they are to stand idle.

Spare him for me !

Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady !

Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they'd all perish'd.

Quisar. Peace, father ! I work for the best. Ar-
mufia,

Be in the garden an hour hence. [*Exe. Quisar. and Gov.*]

Arm. I shall, madam.

Pin. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all inches !

So brave a mingled temper saw I never.

Arm. Why are you sad, Sir ? How would this
have griev'd you,

If you had fall'n under a profess'd enemy ?

Under one had taken vantage of your shame too ?

Pray you be at peace ! I am so far from wronging you,

Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,

That I desire to serve you : Pray look chearfully !

Pin. Do you hear this, Sir ?

This love, Sir ? Do you see this gentleman,

How he courts you ? Why do you hold your head
down ?

'Tis no high-treason, I take it, to be equall'd ;

To have a slip i'th' field, no sin that's mortal :

Come, come ; thank Fortune and your friend !

Arm. It may be

You think my tongue may prove your enemy,

And tho' restrain'd, sometimes, out of a bravery,

May take a licence to disable you ⁴² :

Believe me, Sir, so much I hate that liberty,

That in a stranger's tongue 'twill prove an injury ;

And I shall right you in't.

Pin. Can you have more, uncle ?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways ; yet so
nobly,

That I shall ever love the hand that did it :

Fortune may make me worthy of some title

⁴² To disable you.] Symphon objects to the word *disable* ; for which we see no reason, as *disable* is frequently used in the sense of *disparage*.

That

That may be near your friend.

Arm. Sir, I must leave you,
But with so hearty love—And pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong you.

[*Exe. Arm. and Eman.*]

Pin. Come, come; you're right again, Sir: Love
your honour,

And love your friend; take heed of bloody purposes,
And unjust ends! good Heav'n is angry with 'em;
Make your fair virtues and your fame your mistresses;
And let these trinkets go!

Ruy. You teach well, nephew;
Now to be honourable even with this gentleman⁴³,
Shall be my business, and my ends his. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir!

You must do something suddenly, to stop
His pride, so great and high he is shot up;
Upon his person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot you.

I'll bring you suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister, privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, father.

Gov. And with scorn; I fear, contempt too.

King. I hope not⁴⁴.

Gov.

⁴³ *Now to be honourable even with this gentleman.*] I have I believe shewn before that our Authors take the same liberty in our language that the Greeks and Latins do in theirs, viz. of using an adjective adverbially; so at the end almost of this Play we have the same licence took again.

Quislar. Which way you go, Sir,
I must follow necessary, i. e. necessarily. *Symphon.*

⁴⁴ *And with scorn, I fear contempt too.*

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a lust;

It may be that also.] This odd passage I would reform thus,

Gov. And with what scorn I fear too——

King.

Gov. I will not name a lust ; it may be that also.
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him :
These sweet entreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed, you wrong him not !

Gov. Take heed to your safety !

I but forewarn you, King ; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come unfent——

King. No, I'll go with you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Armusia and Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach
at,

Either in my obedience, or my service,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking,
But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously⁴⁵,
Take pleasure in your wills, e'en in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy:
I study new humility to please you,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions ;
Because they come from you, I love my sorrows.
Pray, madam, but consider——

Quisara. Yes, I do, Sir ;

And to that honest end I drew you hither.
I know you have deserv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you :

King. *I hope not.*

Gov. *I will not name a lust ; it may be that also.*

That *what* is dropt in the first line seems evident ; but how comes *contempt* to be inserted after *scorn*, as if that was to be fear'd much more than the other when it is so nearly the same thing ? I take the whole passage to have been confus'd in the manuscript, and that *contempt* was put in by an unsuccessful attempt to restore it ; for its absence with a change of the points and a proper disposition of the words, restores both sense and measure. *Seward.*

⁴⁵ But a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously.] I wish the Authors had wrote here,

Not a poor thought, or

Be't a poor thought. The sense of the place manifestly requires some such alteration. *Sympton.*

But here is taken in the sense of *even*.

I know

I know you love.

Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man : And for that love command me,
(So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady)
Something of such a greatness to allow me,
Those things I've done already may seem foils to :
'Tis equity, that man aspires to Heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Now stand close, King, and hear ; and, as
you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion suffer !

Quisar. I dare believe your worth, without additions ;

But since you are so liberal of your love, Sir,
And would be further tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not win me
At such an easy rate——

Arm. I am prepar'd still,
And if I shrink——

Quisar. I know you are no coward :
This is the utmost trial of your constancy ;
And if you stand fast now, I'm yours, your wife, Sir.
You hold there's nothing dear, that may atchieve me,
Doubted, or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing :
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it !

Quisar. I'll tell you then : Change your religion,
And be of one belief with me !

Arm. How !

Quisar. Mark !
Worship our gods, renounce that faith you're bred in,
('Tis easily done ; I'll teach you suddenly)
And humbly on your knees——

Arm. Ha ! I'll be hang'd first.

Quisar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the devil, lady ?
Offer to him I hate ? I know the devil !

To dogs and cats? you do make offer to them⁴⁶;
 To every bird that flies, and every worm.
 How terribly I shake! Is this the venture,
 The trial, that you talk'd of?—Where have I been,
 And how forgot myself, how lost my memory?
 When did I pray, or look up stedfastly,
 Had any goodness in my heart to guide me,
 That I should give this 'vantage to mine enemy,
 The enemy to my peace? Forfake my faith?

Quisar. Come, come, I know you love me.

Arm. Love you this way?

This most destroying way? Sure you but jest, lady.

Quisar. My love and life are one way.

Arm. Love alone then!

And mine another way: I'll love diseases first,
 Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,
 Wooe all afflictions of all forts, kiss Cruelty.
 Have mercy, Heaven! How have I been wand'ring,
 Wand'ring the way of lust, and left my Maker!
 How have I slept like cork upon a water,
 And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me!
 Trod the blind paths of Death, forsook assurance,
 Eternity of blessedness, for a woman!
 For a young handsome face, hazard my being?

Quisar. Are not our powers eternal, so their comforts?

As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They're puppets——

Gov. Now mark him, Sir, and but observe him
 nearly!

Arm. Their comforts like themselves, cold, senseless
 outsides;

You make 'em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
 Subject to age: And how can they cure us,
 That are not able to refine themselves?

Quisar. The sun and moon we worship, (those are
 heav'nly)

⁴⁶ To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;] Sympson would read
 and point,

To dogs and cats? you make me offer to them?

And their bright influences we believe.

Arm. Away, fool!

I adore the Maker of that sun and moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
They're not so great as we, they are our servants,
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when, and how, the swellings of the main are,
And their returns again; they're but our stewards
To make the earth fat, with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?

For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?
I look'd you should have said, Make me a Christian!
Work that great cure; for 'tis a great one, woman;
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest;
I look'd you should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Wash'd off your mist of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from those eyes; I look'd
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to Memory,
Beat down his altars, ruin'd his false temples:

Gov. Now you may see!

Quisar. Take heed; you go too far, Sir.—
And yet I love to hear him: I must have you;
And to that end I let you storm a little.—
I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet you, ere you can come back;
I know old friends cannot part suddenly;
There will be some left still: Yet I must have you,
Have you of my faith too, and so enjoy you!

Arm. Now I contemn you! and I hate myself
For looking on that face lasciviously!
And it looks ugly now methinks.

Quisar. How, Portugal?

Arm. It looks like Death itself, to which 'twould
lead me:

Your

Your eyes resemble pale Despair, (they fright me!)
 And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins
 Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully
 The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffer'd.
 Get from me! I despise you. And know, woman,
 That for all this trap you've laid to catch my life in,
 To catch my immortal life, I hate and curse you,
 Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
 And where I meet your Maumet gods⁴⁷, I'll swing
 'em

Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into puddles;
 Nay, I will out of vengeance search your temples,
 And, with those hearts that serve my god, demolish
 Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear, Sir!

Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so crafty,
 The glorious Cross; altho' I love your brother;
 Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
 And let your whole state storm!

King. Enter, and take him!—

I'm sorry, friend, that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be sure ye bind him fast.

Quislar. But use him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiv'n it;
 And still preserv'd you fair; but to our gods, Sir——

Quislar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our religion,
 To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
 To threaten them——

Arm. Use all your violence:

I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;
 I spit at your best powers; I serve one
 Will give me strength to scourge your gods——

Gov. Away with him!

Arm. To grind 'em into base dust; and disperse 'em,
 That never more their bloody memories——

⁴⁷ Meet your Maumet gods.] This is the writing of this word in the old copy of 1647, in the rest 'tis thus,

Meet your Mahumet gods.

Symphon.

Gov.

Gov. Clap him close up!

King. Good friend, be cooler!

Arm. Never;

Your painted sifter I despise too——

King. Softly!

Arm. And all her devilish arts I laugh and scorn at,
Mock her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate.

Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.

Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.

Quisar. Oh, how I love this man, how truly honour him!
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*Enter Christophero and Pedro at one door, Emanuel
and Soza at another.*

Chrif. **D'** YOU know th' news, gentlemen?
Eman. 'Would we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it!

Soza. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? Taken so maliciously,
And clap'd up close? is that the thanks they render?

Chrif. It must not be put up thus, smother'd slightly;
'Tis such a base unnatural wrong——

Pedro. I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o'th' islands;
But if we be ourselves, honest and resolute,
And continue but masters of our ancient courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their villainies——

Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall a-pieces now,
We're fools, and worthy to be mark'd for misery.
Begin to strike at him, they are all bound to?
To cancel his deserts? What must we look for,
If they can carry this?

Eman.

Eman. I'll carry coals then.

I have but one life, and one fortune, gentlemen;
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals;
These barbarous slaves——

Chris. Shall we go charge 'em presently?

Soza. No, that will be too weak; and too fool-hardy;
We must have grounds that promise safety, friends;
And sure offence; we lose our angers else,
And, worse than that, venture our lives too lightly!

Enter Piniero.

Pin. Did you see mine uncle? Plague o' these
Barbarians!

How the rogues stick i' my teeth! I know ye're angry;
So I am too, monstrous angry; gentlemen;
I'm angry; that I choke again.

You hear Armusia's up, honest Armusia,
Clap'd up in prison; friends, the brave Armusia?
Here are fine boys!

Eman. We hope he shall not stay there.

Pin. Stay? no, he must not stay; no talk of staying;
These are no times to stay. Are not these rascals?
Speak, I beseech you speak, are they not rogues?
Think some abominable names—are they not devils?
But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em—fusty
villains!

Chris. They are a kind of hounds.

Pin. Hounds were their fathers;
Old blear-ey'd bob-tail'd hounds.—Lord, where's my
uncle?

Soza. But what shall be done, Sir?

Pin. Done?

Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
If it ben't sudden, they may take his life too.

Pin. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it;
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for clifters.
His life? why, 'tis a thing worth all the islands,
And they know will be rated at that value:
His very imprisonment will make the town stink;

And shake and stink; I've physick in my hand for 'em,
Shall give the goblins such a purge——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Pedro. Your uncle!

Ruy. I hear strange news, and have been seeking
you:

They say Armusia's prisoner,

Pin. 'Tis most certain.

Ruy. Upon what cause?

Pin. He has deserv'd too much, Sir;
The old heathen policy has lit upon him,
And paid him home.

Ruy. A most unnoble dealing!

Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely.
He has deserv'd of all.

Ruy. I must confess it;
Of me so nobly too!

Pin. I'm glad to hear it;
You've a time now to make good your confession,
(Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion).
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesy,
Now to make those believe, that held you backward
And an ill instrument, you are a gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your nation,
Dare stick to Virtue; tho' she be oppress'd,
And, for her own fair sake, step to her rescue:
If you live ages, Sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in't.

Ruy. I thank you, nephew.—Come along with
me, gentlemen!

We'll make 'em dancing sport immediately:
We're masters of the fort yet; we shall see
What that can do.

Pin. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air!

Ruy.

Ruy. Come ; we'll do something
Shall make 'em look about ; we'll send 'em plums,
If they ben't too hard for their teeth.

Pin. And fine potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder : Such a banquet, Sir,
We'll prepare their unmannerly stomachs——

Ruy. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villainy.
Come, be high-hearted all !

Omnes. We're all on fire, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, (persuade me
not !)

Forgetful of the mercy he shew'd me,
The timely noble pity. Why should I
See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true courtesy,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand, set me free ?
Why should it come from me ? why I command this ?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful ?

Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis
certain

It had been in your power, and your discretion,
To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely, and nobly ta'en ; but since the cause
Concerns the honour of our gods, and their title,
And so transcends your power, and your compassion,
(A little your own safety, if you saw't too,
If your too-fond indulgence did not dazzle you)
It cannot now admit a private pity ;

'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or revenges,
And these revolts in you shew mere rebellious.

King. They're mild and pitiful——

Gov. To those repent.

King. Their nature's soft and tender——

Gov. To true hearts,

That feel compunction for their trespasses :
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction

And demolition of their arms and worship,
Spits at their powers: Take heed you be not found,
Sir,

And mark'd a favourer of their dishonour!
They use no common justice.

King. What shall I do
To deserve of this man?

Gov. If you more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I'll curse you from the gods, call up their vengeance,

Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana and Panura.
And fling it on your land and you: I've charge for't.—
I hope to wrack you all,

King. What ails my sister?
Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who dares do this?

Quisana. We did it, (pardon, Sir!)
And for her preservation: She's grown wild,
And raving on the stranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out 'Help, help, they'll torture him,
'They'll take his life, they'll murder him presently!
If we had not prevented violently——
Have laid hands on her own life⁴³.

Gov. These are tokens
The gods' displeasure is gone out: Be quick,
And, ere it fall, do something to appease 'em!
You know the sacrifice.—I'm glad it works thus.

Quisara. How low and base thou look'st now, that
wert noble!
No figure of a king, methinks, shews on you,
No face of majesty: Foul swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness; base forgetfulness

⁴³ *If we had not prevented violently*
have laid hands on her own life.] Something (perhaps a whole
line) seems lost here. The line dropt probably also erred with the
word *violently*, which occasioned the omission: the printer thinking
he had already composed it. The sense required seems to be, 'If we
'had not used *violent means* to prevent it, she would before now have
'had *violent hands* on her own life.'

Of mighty benefits, has turn'd thee devil!
 Th'haſt perfecuted goodneſs, innocence,
 And laid a hard and violent hand on Virtue,
 On that fair Virtue that ſhould teach and guide us;
 Th'haſt wrong'd thine own preſerver, whoſe leaſt
 merit,

Poiſ'd with thy main eſtate, thou canſt not ſatisfy;
 Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light ſtill.
 What haſt thou done?

Gov. Go for him preſently,
 And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
 If not, let nothing ſhe ſays hinder you, or ſtir you!
 She ſpeaks diſtractedly: Do that the gods command
 you.

Do you know what you ſay, lady?

Quiſar. I could curſe thee too!
 Religion and ſeverity has ſteel'd thee,
 Has turn'd thy heart to ſtone; th'haſt made the gods
 hard too,

Againſt their ſweet and patient natures, cruel.

None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?

What innocence? what beauty——

King. Pray, be patient!

Quiſar. What honourable things ye caſt behind ye?
 What monuments of man?

Enter Armuſia and Guard.

King. Once more, Armuſia,
 Becauſe I love you tenderly and dearly,
 And would be glad to win you mine, I wiſh you,
 E'en from my heart I wiſh and wooe you——

Arm. What, Sir?

Take heed how you perſuade me falſly! then you hate
 me;

Take heed how you entrap me!

King. I adviſe you,
 And tenderly and truly I adviſe you,
 Both for your ſoul's health, and your ſafety——

Arm. Stay!

And name my soul no more! she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatt'ries, too secure too.

Gov. Consider the reward, Sir, and the honour
That is prepar'd, the glory you shall grow to.

Arm. They're not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be nam'd; when souls are questioned,
They're vain and flying vapours. Touch my life,
'Tis ready for you; put it to what test

It shall please you, I'm patient; but for the rest,
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o'th' way with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith: Use no more arguments,

Gov. We must use tortures then.

Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I'm joyful to accept.

Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities,
Deliver'd openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, Sir.

Arm. I'm glad I have it for you; take it, priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it!
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian blood;
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your altars and your temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about you, and conceal you,
Your mothers' wombs again——

Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out!

Quisar. Stand fast, Sir,
And fear 'em not! You that have stept so nobly
Into this pious trial, start not now;
Keep on your way; a virgin will assist you,

A virgin

A virgin won by your fair constancy,
 And, glorying that she's won so, will die by you!
 I've touch'd you every way, tried you most honest,
 Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing-chaste, and
 temperate,

Valiant, without vainglory, modest, staid,
 No rage or light affection ruling in you;
 Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find you,
 The temple of true honour.

Arm. Whither will she?

What do you infer by this fair argument, lady?

Quisar. Your faith and your religion must be like
 you;

They that can shew you these must be pure mirrors:
 When the streams flow clear and fair, what are the
 fountains?

I do embrace your faith, Sir, and your fortune: Go on!

I will assist you; I feel a sparkle here,
 A lively spark that kindles my affection,
 And tells me it will rise to flames of glory.

Let 'em put on their angers! suffer nobly;
 Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me;
 And if I follow not——

Arm. Oh, blessed lady,

Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph!—
 Come, clap your terrors on!

Quisar. All your fell tortures!

For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,
 I swear by my new faith, (which is most sacred,
 And I will keep it so) but I will follow in,
 And follow to a scruple of affliction,
 In spite of all your gods, without prevention.

Gov. Death! she amazes me.

King. What shall be done now?

Gov. They must die both,

And suddenly; they will corrupt all else.—

This woman makes me weary of my mischief;
 She shakes me, and she staggers me.—Go in, Sir;
 I'll see the execution.

King.

King. Not so sudden:
If they go, all my friends and sisters perish.
Gov. 'Would I were safe at home again!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, Sir!
Seek for defence; the castle plays and thunders,
The town rocks, and the houses fly i'th' air,
The people die for fear. Captain Ruy Dias
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here,
No; not the memory here has stood a city,
Unless Armusia be deliver'd fairly.

King. I have my fears: What can our gods do now
for us?

Gov. Be patient!
But keep him still. He's a cure, Sir, against
Both rage and cannon. Go and fortify;
Call in the princes⁴⁹, make the palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a king; look nobly,
And take you courage to you!--Keep close the prisoner,
And under command; we are betray'd else.

Arm. How joyfully I go!

Quisar. Take my heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a wolf by the ear: Now, Fortune,
free me! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter four Townsfolk.

1 Towns. Heav'n bless us, what a thund'ring's here?
what fire-spitting?

We can't drink, but our cans are maul'd amongst us.

2 Towns. I would they would maul our scores too!
Shame o' their guns,

I thought they had been bird-pots, or great candle-
cases;

How devilishly they bounce, and how the bullets

Borrow a piece of a house here, there another,

And mend those up again with another parish!

Here flies a powd'ring-tub, the meat ready roasted,

And there a barrel pissing vinegar;

⁴⁹ *Call in the princes.*] Amended by Sympton.

And they two, over-taking the top of a high steeple,
Newly slic'd off for a fallad——

3 *Townf.* A vengeance fire 'em!

2 *Townf.* Nay, they fire fast enough; you need not
help 'em.

4 *Townf.* Are these the Portugal bulls? How loud
they bellow!

2 *Townf.* Their horns are plaguy strong; they push
down palaces;

They tofs our little habitations

Like whelps, like grindle-tails, with their heels up-
ward;

All the windows i'th' town dance a new trenchmore⁵⁰;
'Tis like to prove a blessed age for glasiere!

I met a hand, and a letter in't, in great haste,

And by-and-by a single leg running after it,

As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;

Heads fly like foot-balls every where.

1 *Townf.* What shall we do?

2 *Townf.* I care not; my shop's cancell'd,

And all the pots and earthen pans in't vanish'd:

There was a single bullet and they together by the
ears,

You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been
there,

And all his troops of devils.

3 *Townf.* Let's to th' King,

And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely!

By this hand, there's no walking above ground else.

2 *Townf.* By this leg (let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe⁵¹ it) if I were
Out of the town once, if I came in again

To fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave

To cram me with a Portugal pudding. Come,

Let's do any thing to appease this thunder! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Piniero and Panura.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind priest?

⁵⁰ *Trenchmore*] See note 41 on the Pilgrim.

⁵¹ *Owe.*] i. e. *Oven.*

Pan.

Pan. Yes, most certain;
 He has provok'd all this. The king is merciful,
 And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
 And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
 Threatens new vengeance, and the gods' fierce justice,
 When he but looks with fair eyes on Armusia;
 Will lend him no time to relent. My royal mistress,
 Sh'has entertain'd a Christian hope.

Pin. Speak truly!

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but, Lord! how he lies
 at her,
 And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her!
 And, I fear, if not speedily prevented,
 If she continue stout, both shall be executed.

Pin. I'll kiss thee for this news! Nay, more,
 Panura;
 If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with Christian,
 The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so.

Pin. I will, i'faith. But which way can'st thou
 hither?

The palace is close guarded, and barricado'd.

Pan. I came thro' a private vault, which few there
 know of;

It rises in a temple not far hence,
 Close by the castle here.

Pin. How? to what end?

Pan. A good one:

To give you knowledge of my new-born mistress,
 And in what doubt Armusia stands:
 Think any present means, or hope to stop 'em
 From their fell ends. The princes are come in too,
 And they are harden'd also.

Pin. The damn'd priest——

Pan. Sure he's a cruel man! Methinks Religion
 Should teach more temperate lessons.

Pin. He the firebrand?

He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are?
 Well, prophet, I shall prophesy, I shall catch you,
 When all your prophecies will not redeem you.

Wilt

Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

Pan. Any good I am able.

Pin. And, by thine own white hand, I'll swear
thou'rt virtuous,

And a brave wench. Durst thou but guide me pre-
sently

Thro' the same vault thou cam'st, into the palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit?

Pan. Yes, I will do't, and suddenly, and truly.

Pin. I'd fain behold this prophet.

Pan. Now I have you,

And shall bring you where you shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences;

That shall be my care: But you must not betray me.

Pin. Dost thou think we're so base, such slaves,
rogues?

Pan. I do not:

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for you.

Pin. I must needs steal that priest, steal him, and
hang him.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his mischief; strangle
him!

Pin. Come, prithee, love!

Pan. You'll offer me no foul play?

The vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And you may—

But I hold you honest.

Pin. Honest enough, I warrant thee.

Pan. I'm but a poor weak wench; and what with
the place,

And your persuasions, Sir—but I hope you will not—
You know we're often cozen'd.

Pin. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?

Pan. To let you know, Sir,
Tho' it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gentleman——

Pin. I know what he'll do:

Come,

Come, and remember me, and I will answer thee;
 I'll answer thee to th' full; we'll call at the castle,
 And then, my good guide, do thy will! sha't find me
 A very tractable man.

Pan. I hope I shall; Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Soldiers.

Bakam. Let my men guard the gates!

Syana. And mine the temple,
 For fear the honour of our gods should suffer:
 And on your lives be watchful!

Bakam. And be valiant;
 And let's see, if these Portugals dare enter,
 What their high hearts dare do? Let's see how readily
 The great Ruy Dias will redeem his countryman!
 He speaks proud words, and threatens.

Syana. He's approv'd, Sir,
 And will put fair for what he promises.
 I could wish friendlier terms; yet, for our liberties
 And for our gods, we're bound in our best service,
 Ev'n in the hazard of our lives——

Enter the King above.

King. Come up, princes,
 And give your counsels, and your helps: The fort still
 Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
 And turns our people wild with fears.

Bakam. Send for
 The prisoner, and give us leave to argue.

[Exeunt Bakam and Syana.]

*Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christophero, and Pedro;
 with Soldiers.*

Ruy. Come on nobly,
 And let the fort play still! we're strong enough
 To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure:
 It may be on our view they will return him.

Chris. We will return 'em such thanks else shall
 make 'em

Scratch

Scratch where it itches not.

Eman. How the people stare!
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily;
But it is the King——

*Enter Syana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with
Soldiers, above.*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms;
They're all above. Armusia chain'd and bound too?
Oh, these are thankful squires!

Bakam. Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer!
Command thy cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly Armusia's head goes off,
As suddenly as said.

Eman. Stay, Sir; be moderate!

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, Ruy Dias!
Let not the fear of me master thy valour!
Pursue 'em still; they are base malicious people.

King. Friend, be not desperate!

Arm. I scorn your courtesies!
Strike when you dare! a fair aim guide the gunner⁵²,
And may he let fly still with Fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a soldier's funerals,
The last fair Christian rite; see me i' th' ground,
And let the palace burn first, then the temples,
And on their scorned gods erect my monument!
Touch not the princess, as you are a soldier!

Quisara. Which way you go, Sir, I must follow
necessary:
One life, and one death!

King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Piniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with the Governor.

Pin. No, no; go on! Look here; your god,
your prophet!

⁵² *A fair arm guide the gunner.*] Amended by Symphon.

King.

King. How came he taken ?

Pin. I conjur'd for him, King :

I am a fure cur at an old blind prophet.

I'll hunt you such a false knave admirably⁵³ !

A terrier I : I earth'd him, and then snapt him.

Soza. Saving the rev'rence of your Grace, we stole him,

E'en out of the next chamber to you.

Pin. Come, come ; begin, King !

Begin this bloody matter when you dare !

And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal :

I'll tear him thus before you. Ha ! what art thou ?

[Pulls his beard and hair off.]

King. How's this ? Art thou a prophet ?

Ruy. Come down, princes !

King. We are abus'd !—Oh, my most dear Armusia !
Off with his chains ! And now, my noble sister,
Rejoice with me ; I know you're pleas'd as I am.

Pin. This is a precious prophet ! Why, don Governor,
What make you here ? how long have you ta'en
orders ?

Ruy. Why, what a wretch art thou to work this
mischief ?

T'assume this holy shape to ruin Honour,
Honour and Chastity ?

Enter King, and all, from above.

Gov. I'd paid you all,
But Fortune play'd the flut. Come, give me my
doom.

King. I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov. Nay, 'tis I, Sir ;
And here I stay your sentence.

King. Take her, friend !
(You've half persuaded me to be a Christian)
And with her all the joys, and all the blessings !

⁵³ I'll haunt ye.] Surely for *haunt*, we should here read *hunt*.

Sympson.

Why,

Why, what dream have we dwelt in?

Ruy. All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye!
Children as sweet and noble as their parents——

Pin. And kings at least!

Arm. Good Sir, forget my rashness;
And, noble Princess⁵⁴, for I was once angry,
And, out of that, might utter some distemper;
Think not it is my nature.

Syana. Your joy's ours, Sir;
And nothing we find in you but most noble.

King. To prison with this dog! there let him howl;
And, if he can repent, sigh out his villainies!
His island we shall seize into our hands;
His father and himself have both usurp'd it;
And kept it by oppression: The town and castle,
In which I lay myself most miserable,
'Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me;
Signor Piniero, I bestow on you;
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen;
Upon ye all, my love.

Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,
You've started now beyond me: I must thank you,
And thank you for my life, my wife, and honour.

Ruy. I'm glad I had her for you, Sir:

King. Come, princes;
Come, friends and lovers all; come, noble gentlemen;

No more guns now, nor hates, but joys and triumphs!
An universal gladness fly about us!
And know, however subtle men dare cast
And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

⁵⁴ *And noble Princess.*] So the first folio; the second, and octavo 1711, *Princesses*; Seward and Sympson, *Princes*. The first copy surely is right, Armusia meaning to apologize for his passionate language, in a former scene, to Quisara.

THE JOURNAL OF JAMES M. SMITH

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T H E

W O M A N ' S P R I Z E ;

O R , T H E

T A M E R T A M ' D .

A C O M E D Y .

This Comedy appears to be one of the performances which Fletcher wrote, without the assistance of Beaumont. The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace, as well as the Prologue, ascribe it to him alone. We believe an alteration of part of it was acted about twenty years ago at Drury-Lane Theatre, as an After-Piece, for the Benefit of the late Mrs. Pritchard, or one of her family.

WOMAN'S TRIBUNE

TAMMAM

A

4

P R O L O G U E.

LADIES, to you, in whose defence and right
Fletcher's brave muse prepar'd herself to fight
A battle without blood, ('twas well fought too;
The victory's yours, tho' got with much ado)
We do present this Comedy; in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In fancy, language, and all parts that may
Add grace and ornament to a merry play:
Which this may prove! Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,
We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set speeches, high expressions, and what's worse,
In a true Comedy, politick discourse.
The end we aim at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the City nor the Court.
Hear, and observe his comick strain, and when
Ye're sick of melancholy, see't again.
'Tis no dear physick, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Morofo, *an old rich dotting citizen, suitor to Livia.*

Sophocles, } *two gentlemen, friends to Petrucchio.*
Tranio, }

Petruchio, *an Italian gentleman, husband to Maria.*

Rowland, *a young gentleman, in love with Livia.*

Petronius, *father to Maria and Livia.*

Jaques, } *two witty servants to Petrucchio.*
Pedro, }

Doctor.

Apothecary.

Watchmen.

Porters.

W O M E N.

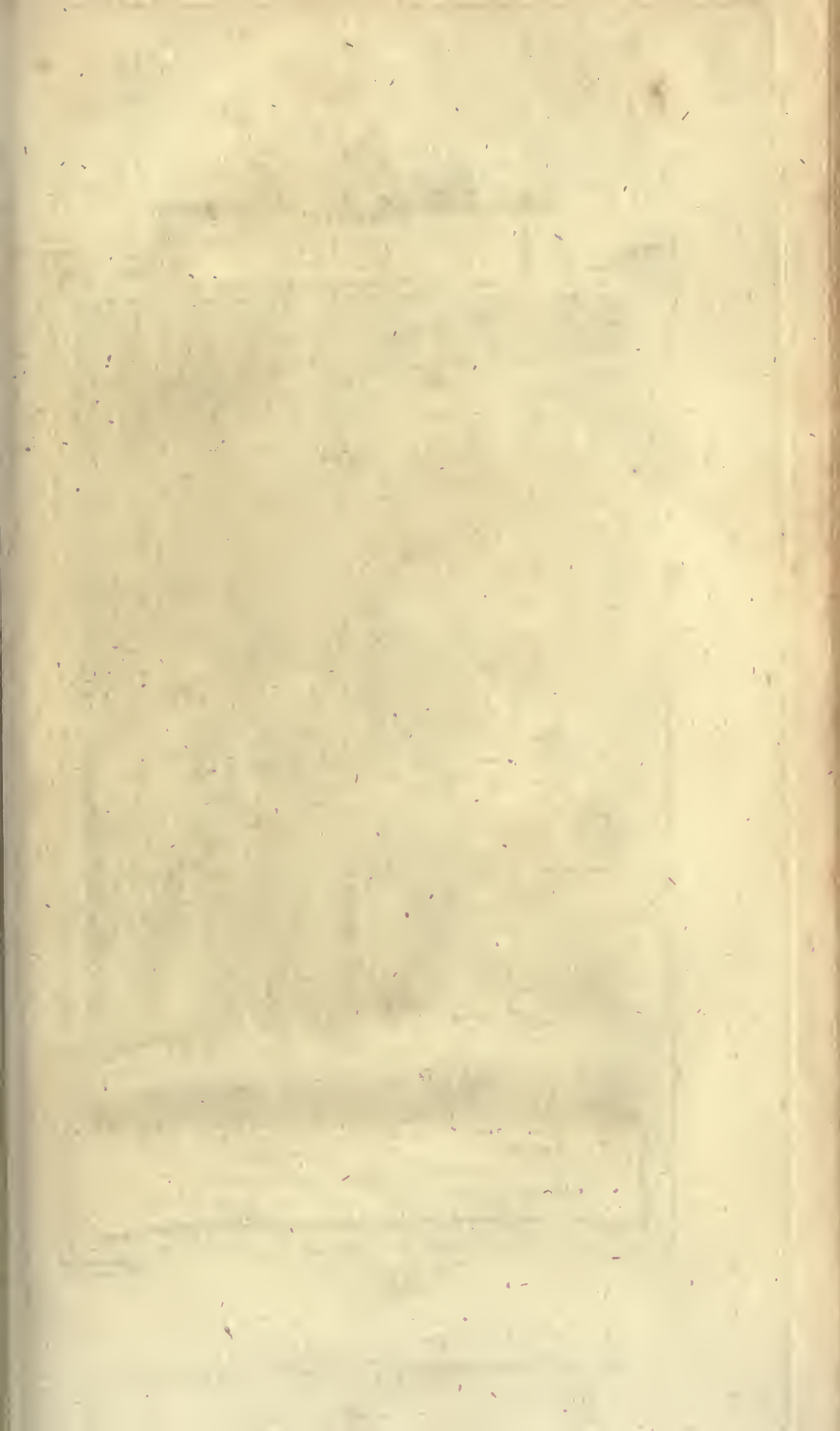
Maria, *a chaste witty lady,* } *the two masculine daughters*
Livia, *mistress to Rowland,* } *of Petronius.*

Bianca, *their cousin, and commander in chief.*

City Wives, } *who come to the relief of the ladies.*
Country Wives, }

Maids.

SCENE, L O N D O N.



The WOMAN'S PRIZE; or,
the TAMER TAM'D.



Petruccio. _____ *Oh Maria,*
Oh my unhappiness, my misery
Petronius. *Go to him* _____ *Act V.*

M.A. Rooker del.

C. Grignion sculp.

W O M A N ' S P R I Z E ;

O R , T H E

T A M E R T A M ' D .

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

*Enter Morofo, Sophocles, and Tranio, with rosemary¹,
as from a wedding.*

Morofo. G O D give 'em joy!

Tra. Amen!

Soph. Amen, say I too!

The pudding's now i' th' proof. Alas, poor wench,
Thro' what a mine of patience must thou work,
Ere thou know'st good hour more!

Tra. 'Tis too true, certain:

Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a father,
To match her to this dragon: I protest
I pity the poor gentlewoman.

Mor. Methinks now,

He's not so terrible as people think him.

Soph. This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.

¹ *Rosemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.

Tra. But shall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when I have Rome;
And yet the father's for him.

Mor. I'll assure you,
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes, sure, a wealthy;
But whether a good woman's man is doubtful,

Tra. 'Would 'twere no worse!

Mor. What tho' his other wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she; does't follow
He must retain that long-since-buried tempest,
To this soft maid?

Soph. I fear it,

Tra. So do I too;
And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be——

Mor. What would you do, Sir?

Tra. I'd learn to eat coals with an angry cat,
And spit fire at him; I would, to prevent him²,
Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at;
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,
To be a wife, and his.

Soph. So I should think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell you on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for cudgels, colestaves, any thing;
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghost
Should walk, and wear'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still Petruchio,
Than I am Babylon.

Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender soul——

² To prevent him.] i. e. To be beforehand with him, to out-do him.

Tra. His very frown³, if she but say her prayers?
 Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder;
 The motion of a dial, when he's testy,
 Is the same trouble to him as a water-work;
 She must do nothing of herself, not eat,
 Drink, say 'Sir, how do you?' make her ready,
 unready,
 Unless he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her,
 Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three weeks;

Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques, with a pot of wine.

Mor. He loves her most extremely,
 And so long 'twill be honey-moon. Now, Jaques!
 You are a busy man, I'm sure.

Jaques. Yes, certain;
 This old sport must have eggs.

Soph. Not yet this ten days.

Jaques. Sweet gentlemen, with muskadel.

Tra. That's right, Sir.

Mor. This fellow broods his master⁴. Speed you,
 Jaques!

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

Jaques. Your worships

³ *His very frown* ———
 ——— *makes him tinder.*] This very unintelligible passage, we have no assistance from any authority to set right: What stuff is it to say, that *Petruchio's* own frown, if his wife says her prayers, &c. makes him [*Petruchio*] tinder. If I may venture to conjecture what the Poets did write, it should be thus, *her very sound*, or, as it might be wrote nearer to the trace of the letters in Chaucer's manner, *her very sown*, i. e. voice, and then the passage would be sense. *Symphon.*

We think some words are lost: *His very frown* is a proper beginning of a reply to the foregoing speech. The last speech ending with an imperfect verse, *Tranio's* might have begun with,

Ob, no!
His very frown would throw her into fits;
And ev'n her voice, if she but, &c.

We do not presume to give the additional words as those lost, but only as supplying something like the sense of them.

⁴ *Broods his master.*] i. e. *Nourishes* or *cherishes* him.

Shall

282 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
Shall have it rich and neat; and, o' my conscience,
As welcome as our Lady-day, Oh, my old Sir,
When shall we see your worship run at ring?
That hour, a standing were worth money.

Mor. So, Sir!

Jaques. Upon my little honesty, your mistress,
If I have any speculation,
Must think this single thrumming of a fiddle,
Without a bow, but e'en poor sport.

Mor. You're merry.

Jaques. 'Would I were wife too! So, God bless your
worship! [Exit.

Tra. The fellow tells you true.

Soph. When is the day, man?

Come, come; you'll steal a marriage.

Mor. Nay, believe me:

But when her father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.

Tra. Why not now?

One charge had serv'd for both.

Mor. There's reason in't.

Soph. Call'd Rowland.

Mor. Will you walk?

They'll think we are lost: Come, gentlemen!

Tra. You've wip'd him now.

Soph. So will he ne'er the wench, I hope.

Tra. I wish it,

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Rowland and Livia.

Rowl. Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-night,
If your affections be not made of words——

Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly,
Rowland:

(Is there none near us?) My affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I've ever faint'd you——

Rowl.

Rowl. Why then take this way?

Livia. 'Till be a childish, and a less prosperous course

Than his that knows not care; why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?

Rowl. Then you flatter!

Livia. Alas, you know I cannot flatter.

Rowl. What hope's left else
But flying, to enjoy ye?

Livia. None, so far.

For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruin,
Can such a bye-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, tho' somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Rowl. And then Morofo has ye.

Livia. No such matter:

For hold this certain; begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit cods, or musty English crocus,
Switches, or stones for th' tooth-ach; sooner finds nie,
Than that drawn fox Morofo.

Rowl. But his money;

If wealth may win you——

Livia. If a hog may be

High-priest among the Jews! His money, Rowland?
Oh, Love forgive me! What faith hast thou!
Why, can his money kiss me——

Rowl. Yes.

Livia. Behind,

Lac'd^s out upon a petticoat.—Or grasp me,
While I cry, oh, good thank you! (O' my troth,
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear!) or lie with me
As you may do? Alas, what fools you men are!
His mouldy money? Half a dozen riders,

^s *Laid*, first folio; *laid*, second. The text is by Symphon.

That cannot fit, but stamp't fast to their saddles?
 No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me;
 My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
 To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me?

Rowl. I cannot say I doubt you.

Livia. Go thy ways;
 Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion—
 I'faith, I will not fail thee.

Rowl. I had rather——

Livia. Prithee, believe me! If I do not carry it,
 For both our goods——

Rowl. But——

Livia. What *but*?

Rowl. I would tell you.

Livia. I know all you can tell me: All's but this;
 You'd have me, and lie with me; is't not so?

Rowl. Yes.

Livia. Why, you shall; will that content you? Go,

Rowl. I am very loth to go.

Enter Bianca and Maria.

Livia. Now, o' my conscience,
 Thou art an honest fellow! Here's my sister!
 Go, prithee go! this kifs, and credit me,
 Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
 You shall hear what I do. Farewell!

Rowl. Farewell!

[*Exit*;

Livia. Alas, poor fool, how't looks!
 It would ev'n hang itself, should I but cross it.
 For pure love to the matter, I must hatch it.

Bianca. Nay, never look for merry hour, Maria,
 If now you make it not: Let not your blushes,
 Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,
 Make you continual anvil to his anger!
 Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
 Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own council;
 You shall not say that I persuaded you,
 But if you suffer him——

Maria. Stay! shall I do't?

Bianca,

Bianca. Have you a stomach to't?

Maria. I never shew'd it.

Bianca. 'Till shew the rarer and the stronger⁶ in you.
But do not say I urg'd you.

Maria. I am perfect.

Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I leap'd
Into this gulph of marriage; and I'll do it.

Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but spite and anger,
'Till I have wrought a miracle!—Now, cousin,
I am no more the gentle, tame Maria:

Mistake me not; I have a new foul in me,
Made of a North-wind, nothing but tempest;
And, like a tempest, shall it make all ruins,
'Till I have run my will out!

Bianca. This is brave now,
If you continue it: But, your own will lead you!

Maria. Adieu, all tenderness! I dare continue.
Maids that are made of fears, and modest blushes,
View me, and love example!

Bianca. Here's your sister.

Maria. Here's the brave old man's love——

Bianca. That loves the young man.

Maria. Ay, and hold thee there, wench! What a
grief of heart is't,
When Paphos' revels should up-rouse old Night,
To sweat against a cork, to lie and tell
The clock o' th' lungs, to rise sport-starv'd?

Livia. Dear sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?

Maria. Why, at church, wench;
Where I am tied to talk thus: I'm a wife now.

Livia. It seems so, and a modest!

Maria. You're an ass!
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.

Livia. 'Bless me!

Maria. From what?

Bianca. From such a tame fool as our cousin Livia!

⁶ *Stronger.*] Symphon would read *stranger*.

Livia. You are not mad?

Maria. Yes, wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, (mark me, Livia)
Or indeed fit for our sex. 'Tis bed-time:
Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant bridegroom!

Livia. Whither will this woman?

Bianca. You may perceive her end.

Livia. Or rather fear it.

Maria. Dare you be partner in't?

Livia. Leave it, Maria!

(I fear I've mark'd too much) for goodness, leave it!
Divest you with obedient hands; to-bed!

Maria. To bed? No, Livia; there are comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Must yet, before I know that heat (ne'er start, wench)
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;
Here must his head be, Livia.

Livia. Never hope it:

'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean, as
To tame Petruchio.

Maria. Stay!—Lucina, hear me!
Never unlock the treasure of my womb,
For human fruit to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
A mother's labour to me; if I do
Give way unto my married husband's will,
Or be a wife in any thing but hopes,
'Till I have made him easy as a child,
And tame as fear! (He shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this austerity,
'Tho' it would pull another jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man)
And when I kiss him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams and guesses!

Livia. A strange exordium!

Bianca. All the several wrongs

Done by imperious husbands to their wives
 These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee!
 Thou hast a brave cause.

Maria. And I'll do it bravely;
 Or may I knit my life out ever after!

Livia. In what part of the world' got she this spirit?
 Yet pray, *Maria*, look before you truly!
 Besides the disobedience of a wife⁸,
 (Which you will find a heavy imputation,
 Which yet I cannot think your own) it shews
 So distant from your sweetness—

Maria. 'Tis, I swear.

Livia. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you
 have,
 To work this desperate cure!

Maria. A weaker subject

⁷ *In what part of the world—*] These six subsequent lines seem almost all misplaced. As they now stand, part of the sentence is intermixt with the parenthesis, and makes a parenthesis to the parenthesis. I read the whole thus.

Livia. *In what part of the world got she this spirit?
 Which yet I cannot think your own, it shews
 So distant from your sweetness—*

Maria. *'Tis I swear.*

Livia. *Yet pray Maria, look before you truly,
 Besides the due obedience of a wife,
 (Which you will find a heavy imputation)
 Weigh but the, &c.*

I have inserted an adjective in the fifth line, which seems to have been drop'd by accident, it is necessary to the measure, natural to the expression, and is used in the same manner in another part of the play.

Seward.

We see no need of transposition: The construction is not more violent than many other passages of these plays, undoubtedly genuine.

⁸ *Besides the obedience of a wife.*] We read, *DISobedience*, which *Maria's* answer certainly confirms. Again, *obedience*, or, as *Seward* would read, *DUE obedience*, is no *heavy imputation*, but *DISobedience* is; and supplies the syllable required by *Seward* to complete the measure, and, what is of more consequence, agrees with the sense of the context.—We ought to observe, that we have altered the stops. The text in *Maria's* speech used to stand thus:

— *A weaker subject*

Would shame the end I aim at, Disobedience.

You talk too tamely.

Would

288 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
Would shame the end I aim at. Disobedience?
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childish woman
That lives a pris'ner to her husband's pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship!

Livia. His first wife said as much.

Maria. She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course: Let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em;
I have a new dance for him.

Livia. Are you of
This faith?

Bianca. Yes, truly; and will die in't.

Livia. Why then,
Let's all wear breeches!

Maria. Now thou com'st near the nature of a woman:
Hang these tame-hearted eyasses⁹, that no sooner
See the lure out, and hear their husband's hollow,
But cry like kites upon 'em: The free haggard
(Which is that woman that hath wing, and knows it,
Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,
To shew her freedom, sail in ev'ry air,
And look out ev'ry pleasure, not regarding
Lure nor quarry till her pitch command
What she desires; making her founder'd keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.

Livia. You're learned, sister;
Yet I say still, take heed!

Maria. A witty saying!
I'll tell thee, *Livia*; had this fellow tir'd
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A patent, with an office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of devils, or of us,

⁹ *Eyasses.*] *Eyess*, a [watery-eyed] hawk brought up under a kite.
Coles's Dict. 1677.

Or any thing that's worfe than both——

Livia. Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!

Maria. Or could he

Cast his wives new again, like bells, to make 'em

Sound to his will; or had the fearful name

Of the first breaker of wild women; yet,

Yet would I undertake this man, thus single.

And, spite of all the freedom he has reach'd to,

Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him

Into a babe again, that aged women,

Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master him.

Bianca. Thou wilt be chronicled.

Maria. That's all I aim at.

Livia. I must confess I do with all my heart

Hate an imperious husband, and in time

Might be so wrought upon——

Bianca. To make him cuckold?

Maria. If he deserve it.

Livia. Then I'll leave ye¹⁰, ladies.

Bianca. Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee.

Maria. Go sleep, go sleep! What we intend to do
Lies not for such starv'd souls as thou hast, *Livia.*

Livia. Good night! The bridegroom will be with
you presently.

Maria. That's more than you know.

Livia. If you work upon him

As you have promis'd, you may give example,

Which no doubt will be follow'd.

Maria. So!

Bianca. Good night!

We'll trouble you no further.

Maria. If you intend no good, pray do no harm!

Livia. None, but pray for you! [*Exit.*]

Bianca. Cheer, wench!

Maria. Now, *Bianca,*

Those wits we have, let's wind them to the height!

My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that

¹⁰ Then *I'll leave ye.*] Probably we should read, *THERE I'll leave ye.*

296 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations are half-builders, all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. My master, forsooth——

Maria. Oh, how does thy master?
Prithee commend me to him.

Jaques. How is this?

My master stays, forsooth——

Maria. Why, let him stay!

Who hinders him, forsooth?

Jaques. The revel's ended now.—
To visit you.

Maria. I am not sick.

Jaques. I mean

To see his chamber, forsooth.

Maria. Am I his groom?

Where lay he last night, forsooth?

Jaques. In the low matted parlour.

Maria. There lies his way, by the long gallery.

Jaques. I mean your chamber. You are very merry,
mistress.

Maria. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, Jaques.
But, if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou seest, deliver to thy master.

Bianca. Do, gentle Jaques.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jaques. Ha! is the wind in that door?

By'r lady, we shall have foul weather then!

I do not like the shuffling of these women;

They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads
together:

I have observ'd them all this day, their whispers

One in another's ear; their signs and pinches,

And breaking often into violent laughters,

As if the end they purpos'd were their own.

Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,

A very trick, and dainty knavery;

Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort.

What would these women do in ways of honour,

That

That are such masters this way? Well, my Sir
 Has been as good at finding out these toys;
 As any living; if he lose it now,
 At his own peril be it! I must follow. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

*Enter Servants with lights, Petrucchio, Petronius,
 Morofo, Tranio, and Sophocles.*

Petru. You that are married, gentlemen, have at ye,
 For a round wager now!

Soph. Of this night's stage?

Petru. Yes.

Soph. I am your first man: A pair of gloves
 Of twenty shillings.

Petru. Done! Who takes me up next?
 I am for all bets.

Mor. Well, lusty Lawrence, were but my night
 now,

Old as I am, I'd make you clap on spurs,
 But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too;
 I would, gallants.

Petru. Well said; Good-will; but where's the
 staff, boy, ha?

Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.

Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to
 pieces;

Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

Petron. See how these boys despise us!—Will you
 to bed, son?

This pride will have a fall.

Petru. Upon your daughter;

"Where's the staff boy, ha?"] Tho' I take no pleasure in the raking into a dunghil, yet the amending of passages to the honour of our Authors good sense, whether innocent or obscene, is the duty of every careful editor; for *staff*, therefore, I propose reading *stuff*, and the following line seems to confirm the alteration.

—but where's the stuff boy, ha?

Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty. *Symphon.*

We think Symphon might have left the *staff* alone.

But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In eggs, and butter'd parsnips.

Petron. Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?
Tomorrow-morning we shall have you look'²²,
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston,
Running a foot-back from the furious dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazy.

Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd—

Petru. 'Tis well, Sir.

What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf;
Here is no place for living man.

Petru. Well, my masters, if I
Do sink under my business, as I find
'Tis very possible, I am not the first
That has miscarried; so that's my comfort;
What may be done without impeach or waste,

Enter Jaques.

I can and will do. How now!
Is my fair bride a-bed?

Jaques. No truly, Sir.

Petron. Not a-bed yet? Body o' me, we'll up
And rife her! Here's a coil with a maidenhead!
'Tis not entailed, is it?

Petru. If it be,
I'll try all the law i'th' land, but I'll cut it off.
Let's up, let's up; come!

Jaques. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

²² Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?

To morrow morning we shall have you look,

For all your great words —] 'I he gravity of the speaker, old Petronius, made me suspicious that, For all your great &c. must belong to Sophocles: And if they won't come more decently, yet certainly they will flow more properly from his than the old gentleman's mouth. Mr. Seward too advanc'd the same alteration, altho' I have not dar'd to disturb the text.

Sympson.

Jaques.

Jaques. Unless you will drop thro' the chimney
Like a daw, or force a breach i'th' windows;
You may untile the house, 'tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou mean?

Jaques. A moral, Sir; the ballad will express it:

The wind and the rain
Has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.

The truth is, all the doors are barricadoed;
Not a cat-hole, but holds a murd'rer in't:
She's victuall'd for this month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk! Come, come; let's up.

Jaques. Yes, yes,

I am drunk! Ye may go up, ye may, gentlemen;
But take heed to your heads: I say no more.

Soph. I'll try that.

[*Exit.*

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd,
fellow?

Jaques. Yes, truly, Sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;
And two as desperate tongues planted behind it,
As e'er yet batter'd: They stand upon their honours,
And won't give up without strange composition,
I will assure you; marching away with
Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their mouths,
Will not satisfy them.

Petru. How's this? how's this?

They are? Is there another with her?

Jaques. Yes, marry is there, and an engineer.

Mor. Who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Jaques. Colonel Bianca; she commands the works;
Spinola's but a ditcher to her¹³. There is a half-moon!
I'm but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave,
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force before it,
And mount your ablest piece of battery,
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

¹³ Spinola's but a ditcher to her.] The marquis of Spinola, who was commander in chief at the siege of Ostend, mentioned in the next page.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that, good Jaques.

Soph. Beat back again!

She's fortified for ever.

Jaques. Am I drunk now, Sir?

Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd.
I have scap'd a pretty scouring.

Petru. What, are they mad? have we another
Bedlam?

They do not talk, I hope?

Soph. Oh, terribly,

Extremely fearful; the noise at London-Bridge
Is nothing near her.

Petru. How got she tongue?

Soph. As you got tail; she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-
night?

Nay, an I suffer this, I may go graze.

Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was;
I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody
Answer'd; knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would
have

Broke in by force; when suddenly a water-work
Flew from the window with such violence,
That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar,

Cætera quis nescit?

The chamber's nothing but a mere Ostend¹³;

In every window pewter cannons mounted,

You'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, Sir.

Petru. Why then, *tantàra* for us!

Soph. And all the lower works lin'd sure with small
shot,

¹³ *A mere Ostend, &c.*] Alluding to the remarkable siege of
Ostend, which held from the 5th of July 1601, to the 8th of Septem-
ber 1604; three years and ten weeks. See 'A true history of the
memorable siege of *Ostend*, and what pass'd on either side from
the beginning of the siege unto the yielding up of the town.' 4to.
1604.

Long tongues with firelocks, that at twelve-score
blank

Hit to the heart: Now, an ye dare go up——

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Mor. The window opens! Beat a parley first.
I am so much amaz'd, my very hair stands.

Petron. Why, how now, daughter? What, in-
trench'd?

Maria. A little guarded for my safety, Sir.

Petru. For your safety, sweetheart? Why, who
offends you?

I come not to use violence.

Maria. I think

You cannot, Sir; I'm better fortified.

Petru. I know your end; you would fain reprieve
your maiden-head

A night, or two.

Maria. Yes, or ten, or twenty,

Or say an hundred; or, indeed, till I list lie with you.

Soph. That's a shrewd saying! From this present hour
I never will believe a silent woman;

When they break out they are bonfires.

Petron. 'Till you list lie with him? Why, who
are you, madam?

Bianca. That trim gentleman's wife, Sir.

Petru. Cry you mercy! do you command too?

Maria. Yes, marry does she, and in chief.

Bianca. I do command, and you shall go without—
I mean your wife, for this night.

Maria. And for the next too, wench; and so as't
follows.

Petron. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?

Maria. Yes, indeed, dear father;
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing, I know, for ever.

Soph. Indeed these are bug-words.

Tranio. You hear, Sir, she can talk, God be thanked!

Petru. I would I heard it not, Sir!

Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this
woman
Makes but an anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous.

Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this jesting,

Maria. Hope still, Sir.

Petron. You will come down, I am sure.

Maria. I am sure I will not.

Petron. I'll fetch you then.

Bianca. The pow'r of the whole county cannot,
Sir,

Unless we please to yield; which yet I think
We shall not: Charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.

Mor. Heaven bless me from
A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?

Petru. Prithee, Maria, tell me what's the reason,
And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry; your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have, to keep a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a faint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with physick,
But well enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband——

Maria. 'Tis so.

Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owes 'em, (all the world knows that)
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Maria. All this I believe, and none of all these
parcels

I dare except against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these womens' fears,
That, were I yet unmarried, free to chuse
Thro' all the tribes of man, I'll take Petruchio
In's shirt, with one ten groats to pay the priest,

Before

Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire; and they are right
ones.

Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and stand
prating

Out of the window, like a broken miller?

Petru. If you will have me credit you, Maria,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.

Maria. Stay

There, Sir; that bargain's yet to make.

Bianca. Play sure, wench!

The pack's in thine own hand.

Soph. Let me die lousy,
If these two wenches be not brewing knavery
To stock a kingdom!

Petru. Why, this is a riddle;
I love you, and I love you not.

Maria. It is so;

And till your own experience do unty it,
This distance I must keep.

Petru. If you talk more,
I'm angry, very angry!

Maria. I'm glad on't, and I will talk.

Petru. Prithee, peace!

Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee, woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.

Maria. And I am worse, a woman that can fear
Neither Petruchio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance:
There's a short method for you; now you know me.

Petru. If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.

Bianca. No, you shall carry't, Sir.

Petru. Peace, gentle low-bell!

Petron. Use no more words, but come down
instantly;

I charge thee, by the duty of a child!

Petru. Prithee come, Maria! I forgive all.

Maria. Stay there! That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)

298 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
Is now another man's; you gave't away
I' th' church, if you remember, to my husband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I'm gone
To bed for this night.

Petron. This is monstrous!

That blessing that St. Dunstan gave the devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee, whore;
Pull thee down by th' nose!

Bianca. Saints should not rave, Sir:
A little rhubarb now were excellent,

Petru. Then, by that duty you owe to me, Maria,
Open the door, and be obedient!
I'm quiet yet.

Maria. I do confess that duty:
Make your best on't.

Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.

Bianca. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff jade to trot; you know the moral.

Maria. Yet, as I take it, Sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.

Petru. You will not article?
All I owe, presently (let me but up) I'll pay.

Maria. You are too hot, and such prove jades at
length.
You do confess a duty, or respect to me from you
again,

That's very near, or full the same with mine?

Petru. Yes.

Maria. Then, by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.

Petru. Well; what remedy?

Petron. A fine smart cudgel. Oh, that I were near
thee!

Bianca. If you had teeth now, what a case were
we in!

Mor. These are the most authentic rebels, next Tyrone, I ever read of.

Maria. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,

And as I find my will observ'd, I may,
With intercession of some friends, be brought
May be to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition.
You understand me?

Soph. Thou, boy, thou!

Petru. Well,
There are more maids than Maudlin; that's my comfort.

Maria. Yes; and more men than Michael.

Petru. I must not
To bed with this stomach, and no meat, lady.

Maria. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholesome;

Else, live at livery, for I'll none with you.

Bianca. Y' had best back one o' th' dairy maids,
they'll carry:

But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise else.

Petru. Now, if thou wouldst come down, and tender me

All the delights due to a marriage-bed;
Study such kisses as would melt a man;
And turn thyself into a thousand figures,
To add new flames unto me; I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: All the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
(For without doubt your minds are miserable,
You have no masks for them) all this rare beauty,
Lay but the painter and the silk-worm by,
The doctor with his diets, and the tailor,
And you appear like flea'd cats; not so handsome.

Maria. And we appear, like her that sent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous Nature,
Truly ourselves, for men to wonder at,

But

But too divine to handle: We are gold,
 In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
 The husbands' stamp upon us, then allays,
 And base ones, of you men, are mingled with us,
 And make us blush like copper!

Petru. Then, and never
 'Till then, are women to be spoken of;
 For till that time you have no souls, I take it.
 Good night!—Come, gentlemen! I'll fast for this
 night;

But, by this hand—Well, I shall come up yet?

Maria. No.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd jury;
 Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,
 Nor any thing that's easy. Do you rebel so soon?
 Yet take mercy.

Bianca. Put up your pipes; to bed, Sir! I'll assure you
 A month's siege will not shake us.

Mor. Well said, colonel!

Maria. To bed, to bed, Petruchio! Good night,
 gentlemen!

You'll make my father sick with sitting up.
 Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
 Unless we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. I'll hang first!

Maria. And I'll quarter, if I do not!
 I'll make you know, and fear a wife, Petruchio;
 There my cause lies.
 You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
 And bear the fear'd name of a brave wife-breaker:
 A woman now shall take those honours off, and
 tame you.

Nay, never look so big! she shall, believe me,
 And I am she. What think ye? Good night to all.
 Ye shall find centinels——

Bianca. If ye dare sally. [Exeunt above.]

Petron. The devil's in 'em, ev'n the very devil,
 The down-right devil!

Petru. I'll devil 'em; by these ten bones, I will!
 I'll

I'll bring't to th' old proverb, ' No sport, no pie.'
 Pox! taken down i'th' top of all my speed?
 This is fine dancing! Gentlemen, stick to me;
 You see our freehold's touch'd; and, by this light,
 We will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em out,
 Or make 'em recreant.

Petron. I'll see all passages stopt, but those about 'em.
 If the good women of the town dare succour 'em,
 We shall have wars indeed.

Soph. I'll stand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My regiment shall lie before.

Jaques. I think so;

'Tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle!
 We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons
 (Hear what I say) on their bare knees.
 Am I Petruchio, fear'd, and spoken of,
 And on my wedding-night am I thusjaded? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Rowland and Pedro, at several doors.

Rowl. Now, Pedro?

Pedro. Very busy, master Rowland.

Rowl. What haste, man?

Pedro. I beseech you pardon me,

I am not mine own man.

Rowl. Thou art not mad?

Pedro. No; but, believe me, as hasty——

Rowl. The cause, good Pedro?

Pedro. There be a thousand, Sir. You are not
 married?

Rowl. Not yet.

Pedro. Keep yourself quiet then.

Rowl. Why?

Pedro. You'll find a fiddle

That never will be tun'd else: From all women—[*Exit.*]

Rowl. What ails the fellow, tro?—Jaques?

Enter

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Your friend, Sir ;
But very full of business:

Rowl. Nothing but business ?
Prithee the reason ! Is there any dying ?

Jaques. I would there were, Sir !

Rowl. But thy business ?

Jaques. I'll tell you in a word : I'm sent to lay
An imposition upon soufe and puddings,
Pasties, and penny custards, that the women
May not relieve yon rebels. Fare you well, Sir !

Rowl. How does my mistress ?

Jaques. Like a resty jade ;
She's spoil'd for riding.

[*Exit.*

Rowl. What a devil ail they ?

Enter Sophocles.

Custards, and penny pasties, fools and fiddles !
What's this to th' purpose ?—Oh, well met:

Soph. Now, Rowland !
I cannot stay to talk long.

Rowl. What's the matter ?
Here's stirring, but to what end ? Whither go you ?

Soph. To view the works:

Rowl. What works ?

Soph. The womens' trenches:

Rowl. Trenches ? Are such to see ?

Soph. I do not jest, Sir:

Rowl. I cannot understand you:

Soph. Don't you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new bride
Stands with her husband ?

Rowl. Let him stand with her,
And there's an end:

Soph. It should be ; but, by'r Lady,
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies him,
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of rutters
Never defied men braver : I am sent

To view their preparation.

Rowl. This is news,
Stranger than armies in the air¹⁴. You saw not
My gentle mistress?

Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret business; when sh' had found it,
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd
To shun Morofo.

Rowl. This may be for me.

Soph. Will you along?

Rowl. No.

Soph. Farewell!

[*Exit.*

Rowl. Farewell, Sir!—

What should her musing mean, and what her joy in't;
If not for my advantage? Stay you! may not

*Enter Livia at one door, and Morofo at another
bearkening.*

That bob-tail jade Morofo, with his gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? Here she comes;
And yonder walks the stallion to discover!
Yet I'll salute her. Save you, beauteous mistress!

Livia. The fox is kennel'd for me.—Save you, Sir!

Rowl. Why do you look so strange?

Livia. I use to look, Sir,

Without examination.

Mor. Twenty spur-ryals for that word!

Rowl. Belike then

The object discontents you?

Livia. Yes, it does.

Rowl. Is't come to this? You know me, do you not?

Livia. Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.

Rowl. Why do you break your faith?

Livia. I'll tell you that too:

You're under age, and no band holds upon you.

Mor. Excellent wench!

Livia. Sue out your understanding,

¹⁴ Than arms in the air.] Corrected in 1750.

And

304 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle!
(For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses)
And, if you can, more manners!

Mor. Better still!

Livia. And then, if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,

A ten-pound waistcoat, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

Rowl. Farewell! and when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck!

Livia. Because I've known you, I'll be thus kind
to you:

Farewell, and be a man! and I'll provide you,
Because I see you're desperate, some staid chambermaid,
That may relieve your youth with wholesome doctrine.

Mor. She's mine from all the world!—Ha, wench!

Livia. Ha, chicken!

[Gives him a box on the ear, and exit.

Mor. How's this? I do not love these favours.—
Save you!

Rowl. The devil take thee! [Wrings him by the nose.

Mor. Oh!

Rowl. There's a love-token for you; thank me now!

Mor. I'll think on some of ye; and, if I live,
My nose alone shall not be play'd withal! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius and Moroso.

Petron. A Box o'th' ear, d' you say?

Mor. Yes, sure, a sound one;
Beside my nose blown to my hand. If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,
H' has sued his liv'ry, and is no more a boy.

Petron. You gave her some ill language?

Mor.

Mor. Not a word.

Petron. Or might be you were fumbling?

Mor. 'Would I had, Sir!

'Had been aforehand then; but, to be baffled;
And have no feeling of the cause——

Petron. Be patient;

I have a medicine clapp'd to her back will cure her.

Mor. No; sure 't must be afore, Sir.

Petron. O' my conscience;

When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with bastard¹⁵;
Whose nature is to form things like itself,
Heady and monstrous. Did she slight him too?

Mor. That's all my comfort! A mere hobby-horse
She made child Rowland¹⁶: 'Sfoot, she would not
know him,

Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts; which I held more than wonder;
I having seen her within's three days kiss him,
With such an appetite as tho' she'd eat him.

Petron. There is some trick in this: How did he
take it?

Mor. Ready to cry, he ran away.

Petron. I fear her:

And yet I tell you, ever to my anger

¹⁵ *Bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine.

Johnson.

¹⁶ *Child Rowland.*] *Child* is frequently used by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*; and the son of a King is in the same Poem called *Child Tristram* [B. 5. c. 11. st. 8. 13.—B. 6. c. 2. st. 36.—*Ibid.* c. 8. st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called *Child Roland*. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *infante* signifies a *prince*. A more eminent critic tells us, that 'in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *infans*, *warlets*, *dameysels*, *bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *infans*.' (Vide Warburton's *Shakespeare*.) A late commentator on Spenser observes; that the Saxon word *cnihz knight*, signifies also a *Child*; (*Upton's Glossary to F. Q.*)

See *Dr. Percy's Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 54.

She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.

Mor. I'll be sworn
'Twas well tied on then.

Petron. Go to! pray forget it:
I have bespoke a priest, and within's two hours
I'll have you married; will that please you?

Mor. Yes.

Petron. I'll see it done myself, and give the lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on't.

Mor. Nay, good Sir, be not violent.

Petron. Neither——

Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,
To give me a box o'th' ear, or so.

Petron. It may be.

Mor. I reckon for the best still. This night then
I shall enjoy her.

Petron. You shall handsel her.

Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.

Petron. Where's your jointure?

Mor. I have a jointure for her.

Petron. Have your council perus'd it yet?

Mor. No council but the night, and your sweet
daughter,
Shall e'er peruse that jointure.

Petron. Very well, Sir.

Mor. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders.
The other's ready seal'd.

Petron. Come then; let's comfort
My son Petruchio: He's like little children
That lose their baubles, crying ripe.

Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?

Petron. Still, and still she shall be,

'Till she be starv'd out: You shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad, after this tempest,
To tie their husbands' shoes, and walk their horses.

Mor. That were a merry world!—D' you hear the
rumour?

They say the women are in insurrection;
And mean to make a——

Petrón. They'll sooner
Draw upon walls as we do. Let 'em; let 'em!
We'll ship 'em out in cuck-stools; there they'll sail
As brave Columbus did, till they discover
The happy islands of obedience.

We stay too long; come!

Mor. Now St. George be with us! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Livia alone.

Livia. Now if I can but get in handsomely,
Father, I shall deceive you; and this night,
For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock:
I've shifted sail; and find my sister's safety
A sure retirement: Pray to Heav'n that Rowland
Do not believe too far what I said to him!
For yon old foxcase forc'd me; that's my fear.
Stay, let me see! this quarter fierce Petruchio
Keeps with his myrmidons: I must be sudden;
If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
But martial-law; to this place have I scap'd him:
Above there!

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Maria. *Qui va la?*

Livia. A friend.

Bianca. Who are you?

Livia. Look out and know!

Maria. Alas, poor wench, who sent thee?
What weak fool made thy tongue his orator?

I know you come to parly.

Livia. You're deceiv'd.

Urg'd by the goodness of your cause, I come
To do as you do.

Maria. You're too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness: Don't we know
Thou hast been kept up tame?

Livia. Believe me!

Maria. No; prithee, good Livia,
Utter thy eloquence somewhere else.

Bianca. Good cousin,
Put up your pipes; we are not for your palate:
Alas! we know who sent you.

Livia. O' my word—

Bianca. Stay there; you must not think your word,
Or by your maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,
Sworn after even-song, can inveigle us
To loose our hand-fast: Did their wisdoms think,
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish
To entertain our gentle sifter Sinon¹⁷,
And give her credit, while the wooden jade
Petruccio stole upon us? No, good sifter!
Go home, and tell the merry Greeks that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Æneas,
Will on my back, spite of the myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and thro' seas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, seek out a land,
Where like a race of noble Amazons
We'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men!

Livia. I'll second you.

Bianca. How long have you been thus?

Livia. That's all one, cousin;
I stand for freedom now.

Bianca. Take heed of lying!
For, by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction

¹⁷ *Sinon.*] See Virgil's Æneid.

That kill'd the prince of Orange¹⁸, will be sport
To what we purpose.

Livia. Let me feel the heaviest!

Maria. Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland, (for by
your maidenhead

I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable
To us, and to yourself.

Livia. I swear!

Bianca. Stay yet!

Swear as you hate Morofo, (that's the surest)
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dried jack, full of more aches
Than Autumn has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, than Dogs-Ditch;
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
Worse than a mare's tail eaten off with flies;
As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
That lies by such a Bilboa blade, that bends
With ev'ry pashe makes, to th'hilts, most miserable,

¹⁸ *That kill'd the prince of Orange.*] This was Balthazar Gerard, who murdered the prince of Orange at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584. The horrible punishments inflicted on this miserable wretch are thus related by a writer who lived not very distant from the time in which the transaction happened: 'Here first he had his right-hand with a hot yron seared and cut off, which did the deede, and cast into the fire: Next of all, with fierie hot pincers he had his flesh torne and pluckt off from sixe parts of his bodie, which were most fleshie, viz. of his breast, armes, legs, and buttocks, and those cast into the fire; and his body, beginning from the lower part, was with an axe chopt in peeces, his belly was ripped, his heart was pluckt out and cast at the villaine's face (yet in some life) and afterwards his head, being chopt off, was with other foure parts of his bodie, as armes and feete, set upon foure poles on foure turrits or ports of the citie, fastened upon a long pole set upon the turrit of the schoole house, on the back-side of the prince's lodging; and whatsoever he had in his life-time about him was taken from him and given away.' A true Discourse Historically of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Warres there begun in the yeere 1565, &c. 4to. 1602. B. L. p. 51.

