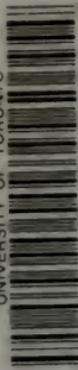
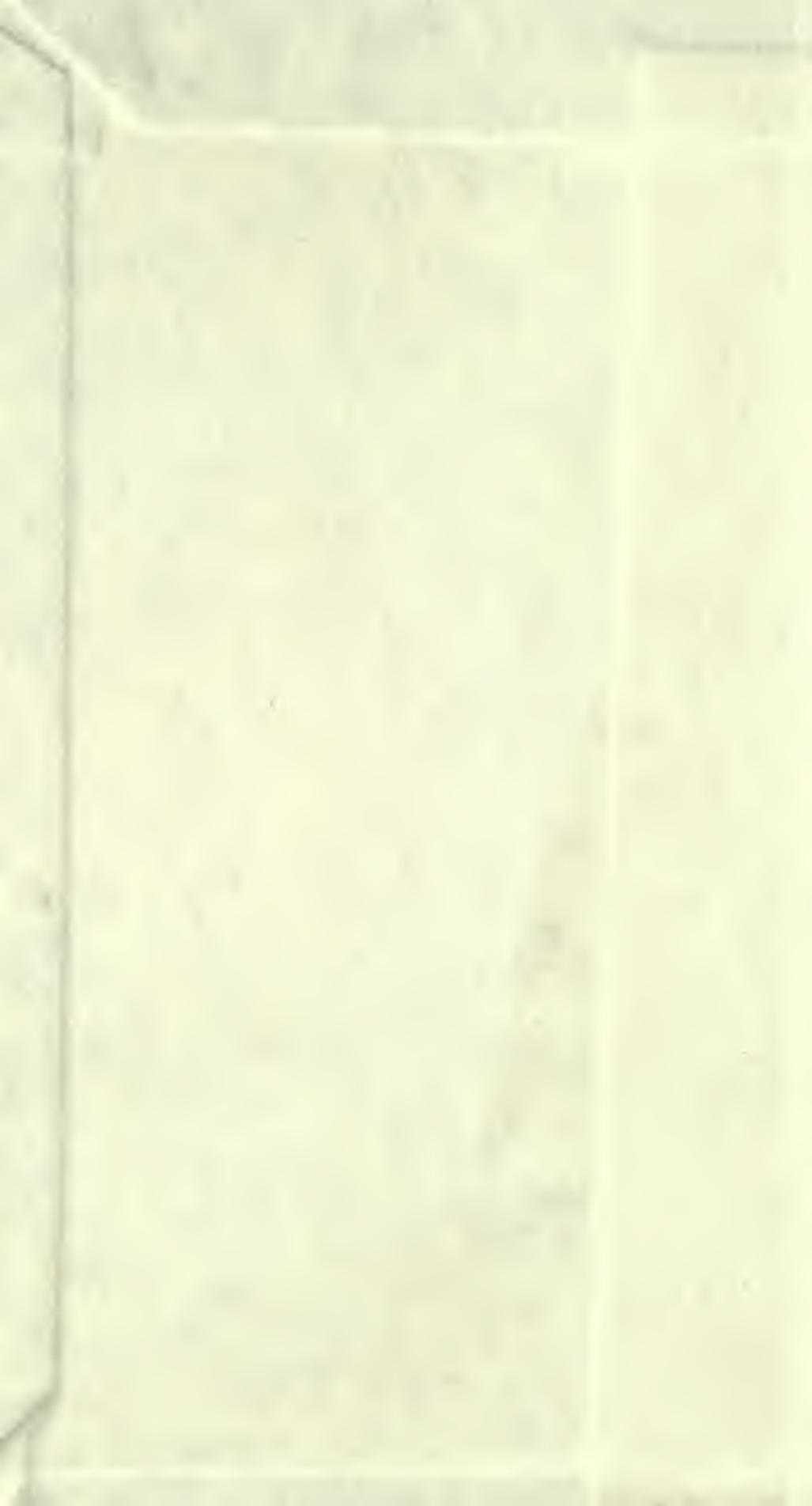


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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H Merivale

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

SHIRLEY.

F. M. .
L. E.

no. 22





Engraved by F. Lupton.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

*From an Original Portrait preserved in the
Bodleian Library, Oxford.*

THE

72

DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS

OF

JAMES SHIRLEY,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED;

WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.

AND

ADDITIONAL NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY
AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF SHIRLEY AND HIS WRITINGS.
COMMENDATORY VERSES ON SHIRLEY.
LOVE TRICKS, OR THE SCHOOL OF COMPLEMENT.
THE MAID'S REVENGE.
THE BROTHERS.
THE WITTY FAIR ONE.
THE WEDDING.

LONDON :

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

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P R E F A C E.

The present edition of Shirley's Works, as far as the second drama of the sixth volume, was conducted by Mr. Gifford. After his decease, (as I am obligingly informed by his executor, the Dean of Westminster), no memoranda were discovered among his papers either for that portion of Shirley's writings which was yet to be reprinted, or for a biographical memoir of the author.

To the dramas which Mr. Gifford carried through the press, I have added all those pieces which were absolutely requisite to complete the edition; as well as some Poems by Shirley, hitherto unprinted, from Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford; and several effusions addressed by him to different friends, which, in the course of my reading, I had found prefixed to their respective publications. The scattered Commendatory Verses on Shirley, I have placed together in the first volume, the station which Mr. Gifford intended them to occupy.

In the hope of being enabled to throw new light on the personal history of Shirley, I examined every probable source of information concerning him; and I can only regret, that, after much careful

PREFACE.

inquiry, the following memoir should be little more than an enumeration of his works.

I have gratefully to express my thanks to the Rev. Dr. Bliss, who searched, though without success, the public Registers of Oxford, for a notice of Shirley's admission into that University; to the Rev. S. Reay of the Bodleian Library, who collated the proof-sheets of the Poems now first printed with the original MS. in Rawlinson's Collections; and to the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, who allowed me to inspect the Entry-books belonging to Merchant-Taylors' School, by which the date of our author's birth has been ascertained.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
SHIRLEY AND HIS WRITINGS,
BY
THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 350

SOME ACCOUNT
OF
SHIRLEY AND HIS WRITINGS.

JAMES SHIRLEY was descended from the Shirleys of Sussex or Warwickshire.¹ He was born either on the 13th. or 18th. of September, 1596,² in or near the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch,³ London.

On the 4th. of October, 1608, when he had little more than completed his twelfth year, he was admitted into Merchant-Taylors' School. The

¹ Compare the poet's arms, in the engraving prefixed to the present work, from the picture in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with the bearings of the Shirleys in Berry's *Pedigrees of Sussex Families*, p. 172, and Dugdale's *Antiq. of Warwick*. (by Thomas) p. 1125.

² In the entry-book of Merchant-Taylors' School, his "nativitie" is registered in seven different "Tables of the Schoole's Probation," as having taken place on the 13th. Septr. 1596, but in the eighth and last table where it occurs, it is fixed on the 18th. Septr. Whether the latter date was a correction of the former, or a slip of the pen, cannot be discovered.

Our poet's name was frequently written "Sherley;" so it is spelt in the above mentioned entry-book, and in the register of his death.

³ "Where the Stocks-Market now is," says Wood; who adds in a note, "So I have been informed by his son, the butler of Furnival's inn, in Holborn, near London." *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

honourable situation of his name in the Probation-tables of the Entry-book belonging to the School, is a proof that, even during boyhood, his superior abilities were displayed. On the 11th of March, 1612, he was "the eighth boy, or last monitor;" and we may conclude that he left the School on the 11th of June following,—the annual election-day, when the "upper boys" almost invariably depart.

From Merchant-Taylors' School he was removed, (in 1612,) to St. John's College, Oxford.⁴ "At the same time," says Wood, "Dr. Will. Laud presiding that house, he had a very great affection for him, especially for the pregnant parts that were visible in him, but then having a broad or large mole⁵ upon his left cheek, which some esteemed a

⁴ Wilson's *Hist. of Merchant-Taylors' School*, Part ii. p. 1192. "In what condition he lived there, [at St. John's] whether in that of a servitour, batler, or commoner, I cannot yet find." Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

⁵ Shiels's improvement of this anecdote, in the book called *Cibber's Lives of the Poets*, is too curious to be omitted here: "Shirley had unfortunately a large mole upon his left cheek, which much disfigured him, and gave him a very forbidding appearance. Laud observed very justly, that an audience can scarce help conceiving a prejudice against a man whose appearance shocks them, and were he to preach with the tongue of an angel, that prejudice could never be surmounted; besides the danger of women with child fixing their eyes on him in the pulpit, and as the imagination of pregnant women has strange influence on the unborn infants, it is somewhat cruel to expose them to that danger, and by these means do them great injury, as one's fortune in some measure depends upon exterior comeliness." vol. ii. p. 26.

deformity, that worthy doctor would often tell him that he was an unfit person to take the sacred function upon him, and should never have his consent so to do.”⁶ As no mention of Shirley⁷ occurs in any of the public records of Oxford, the duration of his residence at St. John’s College cannot be determined.

Having quitted Oxford (in consequence, perhaps, of Laud’s unreasonable objections, and, as it seems, before he had taken a degree,) he repaired to Cambridge, and was entered at Catherine Hall. While a member of that society, he had for his contemporary, Thomas Bancroft, the epigrammatist, who celebrates their friendship in these pointless lines :

To Jame[s] Shirley.

“ James, thou and I did spend some precious yeeres
At Katherine-Hall; since when, we sometimes feele
In our poetick braines, (as plaine appeares)
A whirling tricke, then caught from Katherine’s wheele.”⁸

Though the registers of Cambridge⁹ afford no

⁶ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

⁷ “ I never remember” (the Reverend Dr. Bliss obligingly writes to me) “ to have had a longer, and certainly never a more unsatisfactory search than in the present instance, for no entry whatever of James Shirley can I find, although I have looked over every book that can throw any light on such an admission, if it ever took place ——— I have also had access to a list of the members of St. John’s College, *actually in Laud’s own hand-writing*, and no such name occurs.”

⁸ *Two Bookes of Epigrammes &c. Written by Thomas Bancroft.* 1639 4to. (*Book I, Ep. 13.*)

⁹ “The present Registrar of Cambridge” (I quote from the letter of a friend who made diligent enquiries on the subject)

information concerning Shirley, it is certain that he there became Bachelor of Arts; not only from the following memorandum in the hand-writing of the accurate Dr. Farmer,¹ "James Shirley, B. A. Cath. Hall, 1619," but also from the title-page of the production immediately to be noticed; and (as we afterwards find him holding church preferment) he, must, in due time, have graduated Master of Arts.

ECCHO, OR THE INFORTUNATE LOVERS, *a poem by James Sherley, Cant. in Art. Bacc. Lond. 1618, 8vo. Primum hunc Arethusa mihi concede laborem,*² of which not a single copy is known to survive, appears to have been his earliest publication. There can be no doubt that it was the same piece which he again printed in 1646, under the title of *Narcissus, or The Self-Lover*, with the motto "*hæc olim,*" to indicate that it was the performance of his youth. In composing this poem he evidently chose for his model the *Venus and Adonis* of Shakespeare; but he has more successfully imitated the faults than the beauties of that

"after a careful examination of all the Degree documents in his Office, could find no mention of Shirley: the dates in the Admission and Commons' Books at Catherine Hall go no farther back than the year 1642."

¹ On a copy of Shirley's *Poems &c.* 1646, now in my possession: what was Dr. Farmer's authority for the memorandum, I cannot discover. See too the Epitaph printed from MS. vol. vi: p. 514.

² "From a MS. note to Astle's copy of Wood's *Athenæ.*"—*Censura Literaria*, vol. ii. p. 381. ed. 1815.

enchancing tale. The *Narcissus*, however, notwithstanding its quaintness and conceits, occasionally exhibits descriptive passages of considerable merit.

His academical course being finished, Shirley took holy orders, and was appointed to a living, either in St. Albans, Hertfordshire, or in the neighbourhood of that town. How long he continued to discharge the office of a minister cannot be ascertained; but most probably only a short time elapsed between his establishment in a benefice and his conversion to the Church of Rome.³ That he was induced to change his religion by no interested motives, and that throughout the remainder of his days he steadily adhered⁴ to the new faith, which he had conscientiously embraced, there is every reason to believe.

Having abandoned the clerical profession, he became a teacher in the Grammar School of St. Albans, founded by a charter of Edward the Sixth. We learn from the document⁵ in the note, that during the years 1623 and 1624, he was occupied

³ "Being then unsettled in his mind, he changed his religion for that of Rome, left his living," &c. Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

⁴ See various passages in these volumes, and note, vol. ii. p. 52.

⁵ In Clutterbuck's *Hist. of Hert.* is a list of the masters of the Grammar School of St. Albans; part of it is as follows:

"1603, Thomas Gibson.
1620, ——— Steed.
1623, James Sherley.
1625, John Westerman.
1626, John Harmar." vol. i. p. 48.

in the drudgery of tuition; "which employment also," says Wood, "he finding uneasy to him, he retired to the metropolis, lived in Gray's-inn, and set up for a play-maker."⁶

The stage was flourishing under the auspices of an accomplished monarch, and the demand for theatrical novelties was incessant, when Shirley thus devoted himself to the composition of plays. The bent of his genius towards dramatic poetry had perhaps been shewn at an early period of life; and there are grounds for supposing that before he ceased to be connected with the school at St. Albans, his comedy called *LOVE TRICKS* was performed in London.⁷ It is probable that for some time after his career of authorship had commenced he was almost entirely indebted to his pen for the means of subsistence; and from his dramas, which followed each other in rapid succession, he must have derived an emolument ample enough to satisfy his humble wishes. He "gained," says Wood, "not only a considerable livelyhood, but also very great respect and encouragement from persons of quality, especially from Henrietta Maria, the queen consort, who made him her servant."⁸ It appears, however, that he failed in improving the opportunities of advancement, which such patronage afforded: "I never," he observes, "affected the ways of flattery;

⁶ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

⁷ It was licensed Feb. 10, 1624-5 (see p. vii.) at which time, perhaps, John Westerman had not succeeded Shirley, (see the foregoing note).

⁸ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

some say, I have lost my preferment by not practising that court sin.”⁹ Concerning his domestic circumstances, we only know that he was twice married, and had several children: his first wife was, perhaps, the lady whom he has termed *Odelia*, in some poems of his youth.¹

LOVE TRICKS, OR THE SCHOOL OF COMPLEMENT was the earliest dramatic production of Shirley, as its Prologue informs us :

“ this play is
The first fruits of a Muse, that before this
Never saluted audience, nor doth mean
To swear himself a factor for the scene.”

Here is a singular assertion to have proceeded from a man, who afterwards became so great a “ factor for the scene.” But it is evident that when Shirley wrote these lines, he entertained no thoughts of depending on the theatre for a livelihood; and, as I have already observed, LOVE TRICKS was perhaps performed before he had resigned his situation of schoolmaster at St. Albans. It was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, as *Love Tricks, with Complements*, Feb. 10, 1624-5,² and made its first appearance from the press in 1631, entitled THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT. *As it was Acted by her Maiesties Servants at the Private house in Drury Lane.* It was reprinted in 1637; and again, after Shirley’s death, in 1667, *As it is now acted by His*

⁹ Dedication to *The Maid’s Revenge*, vol. i. p. 101.

¹ See *Poems* in vol. vi.

² Malone’s *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 231.

Royal Highnesse the Duke of York's Servants at the Theatre in Little Lincolns-Inne Fields, with the following short Prologue by some nameless writer :

“ In our old plays, the humour, love, and passion,
 Like doublet, hose, and cloak, are out of fashion :
 That which the world call'd wit in Shakespeare's age,
 Is laugh'd at, as improper for our stage ;
 Nay, Fletcher stands corrected ; what hope then
 For this poor author, Shirley, whose soft pen
 Was fill'd with air in comic scenes ? alas,
 Your guards are now so strict, -he'll never pass !
 And yet, methinks, I hear the critics say,
 'Twas our fault, why would we revive his play ?
 But, modern poets, if you'll give me leave,
 To tell you what I humbly do conceive,
 The fault's yours ; for our stage shall be no debtor
 To Shirley's play, if you would write a better.
 Meantime, we hope our noble guests will think
 Th'old wine good, till the new be fit to drink.”

In the *Diary*³ of the gossiping Pepys is this memorandum : “ 5th [August, 1667]. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *Love Trickes, or the School of Compliments* ; a silly play, only Miss Davis, dancing in a shepherd's clothes, did please us mightily.” A Droll by Kirkman formed from this comedy and entitled *Jenkins Love-Course and Perambulation*, is printed in *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*,⁴ 1673. LOVE TRICKS is the work of an inexperienced writer, but of one who gives rich promises of future excellence. The scene of the Complement School in act third, the satire of which

³ Vol. ii. p. 108, 4to. ed.

⁴ P. 13.

is chiefly directed against the books of polite instruction so common in Shirley's days, can only be relished by a reader who has examined those preposterous treatises.

That *THE MAID'S REVENGE* was Shirley's "second birth in this kind," we learn from its Dedication to Henry Osborne. It was licensed Feb. 9, 1625-6,⁵ and printed in 1639, *As it hath beene Acted with good Applause at the private house in Drury Lane, by her Majesties Servants*. Though *THE MAID'S REVENGE* has some impressive scenes, it is, perhaps, the worst of Shirley's tragedies.

The comedy of *THE BROTHERS* was licensed as early as Nov. 4, 1626,⁶ but not given to the press till 1652, when it was published (with five other plays in an octavo volume,⁷) *as it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers*. Soon after the restoration, it was revived. The citation of the following beautiful passage from this drama by Dr. Farmer, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 1766, may be regarded as one of the earliest attempts to rescue the works of Shirley from the long oblivion to which they had been consigned:

" Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but, overweigh'd
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
Which, by reflexion of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament ;
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,

⁵ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 231.

⁶ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 231.

⁷ The general title-page of the volume is dated 1653.

As if they had gain'd a victory o'er grief,
 And with it many beams twisted themselves,
 Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
 To and again from heaven."⁸

THE WITTY FAIR ONE was licensed October 3, 1628,⁹ and printed in 1633, *As it was presented at the Private House in Drury Lane, By her Majesties Servants*. The last edition of the *Biographia Dramatica* affirms that "it did not succeed so well as some other of Shirley's dramas,"—one of the numerous unfounded statements in that worthless book. Our poet, in the Dedication prefixed to this excellent comedy, mentions the "applause" with which it had been received on the stage. The incident, in the fifth act, of the libertine Fowler's reformation, effected by nearly persuading him that he is dead and has become a disembodied spirit, is, doubtless, not a little absurd; but so skilfully is it managed by the poet, that we lose sight of its extravagance. In 1666, shortly after the author's decease, THE WITTY FAIR ONE was revived.

Of THE WEDDING there is no entry in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book. Mr. Gifford thinks that it was probably written sometime between 1626, the year in which THE BROTHERS was licensed, and 1629, when it first issued from the press, *As it was lately Acted by her Majesties Servants, at the Phenix in Drury Lane*, ushered in to the public by six commendatory pieces of poetry. It was reprinted in

⁸ Vol. i. p. 202.

⁹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 231.

1633; also in 1660, when it was revived. This comedy is one of Shirley's most perfect productions, equally admirable in its serious and in its broadly humorous scenes: its plot is conducted with infinite art, and its characters are strongly drawn and happily contrasted.

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT was licensed, under the title of *The Faithful Servant*, November 3, 1629:¹ it was printed the following year, *As it was lately presented with good applause at the private House in Drury Lane, By her Majesties Servants*, and other editions appeared in 1637 and 1655.² Eleven copies of verses by various friends of Shirley are prefixed to this fine tragicomedy: those which Massinger furnished, contain not a mere compliment, but a well-merited eulogy:

“ Here are no forc'd expressions, no rack'd phrase,
 No Babel compositions to amaze
 The tortur'd reader, no believ'd defence
 To strengthen the bold atheist's insolence,
 No obscene syllable, that may compel
 A blush from a chaste maid, but all so well
 Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say,
 It is a grateful poem, a good play,
 And such as read ingenuously shall find
 Few have outstript thee, many halt behind.”

THE GRATEFUL SERVANT was revived, soon after Shirley's death, in 1666, when Mrs. Long performed

¹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 231,

² Mr. Gifford says it was reprinted “ *I believe, in 1655:*” the *Biog. Dram.* mentions an ed. in 1660. The only ed. subsequent to that of 1637 which I have met with, is one without a date, apparently not earlier than 1660.

Dulcino, “and,” says Downes, “the first time she appeared in Man’s Habit, prov’d as Beneficial to the Company, as several succeeding Plays.”³

THE TRAITOR was licensed May 4, 1631,⁴ and given to the press in 1635, as *Acted by her Majesties Servants*. It is the most powerful and pathetic of Shirley’s tragedies: the subtle Lorenzo, the fiery Sciarrha, and his brother the gentler Florio, the timid Despazzi, the licentious Duke, and the pure-minded Amidea, are pictures, full of truth and vigour, by a master’s hand. Soon after the restoration, it was revived. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, an attempt was made to convict Shirley of plagiarism in having published this noble drama as his own, and to shew that its real author was a person named Rivers, of whom I can learn nothing but what the following notices supply. In 1692 was printed *The Traytor. A Tragedy: With Alterations, Amendments, and Additions. As it is now Acted at the Theatre Royal, by their Majesties Servants. Written by Mr. Rivers*: prefixed to it, is this Dedication:

“To The Right Honourable Donnogh Earl of Clancarty, Viscount Muskery, and Baron Blarney.

“May it please your Honour,

“To Pardon my Boldness in Presuming to shelter this Orphan under your Lordship’s Protection. I am not ignorant, having never as yet deserved any Favour from you, that it cannot but meet with a severe Construction, but wholly relying

³ *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 27, ed. 1708.

⁴ Malone’s *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 231.

upon your Clemency, who have always been a favourer of the Muses; I flatter myself that your Lordship may, for the Author's sake, vouchsafe to grant it a favourable acceptance. I will not slander it with my Praise, it is Commendation enough, to say the Author was Mr. Rivers. I am very well assur'd, after your perusal, your Honour will esteem it one of the best Tragedies that this Age hath Produc'd. I humbly beg your Lordship to pardon this Presumption,

“ Of your Honours most Humble
And most Obedient Servant.”

In *The Gentleman's Journal* for April, 1692, Motteux writes thus: “ The Traytor, an old Tragedy, hath not only been revived the last Month, but also been reprinted with Alterations and Amendments; It was supposed to be Shirley's, but he only usher'd it in to the Stage; The Author of it was one Mr. Rivers, a Jesuite, who wrote it in his Confinement in Newgate, where he died.”⁴ Whether Rivers basely palmed THE TRAITOR on his friends as his own production, or whether, after his death, they attributed it to him on some mistaken grounds, I cannot ascertain. It was again revived in 1718 at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with alterations (says Coxeter⁵) by Christopher Bullock. A tragedy by Mr. Shiel, called *Evadne, or the Statue*, taken partly from *The Traitor*, was acted with success at Covent Garden Theatre in 1819.

⁴ p. 21.

⁵ *Biog. Dram.*

THE DUKE, a play, was licensed as Shirley's, by Sir Henry Herbert, May 17, 1631.⁶ It no longer exists, and most probably was never given to the press.

LOVE'S CRUELTY was licensed November 14, 1631,⁷ and printed in 1640, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane.* At the Cockpit, says Wright,⁸ "Burt used to play the principal Women's parts, in particular Clariana, in *Love's Cruelty*; and at the same time Mohun acted Bellamente, which part he retained after the Restauration."

THE CHANGES, OR LOVE IN A MAZE, was licensed January 10, 1631-2,⁹ and printed in 1632, *As it was presented at the Private House in Salisbury Court, by the Company of his Majesties Revels.* This amusing comedy was revived after the Restauration, when Lacy acted the part of Thump with great applause.¹ The points of resemblance between the CHANGES and *The Maiden Queen* of Dryden are so extremely faint, that Mr. Gifford has rather hastily applied the term "plagiarism" to the latter drama.

⁶ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 232.

⁷ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 232.

⁸ *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, p. 3.

⁹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), vol. iii. p. 232.

¹ Downes quotes these doggerel lines concerning Lacy :
 "For his Just Acting all gave him due Praise,
 His Part in the Cheats, *Jony Thump*, Teg, and Bayes,
 In these Four Excelling, the Court gave him the Bays."

Roscius Anglicanus, p. 16. ed. 1708.

THE BIRD IN A CAGE, not registered in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, appears to have been produced about 1632; and was printed in 1633, *As it hath beene Presented at the Phœnix in Drury Lane*, with a sarcastic Dedication to Prynne, who was then in confinement on account of the offence which his *Histriomastix* had given to the court. It is impossible to approve of the spirit in which this Dedication is composed: but we cannot wonder that a man whose subsistence was derived from the stage should take an opportunity of exulting at the discomfiture of its most bigoted foe. THE BIRD IN A CAGE, was reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744, and in Reed's edition of that collection, 1780. According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, (by Jones 1812) "it was acted at Covent Garden, a few years ago, for Mr. Quick's benefit."

HYDE PARK was licensed April 20, 1632,² and printed in 1637, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private house in Drury Lane*. Concerning its revival after the author's death, Pepys has the following memorandum: "11 [July 1668.] To the King's playhouse to see an old play of Shirley's, called *Hide Parke*; the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall."³ Here, I believe, is the

² Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

³ *Diary* vol. ii. p. 248. 4to. ed.—The Epilogue alluded to in this quotation was probably never printed: as Pepys thought it "excellent," we may perhaps conclude that it was utterly worthless.

earliest record of horses being introduced upon the English boards, a species of absurdity with which modern audiences are highly gratified. The opinion entertained by Pepys of this very lively and elegant comedy, will not weigh much with those readers who have gone through his *Diary*, and observed how slightly he writes concerning some of Shakespeare's finest pieces.

THE BALL was licensed November 16, 1632,⁴ and printed in 1639, as the joint production of Chapman and Shirley, *presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane*. In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book is the following entry: "18 Nov. 1632. In the play of The Ball, written by Sherley, and acted by the Queen's players, ther were divers personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biston⁵ promiste many things which I found faulte withall should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht; and the first that offends in this kind, of poets or players, shall be sure of publique punishment."⁶ The title-page of the printed copy, in which the more obnoxious personalities were doubtless omitted,⁷ attributes a part

⁴ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁵ Christopher Beeston.

⁶ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 231.

⁷ In *The Lady of Pleasure* Shirley alludes to the present drama:

"Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,

of this play to Chapman's pen: it will be remarked however, that in the preceding entry Sir Henry makes no mention of that author. Judging from internal evidence, I should say, that *THE BALL* was almost entirely the composition of Shirley; but Mr. Gifford assigns the largest portion of it to his coadjutor. In a work called *The Old English Drama*, 1824, this comedy is reprinted.

A play by Shirley, which has not come down to us, entitled *The Beauties*, was registered by Sir Henry Herbert Jan. 21, 1632-3.⁸

In the 3d. Jac. I. c. 21. an act was passed, which inflicted a penalty of ten pounds on any individual who should wantonly use the holy name of God, Christ Jesus, or the Trinity, in any stage-play, interlude, &c. This statute, however, was insufficient to banish profaneness from the theatre. In consequence of oaths introduced into Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* in 1632, the players were summoned before the High Commission Court, and severely censured; when they had the audacity to

Your meetings call'd *THE BALL*, to which repair,
 As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
 And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
 Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure;
 'Tis but the family of Love translated
 Into more costly sin! There was a *PLAY* on't,
 And had the poet not been brib'd to a modest
 Expression of your antic gambols in't,
 Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds too:
 In time he may repent, and make some blush,
 To see the second part danc'd on the stage." vol. iv. p. 9.