R.

A dry-nurse to his coughs, a fewterer¹⁹
 To such a nasty fellow, a robb'd thing
 Of all delights youth looks for; and, to end,
 One cast-away on coarse beef, born to brush
 That everlasting cassock that has worn
 As many servants out, as th' North-East passage
 Has consum'd sailors: If you swear this, and truly,
 Without the reservation of a gown,
 Or any meritorious petticoat,
 'Tis like we shall believe you.

Livia. I do swear it!

Maria. Stay yet a little! Came this wholesome
 motion

(Deal truly, sister) from your own opinion,
 Or some suggestion of the foe?

Livia. Ne'er fear me!

For, by that little faith I have in husbands,
 And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
 Full of that liberty you stand for, sister!

Maria. If we believe, and you prove recreant, *Livia*,
 Think what a maim you give the noble cause
 We now stand up for! Think what women shall,
 An hundred years hence, speak thee, when examples
 Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
 Spoke, as we do 'em, wench, shall make new customs!

Bianca. If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
 And to the serious women of the city
 Confess yourself; bring not a sin so heinous
 To load thy soul to this place. Mark me, *Livia*;
 If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honours,
 And we fail in our purpose, get thee where
 There is no women living, nor no hope
 There ever shall be!

Maria. If a mother's daughter,
 That ever heard the name of stubborn husband,
 Find thee, and know thy sin——

Bianca. Nay, if old age;

¹⁹ *Fewterer.*] A dog-keeper, or leader of a lime-hound, &c.
Coles's Dict. 1677.

One that has worn away the name of woman,
 And no more left to know her by but railing,
 No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones,
 Come but i'th' windward of thee, sure she'll smell thee,
 Thou'lt be so rank; she'll ride thee like a night-mare,
 And fay her prayers backward to undo thee;
 She'll curse thy meat and drink, and, when thou
 marriest,

Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.

Maria. Children of five year old, like little fairies,
 Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever
 Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all women,
 Will (like so many furies) shake their keys,
 And tofs their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,
 Crying, revenge! Take heed; 'tis hideous,
 Oh, 'tis a fearful office²⁰! If thou hadst
 (Tho' thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st hither
 A false imagination, get thee gone,
 And, as my learned cousin said, repent!
 This place is sought by soundness.

Livia. So I seek it,
 Or let me be a most despis'd example!

Maria. I do believe thee; be thou worthy of it!
 You come not empty?

Livia. No, here's cakes and cold meat,
 And tripe of proof; behold, here's wine and beer!
 Be sudden, I shall be surprized else.

Maria. Meet at the low parlour-door; there lies
 a close way;

What fond obedience you have living in you,
 Or duty to a man, before you enter
 Fling it away; 'twill but defile our off'rings.

Bianca. Be wary as you come.

Livia. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

²⁰ *Ob 'tis a fearful office.*] If the measure did not greatly reclaim
 against it, I should have read *offence.* *Sympton.*

S C E N E III.

*Enter three Maids.**1 Maid.* How goes your business, girls?*2 Maid.* A-foot, and fair.*3 Maid.* If fortune favour us. Away to your strength!
The country forces are arriv'd. Be gone!
We are discover'd else.*1 Maid.* Arm, and be valiant!*2 Maid.* Think of our cause!*3 Maid.* Our justice!*1 Maid.* 'Tis sufficient.[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Rowland and Tranio, at several doors.**Tra.* Now, Rowland?*Rowl.* How do you?*Tra.* How dost thou, man?

Thou look'st ill.

Rowl. Yes. Pray can you tell me, Tranio,
Who knew the devil first?*Tranio.* A woman.*Rowl.* So.

Were they not well acquainted?

Tra. May be so;

For they had certain dialogues together.

Rowl. He sold her fruit, I take it?*Tra.* Yes, and cheese

That choak'd all mankind after.

Rowl. Canst thou tell me

Whether that woman ever had a faith,

After sh' had eaten?

Tra. That is a school-question.*Rowl.* No, 'tis no question; for believe me, Tranio,
That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in her
But windy promises, and cholick vows,

That

That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard I'm sure
Of Esculapius, a far-fam'd surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd traitors,
And make 'em honest men.

Tra. How dost thou, Rowland?

Rowl. Let him but take (if he dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
(There will be credit for him, that will speak him)
A broken woman, Tranio, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a wreck of honour,
Let him come here, and practise!

Tra. Now, for honour's sake,
Why, what ail'st thou, Rowland?

Rowl. I am ridden, Tranio,
And spur-gall'd to the life of patience,
(Heav'n keep my wits together!) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.

Tra. Your mistress has a little frown'd, it may be?

Rowl. She was my mistress.

Tra. Is she not?

Rowl. No, Tranio:

Sh' has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my mistress,
A good sword, or a book. And if you see her,
Tell her, I do beseech you, even for love's sake——

Tra. I will, Rowland.

Rowl. She may sooner count the good I've thought
her,

Our old love and our friendship,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her:
And now I've met a messenger, farewell, Sir! [*Exit.*]

Tra. Alas, poor Rowland! I will do it for thee.
This is that dog Morofo; but I hope
To see him cold i'th' mouth first, ere he enjoy her.
I'll watch this young man; desperate thoughts may
seize him,

And, if my purse or counsel can, I'll ease him. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Enter Petruccio, Petronius, Moroso, and Sophacles.

Petru. For, look you, gentlemen, say that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you, and all men else know, she deserves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?

Petron. I think not.

Petru. No, by Heaven, they cannot!
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So stiff a Tom-boy, of so set a malice,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young crab-tree? and then answer me!
And mark but this too, friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear
She justly can take hold on; and d'ye think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a spindle first! No, no, my masters,
Were she as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and housewife
As good as the wise sailor's wife, and young still,
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild-mare once a-week, she should,
Believe me, friends, she should! I'd tabor her,
'Till all the legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i'th' tails.

Soph. Methinks you err now;
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment,

Mor. Give her a few conditions.

Petru. I'll be hang'd first!

Petron. Give her a crab-tree cudgel!

Petru. So I will;

And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum,

She

She shall be pamper'd with;
 She shall not know a stool in ten months, gentlemen.
Soph. This must not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Arm, arm! out with your weapons!
 For all the women in the kingdom's on ye:

Enter Pedro.

They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
 But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.

Pedro. Stand to your guard, Sir! all the devils
 extant
 Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
 There are more women marching hitherward,
 In rescue of my mistress, than e'er turn'd tail
 At Sturbridge-fair, and I believe as fiery.

Jaques. The forlorn-hope's led by a tanner's wife,
 (I know her by her hide) a desp'rate woman;
 She flead her husband in her youth, and made
 Reins of his hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all
 together,

They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten
 And born thus, by the boisterous breath of husbands;
 They serve sure²¹, and are swift to catch occasion
 (I mean their foes or husbands) by the forelocks,
 And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
 But more for noble spite than fear; and crying
 Like the old giants that were foes to Heaven,
 They heave ye stool on stool, and sling main pot-lids
 Like massy rocks, dart ladles, toasting irons²²,
 And tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid,
 They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring

²¹ Serve sure.] i. e. observe sure.

Symphon.

²² Dart ladles, tossing irons.] What sort of irons these *tossing* irons are is a secret to me; the corruption has however been fix'd here ever since the year 1647, and if I conjecture right, the original lection might have been,

———tosting irons.

Symphon.

316 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
At those imperious codsheads²³ that would tame 'em
There's ne'er a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Chuse where you will) but dare attempt the raising,
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
A May-pole and a morris, maugre mainly
Their zeal, and dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring ale against 'em
And drink 'em out o' th' parish.

Soph. Lo you, fierce
Petruchio! this comes of your impatience.

Pedro. There's one brought in the bears, against the
canons
Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaques. Another, to her everlasting fame, erected
Two ale-houses of ease, the quarter sessions
Running against her roundly; in which business
Two of the disannullers lost their night-caps;
A third stood excommunicate by th' cudgel;
The constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Pedro. Then are they victualled with pies and
puddings,
(The trappings of good stomachs) noble ale
(The true defender), sausages, and smoak'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for pikes; and pork,
(Better the Jews ne'er hated) here and there
A bottle of metheglin, a stout Britain
That will stand to 'em;
What else they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to council!

Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or the kingdom
Will have no other talk but this.

Petron. Away then,
And let's advise the best!

Soph. Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o' th' head
With half a washing-beetle? Pray be wise, Sir.

²³ Codsheads.] So first folio; other editions, godheads.

Petru. Come; something I'll do; but what it is, I know not.

Soph. To council then, and let's avoid their follies! Guard all the doors; or we sha'n't have a cloak left.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio.

Petron. I am indiff'rent, tho', I must confess, I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that, Sir.

Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions? 'Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted! 'Would I had run my head into a halter When I first woo'd her! If I offer peace, She'll urge her own conditions; that's the devil.

Soph. Why, say she do?

Petru. Say, I am made an ass then! I know her aim: May I with reputation, (Answer me this) with safety of mine honour, After the mighty manage of my first wife, Which was indeed a fury to this filly, After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her, Which would have made made don Hercules horn-mad, And hid him in his hide, suffer this Cicely, Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappled with me, This pink, this painted foist, this cockle-boat, To hang her fights out²⁴, and defy me, friends, A well-known man of war? If this be equal,

²⁴ *To hang her fights out.*] This expression, which is to be met with in Shakespear as well as our Authors, inclines me to think, that a passage in act iv. scene ii. of *the Captain* which runs thus,

1 Boy. *Does he (captain) bear up still?*

2 Boy. *Afore the wind still with his lights up bravely,* should be read in this sort,

2 Boy. *Afore the wind still with his fights up bravely;*

but 'tis with submission to the reader's better judgment. *Symphon.*

And

And I may suffer, say, and I have done.

Petron. I do not think you may.

Tra. You'll make it worse, Sir.

Soph. Pray hear me, good Petruccio. But e'en now
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she'd carry: 'Tis a folly
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on;
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions;
For, on my life, this trick is put into her——

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You'll find it so.

Soph. Then, if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on; and in this you'll deal with temperance;
Avoid the hurry of the world——

Tra. And lose——

[*Musick above:*

Mor. No honour on my life, Sir.

Petru. I will do it.

Petron. It seems they're very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why, God hold it!

Mor. Now, Jaques?

Jaques. They are i' th' flaunt, Sir.

Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.

Jaques. They have got a stick of fiddles, and they
firk it

In wondrous ways: The two grand capitanos
(They brought the auxiliary regiments)
Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare breeches,
And bid the kingdom kiss 'em; that's the burden:
They've got metheglin, and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants.

Petron. How know'st thou?

Jaques. I peep'd in

At a loose lansket.

Tra. Hark!

Petron. A song! Pray silence.

S O N G.

SONG.

A health for all this day,
 To the woman that bears the sway,
 And wear the breeches;
 Let it come, let it come.

Let this health be a seal,
 For the good o' th' common-weal,
 The woman shall wear the breeches!

Let's drink then and laugh it,
 And merrily, merrily quaff it,
 And tipple, and tipple a round:

Here's to thy fool,
 And to my fool;
 Come, to all fools,

Tho' it cost us, wench, many a pound.

Mor. They look out.

[*All the women above, Citizens and Country women.*

Petru. Good ev'n, ladies!

Maria. Good you good ev'n, Sir!

Petru. How have you slept to-night?

Maria. Exceeding well, Sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Maria. No, believe me,

I never thought upon you.

Coun. Is that he?

Bianca. Yes.

Coun. Sir!

Soph. She has drank hard: Mark her hood.

Coun. You are——

Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else. Let her utter.

Coun. And I must tell you, *viva voce*, friend,

A very foolish fellow.

Tra. There's an ale-figure.

Petru. I thank you, Susan Brotes.

Cit. Forward, sister.

Coun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,

A comely, and courageous——

Petru. Well, I have so.

Ccount.

Coun. And, to the comfort of distressed damfels;
Women out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels;
This woman has defied you.

Petru. It should seem so.

Coun. And why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Coun. For thirteen causes.

Petru. Pray, by your patience, mistress—

Cit. Forward, sister!

Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?

Cit. Who shall let her²⁵?

Petron. Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come not now
To hear your doctrine.

Coun. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.

Petru. Hark you, good Maria,
Have you got a catechiser here?

Tra. Good zeal!

Soph. Good three-pil'd predication, will you peace;
And hear the cause we come for?

Coun. Yes, bob-tails,
We know the cause you come for; here's the cause:
But never hope to carry her, ne'er dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

Cit. Give me sack!

By this, and next, strong ale—

Coun. Swear forward, sister!

Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and then all
That ever yet was chronicled of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser;
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herself.

Coun. She shall, Tom Tilers,
And brave ones too. My hood shall make a hearse-
cloth,

²⁵ Let her.] i. e. Hinder her.

And I'll lie under it like Joan o' Gaunt,
 Ere I go less; my distaff stuck up by me,
 For the eternal trophy of my conquests,
 And loud Fame at my head with two main bottles,
 Shall fill to all the world, the glorious fall
 Of old don Gillian!

Cit. Yet a little further.

We've taken arms in rescue of this lady,
 Most just and noble: If ye beat us off
 Without conditions, and we recant,
 Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
 Of all our ancient chambering, next that
 The symbols of our secrecy, silk stockings
 Hew off our heels; our petticoats of arms
 Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break
 Over our coward heads.

Coun. And ever after,
 To make the tainture most notorious,
 At all our crests (*videlicet*, our plackets)
 Let laces hang, and we return again
 Unto our former titles, dairy-maids!

Petru. No more wars! Puissant ladies, shew con-
 ditions,
 And freely I accept 'em.

Maria. Call in Livia;
 She's in the treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How! Livia?

Maria. Hear you that, Sir?
 There's the conditions for you; pray peruse 'em.

Petron. Yes, there she is: It had been no right
 rebellion,
 Had she held off. What think you, man?

Mor. Nay, nothing:
 I have enough o' th' prospect. O' my conscience,
 The world's end and the goodness of a woman
 Will come together.

Petron. Are you there, sweet lady?

Livia. Cry you mercy, Sir! I saw you not: Your blessing!

Petron. Yes, when I bless a jade that stumbles with me.

How are the articles?

Livia. This is for you, Sir; And I shall think upon't.

Mor. You've us'd me finely!

Livia. There is no other use of thee now extant, But to be hung up, cassock, cap, and all, For some strange monster at th' apothecary's.

Petron. I hear you, whore!

Livia. It must be his then, Sir; For need will then compel me.

Cit. Blessing on thee!

Livia. He will undo me in mere pans of coals, To make him lusty²⁶.

Petron. There's no talking to 'em.

How are they, Sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and cloaths, [*Reads.* When, and in what way she will; continual monies, Company, and all the house at her dispose; No tongue to say, *why's this?* or, *whither will it?* New coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here; Hangings, and hunting-horses; and for plate And jewels for her private use, I take it, Two thousand pound in present; then for musick, And women to read French——

Petron. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in, That Livia shall by no man be importun'd, This whole month yet, to marry.

Petron. This is monstrous!

Petru. This shall be done; I'll humour her awhile: If nothing but repentance and undoing Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.

Soph. When you are once a-bed, all these conditions Lie under your own seal.

²⁶ *Livia.* *He will undo me, &c.*] This speech is only in first folio.

Maria. D' you like 'em?

Petru. Yes;

And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,
I'll ratify 'em.

Coun. Stay! what pledges?

Maria. No; I'll take that oath.

But have a care you keep it!

Cit. 'Tis not now

As when *Andrea* liv'd.

Coun. If you do juggle,

Or alter but a letter of these articles

We have set down, the self-same persecution—

Maria. Mistrust him not.

Petru. By all my honesty—

Maria. Enough; I yield.

Petron. What's this inserted here?

Soph. That the two valiant women that com-
manded here

Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,

And liberal entertainment without grudging,

And pay for all their soldiers.

Petru. That shall be too;

And if a tun of wine will serve to pay 'em,

They shall have justice. I ordain ye all

Paymasters, gentlemen.

Tra. Then we shall have sport, boys!

Maria. We'll meet you in the parlour.

Petru. Ne'er look sad, Sir;

For I will do it.

Soph. There's no danger in't.

Petru. For *Livia's* article, you shall observe it;
I've tied myself.

Petron. I will.

Petru. Along then!—Now

Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. COME, you shall take my counsel.

Rowl. I shall hang first!
I'll no more love, that's certain; 'tis a bane
(Next that they poison rats with) the most mortal.
No, I thank Heav'n, I've got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me,
Some serious point of learning, or my state;
No more *ab-me's*, and *misereri's*, Tranio²⁷,
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee; had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ache worser than his horns do,
And firk him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee; there is nothing
(It may be thy case, Tranio, therefore hear me)
Under the sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy——

Tra. Whither wilt thou, Rowland?

Rowl. As 'tis to be in love.

²⁷ — *ay-me's*, and mistresses, *Tranio*.] For *mistresses* the first copy has *misereries*, which the reader may perhaps think the true reading: I imagine the word wants but a syllable, which I would restore thus,

No more ay-me's and misereri's, Tranio.

And to confirm this, in act v. scene ii. of this very play; we have the very expression repeated again.

— *The two Fish Streets.*

*Were she (Maria) but once arriv'd amongst the whitings,
Would sing a woful misereri, Pedro.*

Symphen.

Tra.

Tra. And why, for Virtue sake?

Rowl. And why, for Virtue's sake? Dost thou not conceive me?

Tra. No, by my troth.

Rowl. Pray then, and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't. I'll tell thee why too,
For I have hope to save thee: When thou lov'st,
And first begin'st to worship the gilt calf,
(*Imprimis*, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And, like a prentice, flung away thy freedom)
Forthwith thou art a slave.

Tra. That's a new doctrine.

Rowl. Next, thou'rt no more man.

Tra. What then?

Rowl. A frippery;
Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber;
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.

Tra. Why?

Rowl. Oh, Tranio!
Those things in love ne'er talk as we do.

Tra. No?

Rowl. No, without doubt; they sigh, and shake
the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

Tra. No tongue?

Rowl. Yes, Tranio, but no truth in't, nor no
reason:

And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
You shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em,
(Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot)
Such gibb'rish; such, *believe me—I protest, sweet—*
And, oh, dear Heav'ns, in which such constellations
Reign at the births of lovers—This is too well!
And, deign me, lady, deign me, I beseech you,
Your poor unworthy lump—and then she licks him.

Tra. A pox on't, this is nothing!

Rowl. Thou hast hit it.

Then talks she ten times worse, and wries, and
wiggles,

As tho' she had the itch (and so it may be).

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

Rowl. Of mine own follies, Tranio.

Tra. Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?

Rowl. I think so, certain;

And, if I be not dead-drunk, I shall keep it.

Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think of
women?

Rowl. Why, as I think of fiddles; they delight me,
'Till their strings break.

Tra. What strings?

Rowl. Their modesties,
Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they're like kits,
They have but four strings to 'em.

Tra. What wilt thou
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same woman still?

Rowl. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my bond for't.

Tra. But pray hear me;
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?

Rowl. Do, do; give me the money.

Tra. There!

Rowl. Work, Tranio.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.

Rowl. Yes, straight.

This is the first good I e'er got by woman.

Tra. You'd think it strange now, if another beauty
As good as hers, say better——

Rowl. Well?

Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o' th' wager.

Rowl. That's all one.

Tra. Love you as much, or more, than she now
hates you——

Rowl. 'Tis a good hearing! Let 'em love: Ten
pound more,

I never

I never love that woman.

Tra. There it is;

And so an hundred, if you lose.

Rowl. 'Tis done!

Have you another to put in?

Tra. No, no, Sir.

Rowl. I'm very sorry. Now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I'm sure
I am in excellent case to win.

Tra. I must have leave
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.

Rowl. Ten pound more,
I ne'er believe you.

Tra. No, Sir; I am stinted.

Rowl. Well, take your best way then.

Tra. Let's walk. I'm glad
Your fullen fever's off.

Rowl. Shalt see me, Tranio,
A monstrous merry man now. Let's to th' wedding;
And, as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches, and their works.

Tra. I will.

Rowl. And do thy worst.

Tra. Something I'll do——

Rowl. Do, Tranio,

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Pedro and Jaques.

Pedro. A pair of stocks bestride 'em! are they gone?

Jaques. Yes, they are gone; and all the pans i' th'
town

Beating before 'em. What strange admonitions
They gave my master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!

Pedro. O' my conscience,
H' has found his full match now.

Jaques. That I believe too.

Pedro. How did she entertain him?

Jaques. She look'd on him——

Pedro. But scurvily.

Jaques. With no great affection

That I saw : And I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty ; and some copies
Say, but her cheek.

Pedro. Jaques, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now ?

Jaques. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,
Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, against players,
And to as good a tune too ; but against her,
That Heav'n would bless me from her ! Mark it,
Pedro ;

If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those Amorites
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores,
Had their hoods hallowed with sack.

Pedro. How devilish drunk they were !

Jaques. And how they tumbled, Pedro ! Didst thou
mark

The Country cavaliero ?

Pedro. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the braggat²³ !

Jaques. Ay, that sunk her.

Pedro. That drink was well put to her : What a
fomersalt,

When the chair fell, she fetch'd with her heels
upward !

Jaques. And what a piece of landskip she discover'd !

Pedro. Didst mark her when her hood fell in the
posset ?

Jaques. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy. The
tumbrel,

When she had got her ballast——

²³ *Braggat.*] A Welsh drink, made of honey, &c.

Pedro. That I saw too.

Faques. How fain she would have drawn on Sophocles
To come aboard, and how she simper'd it——

Pedro. I warrant her, sh' has been a worthy striker.

Faques. I'th' heat of summer, there had been some
hope on't.

Pedro. Hang her !

Faques. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belch'd
out,

Her stomach being blown with ale, such courtship,
Upon my life, has giv'n him twenty stools since.
Believe my calculation, these old women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new wheels; they'll roar you all the town o'er
'Till they be greas'd.

Pedro. The City cinque-a-pace,
Dame Toast-and-Butter, had the bob too.

Faques. Yes :

But she was fullen drunk, and giv'n to filching ;
I see her offer at a spoon.—My master !
I do not like his look ; I fear h' has fasted,
For all this preparation : Let's steal by him. [*Exe.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Petruchio and Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night ?

Petru. Not touch her.

Soph. Where was your courage ?

Petru. Where was her obedience ?

Never poor man was sham'd so ; never rascal
That keeps a stud of whores was us'd so basely.

Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly ; do you
love her ?

Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I pass'd thee half my land.

Soph. It may be then,
Her modesty requir'd a little violence :
Some women love to struggle.

Petru.

Petru. She had it,
 And so much that I sweat for't, so I did;
 But to no end; I wash'd an Ethiop.
 She swore my force might weary her, but win her
 I never could, nor should, till she consented;
 And I might take her body prisoner,
 But for her mind or appetite——

Soph. 'Tis strange!
 This woman is the first I ever read of,
 Refus'd a warranted occasion,
 And standing on so fair terms.

Petru. I shall quit her.

Soph. Us'd you no more art?

Petru. Yes; I swore to her,
 And by no little ones, if presently,
 Without more disputation on the matter,
 She grew not nearer to me, and dispatch'd me
 Out of the pain I was (for I was nettled),
 And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
 I would to her chamber-maid, and in her hearing
 Begin her such a hunts-up——

Soph. Then she started?

Petru. No more than I do now: Marry, she answer'd,
 If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
 But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,
 One that might well content a single woman.

Soph. And he should tilt her?

Petru. To that sense. And last,
 She bad me yet these six nights look for nothing,
 Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good night,
 And so good morrow, and a kiss or two
 To close my stomach; for her vow had seal'd it,
 And she would keep it constant.

Soph. Stay you, stay you!
 Was she thus when you woo'd her?

Petru. Nothing, Sophocles,
 More keenly eager: I was oft afraid
 She had been light and easy, she would shower
 Her kisses so upon me.

Soph.

Soph. Then I fear

Another spoke's i' th' wheel.

Petru. Now thou hast found me!

There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh, Patience,

Preserve me! that I make her not example

By some unworthy way; as slaying her,

Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her——

Soph. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her then, and see the heir

Of spite and prodigality! Sh' has studied

A way to beggar's both, and by this hand

[*Maria at the door, Servant, and Woman.*

She shall be, if I live, a doxy.

Soph. Fy, Sir!

Maria. I do not like that dressing; 'tis too poor:

Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,

And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroidery;

Line the gown thro' with plush perfum'd, and purple

All the sleeves down with pearl!

Petru. What think you, Sophocles?

In what point stands my state now?

Maria. For those hangings,

Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment

(They are too base for my use); and bespeak

New pieces, of the civil wars of France:

Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk work,

The borders gold.

Soph. Ay, marry, Sir, this cuts it.

Maria. That fourteen yards of sattin give my
woman;

I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil;

There's too much silk i' th' lace too. Tell the

Dutchman,

That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me

Another suit of horses; and, by all means,

Ten cast of hawks for th' river: I much care not

What price they bear, so they be found, and flying;

For the next winter I am for the country,

And mean to take my pleasure. Where's the horseman?

Petru.

Petru. She means to ride a great-horse.

Soph. With a side-saddle?

Petru. Yes; and she'll run a-tilt within this twelve-month.

Maria. Tomorrow I'll begin to learn: But pray, Sir, Have a great care he be an easy doer; 'Twill spoil a scholar else.

Soph. An easy doer!

Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes; I shall meet her morals —
Ere it be long, I fear not.

Maria. Oh, good morrow!

Soph. Good morrow, lady! How is't now?

Maria. Faith, sickly;

This house stands in an ill air——

Petru. Yet more charges?

Maria. Subject to rots, and rheums; out on't!
'tis nothing

But a til'd fog.

Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?

Maria. I like the feat, but 'tis too little. Sophocles,
Let me have thy opinion; thou hast judgment.

Petru. 'Tis very well!

Maria. What if I pluck it down,
And build a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?

Petru. And i' th' midst

A college for young scolds.

Maria. And to the southward
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it of the Italian fashion, hanging?

Petru. An you could cast yourself so too.—Pray, lady,
Will not this cost much money?

Maria. Some five thousand;
Say six, I'll have it battle'd too——

Petru. And gilt?—*Maria,*
This is a fearful course you take! Pray think on't:
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty and justice look for

Some due obedience from you.

Maria. That bare word

Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon't!

Tell me of due obedience? What's a husband?

What are we married for? to carry sumpters?

Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy

Our own intentions, as you yours?

Petru. Pray hear me!

Maria. Take two small drops of water, equal weigh'd,

Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought

First to descend in duty?

Petru. You mistake me;

I urge not service from you, nor obedience

In way of duty, but of love and credit:

All I expect is but a noble care

Of what I've brought you, and of what I am,

And what our name may be.

Maria. That's in my making.

Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.

Maria. Yes, it is, Petruchio:

For there was never man without our moulding,

Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,

Left any thing, three ages after him,

Good, and his own.

Soph. Good lady, understand him.

Maria. I do too much, sweet Sophocles: He's one

Of a most spiteful self-condition,

Never at peace with any thing but age,

That has no teeth left to return his anger:

A bravery dwells in's blood yet, of abusing

His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,

And sooner mischief.

Petru. If I be so sudden,

Do not you fear me?

Maria. No, nor yet care for you;

And, if it may be lawful, I defy you!

Petru. Does this become you now?

Maria. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vainglorious
woman,

Were

Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.

Maria. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friends again; take all your pleasure!

Maria. Now you perceive him, Sophocles.

Petru. I love thee

Above thy vanity; thou faithless creature!

Maria. 'Would I had been so happy, when I
married,

But to have met an honest man like thee,
(For I am sure thou'rt good; I know thou'rt honest)
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,
Tho' never a penny with him, and those eyes;
That face, and that true heart!—Wear this for my sake,
And when thou think'st upon me, pity me;
I'm cast away! [Exit

Soph. Why, how now, man?

Petru. Pray leave me;

And follow your advices.

Soph. The man's jealous.

Petru. I shall find a time, ere it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish questions.

Soph. I shall answer

As well as I am able, when you call me!—

If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,

And if I do not venture, it's—

Farewell, Sir!

[Exit

Petru. Pray, farewell!—Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's use? no wintering
These catttle without straying? 'Tis hard dealing;
Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!
Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd,
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass? Was I not well warn'd;
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it)
And beaten to repentance, in the days
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?

Had

Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,
 Mix'd with a learned lecture of ill language,
 Louder than Tom o' Lincoln? and at dinner,
 A diet of the same dish? Was there evening
 That e'er past over us, without *thou knave*,
 Or *thou whore*, for digestion? had I ever
 A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,
 But like a cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,
 And almost worry her? And did Heav'n forgive me,
 And take this serpent from me, and am I
 Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches!
 Something I must do speedily: I'll die,
 If I can handsomely, for that's the way
 To make a rascal of her. I am sick,
 And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Livia, Bianca, Tranio, and Rowland.

Livia. Then I must be content, Sir, with my fortune.

Rowl. And I with mine.

Livia. I did not think a look,

Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
 Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.

Rowl. Come, come, I know your courses! There's
 your gewgaws,

Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gave me:
 The money's spent in entertaining you
 At plays, and cherry-gardens.

Livia. There's your chain too.

But, if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
 I'd yet remember you.

Bianca. Give him his love, wench;
 The young man has employment for't.

Tra. Fy, Rowland!

Rowl. You cannot *fy* me out a hundred pound
 With this poor plot.—Yet, let me ne'er see day more,
 If something do not struggle strangely in me!

Bianca.

Bianca. Young man, let me talk with you.

Rowl. Well, young woman?

Bianca. This was your mistress once——

Rowl. Yes.

Bianca. Are you honest?

I see you're young, and handsome.

Rowl. I am honest.

Bianca. Why, that's well said. And there's no doubt your judgment

Is good enough, and strong enough, to tell you Who are your foes, and friends: Why did you leave her?

Rowl. She made a puppy of me.

Bianca. Be that granted:

She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes; Love were too serious else.

Rowl. A witty woman!

Bianca. Had you lov'd me——

Rowl. I would I had!

Bianca. And dearly,

And I had lov'd you so—You may love worse, Sir; But that is not material.

Rowl. I shall lose!

Bianca. Some time or other, for variety, I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you Play with the pages; but have lov'd you still, Out of all question, and extremely too: You are a man made to be lov'd.

Rowl. This woman Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.

Bianca. I'll tell you one thing; if I were to chuse A husband to mine own mind, I should think One of your mother's making would content me; For o' my conscience she makes good ones.

Rowl. Lady, I'll leave you to your commendations.— I'm in again, the devil take their tongues!

Bianca. You shall not go.

Rowl. I will. Yet thus far, Livia; Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you, But never love again.—If I stay longer,

I've lost two hundred pound.

Livia. Good Sir, but thus much—

Tra. Turn, if thou be'st a man.

Livia. But one kiss of you;

One parting kiss, and I am gone too.

Rowl. Come;

I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap.

We'll have one more, and then farewell.

Livia. Farewell!

Bianca. Well, go thy ways! thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.

Tra. H' has made a stand.

Bianca. A noble, brave young fellow.

Worthy a wench indeed!

Rowl. I will—I will not.

[*Exit.*

Tra. He's gone; but shot again. Play you but your part,

And I will keep my promise; forty angels

In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes!) he's yours,

If I have any wit.

Livia. I'll pay the forfeit.

Bianca. Come then; let's see your sister, how she fares now,

After her skirmish; and be sure Moroso

Be kept in good hand: Then all's perfect, *Livia.* [*Exe.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us? Oh, my sweet master!

Jaques. Run for a physician,
And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro.
He will die, didle, didle die, if they come not
Quickly; and bring all people that are skilful
In lungs and livers; raise the neighbours,
And all the *aquavite*-bottles extant;
And, oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson!

A little of his comfort, ne'er so little—
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush;
There's the best ale.

Pedro. I fly!

[*Exit.*

Enter Maria and Servants.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho!
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' chamber,
And take the hangings down, and see the linen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half-hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body
Help down the chests of plate, and some the wardrobe;
Alas, we are undone else.

Jaques. Pray, forsooth,
And I beseech you, tell me, is he dead yet?

Maria. No, but he's drawing on. Out with the
armour!

Jaques. Then I'll go see him.

Maria. Thou'rt undone then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me!

Enter Sophocles and Petronius.

Soph. Why, how now, lady? what means this?

Petron. Now, daughter!

How does my son?

Maria. Save all you can, for Heav'n's sake!

Enter Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

Livia. Be of good comfort, sister.

Maria. Oh, my casket!

Petron. How does thy husband, woman?

Maria. Get you gone,

If you mean to save your lives: The sickness——

Petron. Stand further off, I prithee!

Maria. Is i' th' house, Sir. My husband has it now:
Alas, he is infected, and raves extremely:
Give me some counsel, friends.

Bianca. Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.

Maria.

Maria. I have bespoke two women, and the city
Hath sent a watch by this time: Meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.

Petron. How long is't
Since it first took him?

Maria. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I'm frighted from my wits!—Oh, here's the watch.
Pray do your office; lock the doors up, friends:
And patience be his angel!

Tra. This comes unlook'd for.

Maria. I'll to the Lodge: Some that are kind,
and love me,
I know will visit me.

Petru. [*within.*] D'you hear, my masters?
Ho, you that lock the doors up!

Petron. 'Tis his voice.

Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.

Petru. Will ye starve me here?
Am I a traitor, or an heretick?
Or am I grown infectious?

Petron. Pray, Sir, pray!

Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.

Maria. Pray have patience! You shall want no-
thing, Sir.

Petru. I want a cudgel, and thee, thou wickedness!

Petron. He speaks well enough.

Maria. H' had ever a strong heart, Sir.

Petru. Will ye hear me? First, be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry man's several voice: You that spoke first,
I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;
And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray mark me,
Is my damn'd wife Maria.
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arm, let any man look on't!

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Doctor. Save ye, gentlemen!

Petron. Oh, welcome, Doctor!
You come in happy time. Pray your opinion!
What think you of his pulse?

Doctor. It beats with busiſt,
And ſhews a general inflammation,
Which is the ſymptom of a peſtilent fever.
Take twenty ounces from him.

Petru. Take a fool!
Take an ounce from mine arm, and, doctor Deuz-ace,
I'll make a cloſe-ſtool of your velvet coſtard!
Pox, gentlemen, do ye make a May-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as ſound,
As well, as wholeſome, and as ſenſible,
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
Or, as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the firſt thing I light upon ſhall pay for't.