⁸ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

lay the blame, first on the poet, and next on the Master of the Revels, but afterwards confessed that the offensive passages were interpolated by themselves. It was necessary, to state these particulars, before quoting the following entry concerning THE YOUNG ADMIRAL of Shirley, from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert: "The comedy called The Yonge Admirall, being free from oaths, prophaneness, or obsceanes, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the readinge, and may serve for a patterne to other poetts, not only for the bettring of maners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late. When Mr. Sherley hath read this approbation, I know it will encourage him to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry, and when other poetts heare and see his good success, I am confident they will imitate the original for their own credit, and make such copies in this harmless way, as shall speak them masters in their art, at the first sight, to all judicious spectators. It may be acted this 3 July, 1633. I have entered this allowance for direction to my successor, and for example to all poetts, that shall write after the date hereof."⁹ About this time, indeed, Sir Henry, in consequence of the disagreeable situation in which he had been placed by the performers in *The Magnetic Lady*, "who would have excused themselves on him," had become a little over-cautious in his capacity of licenser, as appears by

⁹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

the next entry, which relates to Davenant's comedy of *The Wits*: "The kinge is pleasd to take *faith, death, slight*, for asseverations, and no oaths, to which I doe humbly submit as my master's judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission."⁹ In a note on this curious entry, Malone cites the doubtful authority of a modern tract to prove that the amiable and unfortunate Charles the First was an habitual swearer. I may just remark, that his royal predecessors had set him a bad example in violating the third commandment: the language of his father James was extremely profane, and the favourite exclamation of the Virgin Queen was notorious throughout Europe.¹ Sir Henry Herbert has a second memorandum concerning our author's play: "On tuesday the 19th of November [1633] being the King's birthday, *The Young Admirall* was acted at St. James by the queen's players, and likt by the K. and Queen."² It was first printed in 1637. *As it was Presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private house in Drury Lane.* On the Restoration it was revived: "20 [Nov. 1662]," writes Eveleyn, "Dined w^h the Comptroller Sir Hugh Pollard; afterwards saw *The Yong Admiral* acted before ye King."³

⁹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 235.

¹ "Ipsa etiam Elizabetha Angliæ Regina jurabat sæpius *Gots blut, absit blasphemia.*" *Scaligeriana* &c. per F. F. P. P. p. 180. ed. 1668.

² Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 234.

³ *Memoirs*, vol. i p. 355. 4to. ed.

THE GAMESTER was licensed Nov. 11, 1633⁴. The following notice occurs in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book: "On thursday night the 6 of Febru. 1633 [i. e. 1633-4] The Gamester was acted at Court, made by Sherley, out of a plot of the King's given him by mee; and well likte. The King sayd it was the best play he had seen for seven years."⁵ It was first given to the press in 1637, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, At the private House in Drury Lane*; and has been reprinted in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744, and in Reed's edition of that collection, 1780. Three alterations of this excellent comedy have been brought upon the stage. The first in 1711, named *The Wife's Relief, or The Husband's Cure*, was by Charles Johnson. The next, in 1758, called *The Gamesters*, was by Garrick, who in a prologue of his own composition, told the audience;

"When this same play was writ, that's now before ye,
The English stage had reach'd its point of glory!
No paltry thefts disgrac'd this author's pen;
He painted English manners, English men,
And form'd his taste on Shakespeare and old Ben."

The third, in 1827, by a popular living dramatist, was entitled *The Wife's Stratagem, or More Frightened than Hurt*.

During 1633 was published Shirley's ingenious moral Interlude, THE CONTENTION OF HONOUR AND RICHES, evidently not intended for theatrical representation.

⁴ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 234.

⁵ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 236.

In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book is the following memorandum: "For a play of Fletcher's corrected by Sherley, called *The Night Walkers*, the 11 May, 1633, £2. 0. 0. For the queen's players.⁶" The piece in question appears to have been left imperfect by Fletcher, and finished by our poet, who is supposed to have also fitted for the stage three other dramas of his deceased friend,⁷ *Love's Pilgrimage*, *The Noble Gentleman*, and *The Lovers Progress*.

We have now to notice the most magnificent pageant ever, perhaps, exhibited in England,—THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE,—the literary portion of which was furnished by Shirley. Several of the chief members of the four Inns of Court purposing to présent a masque⁸ at Whitehall, it was intimated to them from that quarter how

⁶ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 236.

⁷ Fletcher died in 1625.—Hitchcock foolishly remarks: "This writer, [Shirley] we are told, possessed some sketches of Beaumont and Fletcher; which, if true, in a great measure accounts for the inequality so evident in all his pieces. *Hist. View of the Irish Stage*, vol. i. p. 12.

⁸ "There are two Masques in Hand, the first of the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas-day; the other the King presents the Queen with on Shrove-Tuesday, at Night: High Expenses, they speak of 20,000*l.* that it will cost the Men of the Law. Oh that they would give over these Things, or lay them aside for a Time, and bend all their Endeavours to make the King Rich! For it gives me no Satisfaction, who am but a looker on, to see a rich Commonwealth, a rich People, and the Crown poor. God direct them to remedy this quickly." Letter from Mr. Garrard to the Lord Deputy, Jan. 9, 1633.—*The Earl of Strafforde's Letters &c.* vol. i. p. 177.

acceptable to the King and Queen such a testimony of loyalty would be; “and some held it the more seasonable, because this action would manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr. Prynne’s new learning, and serve to confute his *Histrionmastix* against Interludes.⁹” In prosecution of this design, a committee was chosen, consisting of two members of each House; Mr. Edward Hyde, and Mr. Whitelock of the Middle Temple, Sir Edward Herbert, and Mr. Selden of the Inner Temple, Mr. Attorney Noy, and Mr. Gerling of Lincoln’s Inn, and Sir John Finch and Mr. — of Gray’s Inn. Several sub-committees were also formed, to order and superintend the poetical part of the entertainment, the properties of the Masquers, the dancing, &c., while money was unsparingly supplied by the governors of each society in equal proportions. The care of the musical department being assigned to Whitelock in particular, he appointed Simon Ives and William Lawes to compose the airs and songs, and called in the assistance of other eminent musicians, English, French, Italian, and German. Sixteen gentlemen, four of each Inn of Court, were selected for the Grand Masquers,² who were to be

⁹ Whitelock’s *Memorials* &c. p. 19.

² A thin 4to. tract appeared in 1634, entitled *The Innes of Court Anagrammatist: or The Masquers masqued in Anagrammes. Expressed in Epigramique lines, upon their severall Names, set downe in the next Page. Composed by Francis Lenton Gent. one of Her Majesties Poets.* In this rare piece (for the use of which I am

drawn to Whitehall in four splendid chariots ; and disputes having arisen, as well about the order in which the chariots were to move, as about the chief places in them, it was agreed that their precedence should be regulated by casting the dice, and that they should be fashioned of an oval shape, to put all the seats on an equality. The time being fixed for the performance of the Masque, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Whitelock had a conference with the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and with the Comptroller of the Household, Sir Henry Vane, to make the necessary previous arrangements. "The scenes were artificially prepared"³ by Inigo Jones at the lower end of the Banqueting-House ; and a gallery, behind the State, was reserved for those gentlemen of the Inns of Court who should be present as spectators.

On the afternoon of the 3d February, 1633-4, the indebted to R. Heber, Esq.) the list of the Grand Masquers is as follows :

" Sir Thomas Dayrell, Marshall.

Graynes Inne.

John Reade.

James Aiskovghe.

Edward Page.

John Crawley.

Middle Temple.

Robert Owen.

Philip Morgan.

Martyn Harvey.

Robert Coale.

Inner Temple.

Edmvdnd Carew.

Arthur Baker.

John Farwell.

Reginald Foster.

Lincolnes Inn.

John North.

Edward Herne.

Henry Macey.

Stephen Jay."

³ Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 19.

Masquers assembled at Ely House in Holborn ; and, when evening fell, they moved in grand procession down Chancery Lane towards Whitehall, the torches and huge flambeaux by the side of each chariot diffusing a brilliant light. A minute description of their gorgeous and fantastic dresses will be found, in the words of Shirley, prefixed to *THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE*.⁴ Their progress was rendered slow both by their own numbers, and by the multitudes who thronged the streets, and “seemed loath to part with so glorious a spectacle.”⁵ Meantime the Banqueting House was crowded by nobility and gentry, glittering in jewels and rich attire. “The King and Queen stood at a window looking straight-forward into the street, to see the Masque come by ; and being delighted with the noble bravery of it, they sent to the Marshal to desire that the whole show might fetch a turn about the Tilt-yard, that their Majesties might have a double view of them ; which was done accordingly, and then they all alighted at Whitehall-Gate, and were conducted to several rooms and places prepared for them.”⁶

The entertainment having commenced, the various performers acquitted themselves in the most perfect manner. The Queen and ladies of distinction honoured the Masquers by mingling in the dance ; towards morning, their Majesties retired ; and a stately banquet served up to the Gentlemen

⁴ Vol. vi.

⁵ Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 21.

⁶ Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 21.

of the Inns of Court concluded the revelry.⁷ The expences of *THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE* amounted to

⁷ "On Monday after Candlemas day, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court performed their Masque at Court; they were sixteen in number, who rode through the streets in four Chariots, and two others to carry their Pages and Musicians, attended by an hundred Gentlemen on great Horses, as well clad as ever I saw any, they far exceeded in Bravery any Masque that formerly had been presented by those Societies, and performed the dancing Part with much Applause. In their company was one Mr. Read of Gray's-Inn, whom all the Women and some Men cry'd up for as handsome a Man as the Duke of Buckingham. They were well used at Court by the King and Queen, no Disgust given them, only this one Accident fell, Mr. May of Gray's Inn, a fine Poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my Lord Chamberlain in the Banqueting House, and he broke his Staff over his Shoulders, not knowing who he was, the King present, who knew him, for he calls him his Poet, and told the Chamberlain of it, who sent for him the next Morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty Pounds in Pieces. I believe he was the more indulgent for his name's sake. This riding Shew took so well, that both King and Queen desired to see it again, so that they invited themselves to Supper at my Lord Mayor's Within a Week after, and the Masquers came in a more glorious Show with all the Riders, which were encreased twenty, to Merchant Taylors Hall, and there performed it again. The Mayor of London, tho' a sick Man, gave them an Entertainment beyond any in Scotland, or in the way thither; and the grave Aldermen would have presented a Purse with two thousand Pounds in Gold to the Queen, but my Lord Chamberlain with a little Sharpness decryed the Gift, as not a fitting Present from such a Body; so it was not given, but within two Days they sent to the Queen a Diamond cost them four thousand Pounds, which was well accepted." Letter from Mr. Garrard to the Lord Deputy, Feb. 27, 1633. *The Earl of Strafforde's Letters, &c.* vol. i. p. 207.

upwards of twenty-one thousand pounds!⁸ It was printed as *presented by the Foure Honourable Houses, or Innes of Court. Before the King and Queenes Majesties, in the Banquetting-House at Whitehall, February the third, 1633*, and reached a third edition in the same year.

Soon after this costly display of loyalty, Sir John Finch, Mr. Gerling, Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Whitelock waited on their Majesties by order of the committee. They were first introduced to the

⁸ Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 22.—In a MS. formerly belonging to Dr. Morton of the British Museum, entitled *Whitelocks labours rememberd in the annales of his life, written for the use of his children*, the expences of *The Triumph of Peace* are reckoned at a still larger sum. "For the Musicke, which was particularly committed to my charge, I gave to Mr. Ives, and to Mr. Lawes 100*l.* a piece, for their rewards; for the four French gentlemen, the queen's servants, I thought that a handsome and liberall gratifying of them would be made known to the Queen, their mistress, and well taken by her. I therefore invited them one morning to a collation, att St. Dunstan's taverne, in the great room, the oracle of Apollo, where each of them had his plate lay'd for him, covered, and the napkin by it, and when they open'd their plates they found in each of them forty pieces of gould, of their master's coyne, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with this surprisall. The rest of the musitians had rewards answeareable to their parts and qualities; and the whole charge of the Musicke came to about one thousand pounds. The clothes of the horsemen reckoned one with another at 100*l.* a suit, att the least, amounted to 10,000*l.* The charges of all the rest of the masque, which were borne by the societies, were accounted to be above twenty thousand pounds." *Burney's Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 376. Warton, by mistake, says that *The Triumph of Peace* cost "two thousand pounds." *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 399, 4to. ed.

King; and, when they had kissed his hand, Sir John Finch, in the name of the others, spoke thus: "Sir, by the command of your Majesty's most affectionate and loyal subjects, the Readers and Gentlemen of the Four Inns of Court, we are here to attend you with their most humble thanks, for your great favour to them in your gracious acceptance of the tender of their service and affections to your Majesty, in the late Masque presented to you, and for vouchsafing your royal presence at it." The King replied, "Gentlemen, pray assure those from whom you come, that we are exceeding well pleased with that testimony which they lately gave us of their great respect and affection to us, which was very acceptable, and performed with that gallantry, and in so excellent a manner, that I cannot but give them thanks for it, and shall be ready upon all occasions to manifest the good opinion I have of them, and to do them and you in particular any favour." They were next conducted into the presence of the Queen; and, after they had kissed her hand, and addressed her in such a speech as they had offered to the King, "she answered quick and well pleased, that she never saw any Masque more noble nor better performed than this was, which she took as a particular respect to herself as well as to the King her husband, and desired that her thanks might be returned to the Gentlemen for it."⁹

THE EXAMPLE, was licensed June 24, 1634,¹

⁹ Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 22.

¹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

and printed in 1637, *As it was Presented by her Majesties Servants At the private House in Drury Lane.* Sir Solitary Plot, is a happy imitation of Ben Jonson's² characters of *humour*; Bellamia is

² I take this opportunity of laying before the reader some anecdotes of Ben Jonson, from a MS. copy of his Conversations with Drummond, which were kindly communicated to me by Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh.

Mr. Gifford treats as an "absurd tale calculated for the meridian of Mr. Joseph Millar," the story of young Raleigh putting Jonson, when intoxicated into a basket, &c., and observes "as young Raleigh was not born till 1595, Jonson could not well be tutor to him in 1593, the period usually assigned." *Memoirs of Jonson*, p. x. It is nevertheless certain that Jonson was young Raleigh's tutor, and that the hopeful pupil took advantage of the poet's love of wine to play him a provoking trick. Among *Informations be Ben Johnston to W. D. [Drummond] when he came to Scotland upon foot 1619*, is the following most curious and authentic statement: "S. W. Raulighe sent him [Jonson] Governour with his son anno 1613 to France, this youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes, as the setting of the favoure of damosells on a coodpiece, caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, thereafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawn by pioners through the streets, at every corner shewing his Governour stretched out, and telling them that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had, at which sport young Raughlies mother delyghted much (saying his father young was so inclyned) though the Father abhorred it."

In relation to the next extract from Drummond's MS. I may observe, that though Jonson's version of Horace's *Art of Poetry* exists, the Preface to it, as well as an elaborate commentary from Aristotle with which it was illustrated, were destroyed by fire: "To me he read the preface of his *Arte of Poesie* upon Horace *Arte of Poesie*, wher he hath ane Apologie of a play of his, *St. Bartholomees faire*: by Criticus is understood Done [i. e. Dr. Donne]."

charmingly painted ; and the scenes between her, Sir Walter Perigrine, and Lord Fitzavarice, are full of interest. On the restoration this comedy was revived.

THE OPPORTUNITY was licensed Nov. 29, 1634,³ and given to the press in 1640, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane*. Though Aurelio's being mistaken for Borgia, by all the kindred and friends of the latter, renders this comedy a tissue of gross improbabilities, it is one of the most amusing pieces our author has produced. It was revived after the Restoration. In *The Wits or Sport upon Sport*,⁴ 1673, published by Kirkman, is a droll, formed from THE OPPORTUNITY, and entitled *A Prince in Conceit*.

THE CORONATION was licensed Feb. 6, 1634-5,⁵ as a play by Shirley ; but the title-page of the first edition, in 1640, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants at the private House in Drury Lane*, attributes it to Fletcher, who had been dead

Concerning Jonson's contentions with Marston, and dislike of Inigo Jones, Drummond writes thus : " He had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and took his pistoll from him, wrote his Poetaster on him, the beginning of them were that Marston represented him on the stage in his youth as given to venerie."

" He said to Prince Charles, of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would call him ane Inigo. Jones having accused him for naming him behind his back a foole, he denied it, but sayes he, I said he was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it."

³ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁴ p. 39.

⁵ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

nearly ten years before its appearance on the stage. Shirley claimed it in a list of his pieces,⁶ appended to *The Cardinal* in 1652 ; yet it was inserted in the second folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, in 1679, and all subsequent editors of those two poets have continued to publish it among their dramas.

CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE, the joint performance of Chapman and Shirley, was licensed April 29, 1635,⁷ and printed in 1639, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane*. Nearly the whole of this tragedy is evidently from Chapman's pen ; and though containing some scenes of considerable merit, it cannot be ranked among his finest compositions for the theatre. While the present age may have over-rated his translations of *The Iliad*, *The Odyssey*, and *The Homeric Hymns*, it certainly has not done justice to the original and deep-thoughted plays of Chapman.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE was licensed Oct. 15, 1635,⁸ and printed in 1637, *As it was Acted by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane*. In the MS. Diary of Sir Humphrey Mildmay is the following entry :— " 8 Dec. [1635] Dined with Rob. Dowgell, and went to the *La. of Pleasure*, and saw that rare playe."⁹ It was then, no doubt a favourite entertainment ; and it deserved

⁶ Thus ; *The Coronation*—Falsely ascribed to Jo. Fletcher."

⁷ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁸ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁹ Collier's *History of English Dram. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 70.

to be so ; for of Shirley's purely comic dramas it is perhaps the most brilliant.

In 1633, the great and unfortunate Earl of Strafford arrived in Ireland, having been appointed to the government of that distracted country in 1631.¹⁰ Among the domestic retinue of the Lord Deputy, was John Ogilby, a worthy and enterprising man, whose voluminous publications at a later period are sufficiently notorious. By his noble patron he was created Master of the Revels in Ireland ; and he built and became manager of the first regular playhouse erected in Dublin. It stood in Werburgh Street, and its exhibitions commenced in 1635.¹ About two years after it had opened, we find Shirley resident in the Irish capital. Enjoying,

¹⁰ The Earl of Strafforde's *Letters*, &c. vol. ii. p. 430. (Appendix).

¹ On the breaking out of the rebellion, the theatre in Werburgh Street was closed ; and Ogilby, after experiencing various misfortunes, withdrew to England. In 1662, having procured from Charles the Second a renewal of the patent for Master of the Revels in Ireland, he returned to Dublin, and erected by subscription a theatre in Smock Alley, then called Orange Street. In 1671, part of the building fell down, during the representation of a play, when two persons were killed, and many severely wounded : this accident put a stop, for a long time, to dramatic entertainments in that kingdom, and Ogilby, in disgust at his repeated losses and failures, finally quitted it. See Hitchcock's *Hist. View of the Irish Stage*, vol. i. p. 15. The remainder of his life was spent in London, where he died, 1676. A list of the volumes published by this industrious man, in spite of the difficulties with which he had to struggle, may be found in Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 740 et seq. ed. Bliss. His poetical performances are mean and prosaic beyond example, and the name of Ogilby has, not undeservedly, passed

it would seem, the favour of the Lord Deputy, he there employed himself on dramatic composition, and furnished several pieces (which will be presently enumerated) for Ogilby's theatrical company. "In 1637," says Octavius Gilchrist, "Shirley went to Ireland, under the patronage of George, Earl of Kildare, to whom he dedicated his *Royal Master*, and by whose influence that comedy had been acted in the castle at Dublin, before the Right Honourable the Lord Deputy."² Here, I believe, the time of Shirley's going to Ireland is rightly fixed. For the assertion that he went thither under the patronage of the Earl of Kildare, Mr. Gilchrist had perhaps some authority with which I am unacquainted; but if it was merely founded on the following passage of the Dedication mentioned by that gentleman, I must consider it as not fully warranted: "It was my happiness, being a stranger in this kingdom, to kiss your Lordship's hands, to which your nobleness and my own ambition encouraged me."³ In a Prologue, written for Ogilby's theatre, Shirley makes an evident allusion to himself:

" I'll tell you what a poet says ; *two year*
He has liv'd in Dublin ;"⁴

and the Dedication just cited, which was printed into a by-word for a bad translator. Some of his works, in which he is said to have been assisted by Shirley, will be afterwards noticed.

² *Letter from Octavius Gilchrist, in Wilson's Hist. of Merchant Taylors' School, Part ii. p. 673.*

³ Vol. iv. p. 103.

⁴ Vol. vi. p. 493.

in 1638, informs us, that, certain affairs requiring his presence at home, he was then on the eve of departure from Ireland.

Before THE ROYAL MASTER was licensed, it had been performed in Dublin, both at Ogilby's theatre, and at the Castle in the presence of Lord Strafford. This comedy was entered in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-Book, April 23, 1638,⁵ and printed in the same year, (ten copies of commendatory verses being prefixed to it), *As it was Acted in the new Theater in Dublin : and Before the Right Honorable the Lord Deputie of Ireland, in the Castle.*

THE DUKE'S MISTRESS, a tragedy, was licensed Jan. 18, 1635-6,⁶ by Sir Henry Herbert, who has also registered that it was "played at St. James the 22d. of Feb."⁷ following. It was given to the press in 1638, *As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, At the private House in Drury Lane.*

That THE DOUBTFUL HEIR, a tragi-comedy, was first performed at the Dublin Theatre, with the title of *Rosania or Love's Victory*,⁸ appears by the Prologue printed among Shirley's POEMS in 1646.⁹ It was licensed as *Rosania*, June 1, 1640 ;¹ and published (with five other plays in an octavo vo-

⁵ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁶ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁷ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 238.

⁸ Malone, by an oversight, includes *Rosania, or Love's Victory*, in a list of old plays, which are not known to have been printed. *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. ii. p. 438.

⁹ See vol. iv. p. 278.

¹ Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

lume²) in 1652, under the name of *THE DOUBTFUL HEIR, As it was Acted at the private House in Black-Friers.*

ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND, of which no entry occurs in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, was written for, and performed at, the Dublin Theatre. In the title-page of the old copy, printed in 1640, it is termed *The First Part*; and though Shirley declares in the Prologue,

“ if ye

First welcome this, you'll grace our poet's art,
And give him courage for a second part,”

and again in the Epilogue,

“ Yet this is but a part of what our Muse
Intends, if the first birth you nobly use,”

we do not find that he ever produced a continuation of this strange drama. A little volume, called *A Select Collection of Old Plays*, edited by Chetwood, and published at Dublin in 1751, contains a reprint of ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND.

THE CONSTANT MAID, not in the list of Shirley's pieces licensed by the Master of the Revels, is supposed by Mr. Gifford to have been produced between the years 1636, and 1639, during the poet's residence in Ireland. The first edition in 1640, makes no mention at what theatre it had been performed. In 1661, it was reprinted under the name of *Love will finde out the Way, An Excel-*

² The general title-page of the volume is dated 1653.

lent Comedy by T. B.³ *As it was acted with great Applause, by her Majesties Servants, at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.* This second edition was again put forth in 1667, with the following new title-page, *THE CONSTANT MAID: or, Love will finde out the Way. A Comedy, By J. S. As it is now Acted at the new Playhouse called the Nursery, in Hatton-Garden.* In 1744, it was inserted in the collection of *Old Plays* by Dodsley, who used the impression of 1661.⁴

THE HUMOROUS COURTIER, a comedy, is another of Shirley's unregistered dramas. Mr. Gifford assigns its appearance on the stage to a date previous to the year 1640, when it came from the press, *As it hath been presented with good applause at the private house in Drury Lane.*

THE ARCADIA, also unnoticed by Sir Henry Herbert, was printed in 1640, (having been doubtless produced at an earlier period) as *Acted by her Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.* In this Pastoral the chief incidents of Sidney's famous romance are not unskilfully dramatized.

³ T. B. of whom I know nothing, appended to this comedy, the following

Epilogue.

“ Through many hazards Love hath found a way
For friends to meet ; good omen to our Play :
If love hath brought you hither, gentlemen,
Love will find out the way to come agen ;
And we dare promise, if you relish these,
Our loves shall find out other ways to please.”

⁴ “ I can,” he says, “ give no account, either of the author of this play, or when it was wrote.” vol. xii. p. 96.

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE, a tragi-comedy, was licensed October 30, 1639,⁵ and printed in 1655, as *Presented at the Private house in Salisbury Court by her Majesties Servants.*

ST. ALBANS, a tragedy, and LOOKE TO THE LADIE, a comedy were entered, as Shirley's, on the book of the Stationer's Company in 1639 :⁶ both have perished.

THE IMPOSTURE was licensed Nov. 10, 1640,⁷ and printed in 1652, (with five other plays in an octavo volume)⁸ *As it was Acted at the private House in Black Fryers.* This fine tragi-comedy seems, from the Prologue, to have been the first of Shirley's productions after his return from Ireland,—

“ He has been stranger long to the English scene.”

Mr. Gifford observes that THE POLITICIAN “ does not appear to have been licenced by the Master of the Revels :” he thinks that it was produced not later than 1639 ; and that it may indeed have been represented while the poet was in Ireland. I feel convinced, however, that the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, relates to this tragedy ; “ *The Politique Father, May 26, 1641 :*”⁹ we have already seen that Shirley's

⁵ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁶ The *Biographia Dramatica*, (ed. Jones), without any authority, attributes to Shirley the lost play, called *The General*, for which he wrote a Prologue : see vol. vi. p. 495.

⁷ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁸ The general title-page of the volume is dated 1653.

⁹ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

dramas were not always printed with the names under which they had been licensed. **THE POLITICIAN** was given to the press in 1655, as *Presented at Salisbury Court by her Majesties Servants*.

THE CARDINAL was licensed Nov. 25, 1641,¹ and printed in 1652 (with five other plays in an octavo volume²) *As it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers*. There can be little doubt that, while composing this tragedy, Shirley kept his eye on Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*: the former indeed contains no scenes or passages which can be pointed out as plagiarisms from the latter, yet the general resemblance between the two dramas could scarcely have been accidental. Though **THE CARDINAL** is not characterised by the dark terrors, the profound pathos, and the intense passion of *The Dutchess of Malfy*, it is a very powerful and affecting play, and less offensive to correct taste than its sublimer prototype. It appears to me the most perfect of Shirley's tragedies with the exception of **THE TRAITOR**; but some readers may perhaps prefer it to that earlier effort of our poet, and agree with him in esteeming it "the best of his flock."³ Hart, the celebrated actor, laid the foundation of his fame by performing, when a boy, the part of the Dutchess in **THE CARDINAL**.⁴ Pepys informs us that on October 2d. 1662, he slipped into the Cockpit by a private door, when the King

¹ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

² The general title-page of the volume is dated 1653.

³ See the Dedication prefixed to it; also the Prologue.

⁴ Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, p. 3.

and Queen were there, to witness the representation of this play ; and adds, with his usual discernment, “ nor is there any great matter in it ! ”⁵

THE SISTERS was licensed April 26, 1642,⁶ by Sir Henry Herbert, whose duties were then drawing to a close, and was first printed in 1652, (with five other plays in an octavo volume,⁷) *As it was Acted at the private House in Black Fryers*. After the Restoration, this bustling comedy was revived.

The first ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for the suppression of stage plays throughout the kingdom was issued in September, 1642. Shirley, like the other dramatists of the day, enlisted himself on the side of monarchy. “ When the rebellion broke out,” says Wood, “ and he thereupon forced to leave London, and so consequently his wife and children, (who afterwards were put to their shifts) he was invited by his most noble patron William, Earl (afterwards Marquess and Duke) of Newcastle, to take his fortune with him in the wars ; for that Count had engaged him so much by his generous liberality towards him, that he thought he could not do a worthier act, than to serve him, and so consequently his prince.”⁸ To the munificence of the Duke of Newcastle, Ben Jonson and other men of genius had been deeply indebted as well as Shirley, who appears to have

⁵ *Diary*, vol. i. p. 168, 4to. ed.

⁶ Malone's *Shakespeare*, (by Boswell) vol. iii. p. 232.

⁷ The general title-page of the volume is dated 1653.

⁸ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.

first courted his notice in 1638, by dedicating to him *THE TRAITOR*.⁹ Every reader has learned from the pages of Clarendon, how gallantly this nobleman exerted himself in his sovereign's defence, till 1644, when, after the disastrous battle of Marston Moor, he hastily withdrew from England.¹ Many years passed on the continent, amidst great privations, gave a keener relish to the tranquil happiness which he enjoyed during the later portion of his life, in the splendid retirement of his hereditary domain. In the memoir of the Duke

⁹ Vol. ii. p. 97.

¹ For his rash and precipitate departure to the continent, the Dutchess thus accounts :—" Having nothing left in his power to do his Majesty any further Service in that kind ; for he had neither Ammunition, nor Money to raise more Forces, to keep either York, or any other Towns that were yet in his Majesties Devotion, well knowing that those which were left could not hold out long, and being also loath to have aspersions cast upon him, that he did sell them to the Enemy, in Case he could not keep them ; he took a Resolution, and that justly and honourably, to forsake the Kingdom ; and to that end, went the next morning to the Prince [Rupert], and acquainted him with his Design ; desiring His Highness would be pleased to give this true and just Report of him to his Majesty, That he had behaved himself like an honest man, a Gentleman, and a Loyal Subject : Which request the Prince having granted, my Lord took his leave ; and being Conducted by a Troop of Horse, and a Troop of Dragoons to Scarborough, went to sea, and took shipping for Hamborough ; the Gentry of the Country, who also came to take their leaves of My Lord, being much troubled at his departure, and speaking very honourably of him, as surely they had no Reason to the contrary." *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, p. 65, ed. 1675, 4to.

written by his eccentric Dutchess,² the high-minded and affectionate partner of his varied fortunes, the name of Shirley does not once occur.