[*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*]

Petron. Nay, we'll go with you, Doctor.

Maria. 'Tis the ſafeſt.
I ſaw the tokens, Sir.

Petron. Then there's but one way.

Petru. Will it pleaſe you open?

Tra. His fit grows ſtronger ſtill.

Maria. Let's ſave ourſelves, Sir;
He's paſt all worldly cure.

Petron. Friends, do your office!
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way, may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray, my honeſt friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Petru. Why, rascals!
Friends! gentlemen! thou beaſtly wife! Jaques!
None hear me? Who's at th' door there?

1 Watch. Think, I pray, Sir,
Whither you're going, and prepare yourſelf.

2 Watch. Theſe idle thoughts diſturb you: The
good gentlewoman

Your wife has taken care you ſhall want nothing.

Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me!
Or ſhall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miſs,

If I miss three. Ye come here to assault me!

I am as excellent well, I thank Heav'n for't,

And have as good a stomach at this instant——

2 Watch. That's an ill sign!

1 Watch. He draws on; he's a dead man!

Petru. And sleep as soundly—Will you look upon me?

1 Watch. Do you want pen and ink? While you have sense, Sir,

Settle your state.

Petru. Sirs, I am well as you are,

Or any rascal living.

2 Watch. 'Would you were, Sir!

Petru. Look to yourselves, and, if you love your lives,

Open the door, and fly me! for I shoot else;

By Heav'n, I'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;

And under four I will not kill.

1 Watch. Let's quit him!

It may be it is a trick. He's dangerous.

2 Watch. The de'il take th' hindmost, I cry!

[*Exit Watch running.*]

Enter Petruccio with a piece.

Petru. Have among ye?

The door shall open too; I'll have a fair shoot.

Are ye all gone?—Tricks in my old days? crackers

Put now upon me? And by lady Green-Sleeves?

Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?

But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd,

As much as they deserve, against these women,

I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,

All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles;

Which are more than a hunted hare e'er thought on.

When a man has the fairest and the sweetest

Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,

What has he then? and I'll speak modestly;

He has a quartern-ague, that shall shake

All his estate to nothing, never cur'd,

Nor never dying; h' has a ship to venture
 His fame and credit in, which if he man not
 With more continual labour than a gally,
 To make her tith, either she grows a tumbrel,
 Not worth the cloth she wears, or springs more leaks
 Than all the fame of his posterity
 Can ever stop again²⁹. Out on 'em, hedge-hogs!
 He that shall touch 'em, has a thousand thorns
 Runs thro' his fingers: If I were unmarried,
 I would do any thing below repentance,
 Any base dunghill slavery; be a hangman,
 Ere I would be a husband. Oh, the thousand,
 Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
 Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,
 And those are fools; some, that they are not suffer'd,
 And those are maudlin-lovers; some, like scorpions,
 They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs;
 Some die with doing good, those benefactors,
 And leave 'em land to leap away; some few,
 For those are rarest, they are said to kill
 With kindness and fair usage; but what they are
 My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
 They're buried in old walls, with their heels upward.
 I could rail twenty days together now!
 I'll seek 'em out; and if I have not reason,
 And very sensible, why this was done,
 I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't! [*Exit.*]

²⁹ *Can ever stop again.* I could rail twenty days;

Out on 'em, hedge-hogs.

He that shall, &c.] We think it cannot be doubted but that the words *I could rail twenty days.* have been foisted in here by mistake, and have therefore omitted them. They come in their proper place afterwards lower down, where the line runs,

I could rail twenty days together now.

There they complete the measure; here they interrupt it, as well as break in upon the sense.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Morofo and Petronius.

Mor. **T**HAT I do love her is without all question,
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly;
And that I would e'en now, this present Monday,
Before all others, maids, wives, women, widows,
Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' first house,
For all my kindness to her——

Petron. How you take it!
Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-caps!
Wouldst have her come and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy nose, and bus thee?

Mor. Not so neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she should do;
Put on a clean smock, and to church, and marry,
And then to bed i' God's name! This is fair play,
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave her bobs
(I've had too many of them) and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an eel;
But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A fow of lead is swifter.

Petron. Quot your griefs down.

Mor. Give fair quarter: I am old and crazy,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch me:
But understand me, I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have. If you allow me
Worthy your son-in-law and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit, let me shew so;
And not be troubled in my visitations

344 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
With blows, and bitterness, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing, and loud clamour.

Petron. Thou fond man,
Hast thou forgot the ballad, Crabbed Age³⁰?
Can May and January match together,
And never a storm between 'em? Say sh' abuse thee,
Put case she do!

Mor. Well?

Petron. Nay, believe she does,

Mor. I do believe she does.

Petron. And devilishly:
Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abus'd;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me,

Mor. Nay, more than this; I find too, and find
certain,
What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or ouches,
Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,
Waistcoats, embroider'd stockings, scarfs, cawls,
feathers,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs, and
ribbands,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. 'Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I've done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisite another bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that!

Petron. Go, get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two days, for she is so.
The boy's beside the saddle! Get warm broths,
And feed apace! think not of worldly business,

³⁰ *Crabbed age.*] The ballad here alluded to is printed amongst
the Poems of Shakespeare, and supposed to be one of his productions.
It is also preserved in Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i.

It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they're hateful,

And mere forerunners of the ancient measures;
 Contrive your beard o'th' top cut, like Verdugo's,
 It shews you would be wise; and burn your night-cap,
 It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
 From a young wench nothing but cold repentance;
 You may eat onions, so you'll not be lavish,

Mor. I'm glad of that,

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken;
 But after 'em, conceive me, sweet your mouth,
 And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again? say it!

Petron. You shall, Sir;
 And you shall have your hope.

Mor. Why, there's a match then!

Enter Bianca and Tranio.

Bianca. You shall not find me wanting; get you gone!

Here's the old man; he'll think you're plotting else
 Something against his new son. [*Exit Tra.*

Mor. Fare you well, Sir! [*Exit.*

Bianca. An ev'ry buck had his doe,
 And ev'ry cuckold a bell at his toe;
 Oh, what sport should we have then, boys, then,
 Oh, what sport should we have then!

Petron. This is the spirit that inspires 'em all.

Bianca. Give you good ev'n!

Petron. A word with you, sweet lady!

Bianca. I'm very hasty, Sir.

Petron. So you were ever.

Bianca. Well, what's your will?

Petron. Was not your skilful hand
 In this last stratagem? Were not your mischiefs
 Eking the matter on?

Bianca. In's shutting up?
 Is that it?

Petron.

Petron. Yes.

Bianca. I'll tell you.

Petron. Do.

Bianca. And truly.

Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much——

Petron. I'm sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent then?

Bianca. There you're wide too :
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly).
Does any way molest me.

Petron. What then, lady?

Bianca. But that I was not in it, there's my sorrow,
There ; now you understand me ! for I'll tell you,
It was so found a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a heighth, and excellence, and art,
I have not known a braver ; for, conceive me,
When the gross fool her husband would be sick——

Petron. Pray stay !

Bianca. Nay, good, your patience!--And no sense for't,
Then stept your daughter in——

Petron. By your appointment?

Bianca. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half-smock, I like it so well!--
And, like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madness with another ; which was rare,
And, to our weak beliefs, a wonder.

Petron. Hang you !

For surely, if your husband look not to you,
I know what will.

Bianca. I humbly thank your worship!
And so I take my leave.

Petron. You've a hand I hear too——

Bianca. I have two, Sir.

Petron. In my young daughter's business.

Bianca. You will find there

A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play *down-diddle* to her.

Petron.

Petron. I shall watch you.

Bianca. Do.

Petron. And I shall have justice.

Bianca. Where?

Petron. That's all one;

I shall be with you at a turn henceforward.

Bianca. Get you a posset, do; and so good ev'n, Sir!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Petrucchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Jaques. And, as I told your worship, all the hangings, Brass, pewter, plate, ev'n to the very looking-glasses.

Pedro. And that that hung for our defence, the armor, And the March-beer was going too: Oh, Jaques, What a sad sight was that?

Jaques. E'en the two rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of muskadel,
Better ne'er tongue tript over, those two cannons,
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, Sir,
Ev'n those two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almost cut off clean.

Petru. Go trim the house up,
And put the things in order as they were!

[*Exeunt Pedro and Jaques.*]

I shall find time for all this!—Could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business:
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rein her;
But while she shews all these, and all their losses,
A kind of linsy-wolfey, mingled mischief
Not to be guess'd at, and whether true or borrow'd

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither—What a hap had I,
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here she comes.
Now, if she have a colour, (for the fault is
A cleanly one) upon my conscience,

I shall

I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain I married for, her wit: I'll mark her.

Maria. Not let his wife come near him in his
sickness?

Not come to comfort him? she that all laws
Of Heav'n, and nations, have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,
Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary,
Having their maidenheads——

Petru. This is an axiom
I never heard before.

Maria. Or say rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, (which two fair words,
Alas, win us from in an hour, an instant,
We are so easy) make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that, tho' she was a little foolish,
Lov'd him, oh, Heav'n, forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay, had run mad, had she not married him?

Petru. Tho' I do know this falser than the devil,
I cannot chuse but love it.

Maria. What do I know
But those that came to keep him, might have kill'd
him?

In what a case had I been then! I dare not
Believe him such a base, debosh'd companion,
That one refusal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this sickness out of need,
And take a keeper to him of fourscore
To play at billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together. Not come near him?

Petru. This woman would have made a most rare
Jesuit;

She can prevaricate on any thing;
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all imagination, beside this.

Maria.

Maria. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
 In sending, who knows whither, all the plate,
 And all the household-stuff, had I not cross'd it,
 By a great providence, and my friends' assistance,
 Which he will thank me one day for—Alas,
 I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
 In any use, better, and willinger:
 The law commands me to do it, Love commands me,
 And my own duty charges me.

Petru. Heav'n blefs me!

And, now I've said my prayers, I'll go to her.—
 Are you a wife for any man?

Maria. For you, Sir,
 If I were worse, I were better: That you're well,
 At least, that you appear so, I thank Heav'n,
 Long may it hold! and that you're here, I am glad too:
 But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
 And such a way that shames the name of husband,
 Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled
 (Never look strangely on me; I dare tell you)
 With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners—

Petru. Holla! you kick too fast.

Maria. Was I a stranger?

Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?
 Am I not married to you? Tell me that!

Petru. I would I could not tell you!

Maria. Is my presence,
 The stock I come of, which is worshipful,
 If I should say right worshipful I lied not,
 My grandfire was a knight—

Petru. O' the shire?

Maria. A soldier;
 Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,
 But one conductor of thy name, a grasier
 That ran away with pay!—Or am I grown,
 Because I've been a little peevish to you,
 Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
 I could not be admitted to your presence?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me!

Maria.

Maria. And two death's heads,
Two Harry-groats, that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too——

Petru. Now hear me!
For I will stay no longer.

Maria. This you shall!
However you shall think to flatter me
For this offence, (which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so)
Whatever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your land can purchase,
What all your friends or family can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it. Now your will, Sir!

Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I'm sure the lewdest! Now be still, and mark me;
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I should now think I had met a playfellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,
Thou most poor, paltry, spiteful whore—D' you cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.

Maria. Your pleasure!

Petru. Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'st, thou devil's broker,
Thou seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of veng'ance with a thread hung o'er us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance, was it not vexation
At all points, *cap-a-pe*—Nay, I shall pinch you!—
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse
The name of Heav'n, the tie of marriage,
The honour of thy friends, the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion? but, continuing
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief?
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,
And the dear reservation of his honour,
Nothing above-ground could have won to hate thee?

Well.

Well, go thy ways!

Maria. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first:

What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primrose,
That two hours after art a weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? Am I one
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?
Am I so blind, and bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the plague, and no man must come near me!
I must be shut up, and my substance bezzled,
And an old woman watch me!

Maria. Well, Sir, well;
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I must undo myself, forsooth! Dost hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,
Dost thou not cry, *Come beat me?*

Maria. I defy you!
And, my last loving tears, farewell! The first stroke,
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
(Try me, and you shall find it so) for ever,
Never to be recall'd, (I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me) I do turn
Utterly from you; and what man I meet first,
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me. What I've said
About your foolish sickness, ere you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear is certain,
And challenge any man that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions.
And so, farewell for this time! [*Exit.*]

Petru. Grief go with thee!
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward, fiends, or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Bianca and Tranio.

Tra. Mistress, you must do't.

Bianca. Are the writings ready
I told you of?

Tra. Yes, they are ready; but
To what use I know not.

Bianca. You are an ass,
You must have all things constru'd.

Tra. Yes, and pierc'd too³¹,
Or I find little pleasure.

Bianca. Now you're knavish;
Go to! Fetch Rowland hither presently;
Your twenty pound lies bleeding else; she's married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not.
And see the papers of one size!

Tra. I have you.

Bianca. And for disposing of 'em——

Tra. If I fail you,
Now I have found the way, use martial law,
And cut my head off with a hand-saw!

Bianca. Well, Sir!
Petronius and Moroso I'll see sent for,
About your business; go!

Tra. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Livia.

Bianca. Ho, Livia!

Livia. Who's that?

Bianca. A friend of yours. Lord, how you look now,
As if y' had lost a carrack!

Livia. Oh, Bianca!

³¹ *Yes, and pierc'd too.*] The word *constru'd* going before would make one suspect, that *pars'd* should have followed, and so I imagine it at first was wrote.

Symphon.

It is clear that a loose pun is intended; so the text should stand as it does.

I am

I am the most undone, unhappy woman——

Bianca. Be quiet, wench! thou shalt be done, and done,

And done, and double done, or all shall split for't.

No more of these minc'd passions! they are mangy,

And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind:

An apple will do more. Thou fear'st Morofo?

Livia. E'en as I fear the gallows.

Bianca. Keep thee there still!

And you love Rowland? say.

Livia. If I say not,

I'm sure I lie.

Bianca. What wouldst thou give that woman,

In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,

And all thy father's policy, that could

Clap ye within these two nights quietly

Into a bed together?

Livia. How?

Bianca. Why, fairly,

At half-sword, man and wife: Now the red blood comes!

Ay, marry, now the matter's chang'd.

Livia. Bianca,

Methinks you should not mock me.

Bianca. Mock a pudding!

I speak good honest English, and good meaning.

Livia. I should not be ungrateful to that woman.

Bianca. I know thou wouldst not: Follow but my counsel,

And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune,

Let me ne'er know a good night more! You must

Be very sick o' th' instant.

Livia. Well, what follows?

Bianca. And in that sickness send for all your friends,

Your father and your fever, old Morofo;

And Rowland shall be there too.

Livia. What of these?

Bianca. Do you not twitter yet? Of this shall follow

That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips

354 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
Venture as many kisses as the merchants,
Do dollars to th' East-Indies: You shall know all;
But first walk in, and practise; pray, be sick.

Livia. I do believe you, and I am sick.

Bianca. Do:

To bed then; come!—I'll send away your servants
Post for your fool, and father: And, good Fortune,
As we mean honesty, now strike an up-shot! [*Exe.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money;
But that's all one: I'll never more persuade you;
I see you're resolute, and I commend you.

Rowl. But did she send for me?

Tra. You dare believe me?

Rowl. I cannot tell; you have your ways for profit
Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.

Tra. No, on my word, Sir,
I deal directly with you.

Enter Servant hastily.

Rowl. How now, fellow?
Whither post you so fast?

Serv. Oh, Sir, my master!
Pray did you see my master?

Rowl. Why your master?

Serv. Sir, his jewel——

Rowl. With the gilded button?

Serv. My pretty mistress Livia——

Rowl. What of her?

Serv. Is fallen sick o' th' sudden——

Rowl. How, o' th' fullens?

Serv. O' th' sudden, Sir, I say; very sick.

Rowl. It seems sh'hath got the tooth-ache with raw
apples.

Serv.

Serv. It seems you've got the head-ache: Fare you well, Sir!

You did not see my master?

Rowl. Who told you so?

Tra. No, no; he did not see him.

Rowl. Farewell, blue-bottle. [Exit Servant.]

What should her sickness be?

Tra. For you, it may be.

Rowl. Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it; Never before, I'm sure. Yet I may see her;

'Twill be a point of honesty:

Tra. It will so.

Rowl. It may be not too; you would fain be fing'ring This old sin-off'ring of two hundred, Tranio:

How daintily, and cunningly you drive me

Up like a deer to th' toil! yet I may leap it;

And what's the woodman then?

Tra. A loser by you.

Speak, will you go, or not? To me 'tis equal:

Rowl. Come; what goes less?

Tra. Nay, not a penny, Rowland.

Rowl. Shall I have liberty of conscience,

Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?

Hang me, if I affect her; yet; it may be;

This whorson manners will require a struggling³²;

Of two and twenty, or by'r Lady thirty.

Tra. By'r Lady, I'll require my wager then:

For if you kifs so often, and no kindness,

I've lost my speculation: I'll allow you——

Rowl. Speak like a gamester now.

Tra. It may be two:

Rowl. Under a dozen; Tranio; there's no setting:

³² This whorson manners will require a struggling,

Of two and twenty, or by'r lady thirty.] Struggling here means kissing, but I rather think the Author's word was *smuggling*, which I have heard used in that sense. The second line seems wrong, he had before mentioned *ten kisses*, and people generally, in increasing a number, advance by decimals, I read therefore, as a much more natural way of speaking,

Of ten, or twenty, or by'r lady thirty.

Seward.

You

356. THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
You shall have forty shillings, wink at small faults.
Say I take twenty. Come, by all that's honest,
I do it but to vex her.

Tra. I'll no by-blows.

If you can love her, do; if you can, hate her,
Or any else that loves you——

Rowl. Prithee, Tranio!

Tra. Why, farewell, twenty pound! 'twill not
undo me;

You have my resolution.

Rowl. And your money:

Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent³², and break my shins
For untagg'd points and counters! I'll go with you;
But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain—
A parting kiss is lawful?

Tra. I allow it.

Rowl. Knock out my brains with apples. Yet, a
bargain?

Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.

Rowl. Thou art the strangest fellow!

Tra. That's all one.

Rowl. Along then! Twenty pound more, if thou
dar'st,

I give her not a good word!

Tra. Not a penny.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E . IV.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Petru. Prithee, entreat her come; I will not trou-
ble her

Above a word or two. Ere I endure [*Exit Pedro.*
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,
I'll go to plough again³³, and eat leek-porridge!

³² *Jack o' Lent.*] See note 28 on the Wild-Goose Chase.

³³ *I'll go to plough, and eat leek-porridge.*] The copies in general,
except that of 1647, want the dissyllable again.

Symphon.

(Begging's a pleasure to't, not to be number'd.)
 No, there be other countries, Jaques, for me,
 And other people; yea, and other women:
 If I have need, here's money; there's your ware,
 Which is fair dealing; and the sun, they say,
 Shines as warm there as here; and till I've lost
 Either myself or her—I care not whether
 Nor which first——

Jaques. Will your worship hear me?

Petru. And utterly outworn the memory
 Of such a curse as this, none of my nation
 Shall ever know me more.

Jaques. Out, alas, Sir,
 What a strange way do you run!

Petru. Any way,
 So I out-run this rascal.

Jaques. Methinks now,
 If your good worship could but have the patience——

Petru. The patience? why the patience?

Jaques. Why, I'll tell you;
 Could you but have the patience——

Petru. Well, the patience.

Jaques. To laugh at all she does, or, when she rails,
 To have a drum beaten o' th' top o' th' house,
 To give the neighbours warning of her larum,
 As I do when my wife rebels——

Petru. Thy wife?

Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber;
 The dead of night's not stiller——

Jaques. Nor an iron-mill.

Petru. But thy wife's certain——

Jaques. That's false doctrine;
 You never read of a certain woman.

Petru. Thou know'st her way.

Jaques. I should do, I am sure;
 I've ridden it night and day, this twenty year.

Petru. But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
 Such a strange carded cunningness, the rainbow,
 When she hangs bent in Heav'n, sheds not her colours

358 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful woman

Enter Pedro.

Weaves in her dyes of wickedness. — What says she?

Pedro. Nay, not a word, Sir; but she pointed to me,
As tho' she meant to follow. Pray, Sir, bear it
E'en as you may: I need not teach your worship
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal——

Petru. What ails the fellow?

Pedro. And no doubt she may, Sir——

Petru. What may she? or what does she? or what
is she?

Speak and be hang'd!

Pedro. She's mad, Sir.

Petru. Heaven continue it!

Pedro. Amen, if't be his pleasure.

Petru. How mad is she?

Pedro. As mad as heart can wish, Sir: She has
dress'd herself

(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut
Of one of those that multiply i' th' suburbs
For single money, and as dirtily:
If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she'd have.

Petru. What new way's this?

Pedro. There came in master Sophocles——

Petru. And what

Did master Sophocles, when he came in?

Get my trunks ready, firrah! I'll be gone straight.

Pedro. He's here to tell you.

She's horn mad, Jaques.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call you this a woman?

Petru. Yes, Sir, she is a woman.

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I'd thought y' had made experience.

Soph. Yes, I did so,

And

And almost with my life.

Petru. You rid too fast, Sir.

Soph. Pray, be not mistaken: By this hand,
Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know! 'Tis true, she gave me
A ring——

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv'd still:
Believe me, I ne'er kifs'd her since; and now
Coming in visitation, like a friend,
(I think she's mad, Sir) suddenly she started,
And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?

Soph. As I am here, Sir.

Petru. I believe you honest;
And pray continue so.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now, damsel,
What will your beauty do, if I forsake you?

[She makes signs.]

D' you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess then,
You'll walk abroad this summer, and catch captains;
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' suburbs,
And keep a nest of nuns?

Soph. Oh, do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is.

Petru. She's dogged,
And in a beastly case, I'm sure.—I'll make her,
If she have any tongue, yet tattle.—Sophocles,
Prithee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well; and when th' hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.

Soph. I'll tell you,
I've seen a sweeter——

Petru. An hundred times, cry oysters.

360 THE WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR,
There's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars,
Runs on her breech, may be an empress to her.

Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

Petru. Never a whit, Sir.—

I'll tell thee, woman, for now I've day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping;
I know you're well enough).—Now would I give
A million but to vex her!—When I chose thee
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble³⁴
Than twenty terms can come to; such a cause,
Of such a title, and so everlasting,
That Adam's genealogy may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I took a leprosy,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession,
And had the devil with thee, if not more;
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast.
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes:
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and fox from fern-bush,
That would have married thee?

Soph. She's not so ill.

Petru. She's worse than I dare think of; she's so
lewd,

No court is strong enough to bear her cause;
Sh'hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother: No,
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her,
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration;
Her first forin was a ferret's under-ground;
She kills the memories of men.—Not yet?

Soph. D'you think she's sensible of this?

Petru. I care not!

Be what she will, the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,

³⁴ *Took more TROUBLE.] i. e. Not took more PAINS, but chose
more VEXATION.*

Like this point, I unty, and thus I loose it ;
 The husband I am to her, thus I sever :
 My vanity, farewell ! Yet, for you've been
 So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
 My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much,
 (Tho' you deserve it well) you shall not beg :
 What I ordain'd your jointure, honestly
 You shall have settled on you, and half my house ;
 The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,
 (That meritorious charge I'll be at also)
 Yet to confirm you Christian ; your apparel,
 And what belongs to build up such a folly,
 Keep, I beseech you, it infects our uses :
 And now I am for travel.

Maria. Now I love you ;
 And now I see you are a man, I'll talk to you ;
 And I forget your bitterness.

Soph. How now, man ?

Petru. Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever famous,
 Make but this woman all thy wonders !

Maria. Sure, Sir,
 You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
 And what will make you virtuous.

Petru. She will ship me.

Maria. A way of understanding I long wish'd for ;
 And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, Sir !
 Methinks you look a new man to me now,
 A man of excellence ; and now I see
 Some great design set in you. You may think now
 (And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
 Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you ;
 Nay, hang about your neck, and like a dotard
 Urge my strong tie upon you : But I love you,
 And all the world shall know it, beyond woman ;
 And more prefer the honour of your country,
 Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
 The uses you may make of other nations,
 The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
 The full ability and strength of judgment,

Than

Than any private love, or wanton kisses.

Go, worthy man, and bring home understanding.

Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed schoolmen.

Maria. For if the merchant thro' unknown seas
plough

To get his wealth, then, dear Sir, what must you

To gather wisdom? Go, and go alone,

Only your noble mind for your companion;

And if a woman may win credit with you,

Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther

The more experience finds you: And go sparing;

One meal a-week will serve you, and one suit,

Thro' all your travels; for you'll find it certain,

The poorer and the baser you appear,

The more you look thro' still.

Petru. Dost hear her?

Soph. Yes.

Petru. What would this woman do, if she were
suffer'd

Upon a new religion³⁵?

Soph. Make us Pagans.

I wonder that she writes not.

Maria. Then when time,

And fullness of occasion, have new-made you,

And squar'd you from a sot into a signor,

Or nearer, from a jade into a courser;

Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,

And I, your glad Penelope——

Petru. That must have

As many lovers as I languages;

And what she does with one i' th' day, i' th' night

Undo it with another.

Maria. Much that way, Sir;

For in your absence it must be my honour,

³⁵ Upon a new adventure.

Soph. Make us nothing.] So the first folio. We have no doubt but the text (which is from the second) is genuine, and that an ideal delicacy caused the variation.

That that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and strongly,
Almost believ'd against me, to set off
The faith and loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why, by my soul, I would travel;
Did not you mean so?

Petru. Alas, no; nothing less, man;
I did it but to try, Sir. She's the devil!
And now I find it, (for she drives me) I must go:
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?

Maria. Sir, for your house, and, if you please to
trust me

With that you leave behind——

Petru. Bring down the money!

Maria. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow. I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cathaya,
Those are the climes must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?—

She'll wish me out o' th' world anon!

Maria. For France

'Tis very fair: Get you aboard to-night, Sir,
And lose no time; you know the tide stays no man.
I have cold meats ready for you.

Petru. Fare thee well!

Th'ha'st fool'd me out o' th' kingdom with a vengeance!
An thou canst fool me in again——

Maria. Not I, Sir;

I love you better; take your time, and pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hang'd too,
Were I but half as willing.

Maria. Any thing

That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the land's end, Sophocles?

And

And other of my friends, I hope.

Maria. Ne'er doubt, Sir;
You cannot want companions for your good.
I'm sure you'll kiss me ere I go; I've business,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going!
For if thou tarriest but another dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy chamber.

Maria. Fare you well, Sir!
And bear yourself, I do beseech you once more,
(Since you have undertaken doing wisely)
Manly, and worthily; 'tis for my credit.
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
(Nothing should make me leave you else) I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die. If you want limon-waters,
Or anything to take the edge o' th' sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the devil,
That was your first good master, shower his blessing
Upon ye all! into whose custody——

Maria. I do commit your reformation;
And so I leave you to your *stilo novo*³⁶! [Exit.

Petru. I will go!—Yet I will not!—Once more,
Sophocles,
I'll put her to the test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then!—Let's seek my father out,
And all my friends, to see me fair aboard:
Then, women, if there be a storm at sea
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more
broken

Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they crack my keel!

[Exeunt.

³⁶ *Stilo novo.*] Alluding to the manner in which foreign letters
were dated.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius and Bianca.

Bianca. **N**OW whether I deserve that blame you
gave me,
Let all the world discern, Sir!

Petron. If this motion
(I mean this fair repentance of my daughter)
Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I've spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.

Bianca. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you;
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,
Again you might be purchas'd: Loving woman!
She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point. Yet all my counsel
And comfort in this case could not so heal her,
But that Grief got his share too, and she sicken'd.

Petron. I'm sorry she's so ill; yet glad her sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

Bianca. Here comes Moroso.

Petron. Oh, you are very welcome;
Now you shall know your happiness.

Mor. I'm glad on't.
What makes this lady here?

Bianca. A dish for you, Sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True, Moroso:
Go, get you in, and see your mistress.

Bianca. She is sick, Sir;
But you may kiss her whole.

Mor.

Mor. How?

Bianca. Comfort her.

Mor. Why am I sent for, Sir?

Petron. Will you in and see?

Bianca. May be she needs confession.

Mor. By St. Mary,

She shall have absolution then, and penance;

But not above her carriage.

Petron. Get you in, fool!

[*Exit Mor.*]

Bianca. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland and Tranio.

Petron. Now, Tranio!

Good ev'n to you too! and you're welcome.

Rowl. Thank you.

Petron. I have a certain daughter——

Rowl. 'Would you had, Sir!

Petron. No doubt you know her well——

Rowl. Nor never shall, Sir:

She is a woman; and the ways unto her

Are like the finding of a certain path

After a deep-fall'n snow.

Petron. Well, that's by th' bye still.

This daughter that I tell you of is fall'n

A little crop-sick, with the dangerous surfeit

She took of your affection.

Rowl. Mine, Sir?

Petron. Yes, Sir:

Or rather, as it seems, repenting. And there

She lies within, debating on it.

Rowl. Well, Sir?

Petron. I think 'twere well you'd see her.

Rowl. If you please, Sir;

I am not squeamish of my visitation.

Petron. But this I'll tell you, she is alter'd much;

You'll find her now another Livia.

Rowl. I have enough o' th' old, Sir.

Petron. No more fool,

To look gay babies in your eyes, young Rowland,

And

And hang about your pretty neck——

Rowl. I'm glad on't,

And thank my fates I've scap'd such execution.

Petron. And busfs you till you blush again.

Rowl. That's hard, Sir;

She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it;

I never was so boyish. Well, what follows?

Petron. She's mine now, as I please to settle her,

At my command, and where I please to plant her:

Only she'd take a kind of farewell of you,

And give you back a wandring vow or two,

You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths

She lent you too, she looks for.

Rowl. She shall have 'em,

With all my heart, Sir; and, if you like it better,

A free release in writing.

Petron. That's the matter;

And you from her shall have another, Rowland,

And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you!

Rowl. So be't. Your twenty pound sweats, Tranio.

Tra. 'Twill not undo me, Rowland; do your worst!

Rowl. Come, shall we see her, Sir?

Bianca. Whate'er she says

You must bear manly, Rowland; for her sickness

Has made her somewhat teatish.

Rowl. Let her talk

'Till her tongue ache, I care not. By this hand,

Thou hast a handsome face, wench, and a body

Daintily mounted!—Now do I feel an hundred

Running directly from me, as I piss'd it.

Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her.

Bianca. Pray draw her softly! the least hurry, Sir,

Puts her to much impatience.

Petron. How is't, daughter?

Livia. Oh, very sick, very sick; yet somewhat

Better, I hope, a little lightsomer,

Because this good man has forgiven me.

Pray fet me higher: Oh, my head!

Bianca.

Bianca. Well done, wench!

Livia. Father, and all good people that shall hear me,

I have abus'd this man perniciously;
 Was never old man humbled so: I've scorn'd him,
 And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at him,
 Flung candles' ends in's beard, and call'd him *Harrow*,
 That must be drawn to all he does; contemn'd him,
 For methought then he was a beastly fellow,
 (Oh, God, my side!) a very beastly fellow;
 And gave it out, his cassock was a barge-cloth,
 Pawn'd to his predecessor by a sculler,
 The man yet living; I gave him purging comfits
 At a great christning once,
 That spoil'd his camblet breeches; and one night
 I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he pass'd down;
 And the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't!)
 Ev'n with his reverend head, this head of wisdom,
 Told two and twenty stairs, good and true,
 Misd'd not a step, and as we say, *verbatim*
 Fell to the bottom, broke his casting bottle,
 Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,
 Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,
 And was translated. All this villainy
 Did I; I, Livia; I alone, untaught.

Mor. And I, unask'd, forgive it.

Livia. Where's Bianca?

Bianca. Here, cousin.

Livia. Give me drink.

Bianca. There.

Livia. Who's that?

Mor. Rowland.

Livia. Oh, my dissembler, you and I must part.
 Come nearer, Sir.

Rowl. I'm sorry for your sickness.

Livia. Be sorry for yourself, Sir: You have wrong'd me;

But I forgive you. Are the papers ready?

Bianca.

Bianca. I have 'em here: Will't please you view 'em?

Petron. Yes.

Livia. Shew 'em the young man too; I know he's willing

To shift his sails too; 'tis for his more advancement;
Alas, we might have beggar'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies;
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,
Undone for ever. I confess I lov'd him
(I care not who shall know it) most entirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me:
But farewell that! we must be wiser; cousin;
Love must not leave us to the world. Have you done?

Rowl. Yes; and am ready to subscribe.

Livia. Pray stay then.

Give me the papers, (and let me peruse them)
And so much time as may afford a tear
At our last parting.

Bianca. Pray retire, and leave her;
I'll call ye presently:

Petron. Come, gentlemen;
The shower must fall.

Rowl. 'Would I had never seen her! [Exeunt

Bianca. Thou hast done bravely, wench.

Livia. Pray Heav'n, it prove so!

Bianca. There are the other papers: When they
come,

Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As drapers do their wares:

Livia. Didst mark Morofo,
In what an agony he was? and how he cried most
When I abus'd him most?

Bianca. That was but reason.

Livia. Oh, what a stinking thief is this!
Tho' I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed; Thames-street, to him,

Is a mere pomander.

Bianca. Let him be hang'd!

Livia. Amen!

Bianca. And lie you still;
And once more to your business!

Livia. Call 'em in.

Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers!

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio and Moroso.

Petron. Is she ready?

Bianca. Sh'has done her lamentations: Pray go to
her.

Livia. Rowland, come near me; and, before you
seal,

Give me your hand: Take it again; now kiss me!

This is the last acquaintance we must have!

I wish you ever happy! There's the paper.

Rowl. Pray stay a little!

Petron. Let me never live more,

But I do begin to pity this young fellow;

How heartily he weeps!

Bianca. There's pen and ink, Sir.

Livia. Ev'n here, I pray you: 'Tis a little emblem

How near you have been to me.

Rowl. There.

Bianca. Your hands too,

As witnesses.

Petron. By any means; to th' book, son.

Mor. With all my heart.

Bianca. You must deliver it.

Rowl. There, Livia; and a better love light on
thee!

I can no more.

Bianca. To this you must be witness too.

Petron. We will.

Bianca. Do you deliver't now.

Livia. Pray set me up.

There, Rowland, all thy old love back; and may

A new

A new to come exceed mine, and be happy!

I must no more.

Rowl. Farewell!

Livia. A long farewell! [Exit Rowland.

Bianca. Leave her, by any means, till this wild
passion

Be off her head. Draw all the curtains close;

A day hence you may see her; 'twill be better:

She's now for little company.

Petron. Pray tend her.

I must to horse straight; you must needs along too,

To see my son aboard: Were but his wife

As fit for pity as this wench, I were happy.

Bianca. Time must do that too. Fare ye well!

Tomorrow

You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow. [Exe:

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, and porters, with chest and hampers.

Jaques. Bring 'em away, Sirs!

Pedro. Must the great trunks go too?

Jaques. Yes, and the hampers: Nay, be speedy,
masters!

He'll be at sea before us else.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques!

What a most blessed turn hast thou——

Jaques. I hope so.

Pedro. To have the sea between thee and this woman!

Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.

Jaques. By your leave,

We'll get us up to Paris with all speed;

For, on my soul, as far as Amiens

She'll carry blank. Away to Lyon-key;

And ship 'em presently! we'll follow ye.

Pedro. Now could I wish her in that trunk.

Jaques. God shield, man!

I had rather have a bear in't.

Pedro. Yes; I'll tell you:
 For in the passage, if a tempest take you,
 As many do, and you lie beating for it,
 Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the master,
 Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
 'Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
 Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means
 Over-board presently.

Jaques. O' that condition,
 So we were certain to be rid of her,
 I would wish her with us. But, believe me, *Pedro*,
 She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever;
 For none would keep her company but dog-fish,
 As currish as herself, or porpoises,
 Made to all fatal uses: The two Fish-Streets,
 Were she but once arriv'd among the whitings,
 Would sing a woful *misereri*, *Pedro*,
 And mourn in Poor-John, till her memory
 Were cast o' shore again, with a strong sea-breach;
 She would make god Neptune, and his fire-fork,
 And all his demi-gods and goddesfes,
 As weary of the Flemish channel, *Pedro*,
 As ever boy was of the school; 'tis certain,
 If she but meet him fair, and were well anger'd,
 She would break his god-head.

Pedro. Oh, her tongue, her tongue!

Jaques. Rather her many tongues!

Pedro. Or rather strange tongues!

Jaques. Her lying tongue!

Pedro. Her lisping tongue!

Jaques. Her long tongue!

Pedro. Her lawless tongue!

Jaques. Her loud tongue!

Pedro. And her liquorish——

Jaques. Many other tongues, and many stranger
 tongues

Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,
 Were women rais'd withal; but ne'er a true one.

Enter

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuff again! the journey's ended.

Jaques. What does your worship mean?

Soph. Your master—Oh, Petruchio! Oh, poor fellows!

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Soph. Oh, your master's dead,
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,
The grief of her³⁶——

Jaques. Has kill'd him?

Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him!

Pedro. Is there no law to hang her?

Soph. Get ye in,

And let her know her misery: I dare not,
For fear impatience seize me, see her more;
I must away again. Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,
E'en to avoid the shame that follows her,
Cry if she can. Your weeping cannot mend it.
The body will be here within this hour, (so tell her)
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell, fellows!

[*Exit.*

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Jaques. Oh, my worthy master!

Pedro. Oh, my most beastly mistress! Hang her—

Jaques. Split her——

Pedro. Drown her directly——

Jaques. Starve her——

Pedro. Stink upon her——

Jaques. Stone her to death! May all she eat be eggs,
Till she run kicking-mad for men!

Pedro. And he,

³⁶ *The grief of—her.*] So the former copies; but surely the *dash* should be after *her*, instead of before:

The grief of her——

Jaques. *Has kill'd him?*

The grief of her signifies, *his grief occasioned by her.*

That man that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto* lose his longings³⁷!

Jaques. Let's go discharge ourselves; and he that
serves her,

Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A seditious curse light on him; which is, Pedro,
The fiend ride thro' him booted and spurr'd, with a
scythe at's back! [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

Rowl. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus!
Upon my life, she loves me still. Well, paper,
Thou only monument of what I've had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia!
Oh, bitter words, I'll read ye once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye.—
How's this? let me look better on't! A contract?
By Heaven, a contract, seal'd and ratified,
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!
I do not dream sure! Let me read again;
The same still; 'tis a contract!

Tra. 'Tis so, Rowland;

And, by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound tomorrow.

Rowl. Art sure, Tranio,
We're both alive now?

Tra. Wonder not; you've lost.

Rowl. If this be true, I grant it.

Tra. 'Tis most certain!

There's a ring for you too; you know it?

Rowl. Yes.

Tra. When shall I have my money?

³⁷ *Lose his longings.*] So first folio; other copies,
lose his fadding.

Rowl. Stay you, stay you!

When shall I marry her?

Tra. To-night.

Rowl. Take heed now

You do not trifle with me: If you do,

You'll find more payment than your money comes to!

Come, swear, (I know I am a man, and find

I may deceive myself) swear faithfully,

Swear me directly, am I Rowland?

Tra. Yes.

Rowl. Am I awake?

Tra. You are.

Rowl. Am I in health?

Tra. As far as I conceive.

Rowl. Was I with Livia?

Tra. You were, and had this contract.

Rowl. And shall I enjoy her?

Tra. Yes, if you dare.

Rowl. Swear to all these.

Tra. I will,

Rowl. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,

As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these

To be no vision, but a truth, and serious!

Tra. Then, by my honesty, and faith, and con-

science,

All this is certain,

Rowl. Let's remove our places³⁸.

Swear it again,

Tra. By Heaven, it is true.

Rowl. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I'm glad

on't.

Let's go; and tell me all, and tell me how,

³⁸ *Let's remove our places.*] This is plainly a sneer at the scene in Hamlet, where (on account of the Ghost calling under the stage) the Prince and his friends two or three times remove their situations.— Again, in this play, p. 317, Petruchio's saying,

Something I'll do; but what it is, I know not!

seems to be meant as a ridicule on Lear's passionate exclamation,

I will do such things—

What they are, yet I know not!

For yet I am a Pagan in't.

Tra. I have a priest too;
And all shall come as even as two testers. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Morefo, and Petruchio borne in a coffin.

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out!

Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.

You're welcome to the last cast of your fortunes!
There lies your husband; there, your loving husband;
There he that was Petruchio, too good for you!
Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him,
Ere he could reach the sea: If you can weep,
Now you have cause; begin, and after death
Do something yet to th' world, to think you honest.
So many tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move compassion.

Maria. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
'Tis true, I've cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.

Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.

Maria. But what's the cause? Mistake me not;
not this man,

As he is dead, I weep for; Heav'n defend it!
I never was so childish: But his life,
His poor, unmanly, wretched, foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity; there's my mourning.

Petron. Dost thou not shame?

Maria. I do, and e'en to water,
To think what this man was; to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all gentry,

While

While he was living here, he walk'd amongst us.
 He had a happy turn, he died! I'll tell ye,
 These are the wants I weep for, not his person;
 The memory of this man, had he liv'd
 But two years longer, had begot more follies,
 Than wealthy Autumn flies, But let him rest;
 He was a fool, and farewell he! not pitied,
 I mean in way of life, or action,
 By any understanding man that's honest,
 But only in's posterity, which I,
 Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him
 In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
 Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
 Denied him means to raise.

Petru. Unbutton me!

Oh, God, I die indeed else!—Oh, Maria,
 Oh, my unhappiness, my misery!

Petron. Go to him, whore! By Heaven, if he
 perish,
 I'll see thee hang'd myself!

Petru. Why, why, Maria—

Maria. I've done my worst, and have my end: For-
 give me!

From this hour make me what you please: I've tam'd
 you,
 And now am vow'd your servant. Look not
 strangely,

Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
 Thus I begin my new love.

Petru. Once again!

Maria. With all my heart.

Petru. Once again, Maria!

Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Soph. Get ye to bed then; there you'll quickly
 know, Sir.

Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Maria. Never, Sir.

Petru. You shall not need; for, as I have a faith,
 No cause shall give occasion.

Maria.

Maria. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour, since you make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.

Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off!

Petru. Go, Jaques,

Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogsheads blood: I'm born again!
Well, little England, when I see a husband
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;
And if he have not butter to his bread
'Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

Petron. What have we here?

Rowl. Another morris, Sir,

That you must pipe to.

Tra. A poor married couple

Desire an offering, Sir.

Bianca. Never frown at it;

You cannot mend it now: There's your own hand,
And yours, Morofo, to confirm the bargain.

Petron. My hand?

Mor. Or mine?

Bianca. You'll find it so.

Petron. A trick,

By Heayen, a trick!

Bianca. Yes, Sir, we trick'd you.

Livia. Father——

Petron. Hast thou lain with him? Speak!

Livia. Yes, truly, Sir.

Petron. And hast thou done the deed, boy?

Rowl. I have done, Sir,

That that will serve the turn, I think.

Petru. A match then!

I'll be the maker-up of this. Morofo,

There's now no remedy, you see: Be willing;

For be, or be not, he must have the wench.

Mor.

Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner;
And, if I can, I'll drink't away.

Tra. That's well said.

Petron. Well, firrah, you have play'd a trick:
Look to't,

And let me be a grandfire within this twelvemonth,
Or, by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes!

Rowl. There shall not want my labour, Sir. Your
money

Here's one has undertaken.

Tra. Well, I'll trust her;

And glad I have so good a pawn:

Rowl. I'll watch you.

Petru. Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be
jovial!

I have my colt again, and now she carries:

And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,

Let him be sure he keep him to his text. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer's Tam'd; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives:
Nor can the women, from this precedent,
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both sexes due equality,
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more than hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.

T H E

NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

A C O M E D Y.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play solely to Fletcher; but the Prologue speaks of it as the production of both Authors. It was altered and revived by Dursley, in the year 1688, under the title of The Fool's Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunstable, and acted at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Gardens.

PROLOGUE.

THE

NORRIS GENTLEMAN

A COMEDY

Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1714.

1714

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
P R O L O G U E.

WIT is become an antick, and puts on
As many shapes of variation,
To court the time's applause, as the times dare
Change several fashions: Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again: And we pursue
That custom, by presenting to your view
A play in fashion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the same, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whose name,
Beyond all power of death, lives in their fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Marine, *the Noble Gentleman.*

Jaques, *an old servant to Marine's family.*

Clerimont, *cousin to Marine.*

Gentleman, *servant, or suitor, to Marine's wife.*

Longueville, } *two courtiers that plot to abuse Marine.*

Beaufort, }

Shattillion, *a lord, mad for love.*

Doctor.

Page.

Gentlemen.

Servants.

W O M E N.

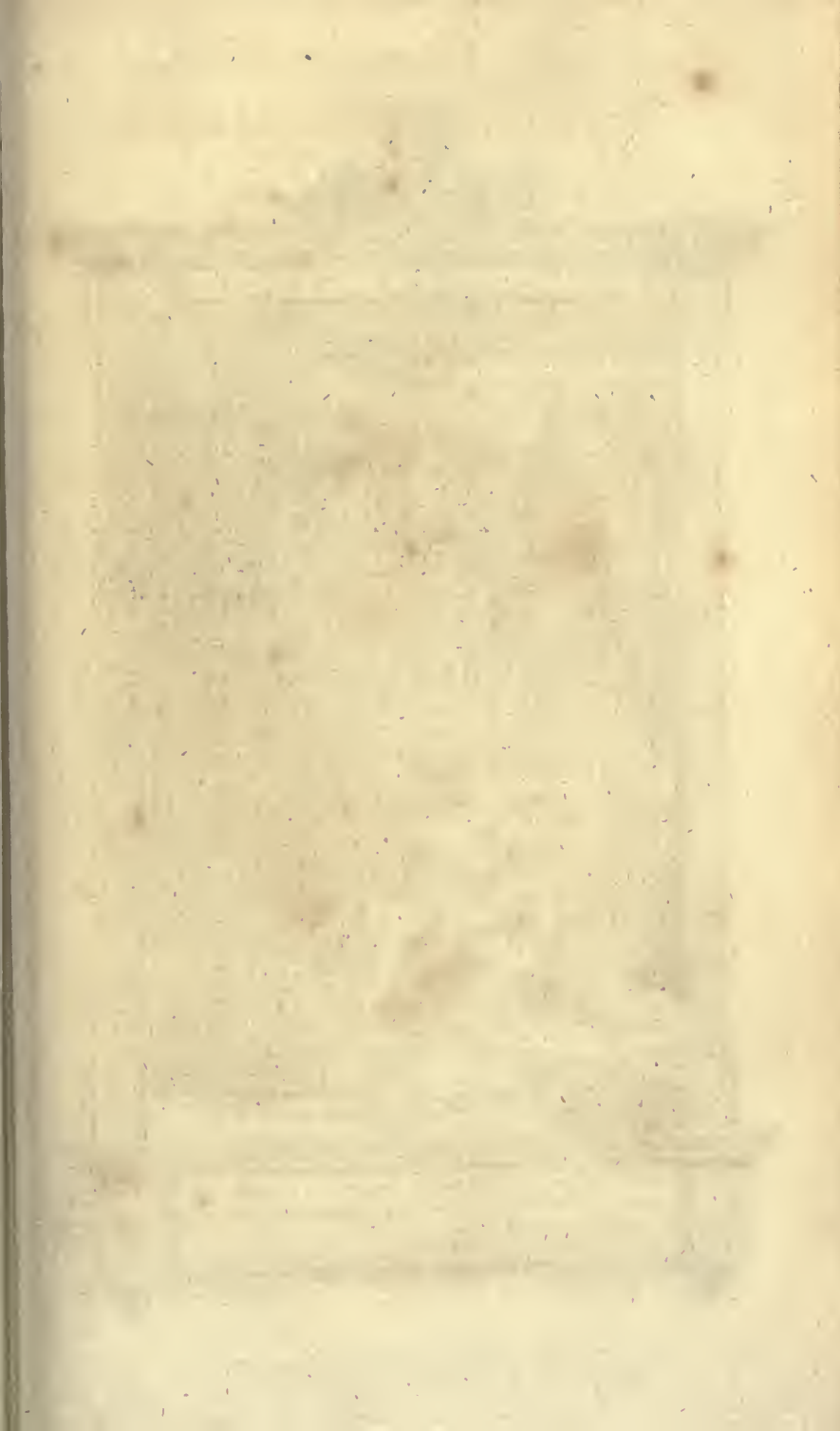
Lady, *wife to Marine, a witty wanton.*

Wife to Clerimont.

Shattillion's Love, *a virtuous virgin.*

Maria, *attendant on Marine's wife.*

SCENE, FRANCE.





THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.



*Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the king and state) down to the ground!
And if thou utter but a syllable
To cross the king's intent, thou art but dead! Act V.*

W. A. Rooper delin.

C. Ignon sculpt.

T H E

NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

A C T I.

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Marine. **W**HAT happiness waits on the life
at court,
What dear content, greatness, de-
light and ease!

What ever-springing hopes, what tides of honour,
That raise their fortunes to the height of wishes!
What can be more in man, what more in nature,
Than to be great and fear'd? A courtier,
A noble courtier! 'Tis a name that draws
Wonder and duty from all eyes and knees.

Jaques. And so your worship's land within the walls,
Where you shall have it all enclos'd, and sure.

Mar. Peace, knave! dull creature, bred of sweat
and smoke,

These mysteries are far above thy faith:
But thou shalt see——

Jaques. And then I shall believe,
Your fair revenues, turn'd into fair suits;
I shall believe your tenants bruis'd and rent,
Under the weight of coaches; all your state
Drawn thro' the streets in triumph; suits for places
Plied with a mine of gold, and being got
Fed with a great stream. I shall believe all this.

Mar. You shall believe, and know me glorious.—

Cousin, good day and health!

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. The same to you, Sir;
And more, without my wishes, could you know
What calm content dwells in a private house!—
Yet look into yourself; retire! This place
Of promises, and protestations, fits
Minds only bent to ruin: You should know this;
You have their language perfect; you have tutors
I do not doubt, sufficient: But beware!

Mar. You are merry, cousin.

Cler. Yet your patience;
You shall learn that too, but not like itself,
Where it is held a virtue. Tell me, Sir,
Have you cast up your state, rated your land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and fashion? Is it always harvest?
Always vintage? Have you ships at sea,
To bring you gold and stone from rich Peru,
Monthly returning treasure? Doth the king
Open his large exchequer to your hands,
And bid you be a great man? Can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day, and know no ebb in honour?
If these be possible, and can hold out,
Then be a courtier still, and still be wasting!

Mar. Cousin, pray give me leave!

Cler. I have done.

Mar. I could requite your gall, and in a strain
As bitter, and as full of rhubarb, preach
Against your country life; but 'tis below me,
And only subject to my pity! Know,

¹ *And more, without my wishes, could you know
What calm content dwells in a private house.*] We do not quite
understand these two lines: The meaning, though obscurely expressed,
seems to be, 'I wish you happiness; which you might have, and
'more, without my wishes, if you knew the comforts of a private
'life.'

The eminent court, to them that can be wise,
 And fasten on her blessings, is a sun
 That draws men up from coarse and earthly being,
 (I mean these men of merit that have power
 And reason to make good her benefits)
 Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
 Sweetness of language, makes them apt to please,
 Files off all rudeness and uncivil 'haviour;
 Shews them as neat in carriage as in cloaths.
 Cousin, have you e'er seen the court?

Cler. No, Sir;

Nor am I yet in travail with that longing.

Mar. Oh, the state

And greatness of that place, where men are found
 Only to give the first creation glory!
 Those are the models of the ancient world;
 Left like the Roman statues to stir up
 Our following hopes; the place itself puts on
 The brow of majesty, and flings her lustre
 Like the air newly lighten'd; form, and order,
 Are only there themselves; unforc'd, and sound;
 As they were first created to this place.

Cler. You nobly came, but will go from thence base!

Mar. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceit;

You have a wit, good cousin: I do joy in't;
 Keep it for court. But to myself again!
 When I have view'd these pieces, turn'd these eyes,
 And, with some taste of superstition;
 Look'd on the wealth of Nature, the fair dames,
 Beauties, that light the court, and make it shew
 Like a fair Heaven in a frosty night,
 And 'mongst these mine; not poorest—'Tis for tongues
 Of blessed poets, such as Orpheus was;
 To give their worth and praises! Oh, dear cousin,
 You have a wife, and fair; bring her hither,
 Let her not live to be the mistress of
 A farmer's heir, and be confined ever
 T' a searge, far coarser than my horse-cloth!
 Let her have velvets, tiffinies, jewels, pearls;

A coach, an usher, and her two lacquies;
 And I will send my wife to give her rules,
 And read the rudiments of court to her.

Cler. Sir, I had rather send her to Virginia,²
 To help to propagate the English nation.

Enter a Servant.

Mar. Sirrah, how slept your mistress, and what
 visitants.

Are to pay service?

Serv. Sir, as I came out,
 Two counts were newly enter'd.

Mar. This is greatness;
 But few such servants wait a country beauty.

Cler. They are the more to thank their modesty:
 God keep my wife, and all my issue female,
 From such uprisings!

Enter Doctor.

Mar. What, my learned Doctor!
 You will be welcome: Give her health and youth,
 And I will give you gold. *[Exit Doctor.]*

Cousin, how favours this? Is it not sweet,
 And very great? tastes it not of nobleness?

Cler. Faith, Sir, my palate is too dull and lazy;
 I cannot taste it; 'tis not for my relish:

But be so still! since your own misery
 Must first reclaim you; to which I leave you, Sir!
 If you will yet be happy, leave the humour,
 And base subjection to your wife; be wise,

² *Virginia*] The attempt to settle Virginia was at first very unsuccessful, and many reports were propagated, which made it difficult to procure any persons to venture thither: To these circumstances the Author plainly alludes. Among the pamphlets published about this period was the following: 'A true declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia; with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprize. Published by advise and direction of the Councell of Virginia.' 4to. 1610. R.

And

And let her know with speed you are her husband!
I shall be glad to hear it. My horse is sent for. [*Ex.*]

Mar. Even such another country thing as this
Was I; such a piece of dirt, so heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an ass; such musty cloaths wore I,
So old and thread-bare: I do yet remember
Divers young gallants, lighting at my gate
To see my honour'd wife, have offer'd pence,
And bid me walk their horses. Such a slave
Was I in show then; but my eyes are open'd.

Enter Lady.

Many sweet morrows to my worthy wife!

Lady. 'Tis well, and aptly giv'n; as much for you!
But to my present business, which is money.

Mar. Lady, I have none left.

Lady. I hope you dare not say so, nor imagine
So base and low a thought: 'I have none left?'
Are these words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For you, and your advancement?

Mar. Yes, my dearest.

Lady. And do you pop me off with this slight answer,
In troth 'I have none left?' In troth, you must have!
Nay, stare not; 'tis most true: Send speedily
To all that love you, let your people fly
Like thunder thro' the city, and not return
Under five thousand crowns. Try all; take all;
Let not a worthy merchant be untempted,
Or any one that hath the name of money;
Take up at any use; give band³, or land,
Or mighty statutes⁴, able by their strength.

³ *Band*] i. e. *Bond*; an ancient mode of spelling the word:

* Since faith could get no credit at his hand,

* I sent him word to come and sue my band.

Churchyard's Challenge, p. 152.

⁴ Or mighty statutes, &c.] The poet means either *statute merchant*,
or *statute staple*, or both. [What the meaning of these terms are, any

To tie up Samson were he now alive.

There must be money gotten; for, be persuaded,

If we fall now, or be but seen to shrink

Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,

And then good night to all but our disgrace!

Farewell, the hope of coming happiness,

And all the aims we levell'd at so long^s!

Are you not mov'd at this? No sense of want,

Towards yourself yet breeding?

Be old, and common; jaded to the eyes

Of grooms, and pages, chambermaids, and guarders;

And when you have done, put your poor house in order

And hang yourself! for such must be the end

Of him that willingly forsakes his hopes,

And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.

All that I say is certain; if you fail,

Do not impute me with it; I am clear.

Mar. Now Heav'n forbid I should do wrong to you,

My dearest wife, and madam! Yet give leave

To your poor creature to unfold himself:

You know my debts are many more than means,

My bands not taken in, my friends at home

Drawn dry with these expences, my poor tenants

More full of want than we; then what new course

Can I beget to raise those crowns by? Speak,

And I shall execute.

Lady. Pray tell me true;

Have you not land in the country?

Mar. Pardon me!

I had forgot it.

Lady. Sir, you must remember it;

There is no remedy: This land must be

In Paris ere tomorrow-night.

Mar. It shall.

Technical Dictionary will inform my readers.] The mention of them we find in Hamlet, and over and over again in Ben Jonson's Staple of News.

Symphon.

^s We levied at so long.] Mr. Theobald saw with me that this oversight must take its birth no where but at the press; and yet it is upwards of an hundred years old.

Symphon.

Let

Let me consider: Some three hundred acres
Will serve the turn.

Lady. 'Twill furnish at all points.

Now you speak like yourself, and know like him⁶

That means to be a man; suspect no less,

For the return will give you five for one:

You shall be great tomorrow; I have said it.

Farewell; and see this business be a-foot

With expedition!

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Health, all joy, and honour,

Wait on my lovely wife!—What, Jaques, Jaques!

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, did you call?

Mar. I did so. Hie thee, Jaques,

Down to the Bank, and there to some good merchant

(Conceive me well, good Jaques, and be private)

Offer three hundred acres of my land:

Say it is choice and fertile; ask upon it

Five thousand crowns: This is the business

I must employ thee in; be wise and speedy!

Jaques. Sir, do not do this.

Mar. Knave, I must have money.

Jaques. If you have money thus, your knave must
tell you,

You will not have a foot of land left: Be more wary,

And more friend to yourself! This honest land,

Your worship has discarded, has been true,

And done you loyal service.

Mar. Gentle Jaques,

You have a merry wit; employ it well

About the business you have now in hand.

When you come back, enquire me in the presence;

If not i'th' Tennis-court, or at my house. [*Exit.*]

Jaques. If this vein hold, I know where to enquire you.

Five thousand crowns? This, with good husbandry,

May hold a month out; then five thousand more,

⁶ *And know like him.*] We apprehend the true reading to be *now*
instead of *know*.

And more land a-bleeding for't; as many more,
 And more land laid aside! God, and St. Dennis,
 Keep honest-minded young men batchelors!
 'Tis strange, my master should be yet so young
 A puppy, that he cannot see his fall,
 And got so near the sun. I'll to his cousin,
 And once more tell him of it; if he fail,
 Then to my mortgage, next unto my sale! [*Exit.*]

Enter Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Gent. Gentlemen, hold on discourse a while;
 I shall return with knowledge how and where
 We shall have best access unto my mistress,
 To tender your devotions. [*Exit.*]

Long. Be it so.

Now to our first discourse!

Beau. I prithee, peace!

Thou canst not be so bad, or make me know⁷
 Such things are living! Do not give thyself
 So common and so idle, so open vile,
 So great a wronger of thy worth, so low!
 I cannot, nor I must not credit thee.

Long. Now, by this light, I am a whoremaster;
 An open and an excellent whoremaster;
 And take a special glory that I am so!
 I thank my stars I am a whoremaster;
 And such a one as dare be known and seen,
 And pointed at to be a noble wench.

Beau. Do not let all ears hear this: Hark you, Sir!
 I am myself a whoremaster; I am,
 Believe it, Sir; (in private be it spoken)
 I love a whore directly: Most men are
 Wenchers, and have profess'd the science; few men
 That look upon ye now, but whoremasters;

⁷ *Or, make me know.*] I once thought the line faulty, and had
 alter'd it thus,

or make me trow,

i. e. *believe*: But 'tis certainly right as it stands. Thus in Sir Philip
 Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book x. Page 10. of the edition of 1674.—*be-
 seeing her (Parthenia) even with tears, to know, that his love
 was not so superficial as to go no farther than her skin.* Symphon.

Or

Or have a full desire to be so.

Long. This is noble!

Beau. It is without all question, being private,
And held as needful as intelligence;

But, being once discover'd, blown abroad,

And known to common senses, 'tis no more

Than geometrical rules in carpenters,

That only know some measure of an art,

But are not grounded. Be no more deceiv'd!

I have a conscience to reclaim you, Sir:

(Mistake me not! I do not bid you leave

Your whore, or less to love her; Heaven forbid it,

I should be such a villain to my friend,

Or so unnatural! 'twas ne'er harbour'd here!)

Learn to be secret first; then strike your deer!

Long. Your fair instructions, monsieur, I shall learn.

Beau. And you shall have them: I desire your ears⁸.

Long. They are your servants.

Beau. You must not love——

Long. How, Sir!

Beau. I mean a lady; there is danger:

She hath an usher and a waiting-gentlewoman,

A page, a coachman; these are fee'd, and fee'd,

And yet for all that will be prating.

Long. So!

Beau. You understand me, Sir; they will discover't,

And there's a loss of credit; table-talk

Will be the end of this, or worse than that:

Will this be worthy of a gentleman?

Long. Proceed, good Sir!

Beau. Next, leave your city dame;

The best of that tribe are most merely coy,

Or most extremely foolish; both which vices

Are no great stirrers-up, unless in husbands

That owe this cattle; fearing her that's coy

To be but seeming, her that's fool too forward.

Long. This is the rarest fellow, and the soundest;

⁸ *I desire your care.*] Symphon reads *ear* for *care*. The reply makes it necessary to read *ears*.

I mean

I mean in knowledge, that e'er wore a codpiece⁹;
 H' has found out that will pass all Italy,
 All France and England, (to their shames I speak,
 And to the griefs of all their gentlemen)
 The noble theory of luxury¹⁰.

Beau. Your patience,
 And I will lay before your eyes a course
 That I myself found out; 'tis excellent,
 Easy, and full of freedom.

Long. Oh, good Sir,
 You rack me, 'till I know it.

Beau. This it is:
 When your desire is up, your blood well heated,
 And apt for sweet encounter, chuse the night,
 And with the night your wench; the streets have store;
 There seize upon her, get her to your chamber,
 Give her a cardcue, 'tis royal payment;
 When ye are dull, dismiss her; no man knows,
 Nor she herself, who hath encounter'd her.

Long. Oh, but their faces!

Beau. Never talk of faces!
 The night allows her equal with a duchess:
 Imagination doth all; think her fair,
 And great, yclad in velvet¹¹; she is so.
 Sir, I have tried those, and do find it certain,
 It never fails me: 'Tis but twelve nights since
 My last experience.

Long. Oh, my miching varlet,
 I'll fit you, as I live!—
 'Tis excellent; I'll be your scholar, Sir.

Enter Lady and Gentleman.

Lady. You are fairly welcome both! Troth,
 gentlemen,

⁹ *That e'er wore a codpiece.*] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular relative to dress, may consult Balwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed.

Mr. Steevens's note on Two Gentlemen of Verona.

¹⁰ *The noble theory.*] Sympsen varies to,

I th' noble theory, &c.

¹¹ *And great, clapt in velvet.*] Amended by Sympsen.

You have been strangers; I could chide you for't,
 And task you with unkindness. What's the news?
 The town was never empty of some novelty;
 Servant, what's your intelligence?

Gent. Faith, nothing:

I have not heard of any worth relating.

Beau. Nor I, sweet lady.

Long. Then give me attention;
 Monsieur Shattillion's mad.

Lady. Mad?

Long. Mad as May-butter;
 And, which is more, mad for a wench.

Lady. 'Tis strange,
 And full of pity.

Long. All that comes near him
 He thinks are come of purpose to betray him;
 Being full of strange conceit, the wench he lov'd
 Stood very near the crown.

Lady. Alas, good monsieur!
 A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd;
 A person worthy of a better temper.

Long. He's strong opinion'd, that the wench he lov'd
 Remains close prisoner by the king's command,
 Fearing her title: When the poor griev'd gentlewoman
 Follows him much lamenting, and much loving,
 In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
 Nor any else that comes to visit him.

Lady. Let's walk in, gentlemen, and there discourse
 His further miseries! You shall stay dinner;
 In truth, you must obey.

Omnes. We are your servants! [Exeunt.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. There's no good to be done, no cure to be
 wrought
 Upon my desp'rate kinsman: I'll to horse,
 And leave him to the fool's whip, Misery.
 I shall recover twenty miles this night;
 My horse stands ready; I'll away with speed.

Enter

Enter Sbattillion.

Sbat. Sir, may I crave your name?

Cler. Yes, Sir, you may:

My name is Clerimont.

Sbat. 'Tis well. Your faction?

What party knit you with?

Cler. I know no parties,

Nor no factions, Sir.

Sbat. Then wear this cross of white:

And where you see the like, they are my friends;
Observe them well; the time is dangerous.

Cler. Sir, keep your cross; I'll wear none. Sure
this fellow

Is much beside himself, grown mad.

Sbat. A word; Sir!

You can pick nothing out of this; this cross

Is nothing but a cross, a very cross,

Plain, without spell, or witchcraft; search it!¹²

You may suspect, and well, there's poison in't,

Powder, or wild-fire; but 'tis nothing so.

Cler. I do believe you, Sir; 'tis a plain cross.

Sbat. Then do your worst, I care not! Tell the king,

Let him know all this, as I'm sure he shall;

When you have spit your venom, then will I

Stand up a faithful and a loyal subject.

And so, God save his Grace! This is no treason.

Cler. He is March mad; Farewell, monsieur! [*Ex.*]

Sbat. Farewell!

I shall be here attending, 'Tis my life

They aim at; there's no way to save it. Well,

Let 'em spread all their nets, they shall not draw me

Into any open treason: I can see,

And can beware; I have my wits about me,

I thank Heaven for it!

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes,

¹² *Search it.*] We apprehend these words were repeat'd, *search it, SEARCH IT!* and that the repetition has been dropt at pres.

That was the fairest hope the French court bred,
 The worthiest and the sweetest-temper'd spirit,
 The truest, and the valiantest, the best of judgment,
 'Till most unhappy I sever'd those virtues,
 And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial;
 Which Heav'n forgive me! And be pleas'd, oh, Heav'n,
 To give again his senses, that my love
 May strike off all my follies!

Sbat. Lady!

Love. Ay, Sir.

Sbat. Your will with me, sweet lady?

Love. Sir, I come——

Sbat. From the dread sovereign king; I know it, lady:
 He is a gracious prince; long may he live!
 Pertain you to his chamber?

Love. No, indeed, Sir;

That place is not for women. Do you know me?

Sbat. Yes, I do know you.

Love. What's my name? Pray you speak.

Sbat. That's all one; I do know you and your
 business:

You are discover'd, lady! I am wary;
 It stands upon my life. Pray excuse me!
 The best man of this kingdom sent you hither,
 To dive into me: Have I touch'd you? ha?

Love. You are deceiv'd, Sir; I come from your Love,
 That sends you fair commends, and many kisses.

Sbat. Alas, poor soul, how does she? is she living?
 Keeps she her bed still?

Love. Still, Sir, she is living;
 And well, and shall do so.

Sbat. Are you in council?

Love. No, Sir, nor any of my sex.

Sbat. Why, so!

If you had been in council, you would know
 Her time to be but slender; she must die.

Love. I do believe it, Sir.

Sbat. And suddenly;

She stands too near a fortune.

Love. Sir?

Sbat.

Sbat. 'Tis so ;

There is no jesting with a prince's title.

'Would we had both been born of common parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life
In homely cottage! we had then enjoy'd
Our loves, and our embraces ; these are things
That cannot tend to treason.

Love. I am wretched !

Sbat. Oh,

I pray as often for the king as any,
And with as true a heart, for his continuance ;
And do moreover pray his heirs may live,
And their fair issues ; then, as I am bound,
For all the states and commons : If these prayers
Be any ways ambitious, I submit,
And lay my head down ; let 'em take it off !
You may inform against me ; but withal
Remember my obedience to the crown,
And service to the state.

Love. Good Sir, I love you.

Sbat. Then love the gracious king, and say with me,
Heav'n save his Grace !

Love. Heav'n save his Grace¹³ !

Sbat. This is strange,

A woman should be sent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my spirit ;
Offer me kisses, and enticing follies,
To make me open and betray myself ;
It was a subtle and a dangerous plot,
And very soundly follow'd !—Farewell, lady !
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honest man. Heav'n save the king ! [*Exit.*]

Love. I'll never leave him, 'till, by art or prayer,
I have restor'd his senses : If I make

¹³ *Sbat.* Then love the gracious king, and say with me—

Love. Heav'n save his Grace.] But may we not reasonably ask:
How could his Love know what he would say, till he himself had
said it? And if so, then we should surely read thus,

— then say with me

Heav'n save his Grace.

Love. Heav'n save his Grace.

Sympton.

Him perfect man again, he's mine; 'till when,
I here abjure all loves of other men! [Exit.]

Enter Clerimont and Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, good Sir, be persuaded! Go but back,
And tell him he's undone; say nothing else,
And you shall see how things will work upon't.