According to Wood, "Shirley did much assist the Duke in the composure of certain plays, which

² Amidst all the absurdity, coarseness, and bad taste of the numerous folio volumes which this extraordinary woman produced, we occasionally meet with original thoughts and pleasing gleams of fancy. The following lines in her *Dialogue between Melancholy and Mirth*, were recently pointed out to me, as a proof that she was endowed with true poetic feeling, by one, who is himself the greatest of our living poets :

" The Tolling Bell, which for the Dead rings out ;
A Mill, where rushing Waters run about.

* * * * *

I dwell in Groves, that Gilt are with the Sun ;
Sit on the Banks, by which clear Waters run.

In Summers hot, down in a Shade I lye ;

My Musick is the Buzzing of a Flye.

* * * * *

I walk in Meadows, where grows fresh green grass ;

In Fields, where Corn is high, I often pass :

Walk up the Hills, where round I Prospects see ;

Some brushy Woods, and some all Champains be.

* * * * *

In Winter cold, when Nipping Frosts come on,

Then I do live in a small House alone,

Which being Close and Little, makes it warm,

No Wind, or Weather cold, can do it harm.

Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,

Like to a Soul that's pure, and clear from Sin ;

And there I dwell in quiet and still Peace,

Nor fill'd with Cares how Riches to encrease.

I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless Pleasures ;

No Riches are, but what the Mind intreaures.

the Duke afterwards published.”³ The style of his Grace’s dramas⁴ would certainly have induced me to suspect the truth of this statement, if I had not discovered, that a drinking-song, which is inserted in the Duke’s comedy, called the *Country Captain*,⁵ is printed among our author’s POEMS.

“After the King’s cause declined,” continues Wood, “Shirley retired obscurely to London, where among others of his noted friends, he found Thomas Stanley, Esq. who exhibited to him for the present.”⁶ This amiable scholar was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight ; and, about the period of our poet’s history now under consideration, he appears to have been resident in the Middle Temple. Having relinquished all other pursuits for those of literature, he applied himself to study with the assiduity of the Scaligers ;⁷ and his elegant taste

Thus am I solitary, live alone ;
Yet better lov’d, the more that I am known.”

Poems, or Several Fancies in Verse, &c. pp. 112,
114, 115, third ed. 1668, fol.

The cold-hearted Walpole, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, has written with insufferable flippancy concerning this lady and her husband.

³ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 739. ed. Bliss.

⁴ *Country Captaine*, and *The Varietie*, (printed together) 1649, 12mo ; *The Humorous Lovers*, 1677, 4to. ; *The Triumphant Widow*, 1677, 4to.

⁵ At the opening of Act. iv.—“Come, let us throw the dice,” &c. See vol. vi. p. 439.

⁶ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737, ed. Bliss.

⁷ “Neither the cares nor concerns for his family, nor the caresses and endearments of a young wife, could prevail with

and profound erudition have been manifested to the world by his *Poems*, his *History of Philosophy*, and his edition of *Æschylus*.⁸ The “greatness and the number of the favours,” which he conferred on Shirley, are acknowledged in the Dedication prefixed to the Comedy of *THE BROTHERS*.⁹ Among the associates of Stanley, was his kinsman Edward Sherburne,¹ afterwards knighted by Charles the Second; and with this accomplished versifier, who possessed no despicable share of learning, Shirley was also on very friendly terms.

From his talents, as a dramatist, Shirley could reap no benefit in those gloomy and puritanic days; and, having a wife and family to maintain, he resumed the occupation, to which two of his earlier years had been devoted. “Following his old trade,” says the Oxford antiquary, “of teaching school, which was mostly in the White-friers, he not only gained a comfortable subsistence, - - - but

him to intermit his ordinary studies, on which he was obstinately bent.” *Account of the Life and Writings of Stanley*, prefixed to his *History of Philosophy*, ed. 1743.

⁸ Even if it be allowed that Stanley, in his edition of *Æschylus*, made a disingenuous use of the emendations of preceding critics, (See *Mus. Crit.* vol. ii. p. 488, et seq. and Blomfield’s *Pref. ad Agam.* p. ix. et seq. ed. 1826), he is still entitled to the praise of great learning.

⁹ Vol. i. p. 189.

¹ Mr. A. Chalmers, by mistake, says that Sherburne’s intimate friend Stanley, was “father of the learned Thomas Stanley, Esq.” *Life of Sir E. Sherburne*,—*English Poets*, vol. vi. p. 604.

educated many ingenious youths, who afterwards proved most eminent in divers faculties."² That he was fully competent to perform the duties of an instructor, is evinced by his grammatical treatises, which will be presently noticed; and there is every reason to believe that he pursued this honourable employment, in easy though not affluent circumstances, till the termination of his life.

A small octavo volume, entitled *POEMS &c. By James Shirley. Sine aliquâ dementiâ nullus Phæbus*, issued from the press in 1646. It consists of 1. Verses on various subjects, 2. *Narcissus, or The Self Lover*, 3. Several Prologues and Epilogues, and 4. *The Triumph of Beauty*. Of the verses on various subjects, which occupy about half of the volume, a few had been previously printed in the author's plays.³ They seem, for the most part, to have been effusions of his youth: the elegy "Upon the death of King James"⁴ was certainly written in 1625; and to some of them, I apprehend, dates considerably anterior to that event may be assigned. How different was the shape which many of them wore on their original production from that which they assumed when given to the public in this miscellany, I have shewn by copious extracts from one of Rawlinson's MSS. in the

² *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 737. ed. Bliss.—He had an usher, a Scotchman, named David Whitford, by whom Ogilby, about 1654, was taught the Greek language. *Id.* p. 742.

³ See table, vol. vi. p. 401.

⁴ Vol. vi. p. 443.

Bodleian Library, Oxford.⁵ These Verses are of very unequal merit; while some scarcely rise above mediocrity, others are replete with fancy, grace, and tenderness. *Narcissus, or The Self-Lover*, (which first appeared in 1618 under a different title) has been before noticed.⁶ *The Triumph of Beauty, as it was personated by some young gentlemen, for whom it was intended, at a private recreation*, is a very spirited and elegant composition.⁷ To the volume just described seven poetical eulogies by Stanley, May, &c. are prefixed.

In order to procure a subsistence during the silence of the stage, the persecuted actors had recourse to various expedients. In 1647, ten comedians of note united in publishing those dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher, which had till then remained in manuscript; and for this collection, which came forth in folio, an address "To the Reader," was furnished by Shirley.⁸ When we reflect how

⁵ See vol. vi. p. 405, et seq. The same valuable M. S. has enabled me to lay before the reader several poems by Shirley, hitherto unprinted: see vol. vi. p. 497, and seq.

⁶ See p. vi. of this memoir.

⁷ A drama on the same subject by Peele, called *The Arraignment of Paris*, was acted before Queen Elizabeth by the children of her Chapel, and printed in 1584: see my ed. of Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 1. (1829.).

⁸ TO THE READER.

"Poetry is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must

little is known concerning the illustrious pair, on whose genius he there bestows such a glowing have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge,) there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition, nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

“ This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages: for, it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours’ spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, were usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir, than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing Monsieur or Signior to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!

“ And now, reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read

panegyric, and that he had enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of Fletcher, we cannot but regret

these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves which were only shewed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

“ You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent, and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand admiring the subtle tracts of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the least room left in their souls for another passion, peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none but the same hands could work them.

“ Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself; and, but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elysium; and, when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

“ Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies; but let the ingenuous reader peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a preface to the rest; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

that his characteristic modesty should have deterred him from becoming their biographer: "he must be a bold man," says our too diffident poet, "that dares undertake to write their lives." To the same collection he also contributed a short copy of encomiastic verses, in which he predicted the speedy return of Charles to the throne, —a vain prophecy! for he was soon to witness the murder of the king, and the triumph of Puritanism.

VIA AD LATINAM LINGUAM COMPLANATA. *The*

"Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

"It is not so remote in time but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: what I have to say is, we have the precious remains; and as the wisest contemporaries acknowledge they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

"What more specially concern[s] these authors and their works, is told thee by another hand, in the following Epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

"Farewell: read and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee: and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself; and, at the same time, forgive

"Thy friend,

"And these Authors' humble admirer,

"JA. SHIRLEY."

Way made plain to the Latine Tongue. The Rules composed in English and Latine Verse: For the greater Delight and Benefit of Learners. By James Shirley. Avia Pieridum peragro loca. Lucret. 1649. 12mo. p p. 125, was his first publication in the capacity of school-master. This useful little treatise is dedicated, in what Wood justly calls "fine language," to William Herbert, son of Philip Lord Herbert;⁹ and is recommended to the

⁹ "To the most hopeful pledge of Honor, William Herbert,
Son to the Right Honorable Philip Lord Herbert.

Sir,

At this time, the press doth almost groan with the burden of new Grammars, by which, some would prophetically imply the decay of Learning, as if the root and foundation of art stood in need of warmth and reparation: if I were guilty of this belief, I am not so old in practice, to forget how much unworthy I am, to apply to such public necessity. It shall be happiness enough to me, if while your years are fit for principles of this nature, this Book be not thought unworthy of your shade and protection.

I dare not be so bold to prescribe it to your particular use, others having more worthily the honour to be employed in your education; but, if with their judgment, it may be admitted to your reading, I am very confident, it will much facilitate your progress, and make the way short and pleasant, if you walk by rules to the Latin tongue.

It remains, that I wish you may grow up the great example of true nobility: you cannot but raise our expectation, while you are remembered the son of your most nobly accomplished father, descended from your yet flourishing grandfather, whose name is worthily affixed a patron to more generous wit than our nation must hope to see again in all future ages.

Nor can the glory of your great uncle, William Earl of Pembroke (the ornament of the court and kingdom) and the

world by nine pieces of verse from the pens of various friends. A single couplet will suffice as a specimen of its *poetry* :

“In *di, do, dum*, the Gerunds chime and close ;
Um the first Supine, *u* the latter shews.” p. 117.

Such were now the labours of Shirley’s Muse ! but be it remembered that Milton stooped his mighty mind to the voluntary composition of a book for children.¹

The SIX NEW PLAYES, *viz.* *The Brothers, The Sisters, The Doubtfull Heir, The Imposture, The Cardinal, and The Court Secret*, which Shirley printed in 1653², have been already separately

ever-celebrated name of Sidney, whose blood is warm in your veins, be out of your eye and imitation : their fames I look upon as an immortal treasury, left by them, who had merited for more than themselves, and might, from their supernumerary virtues, spare enough to indulge posterity.

But let their characters be the argument of a more able pen : I return to my first ambition, that these papers, dedicate to your name, may owe their first light and life to the influence of your morning, so the world shall read, to the happy presage of your great name, that you disdained not to begin to learn, and to be a Mæcenas, together ; while I (encouraged by your virtue, to lay this first public sacrifice upon your virgin altar) am but the more engaged to profess myself,

Sir,

The most humble and faithful honourer
of your family,

JAMES SHIRLEY.”

¹ *Accedence commenc’t Grammar*, 1669, 12mo.

² The title-pages of the other plays in this volume bear date 1652 ; that of the *Court Secret*, 1653.

considered, with the exception of the last. *THE COURT SECRET*, was *Never Acted, But prepared for the Scene, at Blackfriars*; and the well-written Dedication prefixed to it, informs us: “it happened to receive birth when the stage was interdicted, and wanted that public seal which other compositions enjoyed; though it hath been read and honoured with the allowance of some men, whose opinion was as acceptable to me, as the vote of a smiling theatre.” According to Langbaine, this tragic-comedy was performed, within his recollection, at the King’s House.

CUPID AND DEATH. A Masque. As it was Presented before his Excellencie, the Embassadour of Portugal, Upon the 26 of March 1653, was given to the press during the same year. This very beautiful piece, founded on the fable of Cupid and Death exchanging weapons, was reprinted in 1659.

THE GENTLEMAN OF VENICE, and *THE POLITICIAN*, already more particularly noticed, were published in 1655.

Filli Di Sciro. Or Phillis of Scyros. An Excellent Pastorall. Written in Italian by C. Guidubaldo de’ Bonarelli. And Translated into English, by J. S. Gent., 1655. 4to., is a very indifferent version of a most tedious drama; and as it has been ascribed to our poet solely from the initial letters on the title-page, I have not admitted it into the present collection.

THE RUDIMENTS OF GRAMMAR. The Rules composed in English Verse, For the greater Benefit

and delight of young beginners, by James Shirley, 12mo. pp. 94, appeared in 1656.

In 1659 Shirley published together, in a small octavo volume, *HONORIA AND MAMMON*, and *THE CONTENTION OF AJAX AND ULYSSES FOR THE ARMOUR OF ACHILLES*. The former piece, founded on his own interlude called *THE CONTENTION OF HONOUR AND RICHES*, seems never to have been designed for the stage, and closed, as he tells us, the list of his dramatic productions: "it is now made public to satisfy the importunity of my friends: I will only add it is like to be the last, for in my resolve, nothing of this nature shall, after this, engage either my pen or invention." For *THE CONTENTION OF AJAX AND ULYSSES*, which was *nobly represented by young Gentlemen of quality, at a private entertainment of some persons of honour*, he is not only greatly indebted to Ovid, but also owes considerable obligations to Heywood, who had treated the same subject in the First Part of *The Iron Age*.³ When the writings of Shirley had fallen into oblivion, the grand and solemn stanzas at the conclusion of his last-mentioned piece, were printed as Butler's, in a volume of that poet's *Posthumous Works*, and entitled "A thought upon death, after hearing of the murder of Charles 1st.!"⁴

³ Act v. Heywood's *Iron Age* was not printed till 1632, but had been acted at a much earlier period.

⁴ Charles the Second used to have this dirge sung to him; see note, vol vi. p. 397. Zouch, without citing any authority

MANDUCTIO: or a leading of Children by the Hand Through the Principles of Grammar. The second edition enlarged. By Ja: Shirley. 12mo. pp. 243, came from the press in 1660.⁵

Andromana: or The Merchant's Wife. The Scæne Iberia. By J. S. 1660, 4to. has been attributed to Shirley, though it bears not the slightest resemblance, in diction, thought, or versification, to his acknowledged dramas.⁶ This wretched tragedy is reprinted, with all the blunders of the original 4to., in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744, and in Reed's edition of that collection, 1780: I need scarcely add that it forms no portion of the present work.

The Restoration of Charles the Second does not appear to have bettered, in any respect, the condition of Shirley.⁷ On the opening of the

for the anecdote, observes, "Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of it [the dirge], to have been seized with great terror, and agitation of mind." Note on Walton's *Lives*, p. 342. ed. 1807.

⁵ *An Essay Towards an Universal and Rational Grammar; Together with Rules for Learning Latin in English Verse. Formerly composed by Mr. Shirley, the best Dramatic Poet in his Time. To which is annexed &c. For the Use of Prince William.* [By Jenkin Thomas Phillipps] 8vo. was published in 1726.

⁶ See an article (written I believe by Mr. O. Gilchrist) on Jones's ed. of the *Biographia Dramatica*. *Quart. Review*. vol. vii. p. 290. I am surprised to find so acute a critic as Dr. Farmer attributing *Andromana* to Shirley, in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*: his recollections of it amounted, perhaps, to little more than that the initials "J. S." were on the title-page.

⁷ "After his majesty's return to his kingdom, several of his plays which he before had made were acted with good applause, but what office or employment he had conferr'd upon

theatres, which were eagerly attended by the people, several of his pieces were revived with success; but his declared resolution⁸ of never again attempting dramatic poetry, was not to be shaken. He continued to earn a livelihood by teaching his little school; while a degenerate race of playwrights arose, to delight with bombast and obscenity a tasteless and licentious age.⁹

Our author, says Wood, "was a drudge for John Ogilby in his translation of Homer's Iliads and Odysseys, and some of Virgil's works, into English verse, with the writing of annotations on them;"¹ and though the indefatigable rhymers who put forth those ponderous tomes makes

him after all his sufferings, I cannot justly tell." Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 738. ed. Bliss.

⁸ See p. liii. of this Memoir.

⁹ Three of Dryden's plays were acted before Shirley's death, *The Wild Gallant*, *The Rival Ladies*, and *The Indian Emperor*.—Concerning Dryden's contemporary, Nat Lee, the following memorandum is written in an old hand on a copy of Langbaine's *Account of the English Dramatic Poets* in my possession: "I've heard from y^e Actors he was a well-looking man, and had a beautiful head of hair: he died in y^e street, not murder'd, but thro' inconsiderateness, having drank excessively hard when he was in a milk diet, which was ordered in hopes to restore his intellectuals. He acted only low parts as Otway did." The "beautiful head of hair" is very conspicuous in a fine portrait of Lee, now in Mr. Matthews's gallery at Highgate.

¹ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 739. ed. Bliss.—The first edition of Ogilby's *Virgil*, an octavo volume without annotations, appeared in 1649: and enlarged editions of it were printed in folio, 1654, 1668: his *Iliad* was published in 1660, his *Odyssey* in 1665, both in folio.

no allusion to such assistance, the statement of Wood is most probably correct. That Shirley and Ogilby were in habits of intercourse at Dublin, has been already shown; and it is certain that their acquaintance ripened into friendship with the lapse of years.³

In “The Scession of the Poets, to the Tune of Cook Laurel” [Cock Lorell], printed among *Poems on Affairs of State*,⁴ are the following passages;

“ Old *Shirley* stood up, and made an Excuse,
Because many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

* * * * *

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took notice of till that Day,
Impatiently sat till it came to his Round,
Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

Such Arrogance made Apollo stark mad;
But Shirley endeavour'd to appease his Choler,
By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.”

The last stanza I am unable to illustrate, having never elsewhere discovered any mention of our author in connection with Edward Howard. This

³ See the lines by Shirley, vol. vi. p. 513; and those by Ogilby, among the Commendatory Verses on Shirley in vol. i.

⁴ Vol. i. p. 206, ed. 1703.

Honourable scribbler wrote various plays, of which four⁵ are extant ; but in these, assuredly, there is not a single scene that Shirley would have “ owned.” The occasional strokes of satire on his vanity as a dramatist in *The Rehearsal*, and the bitter verses in which Dorset, and other wits of the time, assailed his heroic poem, *The British Princes*, have preserved the name of Howard from utter oblivion.

The principal facts in the preceding pages of this imperfect essay are gathered from the valuable work of Wood ; and had it not been for his curious researches, we should have possessed no memorial of the calamitous event which terminated our poet’s existence. “ At length,” he relates, “ after Mr. Shirley had lived ⁶ in various conditions, and had seen much of the world, he with his second wife Frances were driven by the dismal conflagration that happened in London an. 1666, from their habitation near to Fleet-Street, into the parish of S. Giles’s in the Fields in Middlesex, where being in a manner overcome with affrightments, disconsolations, and other miseries, occasion’d by that fire and their losses, they both died within the compass of a natural day : whereupon their bodies were buried in one grave in the yard belonging to the said church of S. Giles’s, on the 29th of Octob.

⁵ *The Usurper*, 1668 ; *The Six Days Adventure*, 1671 ; *The Women’s Conquest*, 1671, and *The Man of Newmarket*, 1678, all in 4to. : of his other plays the names only remain.

⁶ The words omitted in this quotation are “ to the age of 72 years at least :” Wood did not know the date of Shirley’s birth.

in sixteen hundred sixty and six.”⁷ Shirley deceased at the commencement of his seventy-first year.

Of his personal appearance, the portrait⁸ in the Bodleian Gallery, Oxford, conveys a very distinct idea : it is doubtless authentic, and has been faithfully copied for the present work. To the blameless tenour of his life there is abundant contemporary testimony :⁹ gentle, modest, and full of sensi-

⁷ *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iii. p. 740. ed. Bliss.—I copied the following entry from the Register of Burials belonging to St. Giles’s Church :

“ October, 1666.

29 { Mr. James Sherley,
 { Mrs. Frances Sherley his wife.”

⁸ The painter’s name unknown. There are two old engraved portraits of Shirley. The earliest, a very poor performance, representing him in a gown and band, is prefixed to his *Poems*, 1646 : below it are these lines :

“ *Hæc summum vatem Shirleium pingit Imago,
 Solem sic reddit debilis umbra suum :
 At si nativâ fulgentem luce videbis,
 Exhibit en propriâ picta Tabella manu.*”

and after them, “ *W. Marshall sculpsit, 1646.*” The other, a bust of the poet with his armorial bearings, and by no means contemptible as a work of art, is prefixed to *Honoriam and Mammon*, &c. 1659, (not to *Six New Playes*, 1653, as Grainger says, *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. i. P. ii. p. 491.) : below it is inscribed “ *Jacobus Shirlæus : G. Phenik pinx : R. Gaywood, fecit 1658 :*” this engraving bears such a resemblance to the Bodleian portrait, that I used to consider it as a copy of that picture, with certain alterations and omissions ; but Mr. Lupton who engraved the latter for the present volumes inclines to a different opinion.

⁹ See Commendatory Verses addressed to Shirley, vol. i.

bility, he seems to have conciliated the affection of all his associates.

His orphan children were most probably thrown destitute on the world. The situation of Butler in Furnivals Inn, was occupied by one of his sons, in the time of Wood.¹

According to Langbaine, Shirley left behind him several plays in manuscript. The *Double Falsehood*, which Theobald published in 1728, is supposed by Dr. Farmer to have been one of these ; and internal evidence corroborates his conjecture.² If a copy of this tragi-comedy could have been procured, exhibiting the author's genuine text, I should have included it in the present volumes ; but unfortunately the *Double Falsehood* only exists as *Revised and adapted to the Stage by Mr. Theobald*.³

¹ See p. i. (note) of this Memoir.

² In his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*: and see *Quart. Review*, vol. vii. p. 290.

³ *Double Falsehood; or, the Distrest Lovers, A Play, As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Written originally by W. Shakespeare ; And now Revised and Adapted to the Stage By Mr. Theobald, the author of Shakespeare Restor'd, 1728, 8vo.*

Theobald possessed more than one MS. copy of this tragi-comedy, which is founded on the story of Cardenio in *Don Quixote*. He chose to attribute it to Shakespeare, (as perhaps the title-page bore an abbreviation of the author's name "Sh.") but his enemies, (paying him a compliment which they did not intend) affected to think it his own composition. It contains several pretty passages, e. g.

" Strike up, my masters,

But touch the strings with a religious softness ;

The few revivals of our author's plays on the stage, from the period of his decease to the present time, have been already enumerated.

Teach sound to languish through the night's dull ear,
Till Melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And carelessness grow convert to attention."

Act I. sc. iii.

"The voice of parents is the voice of gods,
For to their children they are Heaven's lieutenants;
Made fathers, not for common uses merely
Of procreation, (beasts and birds would be
As noble then as we are) but to steer
The wanton freight of youth through storms and dangers,
Which with full sails they bear upon; and straiten
The moral line of life they bend so often:
For these are we made fathers; and for these
May challenge duty on our children's part.
Obedience is the sacrifice of angels,
Whose form you carry." Act V. Sc. ii.

"When lovers swear true faith, the listening angels
Stand on the golden battlements of Heaven,
And waft their vows to the eternal throne."

Ibid.

The first of these passages being much admired, Theobald was vain enough to declare that it was the only one throughout the whole play which he had written! In *Martinus Scriblerus Περὶ Βαθους*, or *the Art of Sinking in Poetry*, some lines from the *Double Falsehood* are most unjustly ridiculed. It was acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1728, and revived at Covent-Garden Theatre in 1767.

Theobald was the only person of his time who had studied the early English writers with attention, and his exposure of the errors which Pope had committed as an editor of Shakespeare, made him the original hero of the *Dunciad*.

That a deadly blight was cast on the literary reputation of Shirley in 1682, by the following passages of *Mac Flecknoe*, cannot be questioned; the critical decisions of Dryden, however unjust, had no slight influence on the public mind :⁴

“ Heywood and *Shirley* were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology.”

* * * * *

“ Now Empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town:
Rous'd by report of fame, the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread the imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay :
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies * * * * *
Much Heywood, *Shirley*, Ogilby there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.”

He possessed no ordinary knowledge of Greek literature, in which Pope and his coterie were lamentably deficient. To the first volume of Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations*, 1731, he contributed several papers, signed L. T., on passages of Eustathius, Athenæus, Suidas, Strabo, Anacreon, and Æschylus; and he published translations of the *Electra* and *Ædipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, and the *Plutus* and *Clouds* of Aristophanes.

⁴ “ The Commendations which you give me,” writes Dennis to Dryden in 1693, “ exceedingly sooth my Vanity. For you with a breath can bestow or confirm Reputation : a whole Numberless People Proclaims the praise which you give, and the Judgments of three mighty Kingdoms appear to depend upon yours.” *Letters upon several Occasions, &c. Published by Mr. Dennis*, 1696, p. 51.

“ Mr. Langbaine,” says Gildon, writing in 1698,⁵ “ gives him [Shirley] no small Praise, and indeed he does to most of *the indifferent Poets*, so that shou’d a Stranger to our Poets read him, they wou’d make an odd Collection of our English Writers, for they would be sure to take Heywood, *Shirley*, &c. and leave Dryden,” &c.

About the commencement of the eighteenth century, a poetaster, named Robert Gould, thus expressed the contempt, which was then generally felt for our author’s works :

“ Think, ye vain scribbling tribe of Shirley’s fate,
 You that write farce, and you that farce translate ;
Shirley, the scandal of the ancient stage,
Shirley, the very Durfey of his age ;
 Think how he lies in Ducklane shops forlorn,
 And never mention’d but with utmost scorn :
 Think that the end of all your boasted skill,
 As I presume to prophecy it will
 Justly,—for many of you write as ill.”⁶

⁵ *Lives and Characters of the English Dram. Poets*, p. 131. Langbaine had described Shirley as “ One of such Incomparable parts, that he was the Chief of the Second-rate Poets ; and by some has been thought even equal to Fletcher himself.”—*Account of the English Dram. Poets*, p. 474, ed. 1691.

⁶ *The Play House, a Satire*.—*Poetical Works of Robert Gould*, vol. ii. p. 246, ed. 1709.

Shirley's facility in composition is proved by the number of his plays; and doubtless they would have swelled into an ampler catalogue, had not the antipoetic spirit of Puritanism suppressed the stage, while the vigour of his genius was yet unimpaired. No single writer, among the early English dramatists, with the exception of Shakespeare, has bequeathed so many regular five-act pieces to posterity.⁷

His predecessors and contemporaries were usually indebted for their materials to novelists and historians, whose narratives they sometimes followed with a strange servility. But Shirley draws largely on his own invention for his plots: we recognize few borrowed incidents throughout his numerous plays; and it is remarkable that not one of them (unless we can except *ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND*) has its foundation on British History, the exhaustless mine from which so many of our early dramatists derived their subjects.

His fine moral feeling rejected those unhallowed themes, on which some of his contemporaries boldly ventured;⁸ he offends us by no glowing pictures of

⁷ Thirty-three regular dramas by Shirley are printed in the present work: Shakespeare's plays, if we include among them *Pericles*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Henry the Sixth, Part I.* are thirty-seven in number. Heywood was the most voluminous dramatic writer this country ever produced: "This Tragi-Comedy," says he, in an *Address to the Reader*, before *The English Traveller*, 1633, "being one reserved amongst two hundred and twenty, in which I have had either an entire hand, or at the least a maine finger," &c: but only twenty-three of them remain.

⁸ See Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, &c.

incestuous love. His writings are soiled, in a certain degree, by gross and immodest allusions; but whoever is conversant with our ancient drama will admit that the Muse of Shirley is comparatively chaste.

In the present volumes we meet with occasional recollections of Ben Jonson, and with one character⁸ of an abstract and artificial nature drawn in express imitation of the great painter of *humours*; but the general manner of Shirley is altogether different from that of Jonson, whom, nevertheless, he has termed his “acknowledged master.”⁹ Beaumont and Fletcher are the poets, whom he chiefly resembles, and for whom he almost seems to claim a superiority to Shakespeare, in the enthusiastic language of the Preface, which he furnished for their works.¹

Most of his plays are tragi-comedies,—now sprightly and broadly humorous, now serious and solemn. The happiest efforts of his genius will perhaps be found in the tragic portions of these variegated dramas: they contain many a scene of elegant tenderness, of deep and quiet pathos; and express the feelings of honour, love, and friendship, in their highest fervour and refinement.