Cler. Not so, good Jaques! I am held an ass,
A country fool, good to converse with dirt,
And eat coarse bread, wear the worst wool, know nothing
But the highway to Paris: And wouldst thou have me
bring these stains

And imperfections to the rising view
Of the right worshipful thy worthy master?
They must be bright, and shine, their cloaths soft
velvet

And the Tyrian purple, like the Arabian gums¹⁴,
Hung like the sun, their golden beams on all sides;
Such as these may come and know thy master, I
Am base, and dare not speak unto him, he's above me;

Jaques. If ever you did love him, or his state,
His name, his issue, or yourself, go back!
'Twill be an honest and a noble part,
Worthy a kinsman; save three hundred acres

¹⁴ *They must be bright, and shine, their cloaths
Soft velvet, and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gums, hung like the sun,
Their golden beams on all sides;
Such as these, &c.] Seward would read,
They must be bright and shine, their cloaths soft velvet
And of the Tyrian purple; THEY MUST SMELL
Like the Arabian gums, HURL like the sun
Their golden beams on all sides; such as these, &c.*

And Symption, who would go 'a shorter way to work,' proposes,
*They must be bright and shine,
Their cloaths soft velvet and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gem-hung, like the sun
Their golden beams on all sides;*

For 'the Arabians (says he) were remarkable for being adorn'd
'with jewels.' We have no doubt but that the text is genuine, assisted
by the present division.

From

From present execution¹⁵; they've had sentence;
And cannot be repriev'd; be merciful!

Cler. Have I not urg'd already all the reasons
I had, to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain! no counsel can prevail:

He has fix'd himself; there's no removing, Jaques;
'Twill prove but breath and labour spent in vain:
I'll to my horse: Farewell!

Jaques. For God's sake, Sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back!

I'll be your slave for ever, do but go;
And I will lay such fair directions to you,
That, if he be not doting on his fall,
He shall recover sight, and see his danger:
And you shall tell him of his wife's abuses,
(I fear, too foul against him!) how she plots
With our young monsieurs, to milk dry husband,
And lay it on their backs: The next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curses of his tenants; this will work;
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries, 'Away!
'I'll to my house in the country.'

Cler. Come, I'll go,
And once more try him: If he yield not, so;
The next that tries him shall be want and woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁵ ——— save three hundred acres

*From present execution; they've had sentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, be merciful.]* But how must they be
sav'd if they cannot be repriev'd? Would not one imagine then our
Authors wrote,

And cannot be reprieved else; be merciful.

Symfon.

A C T II.

*Enter Marine solus.**Mar.* J A Q U E S !*Jaques* [*within*]. Sir ?

Mar. Rise, Jaques ! 'tis grown day.
 The country life is best ; where quietly,
 Free from the clamour of the troubled court,
 We may enjoy our own green shadow'd walks,
 And keep a moderate diet without art.
 Why did I leave my house, and bring my wife
 To know the manner of this subtle place ?
 I would, when first the lust to fame and honour
 Possess'd me, I had met with any evil
 But that ! Had I been tied to stay at home,
 And earn the bread for the whole family
 With my own hand, happy had I been !

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, this is from your wonted course at home :
 When did you there keep such inordinate hours ?
 Go to bed late, start thrice, and call on me ?
 'Would you were from this place ! Our country sleeps,
 Altho' they were but of that moderate length
 That might maintain us in our daily work,
 Yet were they sound and sweet.

Mar. Ay, Jaques ; there
 We dream'd not of our wives ; we lay together,
 And needed not. Now at length my cousin's words,
 So truly meant, mix'd with thy timely prayers
 So often urg'd, to keep me at my home,
 Condemn me quite.

Jaques. 'Twas not your father's course :
 He liv'd and died in Orleans, where he had
 His vines as fruitful as experience

(Which is the art of husbandry) could make ;
 He had his presses for 'em, and his wines
 Were held the best, and out-sold other mens' ;
 His corn and cattle serv'd the neighbour-towns
 With plentiful provision, yet his thrift
 Could miss one beast amongst the herd ; he rul'd
 More where he liv'd, than ever you will here.

Mar. 'Tis true: Why should my wife then, 'gainst
 my good,

Persuade me to continue in this course ?

Jaques. Why did you bring her hither ? At the first,
 Before you warm'd her blood with new delights,
 Our country sports could have contented her ;
 When you first married her, a puppet-play
 Pleas'd her as well as now the tilting doth.
 She thought herself brave in a bugle-chain,
 Where orient pearl will scarce content her now.

Mar. Sure, Jaques, she sees something for my good
 More than I do ; she oft will talk to me
 Of offices, and that she shortly hopes,
 By her acquaintance with the friends she hath,
 To get a place shall many times outweigh
 Our great expences ; and if this be so——

Jaques. Think better of her words ; she doth
 deceive you,
 And only for her vain and sensual ends
 Persuade you thus. Let me be set to dwell
 For ever naked in the barest soil,
 So you will dwell from hence !

Mar. I see my folly :
 Pack up my stuff ! I will away this morn.
 Haste, haste !

Jaques. Ay, now I see your father's honours
 Trebling upon you, and the many prayers,
 The country spent for him, (which almost now
 Begun to turn to curses) turning back,
 And falling like a timely shower upon you.

Mar. Go, call up my wife !

Jaques. But shall she not prevail,

And

And sway you, as she oft hath done before ?

Mar. I will not hear her, but rail on her,
'Till I be ten miles off.

Faques. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worse, Sir.

Mar. Call her up !

Faques. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Why, what an ass was I, that such a thing
As a wife is could rule me ! Know not I
That woman was created for the man ?
That her desires, nay, all her thoughts, should be
As his are ? Is my sense restor'd at length ?
Now she shall know, that which she should desire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,

Enter Lady.

If her desires lead against my will¹⁸.

Are you come ?

Lady. What sad unwonted course
Makes you raise me so soon, that went to bed
So late last night ?

Mar. Oh, you shall go to bed
Sooner hereafter, and be rais'd again
At thrifty hours : In summer-time we'll walk
An hour after our supper, and to bed ;
In winter you shall have a set at cards,
And set your maids to work.

Lady. What do you mean ?

Mar. I will no more of your new tricks, your honours,
Your offices, and all your large preferments,
(Which still you beat into my ears hang o'er me) ;
I'll leave behind for others the great sway
Which I shall bear at court ; my living here,
With countenance of your honour'd friends,
I'll be content to lose : For you speak this
Only that you may still continue here
In wanton ease, and draw me to consume ;

¹⁸ *If her desires lead me against my will.*] The context declares the word *me* to be an interpolation.

In cloaths and other things for idle show,
That which my father got with honest thrift.

Lady. Why, who hath been with you, Sir, that you
talk

Thus out of frame?

Mar. You make a fool of me!

You provide one to bid me forth to supper,
And make me promise; then must some one or other
Invite you forth: If you have borne yourself
Loosely to any gentleman in my sight,
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage;
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all; talk not! we'll away.

Lady. Why, Sir, you'll stay 'till the next triumph-
day

Be past?

Lady. Ay, you have kept me here triumphing
This seven years; and I have ridden thro' the streets,
And bought embroider'd hose and foot-cloths too,
To shew a subject's zeal! I rode before
In this most gorgeous habit, and saluted
All the acquaintance that I could espy
From any window: These were ways, you told me,
To raise me: I see all! Make you ready straight,
And in that gown which you came first to town in,
Your safe-guard, cloak, and your hood suitable,
Thus on a double gelding shall you amble,
And my man Jaques shall be set before you.

Lady. But will you go?

Mar. I will.

Lady. And shall I too?

Mar. And you shall too.

Lady. But shall I, by this light?

Mar. Why, by this light, you shall!

Lady. Then, by this light,

You have no care of your estate and mine.
Have we been seven years venturing in a ship,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,

And

And a calm sea, full fraught with our own wishes,
 Laden with wealth and honour to the brim,
 And shall we fly away, and not receive it?
 Have we been tilling, sowing, labouring,
 With pain and charge, a long and tedious winter,
 And when we see the corn above the ground,
 Youthful as is the morn, and the full ear,
 That promises to stuff our spacious garners,
 Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?

Mar. Wife, talk no more! Your rhetorick comes too late;

I am inflexible: And how dare you
 Adventure to direct my course of life?
 Was not the husband made to rule the wife?

Lady. 'Tis true; but where the man doth miss his way,
 It is the woman's part to set him right:
 So, fathers have a power to guide their sons
 In all their courses; yet you oft have seen
 Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
 Lead their blind fathers.

Mar. Sh'has a plaguy wit!
 I say, you're but a little piece of man.

Lady. But such a piece, as, being ta'en away,
 Man cannot last: The fairest and tallest ship,
 That ever sail'd, is by a little piece
 Of the same wood steer'd right, and turn'd about.

Mar. 'Tis true she says; her answers stand with reason.

Lady. But, Sir, your cousin put this in your head,
 Who is an enemy to your preferment,
 Because I should not take place of his wife:
 Come, by this kiss, thou shalt not go, sweetheart.

Mar. Come, by this kiss, I will go, sweetheart.
 On with your riding-stuff! I know your tricks;
 And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
 'Tis welcome; else, adieu, the city-life!

Lady. Well, Sir, I will obey.

Mar. About it then.

Lady. To please your humour, I would dress myself
 In

court/country

456 THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

In the most loathsome habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the world,
If you command me: It shall ne'er be said,
The frailty of a woman, whose weak mind
Is often set on loose delights, and shows,
Hath drawn her husband to consume his state,
In the vain hope of that which never fell.

Mar. About it then! Women are pleasant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himself.

Lady. But hark you, Sir; because I will be sure
You shall have no excuse, no word to say
In your defence hereafter; (when you see
What honours were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away)

I tell you, I did look for present honour
This morning for you, which I know had come;
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the sooner, lest they should)

When I am once set in a country life,
Not all the power of earth shall alter me;
Not all your prayers or threats shall make me speak
The least word to my honourable friends,
To do you any grace!

Mar. I will not wish it.

Lady. And never more hope to be honourable!

Mar. My hopes are lower.

Lady. As I live, you shall not!

You shall be so far from the name of noble,
That you shall never see a lord again;
You shall not see a masque, or barriers,
Or tilting, or a solemn christning,
Or a great marriage, or new fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you shall live
At home, bespotted with your own lov'd dirt,
In scurvy cloaths, as you were wont to do;
And, to content you, I will live so too.

Mar. 'Tis all I wish. Make haste; the day draws
on;

It shall be my care to see your stuff pack'd up. [*Exit.*
Lady.

Lady. It shall be my care to gull you! You shall stay;

And, more than so, entreat me humbly too:
You shall have honours presently. *Maria!*

Enter Maria.

Maria. Madam!

Lady. Bring hither pen, ink, and paper.

Maria. 'Tis here.

Lady. Your master will not stay,
Unless preferment come within an hour.

Maria. Let him command one of the city-gates,
In time of mutiny; or, you may provide him
To be one of the council for invading
Some savage country, to plant Christian faith.

Lady. No, no; I have it for him. Call my page!

[*Exit Maria.*]

Now, my dear husband, there it is will fit you:
And when the world shall see what I have done,
Let it not move the spleen of any wife,
To make an ass of her beloved husband,
Without good ground: But, if they will be drawn
To any reason by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themselves,
And be fine gentlemen, have no mercy,
Publish them to the world! 'twill do them good
When they shall see their follies understood.

Enter Page.

Go bear these letters to my servant¹⁷,
And bid him make haste. I will dress myself
In all the journey-cloaths I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the laughter more. [*Exit.*]

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Mar. Is all pack'd up?

Jaques. All, all, Sir; there is no tumbler
Runs thro' his hoop with more dexterity,

¹⁷ *Servant.*] i. e. In the old sense, *lover, suitor.*

Than I about this business: 'Tis a day
That I've long long'd to see——

Mar. Come; where's my spurs?

Jaques. Here, Sir.—And now 'tis come——

Mar. Ay, Jaques, now,

I thank my fates, I can command my wife.

Jaques. I'm glad to see it, Sir.

Mar. I don't love always

To be made a puppy, Jaques.

Jaques. But yet methinks your worship does not look
Right like a country gentleman.

Mar. I will;

Give me my t'other hat.

Jaques. Here.

Mar. So; my jerkin!

Jaques. Yes, Sir.

Mar. On with it, Jaques; thou and I
Will live so finely in the country, Jaques,
And have such pleasant walks into the woods
A-mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking-staves——

Jaques. And I will bear them, Sir;
And scourge-sticks for the children.

Mar. So thou shalt;

And thou shalt do all, oversee my work-folks,
And at the week's end pay 'em all their wages.

Jaques. I will, Sir, so your worship give me money.

Mar. Thou shalt receive all too. Give me my
drawers.

Jaques. They're ready, Sir.

Mar. And I will make thy mistress,
My wife, look to her landry, and her dairy,
That we may have our linen clean on Sundays.

Jaques. And holidays.

Mar. Ay; and ere

We walk about the grounds provide our breakfast,
Or she shall smoke; I'll have her a good hufwife;
She shall not make a voyage to her sisters,
But she shall live at home,

And

And feed her pullen fat, and see her maids
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.

Jaques. Why, that will be a life for kings and
queens!

Mar. Give me my scarf with the great button
quickly.

Jaques. 'Tis done, Sir.

Mar. Now my mittens!

Jaques. Here they are, Sir.

Mar. 'Tis well; now my great dagger!

Jaques. There.

Mar. Why, so! thus it should be; now my riding-
rod!

Jaques. There's nothing wanting, Sir.

Mar. Another, man, to stick under my girdle.

Jaques. There it is.

Mar. All is well.

Jaques. Why now, methinks, your worship looks
Like to yourself, a man of means and credit:
So did your grave and famous ancestors
Ride up and down to fairs, and cheapen cattle.

Mar. Go, hasten your mistress, sirrah!

Jaques. It shall be done.

[*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman and Page.

Gent. Who's that? who's that, boy?

Page. I think it be my master.

Gent. Who? he that walks in grey, whisking his
riding-rod?

Page. Yes, Sir, 'tis he.

Gent. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepar'd
For his new journey. When I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the gentleman 'tis time.—
Monsieur, good day!

Mar. Monsieur,
Your mistress is within, but yet not ready.

Gent. My business is with you, Sir: 'Tis reported,
I know not whether by some enemy
Maliciously, that envies your great hopes,

And

And would be ready to sow discontents
Betwixt his majesty and you, or truly,
(Which on my faith I would be sorry for)
That you intend to leave the court in haste.

Mar. Faith, Sir, within this half-hour.—Jaques!

Jaques. [*within*] Sir!

Mar. Is my wife ready?

Jaques. Presently.

Gent. But, Sir,

I needs must tell you, as I am your friend,
You should have ta'en your journey privater,
For 'tis already blaz'd about the court.

Mar. Why, Sir, I hope it is no treason, is it?

Gent. 'Tis true, Sir; but 'tis grown the common
talk;

There's no discourse else held¹⁶; and in the presence
All the nobility and gentry

Have nothing in their mouths but only this,

' Monsieur Marine, that noble gentleman,

' Is now departing hence;' ev'ry man's face

Looks ghastly on his fellow's; such a sadness

(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in court;

Mens' hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,

In expectation of the great event

That needs must follow it: Pray Heaven it be good!

Mar. Why, I had rather all their hearts should fail,
Than I stay here until my purse fail me.

Gent. But yet you are a subject; and beware,

(I charge you by the love I bear to you)

How you do venture rashly on a course,

— To make your sovereign jealous of your deeds!

For princes' jealousies, where they love most,

Are easily found, but they be hardly lost.

Mar. Come, these are tricks; I smell 'em; I will go.

Gent. Have I not still profess'd myself your friend?

Mar. Yes, but you never shew'd it to me yet.

Gent. But now I will, because I see you wise;

¹⁶ *There's no discovery else held.] Amended by Symphon.*

And give you thus much light into a business?¹⁷
That came to me but now: Be resolute,
Stand stilly to it that you will depart,
And presently!

Mar. Why, so I mean to do.

Gent. And, by this light, you may be what you will!
Will you be secret, Sir?

Mar. Why? what's the matter?

Gent. The king does fear you.

Mar. How?

Gent. And's now in counsel.

Mar. About me?

Gent. About you; an you be wise,
You'll find he is in counsel about you.

His counsellors have told him all the truth.

Mar. What truth?

Gent. Why, that which now he knows too well.

Mar. What is't?

Gent. That you have follow'd him seven years
With a great train; and, tho' he have not grac'd you,
Yet you have div'd into the hearts of thousands,
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you should depart home unprefer'd,
All discontented and seditious spirits
Would flock to you, and thrust you into action:
With whose help, and your tenants', who doth not
know

(If you were so dispos'd) how great a part
Of this yet-fertile peaceful realm of France
You might make desolate? But when the king
Heard this——

Mar. What said he?

Gent. Nothing; but shook,
As never Christian prince did shake before;
And, to be short, you may be what you will.
But be not ambitious, Sir; sit down

¹⁷ *And give me thus much light.]* Thus Mr. Symphon chuses to vary the text: It may be added, to his honour, that he offers no vindication of this reading.

412 THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

With mod'rate honours, lest you make yourself
More fear'd.

Mar. I know, Sir, what I have to do
In mine own business.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Where's monsieur Mount-Marine!

Gent. Why, there he stands; will you aught with
him?

Long. Yes. Good day, monsieur Marine!

Mar. Good day to you!

Long. His majesty doth commend himself,
Most kindly to you, Sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favour: Kneel down; rise a knight!

Mar. I thank his majesty!

Long. And he doth further
Requett you not to leave the court so soon;
For tho' your former merits have been slighted,
After this time there shall no office fall
Worthy your spirit, (as he doth confess
There's none so great) but you shall surely have it.

Gent. D'you hear? If you yield yet, you are an
als.

Mar. I'll shew my service to his majesty
In greater things than these; but for this small one
I must entreat his highness to excuse me.

Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely answer back again. [*Exit.*]

Gent. Well said! Be resolute a while; I know
There is a tide of honours coming on;
I warrant you!

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight?

Mar. Here, Sir.

Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord! the king will have it so;
Who doth entreat your lordship to remember
His message sent to you by Longueville.

Gent.

Gent. If you be dirty¹⁸; and dare not mount aloft,
You may yield now; I know what I would do.

Mar. Peace! I will fit him.—Tell his majesty
I am a subject, and I do confess

I serve a gracious prince, that thus hath heap'd

Honours on me without desert; but yet

As for the message, business urgeth me,

I must be gone, and he must pardon me,

Were he ten thousand kings and emperors.

Beau. I'll tell him so.

Gent. Why, this was like yourself!

Beau. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the finest fellow

That e'er was Christmas-lord! he carries it

So truly to the life, as tho' he were

One of the plot to gull himself. [Exit.

Gent. Why, so!

You sent the wisest and the shrewdest answer

Unto the king, I swear, my honour'd friend,

That ever any subject sent his liege.

Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,

I'll follow it.

Enter Longueville.

Long. My honourable lord!

Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,

And from henceforth be a courtly earl;

The king so wills, and subjects must obey:

Only he doth desire you to consider

Of his request.

Gent. Why, faith, you're well, my lord;

Yield to him.

Mar. Yield? Why, 'twas my plot——

Gent. Nay,

'Twas your wife's plot.

Mar. To get preferment by it.

And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth

¹⁸ *If ye be dirty, and, &c.]* Possibly our poets here gave it,
If ye be dirt-ty'd. *Symphon.*

It is to be sure *possible*; but we cannot think it *probable*.

414 THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

But with an earldom? I'll be one step higher.

Gent. It is the finest lord! I am afraid anon
He'll stand upon't to share the kingdom with him.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl?

His majesty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his request,
He bids you be a duke, and chuse of whence.

Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wish to have more, but the kingdom?

Mar. So please his majesty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, because I like the place.

Beau. I know the king is pleas'd.

Mar. Then will I stay,
And kiss his highness' hand.

Beau. His majesty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.

Long. But how shall we keep this from the world's
ear,

That some one tell him not, he is no duke?

Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen,
Is this a gracious habit for a duke?

n costume
Each gentle body set a finger to,
To pluck the clouds (of these his riding-weeds)
From off the orient sun, off his best cloaths;
I'll pluck one boot and spur off.

Long. I another.

Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.

Gent. Sit down, my lord.—

Both his spurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that scarf off; and that hat
Doth not become his largely-sprouting forehead.
Now set your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; so! Off with the other!

Long. Lo, thus your servant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off:
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!

Gent. Didst thou never see

A nimble-

A nimble-footed tailor stand so in's stockings,
 Whilst some friend help'd to pluck his jerkin off,
 To dance a jig?

Enter Jaques.

Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
 Booted and ready still.

Jaques. My mistress stays.

Why, how now, Sir? What do your worship mean,
 To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?

Mar. My slippers, Jaques!

Long. Oh, thou mighty duke! pardon this man,
 That thus hath trespassed in ignorance.

Mar. I pardon him.

Long. His grace's slippers, Jaques!

Jaques. Why, what's the matter?

Long. Footman, he's a duke:

The king hath rais'd him above all his land.

Jaques. I'll to his cousin presently, and tell him so;
 Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I! [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady.

Gent. See, see, my mistress!

Long. Let's observe their greeting.

Lady. Unto your will, as every good wife ought,
 I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.

Mar. Oh, wife, I am not worthy to kiss
 The least of all thy toes, much less thy thumb,
 Which yet I would be bold with! All thy counsel
 Hath been to me angelical; but mine
 To thee hath been most dirty, like my mind.
 Dear duchess, I must stay.

Lady. What! are you mad,
 To make me dress, and undress, turn and wind me,
 Because you find me pliant? Said I not
 The whole world should not alter me, if once
 I were resolv'd? and now you call me Duchess:
 Why, what's the matter?

Mar. Lo, a knight doth kneel—

Lady.

Lady. A knight?

Mar. A lord—

Lady. A fool!

Mar. I say doth kneel

An earl, a duke.

Long. In drawers.

Beau. Without shoes.

Lady. Sure you are lunatick.

Gent. No, honour'd duchefs;

If you dare but believe your servant's truth,
I know he is a duke.

Long. God save his Grace!

Lady. I ask your Grace's pardon!

Mar. Then I rise:

And here, in token that all strife shall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them;
Which signifies, that in all acts and speeches,
From this time forth, my wife shall wear the breeches.

Gent. An honourable composition! [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

Enter Clerimont and Jaques.

Cler. SHALL I believe thee, Jaques?

Jaques. Sir, you may.

Cler. Didst thou not dream?

Jaques. I did not.

Cler. Nor imagine?

Jaques. Neither of both: I saw him great and
mighty;

I saw the monsieurs bow, and heard them cry,
'Good health and fortune to my lord the duke!'

Cler. A duke? art sure, a duke?

Jaques. I'm sure, a duke;

And so sure, as I know myself for Jaques.

Cler.

Cler. Yet the sun may dazzle! Jaques, was it not
Some lean commander of an angry block-house,
To keep the Flemish eel-boats from invasion?
Or some bold baron able to dispend
His fifty pounds a-year, and meet the foe
Upon the king's command, in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
Of marrowbones, that people call the Switzers?
Men made of beef and sarcenet¹⁹?

Jaques. Is a duke
His chamber hung with nobles like a presence?

Cler. I'm something wav'ring in my faith:
'Would you would settle me, and swear it is so!
Is he a duke indeed?

Jaques. I swear he is.

Cler. I'm satisfied. He is my kinsman, Jaques,
And I his poor unworthy cousin.

Jaques. True, Sir.

Cler. I might have been a duke too; I had means,
A wife as fair as his, and as wise as his,
And could have brook'd the court as well as his,
And laid about her for her husband's honour:
Oh, Jaques, had I ever dream'd of this,
I had prevented him.

¹⁹ *Men made of beuse and sarcenet.*] So the folios. The octavo of 1711 varies *beuse* to *beef*; and Sympfon to *buff*.

Our antient dramatic writers are so very careless in adapting the manners of their characters to the places in which their scenes are laid, that although France is the country in which all the events in this Play are supposed to have happened, yet we apprehend the allusion here is to a matter proper only to England; and therefore we are not warranted to make any alteration in the text. The *Yeomen of the Guard* in England are generally called *Beef-eaters*; and to this circumstance, it is probable, the Author here refers. To this we may add, that *Switzers* appears to have been the title given to such Guards as attended about the royal person, at least in Denmark, unless Shakespeare has violated the same rules of propriety, and in the same manner we suppose our Author to have offended. In *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. v. the King says,

'Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard the door.' R.

Jaques. Faith, Sir, it came
Above our expectation : We were wise
Only in seeking to undo this honour,
Which shew'd our dunghill breeding and our dirt.

Cler. But tell me, Jaques,
Why could we not perceive? what dull devil
Wrought us to cross this noble course, persuading
'Twould be his overthrow? For me, a courtier
Is he that knows all, Jaques, and does all :
'Tis as his noble Grace hath often said,
And very wisely, Jaques, we are fools,
And understand just nothing.

Jaques. Ay, as we were,
I confess it ; but, rising with our great master,
We shall be call'd to knowledge with our places :
('Tis nothing to be wise, not thus much there)
There is not the least of the billet-dealers²⁰,
Nor any of the pastry, or the kitchen,
But have it in measure delicate.

Cler. Methinks this greatness of the duke's my
cousin's

(I ask your mercy, Jaques ! that near name
Is too familiar for me) should give promise
Of some great benefits to his attendants.

Jaques. I have a suit myself ; and it is sure,
Or I mistake my ends much.

Cler. What is't, Jaques?
May I not crave the place?

Jaques. Yes, Sir, you shall ;
'Tis to be but his Grace's secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
'Till my known worth shall take me by the hand
And set me higher. How the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain :
I was not born, I take it, for a trencher,
Nor to espouse my mistress' dairy-maid.

Cler. I am resolv'd my wife shall up to court ;

²⁰ *Billet-dealers*] We conceive, refers to wood dispensed for fuel.

(I'll furnish her) that is a speeding course,
 And cannot chuse but breed a mighty fortune.
 What a fine youth was I, to let him start,
 And get the rise before me! I'll dispatch,
 And put myself in monies.

Jaques. Mafs, 'tis true!

And, now you talk of money, Sir, my business
 For taking those crowns must be dispatch'd:
 This little plot²¹ i' th' country lies most fit
 To do his Grace such serviceable uses.
 I must about it.

Cler. Yet, before you go,
 Give me your hand, and bear my humble service
 To the great duke your master, and his duchess,
 And live yourself in favour! Say, my wife
 Shall there attend them shortly; so, farewell!

Jaques. I'll see you mounted, Sir.

Cler. It may not be!

Your place is far above it; spare yourself,
 And know I am your servant. Fare you well! [*Exit.*]

Jaques. Sir, I shall rest to be commanded by you.—
 This place of secretary will not content me;
 I must be more and greater. Let me see!
 To be a baron is no such great matter,
 As people take't: For, say I were a count,
 I'm still an under person to this duke,
 (Which methinks sounds but harshly); but a duke?
 Oh, I am strangely taken! 'tis a duke,
 Or nothing; I'll advise upon't, and see
 What may be done by wit and industry. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Lady. It must be carried closely, with a care.
 That no man speak unto him, or come near him,
 Without our private knowledge, or be made
 Aforehand to our practice. My good husband,
 I shall entreat you now to stay a while,
 And prove a noble coxcomb. Gentlemen,

²¹ *Plot.*] i. e. *Plot* of ground.

Your counsel and advice about this carriage²²!

Gent. Alas, good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire massacre: What a persecution
Is pouring down upon him! Sure he's sinful.

Long. Let him be kept in's chamber, under show
Of state and dignity, and no man suffer'd
To see his noble face, or have access,
But we that are conspirators!

Beau. Or else,
Down with him into th' country 'mongst his tenants!
There he may live far longer in his greatness,
And play the fool in pomp amongst his fellows.

Lady. No, he shall play the fool i' th' city, and stay;
I will not lose the greatness of this jest,
(That shall be given to my wit) for th' whole revenues.

Gent. Then thus; we'll have a guard about his
person,

That no man come too near him, and ourselves
Always in company; have him into th' city
To see his face swell; whilst, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing shall be ready
To cry, Heav'n bless your Grace, long live your Grace!

Lady. Servant, your counsel is excellent good,
And shall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely strange
To see him stated thus, as tho' he went
A-shroving thro' the city, or intended
To set up some new stake²³: I shall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry,
'Come hither, my sweet duchess; let me kiss
'Thy gracious lips!' for this will be his phrase.
I fear me nothing, but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of such a greatness.

Beau. Now methinks, dearest lady, you're too cruel;

²² *About this CARRIAGE.]* That is, the conducting the plot on
Marine.

²³ ————— or intended

To set up some new wake.] This reading runs no higher than
the edition of 1679. That of 1647 gives it thus:

To set up some new stake, i. e. as I understand it, May-pole.
Symphon.

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His very heart will freeze in knowing this.

Lady. No, no; the man was never of such deepness,
To make Conceit his master: Sir, I'll assure you
He will out-live twenty such pageants.
Were he but my cousin, or my brother,
And such a desp'rate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he should die, tho' it cost me
A thousand crowns a-day to hold it up;
Or, were I not known his wife, and so to have
An equal feeling of this ill he suffers,
He should be thus 'till all the boys i'th' town
Made suit to wear his badges in their hats,
And walk before his Grace with sticks and nosegays.
We married women hold——

Gent. 'Tis well; no more!
The duke is entering: Set your faces right,
And bow like country prologues. Here he comes.
Make room afore! the duke is entering.

Enter Marine.

Long. The choicest fortunes wait upon our duke!

Gent. And give him all content and happiness!

Beau. Let his great name live to the end of time!

Mar. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you
notice

We shall at fitter times wait on your loves;
'Till when, be near us.

Long. 'Tis a valiant purge,
And works extremely; 'thas delivered him
Of all right worshipful and gentle humours,
And left his belly full of nobleness.

Mar. It pleas'd the king my master,
For sundry virtues not unknown to him,
And the all-seeing state, to lend his hand,
And raise me to this eminence; how this
May seem to other men, or stir the minds
Of such as are my fellow-peers, I know not;
I would desire their loves in just designs.

Lady. Now, by my faith, he does well, very well:

Beshrew my heart, I have not seen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehears'd his state: 'Tis marvellous well!

Gent. Is he not duke indeed? see how he looks,
As if his spirit were a last or two
Above his veins, and stretch'd his noble hide!

Long. He's high-brac'd, like a drum; pray God
he break not!

Beau. Why, let him break; there's but a calf's-
skin lost.

Long. May't please your Grace to see the city? 'twill
Be to the minds and much contentment of
The doubtful people.

Mar. I'm determin'd so: 'Till my return,
I leave my honour'd duchess to her chamber.
Be careful of your health! I pray you be so.

Gent. Your Grace shall suffer us, your humble
servants,
To give attendance, fit so great a person,
Upon your body?

Mar. I am pleas'd so.

Long. Away, good Beaufort; raise a guard sufficient
To keep him from the reach of tongues; be quick!
And, do you hear? remember how the streets
Must be dispos'd for cries and salutations.—
Your Grace determines not to see the king?

Mar. Not yet; I shall be ready ten days hence
To kiss his highness' hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I should, for his great bounty.
Set forward, gentlemen!

Groom. Room for the duke there!

[*Exeunt Mar. and Train.*]

Lady. 'Tis fit he should have room to shew his
mightiness,
He swells so with his poison!—'Tis better to
Reclaim you thus, than make a sheep's-head of you;
It had been but your due; but I have mercy, Sir,
And mean to reclaim you by a directer course.
That woman is not worthy of a soul,

That

That has the fovereign power to rule her husband,
And gives her title up; fo long provided
As there be fair play, and his ftate not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new
duke fprings,
The people buz abroad; or by what title
He receiv'd his dignity: 'Tis very ftrange
There fhould be fuch clofe juggling in the ftate!
But I am tied to filence; yet a day
May come, and foon, to perfect all thefe doubts.

Lady. It is the mad Shattillion: By my foul,
I fuffer much for this poor gentleman!
I will fpeak to him; may be he yet knows me.
Monsieur Shattillion!

Shat. Can you give me reafon,
From whence this great duke fprang that walks
abroad?

Lady. E'en from the king himfelf.

Shat. As you're a woman,
I think you may be cover'd: Yet your prayer
Would do no harm, good woman.

Lady. God preferve him!

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Shat. I fay *amen*, and fo fay all good fubjects!

Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or fhall,
As you have hope of Heaven, lend your hand.
And wit, to draw this poor diftracted man
Under your roof, from the broad eyes of people,
And wonder of the ftreets.

Lady. With all my heart:
My feeling of his grief and lofs is much.

Love. Sir, now you're come fo near the prifon,
will you
Go in, and vifit your fair Love? Poor foul!
She would be glad to fee you.

Shat. This fame duke

Is but Apocryphal; there's no creation
That can stand, where titles are not right.

Love. 'Tis true, Sir.

Sbat. This is another draft upon my life!

Let me examine well the words I spake:

The words I spake were, that this novel duke is
Not o'th' true making; 'tis to me most certain.

Lady. You are as right, Sir, as you went by line.

Sbat. And, to the grief of many thousands more—

Lady. If there be any such, God comfort them!

Sbat. Whose mouths may open when the time
shall please,

I am betray'd! Commend me to the king,
And tell him I am sound, and crave but justice.

You shall not need to have your guard upon me,
Which I am sure are plac'd for my attachment.

Lead on! I am obedient to my bonds.

Love. Good Sir, be not displeas'd with us! We are
But servants to his highness' will, to make that good.

Sbat. I do forgive you, even with my heart,
Shall I entreat a favour?

Lady. Any thing.

Sbat. To see my Love, before that fatal stroke,
And publish to the world my Christian death,
And true obedience to the crown of France.

Love. I hope it shall not need, Sir; for there's
mercy,
As well as justice, in his royal heart. [Exeunt.

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Every man take his corner! Here am I,
You there, and you in that place; so! be perfect;
Have a great care your cries be loud, and faces
Full of dejected fear and humbleness. He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Fy, how these streets are charg'd and swell'd
With these same rascally people! Give more room,
Or I shall have occasion to distribute

A martial

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A martial alms amongst you: As I'm a gentleman,
I have not seen such rude disorder! They
Follow him like a prize. There's no true gaper
Like to your citizen! he will be sure
The bears shall not pass by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.

Enter Marine and his company.

Room there afore; sound! Give room, and keep
your places,
And you may see enough; keep your places!

Long. These people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To stop your Grace's way with multitudes.

Mar. Rebuke them not, good monsieur: 'Tis
their loves,

Which I will answer, if it please my stars
To spare me life and health.

2 Gent. Heaven blefs your Grace!

Mar. And you, with all my heart!

1 Gent. Now Heav'n preserve your happy days!

Mar. I thank you too.

3 Gent. Now Heav'n save your Grace!

Mar. I thank you all.

Beau. On there before!

Mar. Stand, gentlemen!

Stay yet a while; for I am minded to
Impart my love to these good people, and
My friends, whose love and prayers for my greatness,
Are equal in abundance. Note me well,
And with my words my heart; for as the tree——

Long. Your Grace had best beware; 'twill be in-
form'd

Your greatness with the people.

Mar. I had more,

My honest and ingenuous people; but
The weight of business hath prevented me;
I am call'd from you: But this tree I spake of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content.
And so, I share my bowels 'mongst you all.

Omnes. A noble duke! a very noble duke!

Enter

Enter Fourth Gentleman.

Gent. Afore there, gentlemen!

4 *Gent.* You're fairly met²⁴, good monsieur Mount-Marine!

Gent. Be advis'd! the time is alter'd.

4 *Gent.* Is he not the same man he was afore?

Mar. Still the same man to you, Sir.

Long. You have received mighty grace; be thankful,

4 *Gent.* Let me not die in ignorance.

Long. You shall not:

Then know, the king, out of his love, hath pleas'd
To stile him duke of Burgundy.

4 *Gent.* Oh, great duke,

Thus low I plead for pardon, and desire
To be enroll'd amongst your poorest slaves.

Mar. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand.
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.

Gent. Make room afore there, and dismiss the people!

Mar. Ev'ry man to his house in peace and quiet!

People. Now Heav'n preserve the duke! Heav'n
bless the duke! [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady, with a letter in her hand.

Lady. This letter came this morning from my
cousin:

• To the great lady, high and mighty duchess

• Of Burgundy, be these delivered.

Oh, for a stronger lace to keep my breath,

That I may laugh the nine days, 'till the wonder

Fall to an ebb! the high and mighty duchess²⁵!

²⁴ You're faithfully met.] Amended by Symphon.

²⁵ — The high and mighty duchess?

— Duchy lops-man,

A ladder of an hundred, &c.] This is a severe sneer upon the states of Holland, &c. for arrogating the title of high and mighty, who, not long before, had not dar'd to assume a better than that of the poor distressed. The time when the states took this stile upon 'em, will be a pretty certain æra to fix the date of this Play; but I have not leisure to consult the books of those times, and therefore shall wish the reader will do it for me.

Symphon.

The high and mighty God, what a stile's this!
 Methinks it goes like a Dutchy lope-man²⁶:
 A ladder of one hundred rounds will fail
 To reach the top on't. Well, my gentle cousin,
 I know, by these contents, your itch of honour:
 You must to th' court you say, and very shortly:
 You shall be welcome; and if your wife have wit,
 I'll put her in a thriving course; if not,
 Her own sin on her own head! not a blot
 Shall stain my reputation, only this;
 I must for health's sake sometimes make an ass
 Of the tame moil²⁷ my husband; 'twill do him good,
 And give him fresher brains, me fresher blood.
 Now for the noble duke! I hear him coming.

Enter Marine and his train.

Your Grace is well return'd.

Mar. As well as may be;
 Never in younger health, never more able;
 I mean to be your bedfellow this night;
 Let me have good encounter.

Beau. Bless me, Heav'n,
 What a hot meat this greatness is!

Long. It may be so;
 For I'll be sworn he hath not got a snap
 This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
 Is damn'd for swearing it.

Mar. I thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance,
 And also your great pains! Pray know my lodgings
 Better and oftner; do so, gentlemen!
 Now, by my honour, as I am a prince,

²⁶ *Lope-man.*] *Lope* is an obsolete word, which, we learn from *Coles's Dict.* meant to leap.

²⁷ *Moil.*] i. e. A mule. Antiently it was always spelt thus. From many examples which might be produced, take the following:

'For one that is sand-blynd woulde take an asse for a moyle, or another praise a rime of Robyn Hode for as excellent a making as Troylus of Chaucer; yet shoulde they not straightwais be counted madde therfore.'

Erasmus Praise of Folly, by Sir Thomas Chaloner, 1556.

R.
 I speak

I speak sincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not strangers! I shall see your service
And your deservings, when you least expect——

Omines. We humbly thank your Grace for this
great favour.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Your Grace?

Mar. Be ready for the country,
And let my tenants know the king's great love;
Say I would see them, but the weight at court
Lies heavy on my shoulders; let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
'Gainst the next feast, wait for my coming to
Take up post-horses²⁸, and be full of speed.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Lady. I would desire your Grace——

Mar. You shall desire,
And have your full desire: Sweet duchess, speak!

Lady. To have some conference with a gentleman
That seems not altogether void of reason:
He talks of titles, and things near the crown;
And knowing none so fit as your good Grace
To give the difference²⁹ in such points of state——

Mar. What is he?
If he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converse, we do accept him.

Lady. I can assure your Grace, his strain is noble;
But he is very subtle.

Mar. Let him be so!
Let him have all the brains, I shall demonstrate

²⁸ —— wait for my coming to

Take up post-horses.] As his Grace in-imagination was not going into the country, but only was sending his man with a message thither, one should think it no injury done to the poets, to suppose they wrote,

————— Go

Take up post-horses. &c.

Sympson.

We think this may refer to their attendance 'gainst the next feast.

²⁹ *Difference.*] *Sympson* would read, 'Deference, from the French *deferer*, to degree,' which variation we think hard.

How this most Christian crown of France can bear
 No other show of title than the king's.
 I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
 And then be ready for him presently;
 I will convert him quickly, or confound him.

Gent. Is mad Shattillion here?

Lady. 'Is here, and's lady.

I prithee, servant, fetch him hither.

Gent. Why,

What do you mean to put him to?

Lady. To chat

With the mad lad my husband; 'twill be brave
 To hear them speak, babble, stare, and prate!

Beau. But what shall be the end of all this, lady?

Enter Shattillion and Love.

Lady. Leave that to me. Now for the grand dispute!
 For see, here comes Shattillion: As I live,
 Methinks all France should bear part of his griefs.

Long. I'll fetch my lord the duke.

Shat. Where am I now?

Or whither will you lead me? to my death?

I crave my privilege!

I must not die, but by just course of law.

Gent. His majesty hath sent by me your pardon;
 He meant not you should die, but would entreat you
 To lay the full state of your title open,
 Unto a grave and noble gentleman,

Enter Marine and Longueville.

The duke of Burgundy, who here doth come;
 Who, either by his wisdom will confute you,
 Or else inform and satisfy the king.

Beau. May't please you: Grace, this is the gentleman.

Mar. Is this he that chops logick with my liege?

Shat. D'ye mock me? You are great; the time
 will come,

When you shall be as much contemn'd as I.

Where

2 mistak
 new

Where are the ancient compliments of France,
That upstarts brave the princes of the blood?

Mar. Your title, Sir, in short?

Sbat. He must, Sir, be

A better statesman than yourself, that can
Trip me in any thing; I will not speak
Before these witnesses.

Mar. Depart the room;

For none shall stay, no, not my dearest duchess.

Lady. We'll stand behind the arras, and hear all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. In that chair take your place; I in this:
Discourse your title now.

Sbat. Sir, you shall know,

My Love's true title³⁰, mine by marriage;
Setting aside the first race of French kings,
Which will not here concern us, as Pharamond,
With Clodius, Meroveus, and Chilperick,
And to come down unto the second race,
Which we will likewise slip——

Mar. But, take me with you!

Sbat. I pray you give me leave! Of Martel Charles,
The father of king Pepin (who was sire
To Charles the Great) and famous Charlemain;
And to come to the third race of French kings,
Which won't be greatly pertinent in this cause
Betwixt the king and me, of which you know
Hugh Capet was the first;
Next his son Robert, Henry then, and Philip,
With Lewis, and his son a Lewis too,
And of that name the seventh; but all this
Springs from a female, as it shall appear——

Mar. Now give me leave! I grant you this your title,
At the first sight, carries some show of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye shall find light.
Is not his majesty possess'd in peace,
And justice executed in his name?

³⁰ This seems a flirt on the English king's title to France, in Henry
the Fifth.

And can you think the most Christian king
Would do this, if he saw not reason for it?

Sbat. But had not the tenth Lewis a sole daughter?

Mar. I cannot tell.

Sbat. But answer me directly.

Mar. It is a most seditious question.

Sbat. Is this your justice?

Mar. I stand for my king.

Sbat. Was ever heir-apparent thus abus'd?

I'll have your head for this!

Mar. Why, do your worst!

Sbat. Will no one stir to apprehend this traitor?

A guard about my person! Will none come?

Must my own royal hands perform the deed?

Then thus I do arrest you.

Mar. Treason! help!

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Lady. Help, help, my lord and husband!

Mar. Help the duke!

Long. Forbear his Grace's person!

Sbat. Forbear you

To touch him that your heir-apparent weds!

But, by this hand, I will have all your heads. [*Exit.*]

Gent. How doth your Grace?

Mar. Why, well.

Gent. How do you find his title?

Mar. 'Tis a dangerous one.

As can come by a female.

Gent. Ay, 'tis true;

But the law Salique cuts him off from all.

Long. I do beseech your Grace how stands his title?

Mar. Pho! nothing! th'law Salique cuts him off
from all.

Lady. My gracious husband, you must now prepare,
In all your Grace's pomp to entertain
Your cousin, who is now a convertite,
And follows here; this night he will be here.

Mar. Be ready all in haste! I do intend

To

To shew before my cousin's wondring face,
The greatness of my pomp, and of my place.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Clerimont, his Wife, and a Servant.

Cler. S I R R A H, is all things carried to the tailor?
The measure, and the fashion of the gown,
With the best trim?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and 'twill be ready
Within this two days.

Cler. For myself I care not;
I have a fuit or two of ancient velvet,
Which, with some small correcting and addition,
May steal into the presence.

Wife. 'Would my gown
Were ready! husband, I will lay my life
To make you something ere tomorrow-night.

Cler. It must not be
Before we see the duke, and have advice,
How to behave ourselves. Let's in the while,
And keep ourselves from knowledge, 'till time shall
call us! . . .

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Longueville and Beaufort.

Long. I much admire the fierce masculine spirit
Of this dread Amazon.

Beau. This following night
I'll have a wench in solace.

Long. Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you, if I live; no more!

Enter Maria.

Maria. My lady would entreat your presence,
gentlemen.

Beau.

Beau. We will obey your lady; she is worthy.

Long. You, light o' love³¹, a word or two.

Maria. Your will, Sir?

Long. Hark in your ear!

Wilt thou be married? Speak, wilt thou marry?

Maria. Married? to whom, Sir?

Long. To a proper fellow,
Landed, and able-bodied?

Maria. Why do you flout me, Sir?

Long. I swear I do not;

I love thee for thy lady's sake: Be free!

Maria. If I could meet such matches as you speak of,
I were a very child to lose my time, Sir.

Long. What sayest thou to monsieur Beaufort?

Maria. Sir,

I say he is a proper gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.

Long. Dost thou like him?

Maria. Yes, Sir, and ever did.

Long. He is thine own.

Maria. You are too great in promises.

Long. Be rul'd,

And follow my advice, he shall by thine.

Maria. 'Would you would make it good, Sir!

Long. Do but thus:

Get thee a cushion underneath thy cloaths,
And leave the rest to me.

Maria. I'll be your scholar;

I cannot lose much by the venture sure.

Long. Thou wilt lose a pretty maidenhead, my
rogue,

Or I am much o' th' bow hand. You'll remember,
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deserve for such a kindness?

Maria. Yours, Sir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Jaques and Shattillion severally.

Jaques. Save you, Sir!

³¹ You, light alone.] Amended in 1750.

Sbat. Save the king!

Faques. I pray you, Sir, which is the nearest way—

Sbat. Save the king! This is the nearest way.

Faques. Which is the nearest way to the post-house?

Sbat. God save the king and his post-house!

Faques. I pray, Sir, direct me to the house.

Sbat. Heaven save the king! You cannot catch me, Sir.

Faques. I do not understand you, Sir.

Sbat. You do not? I say, you cannot catch me, Sir.

Faques. Not catch you, Sir?

Sbat. No, Sir; nor can the king,

With all his stratagems, and his forc'd tricks,

(Altho' he put his nobles in disguise,

Never so oft, to sift into my words)

By course of law, lay hold upon my life.

Faques. It is a business that my lord the duke

Is by the king employ'd in, and he thinks

I am acquainted with it.

Sbat. I sha'n't need

To rip the cause up, from the first, to you;

But if his majesty had suffer'd me

To marry her, tho' she be, after him,

The right heir-general to the crown of France,

I would not have convey'd her into Spain,

As it was thought, nor would I e'er have join'd

With the reformed churches, to make them

Stand for my cause.

Faques. I do not think you would.

Sbat. I thank, you, Sir. And since I see you are

A favourer of virtues kept in bondage,

Tell directly to my sovereign king,

(For so I will acknowledge him for ever)

How you have found my staid affections

Settled for peace, and for the present state.

Faques. Why, Sir——

Sbat. And, good Sir, tell him further this;

That notwithstanding all suggestions brought

To him against me, and all his suspicions

(Which are innumerable) of my treasons,

If he will warrant me but public trial,
I'll freely yield myself into his hands:
Can he have more than this?

Jaques. No, by my troth:

Sbat. I would his majesty would hear but reason,
As well as you!

Jaques. But, Sir, you do mistake me,
For I ne'er saw the king
In all my life but once: Therefore, good Sir,
May't please you to shew me which is the post-house?

Sbat. I cry you mercy, Sir! then you're my friend?

Jaques. Yes, Sir.

Sbat. And such men are very rare with me!
The post-house is hard by. Farewell!

Jaques. I thank you, Sir! I must ride hard to-night,
And it is dark already.

Sbat. I am cruel;

To send this man directly to his death;
That is my friend, and I might easily save him:
He shall not die. Come back, my friend, come back!

Jaques. What is your will?

Sbat. Do you not know?

Jaques. Not I.

Sbat. And do you gather nothing by my face?

Jaques. No, Sir.

Sbat. Virtue is ever innocent:

Lay not the fault on me; I grieve for you;
And wish that all my tears might win your safety:

Jaques. Why, Sir?

Sbat. Alas, good friend, you are undone;
The more ill fortune mine, to be the means
Of your sad overthrow: You know not me?

Jaques. No, truly, Sir:

Sbat. 'Would you had never seen me!

I am a man pursued by the whole state;
And sure some one hath seen me talk with you:

Jaques. Yes, divers, Sir.

Sbat. Why then, your head is gone.

Jaques. I'll out of town.

Sbat. 'Would it were soon enough!
Stay, if you love your life; or else you're taken.

Faques. What shall I do?

Sbat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than cast away an innocent:
Take courage, friend! I will preserve thy life,
With hazard of mine own.

Faques. I thank you, Sir.

Sbat. This night thou shalt be lodg'd within my
doors,
Which shall be all lock'd fast; and in the morn
I'll so provide, you shall have free access
To the sea-side, and so be shipt away,
Ere any know it.

Faques. Good Sir, suddenly!
I am afraid to die.

Sbat. Then follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sbattillion's Love.

Love. This way he went, and there's the house:
I hope

His better angel hath directed him
To leave the wandring streets. Poor gentleman!
'Would I were able with as free a heart
To set his soul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his fame, which God forgive me!
Sir, if you be within, I pray, Sir, speak to me.

Sbat. I am within, and will be: What are you?

Love. A friend.

Sbat. No, Sir; you must pardon me;
I am acquainted with none such.—Be speedy,
[*To Faques within,*
Friend; there is no other remedy.

Love. A word, Sir! I say, I am your friend.

Sbat. You cannot scape by any other means;
Be not fearful.—God save the king! What is your
business, Sir?

Love. To speak with you.

Sbat. Speak out then.

Love.

Love. Shall I not come up?

Sbat. Thou shalt not.—Fly, if thou be'st thine own friend;

There lies the suit, and all the furniture
Belonging to the head: On with it, friend!

Love. Sir, do you hear?

Sbat. I do: God bless the king!—
It was a habit I had laid aside
For my own person, if the state had forc'd me.

Love. Good Sir, unlock your door!

Sbat. Be full of speed!

I see some twenty musqueteers in ambush.—

Whate'er thou art, know I am here, and will be.

Seest thou this bloody sword that cries revenge?—

Shake not, my friend; thro' millions of these foes

I'll be thy guard, and set thee safe aboard.

Love. Dare you not trust me, Sir?

Sbat. My good sword before me,

And my allegiance to the king, I tell thee,

Captain, (for so I guess thee by thy arms,

And the loose flanks of halberdiers about thee)

Thou art too weak and foolish to attempt me.—

If you be ready, follow me; and, hark you,

Upon your life speak to no living wight,

Except myself!

Love. Monsieur Shattillion!

Sbat. Thou shalt not call again! Thus with my sword,

And the strong faith I bear unto the king,

(Whom God preserve!) I will descend my chamber,

And cut thy throat; I swear, I'll cut thy throat.—

Steal after me, and live.

Love. I will not stay

The fury of a man so far distracted, [Exit.

Enter Shattillion.

Sbat. Where is the officer that dares not enter,

To entrap the life of my distressed friend?

Ay, have you hid yourself? you must be found!

What do you fear? is not authority

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On your side? Nay, I know the king's command
 Will be your warrant; why then fear you? Speak!
 What strange designs are these! Shattillion,
 Be resolute and bear thyself upright,
 Tho' the whole world despise thee. Soft! methinks
 I heard a rushing which was like the shake
 Of a discover'd officer; I'll search
 The whole street over, but I'll find thee out. [*Exit.*]

Enter Jaques in woman's apparel.

Jaques. How my joints do shake! Where had I been
 But for this worthy gentleman, that hath
 Some touch of my infortunes? 'Would I were
 Safe under hatches once, for Callicut!
 Farewell, the pomp of court! I never more
 Can hope to be a duke, or any thing;
 I never more shall see the glorious face
 Of my fair-spreading lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Fly you so fast? I had a sight of you,
 But would not follow you, I was too wise;
 You shall not lead me with a cunning trick,
 Where you may catch me. Poor Shattillion!
 Hath the king's anger left thee ne'er a friend?
 No, all mens' loves move by the breath of kings.

Jaques. It is the gentleman that fav'd my life,
 Sir!

Shat. Bless Shattillion! Another plot?

Jaques. No, Sir, 'tis I.

Shat. Why, who are you?

Jaques. Your friend whom you preserv'd.

Shat. Whom I preserv'd?

My friend? I have no woman-friend but one,
 Who is too close in prison to be here.

Come near; let me look on you.

Jaques. It is I.

Shat. You should not be a woman by your stature.

Jaques. I am none, Sir.

Shat.

Sbat. I know it; then keep off.

Strange men and times! How I am still preserv'd!
 Here they have sent a yeoman of the guard
 Disguis'd in woman's cloaths, to work on me,
 To make love to me, and to trap my words,
 And so ensnare my life. I know you, Sir:
 Stand back, upon your peril! Can this be
 In Christian commonweals? From this time forth
 I'll cut off all the means to work on me:
 I'll ne'er stir from my house, and keep my doors
 Lock'd day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
 At the next shops by signs out of my window,
 And, having bought it, draw't up in my garters.

Jaques. Sir, will you help me?

Sbat. Do not follow me!

I'll take a course to live, despite of men. [*Exit.*

Jaques. He dares not venture for me: Wretched
 Jaques!

Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
 Never to rise again. What shall I do?

Enter Beaufort.

Where shall I hide me? Here is one to take me:
 I must stand close, and not speak for my life.

Beau. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
 In which I use to catch my waistcoateers:
 It is not very dark; no, I shall spy 'em.
 I have walk'd out in such a pitchy night,
 I could not see my fingers this far off,
 And yet have brought home venison by the smell;
 I hope they have not left their old walk. Ah!
 Have I espied you sitting? By this light,
 To me there's no such fine sight in the world,
 As a white apron betwixt twelve and one:
 See how it glisters! Do you think to scape?
 So! now I have you fast: Come, and don't strive;
 It takes away the edge of appetite:
 Come, I'll be lib'ral every way. Take heed
 You make no noise, for waking of the watch? [*Exe.*

Enter Clerimont and Wife.

Cler. Now the blessing of some happy guide,
To bring us to the duke! and we are ready.

Enter Longueville and Gentleman.

Come forward! See, the door is opened;
And two of's gentlemen! I'll speak to them;
And mark how I behave myself!—God save ye!
For less I cannot wish to men of sort,
And of your seeming: Are you of the duke's?

Long. We are, Sir, and your servants; your salutes
We give you back again with many thanks.

Cler. When did you hear such words before, Wife?
Peace!

Do you not dare to answer yet.—Is't fit
So mean a gentleman as myself should crave
The presence o' th' great duke, your master?

Gent. Sir, you may.

Long. Shall we desire your name, and business, Sir?
And we will presently inform him of you.

Cler. My name is Clerimont.

Gent. You're his Grace's kinsman,
Or I am much mistaken.

Cler. You are right;
Some of his noble blood runs thro' these veins,
Tho' far unworthy of his Grace's knowledge.

Long. Sir, we must all be yours: His Grace's
kinsman,

And we so much forgetful? 'Twas a rudeness,
And must attend your pardon: Thus I crave it:
First o' this beauteous lady, whom I take
To be your wife, Sir; next, your mercy!

Cler. You have it, Sir.—I do not like this kissing;
It lies so open to a world of wishes. [*Aside.*]

Gent. This is the merry fellow; this is he
That must be noble too!

Long. And so he shall,
If all the art I have can make him noble:

I'll dub him with a knighthood, if his wife
Will be but forward, and join issue;
I like her above excellent.

Gent. Will't please you
To walk a turn or two, whilst to the duke
We make your coming known?

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Longueville.*]

Cler. I shall attend, Sir.

Wife. These gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiss the best that e'er I tasted. For
Goodness-sake, husband, let us never more
Come near the country, whatsoe'er betide us!
I am in malice with the memory
Of that same stinking dunghill.

Cler. Why, now you are my chicken and my dear;
Love where I love, hate where I hate! Now
You shall have twenty gowns, and twenty chains.
See! the door's opening.

Groom. Room afore there! the duke is entring.

Enter Marine, Lady, Longueville, Gentleman, and Maria.

Cler. It is the duke, even he himself: Be merry!
This is the golden age the poet speaks on.

Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces;
And yet methinks they are the neatest pieces
For shape and cutting that e'er I beheld.

Cler. Most gracious duke, my poor spouse and
myself

Do kiss your mighty foot; and next to that,
The great hand of your duchess; ever wishing
Your honours ever springing, and your years——

Mar. Cousin!

Cler. Your Grace's vassal, far unworthy
The nearness of your blood.

Mar. Correct me not;
I know the word I speak, and know the person.
Tho' I be something higher than the place
Where common men have motion; and, descending
Down

parody of court "importance"

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Down with my eye, their forms are lessen'd to me;
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
(From millions of those men that have no mark)
And in my fearful stoop can make them stand,
When others feel my fouse³², and perish. Cousin,
Be comforted! you're very welcome! So
Is your fair wife! the charge of whom I give
To my own dearest and best beloved.
Tell me; have you resolv'd yourself for court,
And utterly renounc'd the slavish country,
With all the cares thereof?

Cler. I have, Sir.

Mar. Have you
Dismiss'd your eating household, sold your hangings
Of Nebuchadnezar, (for such they were,
As I remember) with the furnitures
Belonging to your beds and chambers?

Cler. Ay, Sir.

Mar. Have you most carefully ta'en off the lead
From your roof, weak with age, and so prevented
The ruin of your house; and clapt him in
A summer suit of thatch, to keep him cool?

Cler. All this I have performed.

Mar. Then lend me
All your hands: I will embrace my cousin,
Who is an understanding gentleman;
And with a zeal mighty as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the court.
My state again!

Lady. As I was telling you, your husband must be
No more commander; look to that! be several
At meat, and lodging; let him have board-wages,
And diet 'mongst his men i'th' town; for pleasure,
If he be given to it, let him have it;

³² *When others feel my soul, and perish*] So the first folio; but the two following editions read,

When others feel my feet, and perish.

Sympson alters *soul* to *fouse*, which is undoubtedly right, as corresponding with the other terms of falconry used in this speech.

Else as your own fancy shall direct you. Cousin,
 You see this mighty man here; he was an ass
 When he came first to town; indeed he was
 Just such another coxcomb as your husband,
 God bless the mark, and every good man's child!
 This must not stir you, cousin.

Wife. Heav'n forbid!

Long. Sweet Maria, provide the cushion ready
 for it.

Maria. It shall be done.

Mar. Receive all your advices from ourself;
 Be once a day with us: And so, farewell
 For this time, my fair cousin! Gentlemen,
 Conduct him to his lodging.

Lady. Farewell,

And think upon my words!

Wife. I shall observe them. [*Exe. Marine and Lady.*]

Cler. Health, and the king's continual love, at-
 tend you!

Gent. Oh, for a private place to ease my lungs!
 Heaven give me patience! such a pair of jades
 Were never better ridden to this hour.

Pray Heaven they hold out to the journey's end!

Long. Twitch him aside, good monsieur, whilst I
 break

Upon the body of his strength, his wife:
 I have a constant promise she's my own.

Gent. Ply her to windward!—Monsieur, you have
 taken

The most compendious way to raise yourself,
 That could have been deliver'd by a counsel.

Cler. I have some certain aims, Sir. But my wife—

Gent. Your wife? you must not let that trouble
 you.

Cler. 'Twill, Sir, to see her in a stranger's arms.

Gent. What mean you?

Let her alone! be wise; stir not a foot;
 For if you do, all your hopes are buried;
 I swear you are a lost man if you stir.

Cler.

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Cler. I thank you, Sir; I will be more advis'd.

Gent. But what great office do you level at?

Cler. Sir, they are kissing!

Gent. Let them kifs,

And much good may't do their hearts! they must
kifs,

And kifs, and double kifs, and kifs again,

Or you may kifs the post for any rising:

Had your noble kinsman ever mounted

To these high spheres of honour, now he moves in,

But for the kiffes of his wife?

Cler. I know not.

Gent. Then I do: Credit me, he had been lost,

A fellow of no mark, and no repute,

Had not his wife kifs'd soon, and very sweetly:

She was an excellent woman, and dispatch'd him

To his full being, in a moment, Sir——

[*Exeunt Longueville and Wife.*]

Cler. But yet methinks he should not take her, Sir,
Into a private room.

Gent. Now stand and flourish!

You're a made man for ever. I do

Envy you! if you stand, your fortune's up;

You are the happiest man, but your great cousin,

This day in court. Well, I will marry surely,

And not let every man out-run me thus.

'Tis time to be mine own friend; I'll not live

In town here, and direct the readiest way

To other men, and be a slave myself!

Cler. Nay, good Sir, be not mov'd; I am your
servant,

And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.

Gent. Will you be walking home?

Cler. I would desire

To have my wife along.

Gent. You are too raw:

Be gone, and take no notice where you left her;

Let her return at leisure! If she stay

A month, 'twill be the better: Understand me;

This

This gentleman can do it.

Cler. I will, Sir:

And, Wife, remember me; a duke, a duke, Wife!

[*Exit.*]

Gent. Aboard her, Longueville! she's thine own.

To me,

The fooling of this fool is venery. [Exit.]

Enter Beaufort and Jaques.

Beau. Come, prithee, come! have I not crowns?

Behold,

And follow me! here! not a word! go in;

Grope by the walls, and you shall find a bed;

Lie down there; see, see! A turn or two, to give

My blood some heat, and I am presently

For action. Darkness, by thy leave, I come. [Exit.]

Enter Maria.

Maria. I'm perfect in my lesson: Be my speed,
Thou god of marriage! This is the door; I'll knock.

Beau. [*within.*] Who's there? I cannot come yet.

Maria. Monsieur Beaufort!

Beau. Stay 'till I light a candle. Who are you?

Maria. Sir, a poor gentlewoman.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Oh, come in:

I'll find a time for you too.—Be not loud.

Maria. Sir, you have found that time already;
shame on

My foul therefore!

Beau. Why, what is the matter?

Maria. Do you not see, Sir? is your light so dim?

Beau. Do you not wait o'th' lady Mount-Marine?

Maria. I do, Sir; but my love on you.

Beau. Poor foul!

How cam'ft thou by this big belly?

Maria. By yourself.

Beau. By Heaven, I never touch'd your body.

Maria.

Maria. Yes!

Unswear that oath again! I'll tell you all:
 These two years I have lov'd you; but the means
 How to enjoy you I did never know,
 'Till Twelfth-night last; when, hearing of your game
 To take up wenches private in the night,
 I apprehended straight this course to make
 Myself as one of them, and wait your coming:
 I did so, and enjoy'd you, and now this child
 That now is quick within me—Hide my shame,
 And marry me, or else I must be forc'd—

Long. [*within.*] Monsieur Beaufort, monsieur
 Beaufort!

Beau. Who's that calls?

Long. Are you a-bed?

Beau. No, Sir.—The hangings!

Enter Longueville.

Long. Nay, monsieur, I'll forbid that; we'll have
 fair play.

Lend me your candle! Are you taken, Beaufort?
 A lecher of your practice, and close carriage,
 To be discover'd thus? I am asham'd
 So great a master in his art should fail,
 And stagger in his grounds.

Beau. You're wide;
 This woman and myself are man and wife,
 And have been so this half-year.
 Where are you now? Have I been discover'd?
 You cannot break so easily on me, Sir;
 I am too wary to be open'd by you.

Long. But these are but illusions, to give colour
 To your most mystic lechery! But, Sir,
 The belly hath betray'd you; all must out.

Beau. Good Longueville, believe me, on my faith,
 I am her husband.

Long. On my faith, I cannot,
 Unless I saw your hands fast, and your hearts.

Beau. Why,

Longueville,

Longueville, when did I give that to your ears
 'That was not truth? By all the world, she's mine,
 She is my wife! And, to confirm you better,
 I give myself again: Here, take my hand,
 And I yours! we are once more married:
 Will this content you?

Long. Yes, I'm believing; and God give you joy!

Beau. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee:
 Since I am thine, and only lov'd of thee,
 From this hour, I vow myself a new man.
 Be not jealous; for tho' I had a purpose to
 Have spent an hour or two in solace otherwise,
 (And was provided for it) yet my love
 Shall put a better temper to my blood.—
 Come out, thou woman of unwholesome life!
 Be sorry for thy sins, and learn to mend!

Enter Jaques.

Nay, never hide your face; you shall be seen.

Long. Jaques? why, Jaques! art thou that Jaques,
 The very staff and right-hand of our duke?
 Speak, thou bearded Venus.

Jaques. I am he,
 By miracle preserv'd to be that Jaques.
 Within this two hours, gentlemen, poor Jaques
 Was but as corse in grave: A man of wisdom,
 That, of my conscience, if he had his right
 Should have a pretty state—But that's all one—
 That noble gentleman did save this life;
 I keep it for him; 'tis his own.

Long. Oh, Bacchus!
 Is all the world drunk?—Come! we'll to the duke;
 And give thanks for this delivery. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Marine. NOT gone unto my tenants, to relate
My grace, and honour, and the
mightiness

Of my new name, which would have struck a terror
Thro' their coarse doublets to their very hearts?

Jaques. Alas, great lord and master, I could scarce
With safety of my life return again

Unto your Grace's house: And, but for one
That had some mercy, I had sure been hang'd.

Mar. My house?

Jaques. Yes, Sir, this house; your house i'th' town.

Mar. Jaques; we are displeas'd; hath it no
name?

Jaques. What name?

Mar. Dull rogue! what, hath the king bestow'd
So many honours, open'd all his springs,
And shower'd his graces down upon my head,
And has my house no name? no title yet?
Burgundy-house, you as!

Jaques. Your Grace's mercy!
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy-house, I durst not yet be seen,
But lay all night, for fear of pursuivants,
In Burgundy privy-house.

Mar. Oh, Sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But, Jaques, know,
Since thy intended journey is so crost,
I will go down myself this morning.

Jaques. Sir?

Mar. Have I not said this morning?

Jaques. But consider,
That nothing is prepar'd yet for your journey;

Your

Your Grace's teams not here to draw your cloaths,
And not a carrier yet in town to fend by.

Mar. I say, once more, go about it.

You're a wife man! you'd have me linger time,
'Till I have worn these cloaths out. Will you go?

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Make you ready, wife!

Enter Lady.

Lady. I am so, mighty duke.

Mar. Nay, for the country.

Lady. How! for the country?

Mar. Yes; I am resolv'd

To see my tenants in this bravery,
Make them a sumptuous feast; with a slight show
Of Dives and Lazarus, and a squib or two,
And so return.

*The Plebeian
twist*

Lady. Why, Sir, you are not mad?

Mar. How many dukes have you known mad? I
pray speak.

Lady. You are the first, Sir, and I hope the last:
But you are stark horn-mad.

Mar. Forbear, good wife!

Lady. As I have faith, you're mad! Your horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces, if you be in earnest.

Mar. Well, you shall know my skull and wits are
whole,

Ere I have done; and yet I am in earnest.

Lady. Why, do you think I'll go?

Mar. I know you shall.

Lady. I shall? By what authority shall I?

Mar. I am your husband.

Lady. True; I confess it:

And, by that name, the world hath given you
A power to sway me: But, Sir, you shall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the king: Has he not heap'd
Those honours on you to no other end, but

To stay you here? and shall I have a hand
 In the offending such a gracious prince?
 Besides, our own undoing lies upon't.
 Were there no other cause, I do not see,
 Why you should go, if I should say you should not.

Mar. Do you think so?

Lady. Yes, faith.

Mar. Now, good wife,
 Make me understand that point.

Lady. Why, that you shall:
 Did I not bring you hither?

Mar. Yes.

Lady. And were
 Not all these honours wrought out of the fire
 By me?

Mar. By you?

Lady. By me? How strange you make it!
 When you came first, did you not walk the town
 In a long cloak, half-compass? an old hat
 Lin'd with vellure, and on it, for a band,
 A skein of crimson crewel?

Mar. I confess it.

Lady. And took base courses?

Mar. Base?

Lady. Base, by this light!
 Extreme base, and scurvy, monstrous base!

Mar. What were these courses, wife?

Lady. Why, you shall know:
 Did you not, thus attir'd, trot up and down,
 Plotting for vile and lousy offices,
 And agreed with the serjeant of the bears,
 To buy his place? Deny this, if you can.

Mar. Why, it is true.

Lady. And was not that monstrous base?

Mar. Be advis'd, wife; a bear's a princely beast.

Lady. A bear?

Mar. Yes, wife; and one side venison.

Lady. You're more than one side fool; I'm sure of
 that.

Mar.

Mar. But since you've vex'd me, wife, know you shall go;

Or you shall never have penny from me.

Lady. Nay,

I have done: And tho' I know 'twill be your overthrow, I'll not forsake you now.

Mar. Be ready then.

[*Exit.*

Lady. I will.