From the opinion of those critics, who consider that he has been unsuccessful in *all* his tragedies, I must be allowed to dissent. Not to mention *THE CARDINAL*—had they forgotten, or did they overlook

⁸ Sir Solitary Plot in *THE EXAMPLE*.

⁹ Dedication of *THE GRATEFUL SERVANT*, vol. ii. p. 3.

¹ See p. xlvi. of this Memoir.

THE TRAITOR, a drama full of terror and of pity, powerful both in conception and in execution? I cannot think that it suffers by comparison with any piece of the kind produced during Shirley's long career ;² and, assuredly, since his decease, no tragedy of equal excellence has graced the British stage.

Of pure comedy³ his LADY OF PLEASURE and HYDE PARK are finished specimens : replete with airy, sparkling wit, with quaint and joyous humour.

Though he occasionally fails in giving vigour and individuality to his characters, the Dramatis Personæ of his best productions are strongly drawn and clearly discriminated. In the extrication of the fable he sometimes betrays carelessness and haste ; but his plots are generally conducted with admirable art and judgment.

He abounds in brilliant thoughts, in noble and majestic sentiments, yet exhibits little of profound reflexion. His imagination seldom takes a lofty flight : he loves to crowd his dramas with events of romantic beauty ; but he shews no fondness for the ideal world, its ghosts, and magic wonders.⁴

² " I do not find but the highest of our English Tragedies, as Cataline, The Maid's Tragedy, Rollo, *The Cardinal*, and *Traytor*," &c. Preface to *The Women's Conquest*, 1671, a comedy by the Hon. Edward Howard.

³ THE GAMESTER is another of his liveliest plays ; but it has a slight mixture of the tragic.

⁴ In only one of his plays, ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND, is supernatural agency employed ; and in not one of them does a

His fancy was exuberant. His scenes are rich in delicate imagery, and picturesque similies; and even on those plays, where character is somewhat faintly delineated, his eloquent and softly-coloured dialogue bestows a charm.

ghost make its appearance. Such personages as Honour, Riches, Death, Nature, Irene, Diche, &c. in his masques and interludes, cannot be adduced to disprove the above remark.

Corrigendum, p. x. l. 26.

Instead of "A Droll by Kirkman formed from this comedy," &c. read "A Droll formed from this comedy, and entitled *Jenkins Love-course and Perambulation*, was printed by Kirkman," &c.

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ON SHIRLEY.

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COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO HIS LEARNED AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,
MR. JAMES SHIRLEY, UPON HIS WEDDING.

An enforc'd rapture, and high-swelling phrase
Doth only gaudy ignorance amaze ;
Conceits, that yield judicious writers glory,
Enrich the beauty of thy comic story ;
Love's passion in smooth numbers is descried,
Such as becomes the softness of a bride.

I want a poet's airy soul to give
Due praises to thy lines, which shall outlive
The critic's spleen, the atheist's impious jest ;
A modest pen becomes the Muses best ;
And such is thine, as thy fair WEDDING shows :
Who crowns thee not, a debt to knowledge owes.

EDMOND COLLES.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MR. SHIRLEY, UPON HIS
NUPTIAL COMEDY. [THE WEDDING.]

Is Beaumont dead? or slept he all this while,
To teach the world the want of his smooth style?
If he be dead, that part of him divine,
By transmigration of his soul, is thine :

High is thy fancy, yet thy strain so sweet,
 Death would be lov'd in such a winding-sheet.
 'This WEDDING needs no offering, and thy worth
 Is above flattery, to set thee forth ;
 From whose rich Muse thus WEDDED, we shall see
 Many fair children born to Poesy.

ROBERT HARVEY.

TO MY DESERVING FRIEND MR. JAMES SHIRLEY,
 UPON HIS COMEDY, THE WEDDING.

Thou need'st not, friend, that any man for thee
 Should to the world put in security.
 Thy comedy is good ; 'twill pass alone,
 And fair enough without these ribbands shown
 Upon the forehead on't. If high-rais'd passion,
 Temper'd with harmless mirth, in such sweet fashion
 And with such harmony, as may invite
 Two faculties of soul and both delight,
 Deserve an approbation, in mine eye
 Such in just value is this Comedy.

THO. MAY.¹

¹ *Thomas May.*] Son of Thomas May, (who purchased the manor of Mayfield Place in Sussex, and was knighted in 1603) was born in 1595. He was educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, and afterwards became a member of Gray's Inn. He was patronised by Charles the First (see Account of Shirley and his Writings, p. xxvii, note) and Queen Henrietta, and published several poetical pieces at their particular recommendation. On the breaking out of the Civil Wars, however, he so actively exerted himself in the cause of the Parliament, that he was appointed their Secretary and Historiographer. He appears to

OF THIS INGENIOUS COMEDY, THE WEDDING :
TO MR. JAMES SHIRLEY, THE AUTHOR.

The bonds are equal, and the marriage fit,
Where judgment is the bride, the husband wit.
Wit hath begot, and judgment hath brought forth,
A noble issue of delight and worth,
Grown in this Comedy to such a strength
Of sweet perfection, as that not the length
Of days, nor rage of malice, can have force
To sue a nullity, or work divorce
Between this well-trimm'd WEDDING and loud
Fame,
Which shall in every age renew thy name.

JOHN FORD.²

IN HYMENÆUM INGENIOSISSIMI JACOBI
SHIRLEY.

Dies fugaci desiliunt pede,
Nec urna cuiquam parcit, at improbæ
Vivit superstes fama morti,
Nec gelidum metuit sepulchrum.

have been a very debauched man. He died in 1650. He wrote two historical poems—*The Reign of Henry II.*, and *The Reign of Edward III.*, Five Plays, a *Translation of Lucan's Pharsalia*, and a *Latin Supplement to that Poem*, *The History of the Parliament*, &c. D.

² *John Ford.*] The celebrated dramatist, was born in 1586 : how long he lived after 1639, in which year he ceased to write for the stage, has not been ascertained. D.

O qui jugales flavus Hymen toros
 Ambis, coruscâ jam nitidus togâ
 Incede! Shirleiana laurus
 Perpetuos tibi dat triumphos.
 Phœbus sacratâ vellit ab arbore
 Ramum, modestas quo decoret comas,
 Additque vatem laureatis
 Sideribus, numerumque claudit.

Spread fair, thou growing tree, with which in vain
 The winds do wrestle! Blemish'd with the stain
 Of impure life, some by atheistic rhymes
 And witty surfeits force these ruder times
 To fond amazement; but thy fair defence
 Rests in clear art and secure innocence.
 As thou, thy Muse is chaste, on which no rape
 Was e'er by thee committed. Learning's ape
 Is frantic imitation, and the bough
 That crowns such writers withers on their brow.
 I gratulate thy Wedding; love doth guide
 My friendly Muse, thus to salute thy Bride.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.³

³ *William Habington.*] Son of Thomas Habington, of Hendlip in Worcestershire, was born in 1605. He was educated at St. Omers and at Paris. He married Lucia, daughter of William, Lord Powis (the lady whom he celebrates under the name of *Castara*), and died in 1654. Besides his beautiful and well-known volume of Poems entitled *Castara*, this amiable man was author of *The Queen of Arragon*, a tragi-comedy, *History of Edward the Fourth, King of England*, (of which his father laid the groundwork) and *Observations upon History*. D.

TO MY LEARNED FRIEND, JAMES SHIRLEY, UPON
HIS GRATEFUL SERVANT.

Present thy work unto the wiser few,
That can discern and judge; 'tis good, 'tis new.
Thy style is modest, scenes high, and thy verse
So smooth, so sweet, Apollo might rehearse
To his own lute: be therefore boldly wise,
And scorn malicious censurers; like flies
They tickle but not wound; thy well got fame
Cannot be soil'd, nor canst thou merit blame
Because thou dost not swell with mighty rhymes,
Audacious metaphors; like verse, like times.
Let others bark; keep thou poetic laws,
Deserve their envy, and command applause.

JOHN FOX.

TO MY KNOWN FRIEND, MR. SHIRLEY, UPON HIS
COMEDY, THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

Who would write well for the abused stage,
When only swelling words do please the age,
And malice is thought wit? To make 't appear
They judge, they mis-interpret what they hear.
Rough poems now usurp the name of good,
And are admir'd but never understood.
Thee and thy strains I vindicate, whose pen
Wisely disdains to injure lines, or men:
Thou hast prepared dainties for each taste,
And art by all that know thy Muse embrac'd.

Let purblind critics still endure this curse,
To see good plays, and ever like the worse.

JO. HALL.⁴

INGENIOSISSIMO AMICO, IA. SHIRLEIO. [In id.]

Mater dædala nil polivit, hujus
Matris mimaque nil dolavit altum,
(Si totum e synodis tulere sacris
Et Musarum hierarchia, et sororum
Triga, et Castalius latex rigavit)
Quod non dilaniantque, lancinantque
Momi insulsa tribus, nepotulique.
Ergo per Charites, novensilesque
Divas, intrepidus nihil morare
Si qui te lacerentque verberentque.
Quis, Shirleie, tuos jocos, lepores,
Accentus thymeles, sonos theatri,
Mellitios globulos, facetiasque,
Verborum Veneres Cupidinesque,
Acetum, sesamum, sales, piperque,
Captus non veneratur, osculatur,
Est divum nisi stoicum assecutus.
Supra nos homines severiores,
Laudent fulmina ; vorticesque quales
Volvit gurgite tauriformis Ister,
Vocum monstraque pectinesque solis.
Velint cum Semele modos tonantes,

⁴ *Jo. Hall.*] Of this rhymer I know nothing: to suppose that he was Bishop Joseph Hall, would be ridiculous; and he could not have been John Hall of Durham, who, when these lines were printed, was an infant. D.

Quos quum non capiant, stupent adusti ;
 Sed tu macte animo, tibi que plaude,
 Ride fulminis acta flagra bruti ;
 Laurus te tua temporum corona,
 Intactum dabit ; intonent Theones.

Tush, I will not believe that judgment's light
 Is fix'd but in one sphere, and that dull night
 Muffles the rest ; the dimmest lamp of sky
 Hath some unborrow'd lustre ; so may I,
 By which I may discern thy Muse doth tower
 'Bove common flight, and make the clouds her
 Then, in the higher pitch, see her anon [bower ;
 Reach Ariadne's crown and put it on,
 And, there installed, ravish with her shine
 The God of poets, not the God of wine.
 Thy Helicon is pure, and is distill'd
 Through as clear pipes, which run, when they are
 Brisk nectar : Phœbus hardly can divine [fill'd,
 Which issues are his own, and which are thine.

CHA. ALEYN.⁵

AMICISSIMO SUO SHIRLEIO. [In id.]

Fons occluditur ille Pegaseius,
 Et Parnassia transilire septa
 Jucundos vetat optimosque vates
 Custos Tartariæ triformis aulæ :

⁵ Charles Aleyn.] Was assistant teacher in the school of Farnaby the grammarian, and author of two poems, *The Battles of Cressy and Poitiers*, and *The History of Henry VII.*, &c. He is said to have died in 1640. D.

Te trux postulet Hercules, feratque,
 Quem raptum puto Cerberum Charonti
 Musarum statuisse janitorem :
 Tu, Shirleie, potes, favente Musâ,
 Latrantem triplici canem boatu
 Tutus spernere ; terreat minores :
 Olim Pirithoum peremit ille,
 Servum non perimet tuum, fidelem,
 Gratum, Pirithooque chariorem.
 Dulcis fabula, dulciorque servus,
 Et tu dulcior omnibus poeta :
 Quales, quas epulas uterque fundit !
 Istis delicias parare fas est
 Crudas, marmoreasque, saxeasque,
 Et quæ molliculos, amice, dentes
 Gaudent frangere duriore morsu,
 Qui ferrum chalybemque struthiones
 Et nil præterea coquant maligni :
 Tam forti stomacho placere noli :
 Nec, Sherleie, places : dapes ministras
 Jucundas, facilesque, melleasque,
 Conditas sale, gratia, lepore.
 I laurum pete, quam merere totam,
 Nec te terreat iste qui poetis
 Iam Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacusque est,
 Et si quis numeratur inde quartus
 Quæsitior dubiæ tremendus urnæ.
 Sphinx Parnassia, quem timemus omnes,
 Te viso velut Ædipo tremiscat :
 Sic tu solve gryphos, ut illa nectit.

THO. RANDOLPH.⁶

⁶ *Thomas Randolph*] Was born, say his biographers, in 1605 ;

I cannot fulminate or tonitruate words,
To puzzle intellects ; my ninth lass affords
No Lycophronian buskins, nor can strain
Garagantuan lines to gigantize thy vein ;
Nor make a jusjurand, that thy great plays
Are tierra-del-fuegos or incognitas ;
Thy Pegasus, in his admir'd career,
Curvets no caprioles of nonsense here.

Wonder not, friend, that I do entertain
Such language, that both think and speak so plain :
Know, I applaud thy smooth and even strains,
That will inform, and not confound, our brains.
Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream, doth flow,
While others with disturbed channels go,
And headlong, like Nile-cataracts, do fall
With a huge noise, and yet not heard at all.
When thy intelligence on the Cockpit stage
Gives it a soul from her immortal rage,
I hear the Muses' birds with full delight
Sing where the birds of Mars were wont to fight.

but his portrait on the engraved title-page of his works has the inscription *Obiit Anno 1634, ætatis suæ 27*. He became fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M. A., in which degree he was incorporated at Oxford. He gave very early proofs of talent, excited great admiration in his contemporaries, and was one of Ben Jonson's adopted sons. An irregular course of life seems to have brought him prematurely to the grave. His works, consisting of *Poems*, and (if he wrote the Latin Comedy *Cornelianum Dolium*) seven dramatic pieces, deserve to be reprinted. D.

Nor flatter I, thou knows't I do abhor it ;
 Let others praise thy play, I'll love thee for it ;
 That he that knows my friend, shall say, he has
 A friend as grateful as his servant was.

THO. RANDOLPH.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. SHIRLEY, UPON HIS COMEDY,
 [THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.]