Enter Beaufort, Longueville, Gentleman, and Maria.

Long. What, are you married, Beaufort?

Beau. Ay, as fast

As words, and hearts, and hands, and priest can make us.

Lady. Oh, gentlemen, we are undone!

Long. For what?

Lady. This gentleman, the lord of Lorne, my husband,

Will be gone down to shew his play-fellows Where he is gay.

Beau. What, down into the country?

Lady. Yes, faith. Was ever fool but he so cross?

I would as fain be gracious to him,

As he could wish me; but he will not let me:

Speak faithfully, will he deserve my mercy?

Long. According to his merits, he should wear A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger³³.

Lady. If there be any woman, that doth know

The duties 'twixt a husband and his wife,

Will speak but one word for him, he shall scape:

Is not that reasonable? But there's none.

Be ready therefore to pursue the plot

We had against a pinch; for he must stay.

Long. Wait you here for him, whilst I go,

And make the king acquainted with your sport,

For fear he be incens'd for our attempting

³³ *A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.*] This was, we apprehend, the old habit of the fool.

Places of so great honour.

[Exit.

Lady. Go; be speedy!

Enter Marine, Clerimont, Wife, Jaques, and a Servant.

Mar. Come; let me see how all things are dispos'd of.

Jaques. One cart will serve for all your furniture,
With room enough behind to ease the footman,
A cap-case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with Amen³⁴.
For my young lord, because of easy portage,
A quiver of your Grace's, lin'd with cunny,
Made to be hang'd about the nurse's neck;
Thus, with a scarf, or towel——

Mar. Very good!

Jaques. Nay,

'Tis well; but had you stay'd another week,
I would have had you furnish'd in such pomp
As never duke of Burgundy was furnish'd:
You should have had a sumpter, tho' 't had cost me
The laying on myself³⁵, where now you're fain
To hire a ripier's mare³⁶, and buy new doffers;

³⁴ *With a strange lock that opens with Amen*] This will be easily understood by a quotation of a few lines from Mr. Carew's verses to Mr. May, on his Comedy, called *The Heir*, speaking of the plot of that play, he expresses himself thus:

'The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
'Through the five acts, as doth a lock that goes
'With letters; for, 'till every one be known,
'The lock's as fast as if you had found none.' *Symphon.*

³⁵ *The laying on myself.*] Symphon proposes a reading here, which we think greatly mends the text:

The buying one myself.

³⁶ *To hire a ripier's mare, and buy new doffers,*

With a fair Darnex carpet.] As *rippers* is a word, not of English, but French growth, I imagine we should write as the French do, thus:

A *riper's mare*, *i. e.* of one that carries fish from the sea side, &c. *Doffers*, or *doffers*, are paniers. *Darnex carpet*, *i. e.* a carpet of Tournay. *Symphon.*

Ripper, for *riper*, was printed in the *Beggars' Bush*, 'till this edition. See note 54 on that play.

But

But I have got them painted with your arms,
With a fair Darnex carpet of my own
Laid cross for the more state.

Mar. Jaques, I thank you :
Your carpet shall be brush'd, and sent you home.
What, are you ready, wife ?

Lady. An hour ago.

Mar. I cannot chuse but kiss thy royal lips,
Dear duchess mine, thou art so good a woman.

Beau. You'd say so, if you knew all, goodman
Duckling !

Cler. This was the happiest fortune could befall me !
Now, in his absence, will I follow close
Mine own preferment ; and I hope, ere long,
To make my mean and humble name so strong
As my great cousin's ; when the world shall know
I bear too hot a spirit to live low.
The next spring will I down, my wife and household ;
I'll have my ushers, and my four lacquies,
Six spare caroches too : But mum, no more !
What I intend to do, I'll keep in store.

Mar. *Montez, montez !* Jaques, be our equerry !

Groom. To horse there, gentlemen, and fall in
couples !

Mar. Come, honour'd duchess !

Enter Longueville :

Long. Stand, thou proud man !

Mar. Thieves, Jaques ! raise the people !

Long. No ; raise no people ! 'Tis the king's com-
mand ;

Which bids thee once more stand, thou haughty man !
Thou art a monster ; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Hast flung from his embraces : And, for
His honours given thee, hast not return'd
So much as thanks ; and, to oppose his will,
Resolv'd to leave the court, and set the realm
Afire, in discontent, and open action :

Therefore he bids thee stand, thou proud man,
 Whilst, with the whisking of my sword about,
 I take thy honours off: This first sad whisk
 Takes off thy dukedom; thou art but an earl.

Mar. You are mistaken, Longueville.

Long. Oh, 'would I were! This second whisk divides
 Thy earldom from thee; thou art yet a baron.

Mar. No more whisks, if you love me, Longueville!

Long. Two whisks are past, and two are yet behind,
 Yet all must come: But, not to linger time,
 With these two whisks I end: Now Mount-Marine,
 For thou art now no more, so says the king;
 And I have done his highness' will with grief.

Mar. Degraded from my honours?

Long. 'Tis too certain.

Mar. I am no traitor sure, that I know of.
 Speak, Jaques, hast thou e'er heard me utter word
 Tending to treason, or to bring in the enemy?

Jaques. Alas, Sir, I know nothing;
 Why should your worship bring me in to hang me?
 God's my judge, gentlemen, I never meddled,
 But with the brushing of his cloaths, or fetching
 In water in a morning for his hands.

Cler. Are these the honours of this place?—Anthony,
 Help me to take her gown off! Quickly,
 Or I'll so swinge you for't—

Wife. Why, husband! Sir!

Cler. I will not lose a penny by this town.

Long. Why, what do you mean, Sir? have her to
 her lodging,

And there undress her; I will wait upon her.

Cler. Indeed you shall not; your month is out, I
 take it.

Get you out before me, Wife.

Cousin, farewell! I told you long ago,
 That pride begins with pleasure, ends with woe.

[Exit with his Wife.]

Beau. Go thy way, Sentences! 'twill be thy fortune
 To live and die a cuckold, and churchwarden.

Lady.

Lady. Oh, my poor husband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him?

Beau. Methinks 'tis strange,
That, Heaven forewarning great men of their falls
With such plain tokens, they should not avoid 'em:
For the last night, betwixt eleven and twelve,
'Two great and hideous blazing stars were seen
To fight a long hour by the clock; the one
Dress'd like a duke, the other like a king;
'Till at the last the crowned star o'ercame:

Gent. Why do you stand so dead, monsieur Marine?

Mar. So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two and thirty wounds³⁷.

Be warned; all ye peers; and; by my fall;
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all!

Gent. Monsieur Marine, pray let me speak with
you:

Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party³⁸;

³⁷ So Cæsar fell, when in the capitol,

They gave his body two and thirty wounds.] Here we have two blunders, the first with respect to the place where Cæsar fell, which was not in the capitol, but in *Curiâ Pompçii*; the other as to the number of wounds he fell by: as to the first, it was a blunder peculiar to the playwrights of that time; Shakespear begun it in *Hamlet*, act iii. scene v.

'*Ham.* Now, my lord (*Polonius*), you play'd once in the university you say?

'*Pol.* I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

'*Ham.* And what did you enact?

'*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar, I was kill'd i' th' capitol.'

Our Authors, treading in their master's steps, took up the same mistake here; and after them Shakerly Marmion, in his *Antiquary*, inadvertently continued the same error, making *Veterano* say;

'And this was Julius Cæsar's hat when he was kill'd in the capitol.'

As for the second fault, 'twas made no where but at the press, for the number (I suppose) in the original MS. was wrote in figures, thus, 23, which by an easy shifting place was altered to 32; and thus we have nine wounds more than Cæsar ever received. *Sympson:*

³⁸ Sir, I must wave you to conceal this party,

It stands upon my utter overthrow.] To wave one to conceal; should mean here to advise one to conceal; but I don't remember any such

It stands upon my utter overthrow.

Seem not discontented, nor don't stir a foot,

For, if you do, you and your hope—

I swear you are a lost man, if you stir!

And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.

Beau. Come, come; for shame go down!

Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down;

And being there, I'd rattle him such an answer

Should make him smoke.

Mar. Good monsieur Beaufort, peace!

Leave these rebellious words; or, by the honours

Which I once enjoy'd, and yet may swear by,

I'll tell the king of your proceedings! I

Am satisfied.

Lady. You talk'd of going down

When 'twas not fit; but now let's see your spirit!

A thousand and a thousand will expect it.

Mar. Why, wife, are you mad?

Lady. No, nor drunk; but I'd have you know
your own strength.

Mar. You talk like a most foolish woman, wife;

I tell you I will stay! Yet I have a

Crotchet troubles me.

Long. More crotchets yet?

Mar. Follow me, Jaques! I must have thy counsel.

I will return again; stay you there, wife!

Long. I fear this loss of honour will give him

Some few stools.

Lady. No, no; he's resolv'd, he'll not stir a foot,
I'll lay my life.

Beau. Ay, but he's discontented;

How shall we resolve that, and make him stay with
comfort?

such sense of the word *wave*, and so would propose reading the lines
thus:

Sir, I must counsel you to wave this party,

It stands upon my utter overthrow.

The good lady's gallants want to keep the poor gentleman in town,
and for this end the Gentleman takes him aside, and says, I would
advise you to lay aside this *party*, i. e. resolution, of going down. &c.

Symphon.

Lady.

Lady. Faith, Beaufort, we must e'en let Nature
work ;

For he's the sweetest-temper'd man for that
As one can wish ; for let men but go about
To fool him, and he'll have his finger as deep
In't as the best. But see where he comes frowning :
Bless us all !

Enter Marine.

Mar. Off with your hats ! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy.
Whatever you may think, I've thought, and thought,
And thought upon it ; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law.
Not all the water in the riyer Seine,
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins.

Lady. God-a-mercy, husband, thou art the best
To work out a thing at a pinch in France !

Mar. I will ascend my state again. Duchefs,
Take your place ; and let our champion enter.

Long. Has he his champion ? that is excellent !

Mar. And let loud musick sound before his entrance !
Sound trumpet ³⁹ !

*Enter Jaques in armour, one carrying a scutcheon before
him, and a two-handed sword.*

Lady. How well our champion doth demean
himself,

As if he had been made for such an action !
Methinks his sturdy truncheon he doth wield,
Like Mars approaching to a bloody field.

Mar. I think there is no man so desperate
To dare encounter with our champion.
But trust me, Jaques, thou hast pleas'd us well !
Once more, our warlike musick ; then proceed !

³⁹ *Sound trumpet.*] This possibly was once only a stage direction,
but in time has crept into the text. And I fancy the same of *sound*,
after *room there afore*, in the third act, upon the new duke's first pub-
lick appearance.

Symphon.

Enter

Enter Sbattillion.

Sbat. What wond'rous age is this? what close proceedings?

I hear the clang of trumpets in this house;
To what intent do not our statesmen search?
Oh, no; they look not into simple truth,
For I am true, and they regard not me.
A man in armour too? God save the king!
The world will end; there's nought but treachery.

Jaques. I, Jaques, servant to the high and mighty Godfrey, duke of Burgundy, do come hither to prove by natural strength, and activity of my body, without the help of forcery, enchantment, or negromancy, that the said Godfrey, late of Mount-Marine, and now of Burgundy, hath perfect right thereto, notwithstanding the king's command to the contrary, and no other person whatsoever: And in token that I will be ready to make good the same, I throw down my gage, which is my honour. Pronounced the 37th of February *stilo novo*. God save the duke!

Sbat. Of all the plots the king hath laid for me
This was the shrewdest; 'tis my life they seek,
And they shall have it: If I should refuse
T' accept the challenge in the king's behalf,
They have some cause to take away my life;
And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful chance of war?
'Twas shrewd; but I must take the least of evils.—
I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man,
That stands in armed coat against the king,
Whom God preserve! and with my single sword
Will justify whatever he commands.
I'll watch him for catching of my words.

Mar. Jaques, go on! defend our princely title.

Sbat. Why shrink'st thou back? Thou hast an evil cause.

Come forward, man! I have a rock about me;

I fight

I fight for my true liege.

Mar. Go forward, Jaques!

Jaques. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me;
I will not fight with him: With any else
I'll shew my resolution speedily.

Sbat. Come, do thy worst; for the king shall see
All is not true that is reported of me.

Jaques. I may not fight with him, by law of arms.

Mar. What, shall my title fall? Wilt thou not fight?

Jaques. Never with him that once hath sav'd my life.

Sbat. Dar'st thou not fight? Behold then, I do go,
Strong with the zeal I bear my sovereign,
And seize upon that haughty man himself.

Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurp'd
Against the king and state) down to the ground!

And if thou utter but a syllable
To cross the king's intent, thou art but dead:

There lie upon the earth, and pine, and die!

Did ever any man wade thro' such storms

To save his life, as poor Shattillion?

Long. I fear this challenge hath spoil'd all.

Lady. Ne'er fear it;

He'll work it out again.—Servant,
See where Shattillion's Love, poor lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Lie still, Sir, if you love your life.
I'll whistle when he's gone.

Love. Oh, gentlemen, I charge you by the love
Which you bear to women, take some pity
On this distressed man! help to restore
That precious jewel to him he hath lost.

Beau. Lady, whatever power doth lie in us,
By art, or prayer, or danger, we are yours.

Love. A strange conceit hath wrought this malady;
Conceits again must bring him to himself:
My strict denial to his will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts

To

To know me, he would sure recover sense.

Long. That charge I'll undertake.

Mar. Look, Jaques, look!

For God's sake, let me rise! This greatness is
A jade, I cannot fit it.

Jaques. His sword's up,
And yet he watches you.

Mar. I'll down again!

Pray for thy master, Jaques.

Sbat. Now the king
May see all the suggestions are not true;
He hath receiv'd against my loyalty:
When all men else refuse, I fight his battles,
And thrust my body into danger's mouth:
I am become his champion, and this sword
Has taught his enemies to know themselves:
Oh, that he would no more be jealous of me!

Long. Monsieur Shattillion, the king assures you
That, for this valiant loyal act of yours,
He hath forgot all jealousies and fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.

Sbat. But how shall I believe this? what new token
Of reconcilment will he shew me?

Let him release my poor Love from her torment,
From her hard fare, and strict imprisonment.

Long. He hath done this, to win your after-love:
And see, your lady sent you from the king
By these two gentlemen; be thankful for her.

Sbat. She lives, she lives! I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes. [*He kneels.*]

Love. Rise, dear Shattillion!

Sbat. I know my duty: Next unto my king;
I am to kneel to you.

Love. I'll have you rise;
Fetch me a chair; sit down, Shattillion!

Sbat. I am commanded! And, faith, tell me, mistress;
What usage have you had? Pray be plain!

Love. Oh, my most lov'd Shattillion, pain enough;
But now I'm free, thanks to my God and king!

Long.

Long. His eyes grow very heavy. Not a word,
That his weak senses may come sweetly home!

Sbat. The king is honourable.

Mar. When do you whistle, Jaques?

Jaques. By and by.

Long. Come hither, monsieur: Canst thou laugh a
little?

Gent. Yes, Sir.

Long. So thou shalt then. Beaufort, how dost thou?

Beau. Why, well.

Long. I'm glad on't; and how does thy wife?

Beau. Why, you may see her, Sir; she stands behind
you.

Long. By th' mass, she's there indeed; but where's
her belly?

Beau. Belly?

Long. Her great belly, man: What hast thou sent
thee?

Gent. A boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled so.

Beau. Catch'd, by this light!

Long. I'll be a gossip, Beaufort.

Gent. And I.

Long. I have an odd apostle-spoon⁴⁰.

⁴⁰ *Apostle-spoon.*] In Henry VIII. act v. scene ii the king desires Cranmer to be the godfather to his daughter, which being modestly declined by the archbishop, his majesty says,

'Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your *spoons*;

On which Mr. Steevens remarks, 'It was the custom, long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle-spoons*; because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal escaped at the expence of the four Evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

'Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, mentions spoons of this kind:

"And all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

'So in Middleton's Comedy of A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, 1620,
"What has he given her? what is it, gossip? A fair high standing cup
"and

Beau. 'Sfoot, catch'd ?

Lady. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen ?

Long. He's married to your woman. [*Maria kneels.*

Lady. And I not know it ?

Gent. 'Twas a venial sin.

Beau. Gall, gall, gall !

Lady. Forgive her, monsieur Beaufort ; 'twas her love.

Beau. You may rise, if you please ; I must endure it.

Long. See how my great lord lies upon the ground,
And dares not stir yet ! [*Jaques whistles.*

Mar. Jaques, Jaques ! is the king's champion gone yet ?

Jaques. No, but he's asleep.

Mar. Is he asleep, art sure ?

Jaques. I am sure he is ; I hear him snore.

Mar. Then, by your favours, gentlemen, I rise ;
And know I am a duke still.

Jaques. And I'm his champion.

Lady. Hold thee there, and all France cannot mend thee !

Mar. I am a prince, as great within my thoughts
As when the whole state did adorn my person :
What trial can be made to try a prince ?
I will oppose this noble corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.

Lady. Great duke, and husband, there is but one way
To satisfy the world of our true right ;
And it is dangerous.

Mar. What may it be ?
Were it to bring the Great-Turk bound in chains
Thro' France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Prester-John together,
I would attempt it ! Duchess, tell the course.

Lady. There is a strong opinion thro' the world,
And no doubt grounded on experience,

“ and two great *posile-spoons*, one of them gilt : Sure that was Judas
“ with the red beard.”

These *apostle-spoons* are also mentioned by Addison in the Drummer.

R.

That.

That lions will not touch a lawful prince :
 If you be confident then of your right,
 Amongst the lions bear your naked body ;
 And if you come off clear, and never wince,
 The world will say you are a perfect prince.

Mar. I thank you, duchess, for your kind advice ;
 But now we don't affect those ravenous beasts.

Long. A lion is a beast to try a king ;
 But for the trial of a state like this
 Pliny reports a mastive dog will serve.

Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.

Gent. You shall not need to deal with them at all.
 Hark you, Sir! the king doth know you are a duke.

Mar. No! does he?

Gent. Yes, and is content you shall be; but with
 this caution,

That none know't but yourself; for, if you do,
 He'll take't away by act of parliament.

Mar. Here is my hand; and whilst I live or breathe,
 No living wight shall know I am a duke.

Gent. Mark me directly, Sir; your wife may know it.

Mar. May not Jaques?

Gent. Yes, he may.

Mar. May not my country cousin?

Gent. By nomeans, Sir, if you love your life and state.

Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.

Gent. No, I'll swear it.

Long. See! he wakes.

Sbat. Where am I? or where have I been all this while?

Sleep hath not sat so found upon mine eyes,
 But I remember well that face :

Oh, thou too cruel, leave at length to scorn
 Him that but looking on thy beauty dies ;
 Either receive me, or put out my eyes !

Love. Dearest Shattillion, see upon my knees
 I offer up my love; forget my wrongs.

Sbat. Art thou mine own?

Love. By Heav'n, I am,

Sbat. Then all the world is mine.

Love.

Love. I've stranger things to tell thee, my dearest love,

Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been;
Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
But that thou art my own.

Beau. Well, wife; tho' 'twere a trick that made us wed,
We'll make ourselves merry soon in bed.

Mar. Know all, I am no duke.

Lady. What say you?

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Sir?

Mar. I am a duke.

Both. Are you?

Mar. Yes, faith, yes, faith;
But it must only run among ourselves.

And, Jaques, thou shalt be my secretary still.

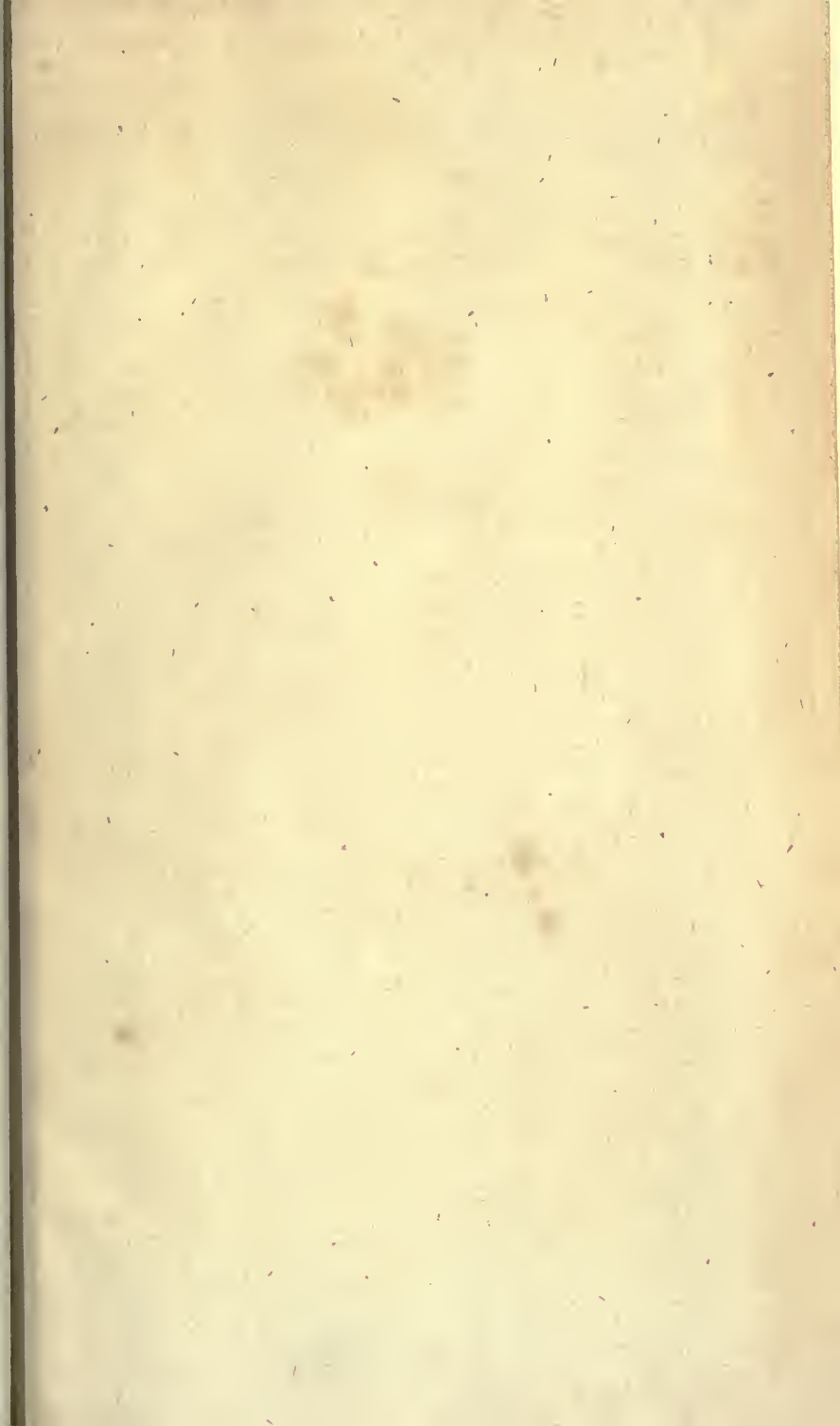
Lady. Kind gentlemen, lead in Shattillion,
For he must needs be weak and sickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end,
As I could wish: Let all young sprightly wives,
That have dull foolish coxcombs to their husbands,
Learn by me their duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em fools, and please 'em too!

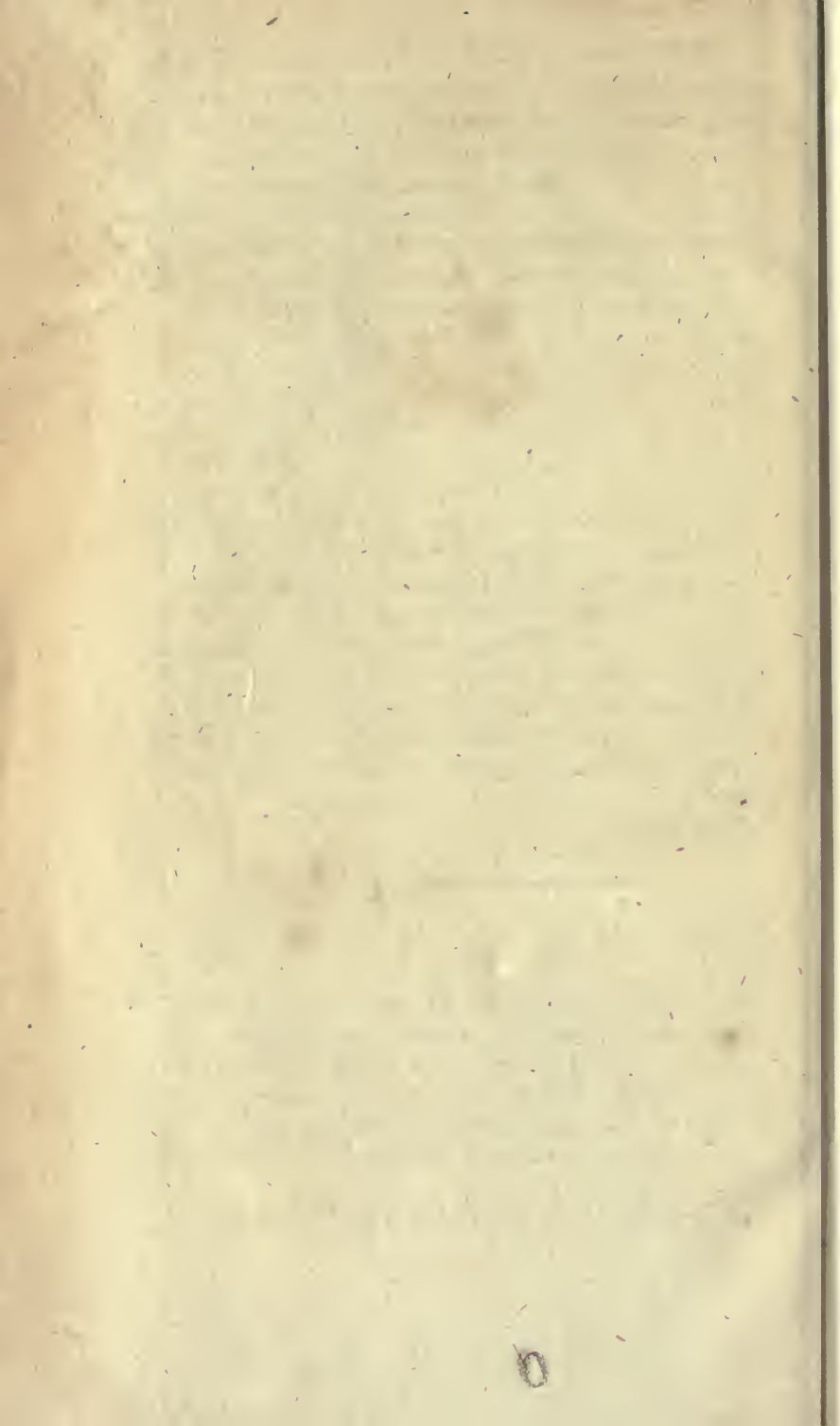
[*Exeunt.*]

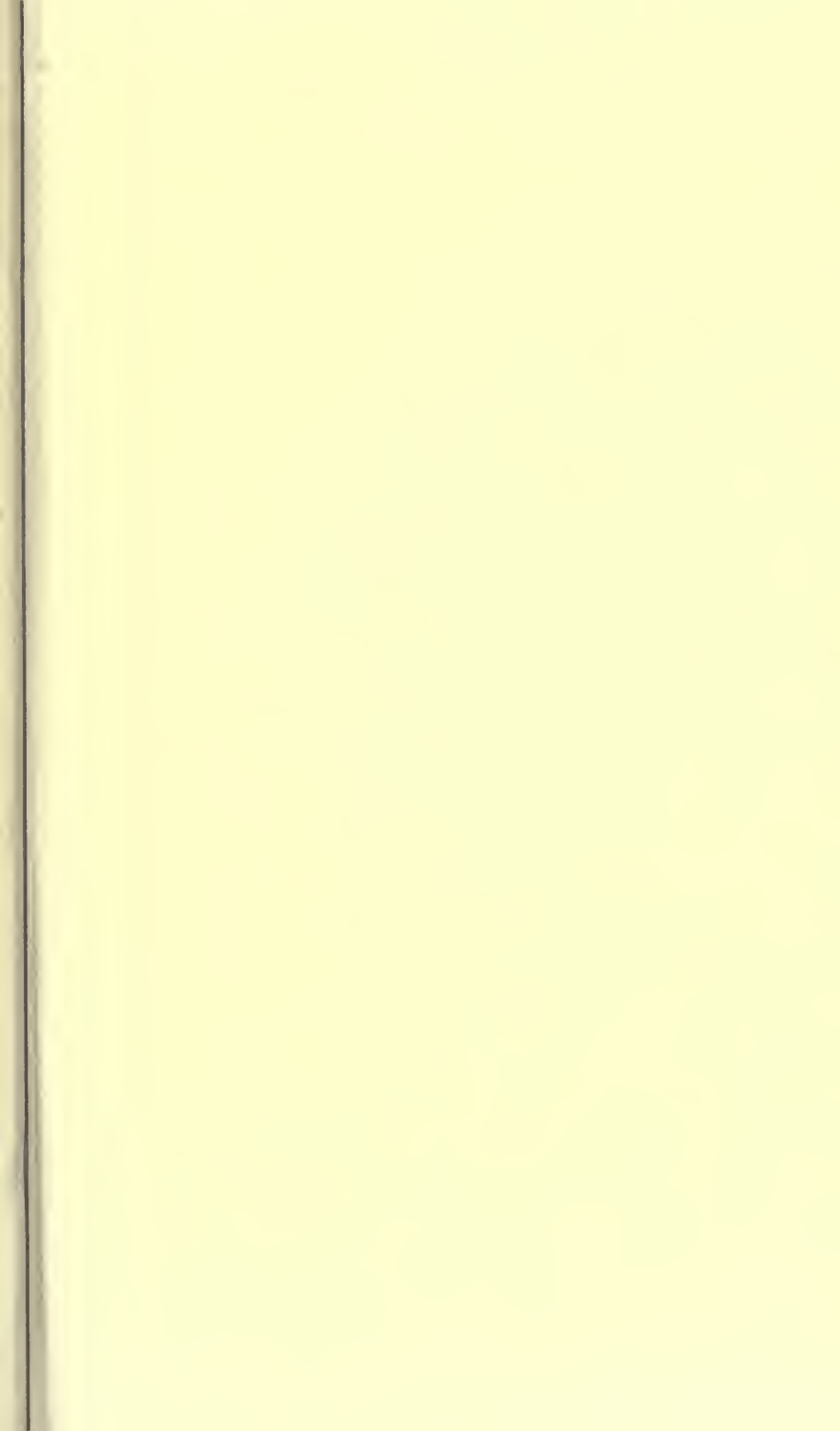
E P I L O G U E.

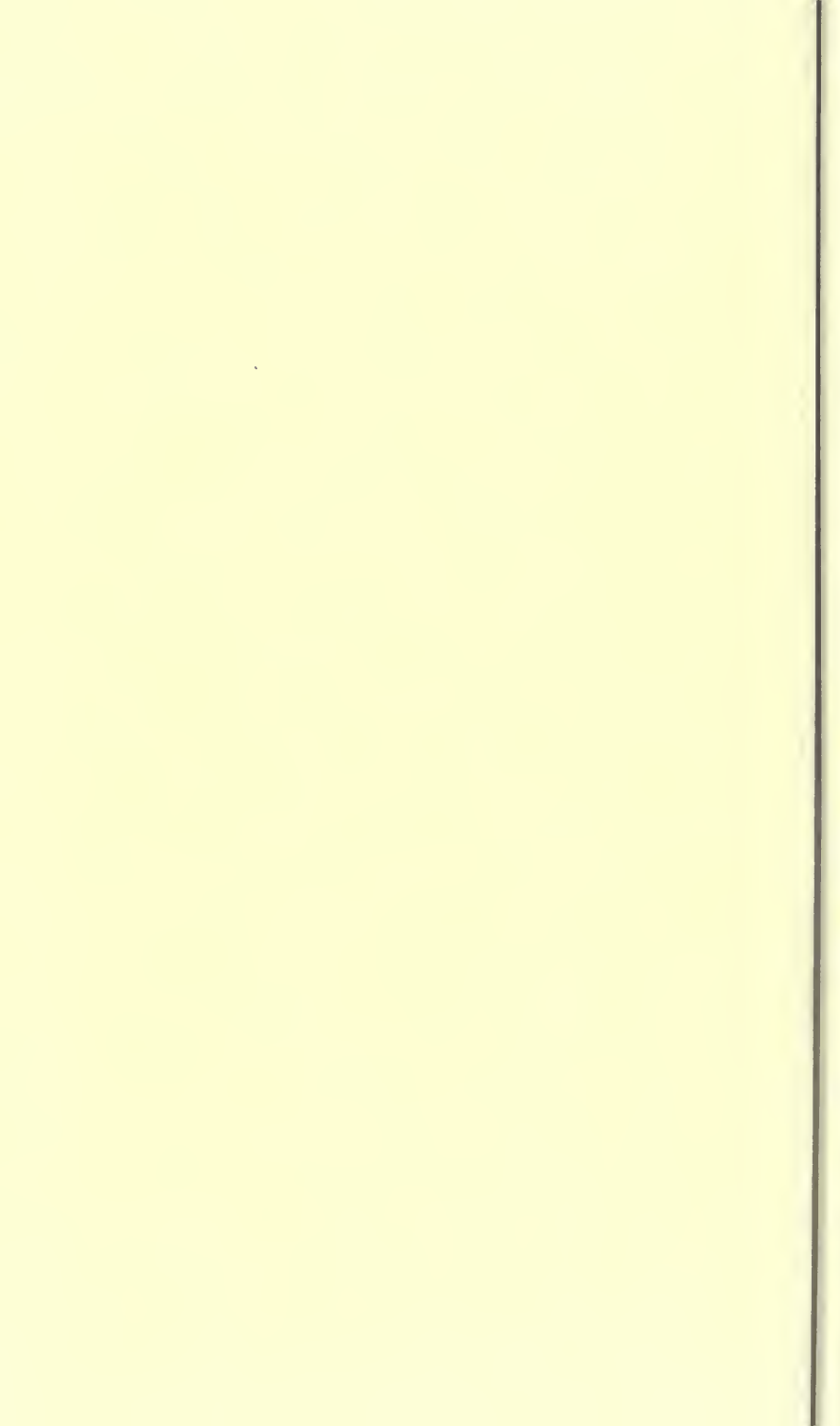
THE monuments of virtue, and desert,
Appear more goodly, when the gloss of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at first
They were set up, not censur'd at the worst.
We've done our best, for your contents, to fit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.













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