Let others, that before thy book take place,
 Write in thy praises ; I will not disgrace
 The time so much, our critics shall not say
 But I will find some errors in thy play.
 Thou art too little jealous of thy Muse,
 Her beauty's seen too free ; she doth not use
 To wear a mask or veil, which now a days
 Is grown a fashion, for in many plays
 Apollo scarce can to himself give light
 To view the Muse, or read the meaning right.
 Thy fancies are too pleasing : Cupid fears
 To lose his tribute paid in sighs and tears,
 Whilst lovers make their peace with thy conceit ;
 'Tis heinous ; and thy language is too neat,
 Which even to me, that am thy friend, affords
 Leave to report there's witchcraft in thy words,
 Though to the stage it would be thought blest
 harm,
 Might it be still bewitch'd with such a charm.

RO. STAPYLTON.⁷

⁷ *Robert Stapylton.*] Sir Robert Stapylton, of Carleton in Yorkshire, knighted for his loyalty by Charles the First, published three execrable plays (the most notorious of which is

TO MY JUDICIOUS AND LEARNED FRIEND, THE
AUTHOR, UPON HIS INGENIOUS POEM,
THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

Though I well know that my obscurer name
Listed with theirs, who here advance thy fame,
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,
Among the rest, a modest votary,
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise,
Or hope it can find credit in this age,
Though I should swear in each triumphant page
Of this thy work, there's no line but of weight,
And poesy itself shewn at the height.
Such common places, friend, will not agree
With thy own vote and my integrity:
I'll steer a mid-way, have clear truth my guide,
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.
Here are no forc'd expressions, no rack'd phrase,
No Babel compositions, to amaze
The tortur'd reader, no believ'd defence
To strengthen the bold atheist's insolence,
No obscene syllable, that may compel
A blush from a chaste maid; but all so well
Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say,
It is a grateful poem, a good play,
And such as read ingenuously, shall find,
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.

PHILIP MASSINGER.⁸

The Slighted Maid) besides translations of Juvenal, Musæus, &c. He died in 1669. D.

⁸ *Philip Massinger*] The illustrious dramatic writer, was born in 1584, and died in 1640. D.

TO HIS DESERVING FRIEND, MR. J. A. SHIRLEY, UPON
HIS GRATEFUL SERVANT.

I do not praise thy strains, in hope to see
My verses read before thy Comedy,
But for itself; that cunning I remit
To the new tribe, and mountebanks of wit,
That martyr ingenuity; I must
Be to my conscience and thy poem just,
Which, grac'd with comely action, did appear
The full delight of every eye and ear;
And, had that stage no other play, it might
Have made the critic blush at Cock-pit flight,
Who not discovering what pitch it flies,
His wit came down in pity to his eyes,
And lent him a discourse of cock and bull,
To make his other commendations full.
But let such Momi pass, and gain applause
Among the brood of actors, in whose cause
As champion he hath sweat; let their stale pride
Find some excuse in being magnified.
Thy Muse will live, and no adulterate pen
Shall wound her through the sides of common
men;

Let 'em unkennel malice, yet thy praise
Shall mount secure, hell cannot blast thy bays.

THO. CRAFTORD.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR [ON HIS
GRATEFUL SERVANT.]

My name is free, and my rich clothes commend
No deform'd bounty of a looser friend,
Nor am I warm i'th'sunshine of great men,
By gilding their dark sins; truth guides my pen.
Bright justice, therefore, bold by me, doth say
Man's understanding feels no such decay
But it may judge, and while the soul of wit
Lives bodied in the stage, spectator sit:
Old nature's ever young, and 'twere a crime
'Gainst reason, to aver our aged time
Is sick with dotage; which doth still impart
To' th' better'd world new miracles of art.
I must applaud thy scenes, and hope thy style
Will make Arabia, envious of our isle,
Confess us happy, since thou'st given a name
To the English Phœnix, which by thy great flame
Will live in spite of malice to delight
Our nation, doing art and nature right.
Go forward still, and when his Muse expires,
Whose English stains the Greek and Latin lyres,
Divinest Jonson, live to make us see
The glory of the stage reviv'd in thee.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.¹¹ *William Habington:*] See note, p. lxxii.

TO MY FRIEND MASTER JAMES SHIRLEY THE
AUTHOR [OF THE TRAITOR]

Friend,—how I haste unto that name ! my quill
Runs fraught with my whole soul, and fears to spill
One drop before it ; proud to have men know
The glory of the name thou didst bestow,
And to derive eternity thereto
From this learn'd work, which marble could not do ;
Ambitious, to posterity to send
For light to both, thy *Traitor* and thy *Friend*.
This, and I've said ; for, friend, I stand not here
To praise, or in thy quarrel spend my jeer
On some third man, nor court I, I profess,
The humorous reader into gentleness ;
No, friend, thou writ'st before, thyself, and when
Shirley is nam'd, praise is the same again.

WILL. ATKINS, of Gray's Inn.

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND JAMES SHIRLEY, UPON
HIS ROYAL MASTER.

As a rich gem, enchas'd in gold, affords
More radiant lustre to the gazer's eye
Imprison'd so, within it self it hoards
Up all the beamy treasures of the sky ;
Beams loose reflex on bodies diaphane,
But cast on solids they rebound again :

So would thy lines, my friend, in paper pent
Contract the whole applauses of the age ;
But should they, a neglected ornament,
Be solely made the study of the stage,
 They might, like water in the sunshine set,
 Retain his image, not impart his heat.

Then print thy Poem, Shirley, 'twere a fault
To dungeon this instructive piece of thine :
Had the sun's sphere been made a thick-ribb'd vault,
We had receiv'd no influence from his shine :
 Thou shouldst die traitor to succeeding times,
 And thy best virtues prove but splendid crimes.

JAMES MERVYN.

ON MR. JAMES SHIRLEY'S ROYAL MASTER.

Such curious eyes as in a poem look,
For the most part, do find the printed book
With verses frontispic'd, to shew their wit
In praise of the author's which occasions it ;
And I have seen some pieces, that have stood
In need of witnesses to prove them good.
This Poet's skill is here so clearly shown,
In offering light to his, they dim their own ;
For all that with unsquinted eyes shall see
This well-limb'd piece of polish'd poesy,
In justice to themselves must needs confess
Friends cannot add, nor envy make it less.

FRA. BUTLER.

UPON MR. JAMES SHIRLEY HIS COMEDY, CALLED
THE ROYAL MASTER.

When Spenser reign'd sole Prince of Poets here,
As by his Fairy Queen doth well appear,
There was not one so blind, so bold a bard,
So ignorantly proud or foolish-hard
To encounter his sweet Muse, for Phœbus vow'd
A sharp revenge on him should be so proud ;
And when my Shirley from the Albion shore
Comes laden with the Muses, all their store
Transfers to Dublin, full Parnassus brings,
And all the riches of Castalian springs,
Shall we not welcome him with our just votes ?
And shall we do't with harsh and envious notes ?
No, no, Thalia ! Envy shall not sit
So high above our judgment, and our wit,
As not to give just merit his due praise,
And crown thy Poet with deserved bays.

Shirley, stand forth, and put thy laurel on,
Phœbus' next heir, now Ben is dead and gone,
Truly legitimate ; Ireland is so just
To say, you rise the Phœnix of his dust ;
And since thy ROYAL MASTER won so much
On each Judicious, and bath stood the touch,
Tis fit he should be more than private, when
He wears two crowns, their votes, and thy smooth
pen.

DRU. COOPER.

ON THE ROYAL MASTER ; TO HIS FRIEND
THE AUTHOR.

Smooth and unsullied lines, keep on your way,
From envy's jostle free, a clear ey'd day
Smiles on your triumph ; only thus to blame,
Too lavish is your sacrifice to fame.
Less of such perfume, to succeeding age,
The dead would sweeten, and embalm the stage :
Here is a pile of incense, every line
Heaps on fresh nard, your Muse cannot decline
To intermissions ; some leave hills, by turns
Flame, and expire ; his *Ætna* ever burns.

RIC. BELLING.¹

TO MY DESERVING FRIEND MR. JAMES SHIRLEY,
ON HIS ROYAL MASTER.

I, like some petty brook scarce worth a name,
Must yet pay tribute to thy full-stream'd fame ;
But I'll not strive, as men sometimes, to raise
An uncouth structure to thy merit's praise
From others' ruins ; thy just mind will scorn
To own encomiums so basely born ;
Therefore I write what may become my free
Acknowledgment, and fit thy modesty.

¹ *Richard Belling*] Was born in the County of Dublin in 1613, and died in 1677. Besides *Vindiciarum Catholicorum Hiberniæ*, and other works in Latin, he wrote a Sixth Book to Sidney's *Arcadia*. D.

lxxxvi COMMENDATORY VERSES

Thy Muse I honour'd, ere I knew by sight
Thy person ; oft I've seen with much delight
Thy sweet composures ; but this last and new
Smooth piece, which here hath grac'd the publick
view,

Claims more regard ; I give to all the rest
Their fair desert, but rank this with thy best.

T. I.

TO HIS MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND MR. JAMES
SHIRLEY, ON HIS ROYAL MASTER.

You, who the readers are of the choice wit,
And have the leading voice in censuring it,
Whose votes grand-jurors are, and only have
The well-known power either to kill or save,
Give this a noble greeting and its due ;
May Phœbus else withdraw his beams from you !

My worthy Friend, this Play o' th' publick stage
Hath gain'd such fair applause, as 't did engage
A nation to thy Muse ; where thou shalt reign
Vicegerent to Apollo, who doth deign,
His darling Ben deceased, thou should'st be
Declar'd the heir apparent to his tree.

W. MARKHAM.

TO THE HONOURED AUTHOR OF
THE ROYAL MASTER.

Dear Friend, I joy my love hath found the means
To wait upon, and vindicate thy scenes

From some few scruples of the weaker sex,
 Whose nicer thoughts their female minds perplex :
 (For man he sinks if he but censure, none
 Dare deprave Kings' Inauguration.)
 Say they, what makes the King in his dispose
 So icy-temper'd as he frankly throws
 Freedom on all except himself? contrives
 The way for other men to purchase wives?
 Takes joy to forward propagation,
 By nuptial knot, yet to himself ties none?

Pretty, poor fools, and virgins, how your kind,
 Vulgar-like, are in apprehension blind!
 Come, read : you'll see, when you this piece peruse,
 The ROYAL MASTER's spouse is Shirley's Muse.
 Why then to him and her an altar raise :
 Tapers are set, flaming with equal praise :
 See, see, his Genius gracefully doth bend
 To the just vote of every loving friend ;
 The elevated circle is upheld
 Betwixt the binal cherubs palms, beheld
 By all judicious eyes ; the heart, the voice
 Of all ingenious do applaud the choice
 Of your great ROYAL MASTER, say they've found
 Two Monarchs with one glorious laurel crown'd.

W. SMITH.²

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND THE AUTHOR
 [OF THE ROYAL MASTER].

All these, thy friends, subscribing to thy praise
 And fair deservings, have done well ; 'twill raise

² *W. Smith.*] Perhaps the dramatist, author of *The Hector of Germany*, &c. D.

Opinion in the readers, and engage
 Them to peruse, what we saw on the stage.
 If knowing ones, their judgment thus will be ;
 The commendation's short, the Comedy
 Speaks better for itself, more home ; but yet
 My vote must go, I say no purer wit
 Did ever grace the scene, nay, it hath in't
 Expressions of so new and rich a mint,
 That the old poets well might wish the name
 Of this new Play were added to their fame.

JOHN OGILBY.³

TO THE MUCH HONOURED JAMES SHIRLEY, UPON
 HIS ROYAL MASTER.

Let no man think, I hither coldly came
 On purpose to commend, or to seek fame
 By this impression, that the world may say,
 What is this Jackson that commends the play ?
 Though tis a grace to stand, as courtiers use,
 To usher in the reader to thy Muse,
 Yet by the way, I'll tell him I have read
 The laws of Flaccus with a serious head,
 And that according to those statutes there,
 Never to be repealed, thy Poems are ;
 Thy discreet style is elegantly plain,
 In sock and buskin, proper to each vein
 Of time, place, person, and that all thy wit
 Is not by chance but regularly writ ;

³ *John Ogilby.*] See Account of Shirley and his writings
 p. xxxiii. and p. lv. D.

Nor dost thou gall the theatre, we may
 Be acted every man, yet see thy play
 Invisible, so curious is thy pen
 Which can at once, wound, heal, and better men.
 Therefore will I hereafter cease to mourn
 For those great wits, commended to the urn ;
 And if 't be true that transmigrations be,
 They are in Shirley all, for ought I see.

JOHN JACKSON.

ON MR. JAMES SHIRLEY HIS ROYAL MASTER.

There are some men do hold, there is a place
 Call'd *Limbus Patrum* : if such have the grace
 To wave that schism, and *Poetarum* said,
 They of that faith had me a member made :
 That *Limbus* I could have believ'd thy brain,
 Where Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and a
 Of glorious poets, in their active heat [train
 Move in that orb, as in their former seat.
 When thou began'st to give thy MASTER life,
 Methought I saw them all, with friendly strife,
 Each casting in his dose, Beaumont his weight,
 Shakespeare his mirth, and Fletcher his conceit,
 With many more ingredients, with thy skill
 So sweetly temper'd, that the envious quill,
 And tongue of critics, must both write and say,
 They never yet beheld a smoother play.

JAMES MERVYN.

TO THE SURVIVING HONOUR AND ORNAMENT OF
THE ENGLISH SCENE, JAMES SHIRLEY,
[ON HIS CARDINAL.]

As Fate, which doth all human matters sway,
Makes proudest things grow up into decay,
And when they are to envied greatness grown,
She wantonly falls off, and throws them down ;
So when our English Drama was at height,
And shin'd, and rul'd with majesty and might,
A sudden whirlwind threw it from its seat,
Deflower'd the groves, and quench'd the Muses'
heat.

Yet, as in saints, and martyr'd bodies, when
They cannot call their blessed souls again
To earth, reliques and ashes men preserve,
And think they do but what blest they deserve ;
So I, by my devotion led, aspire
To keep alive your noble vestal fire,
Honour this piece, which shews, Sir, you have been,
The last supporter of the dying scene ;
And though I do not tell you, how you dress
Virtue in glories, and bold vice depress,
Nor celebrate your lovely Dutchess' fall,
Or the just ruin of your CARDINAL ;
Yet this I dare assert, when men have nam'd
Jonson, the nation's laureat, the fam'd
Beaumont and Fletcher, he that wo' not see
Shirley the fourth, must forfeit his best eye.

HALL.⁴

⁴ *Hall.*] The Christian name of this person seems to have dropt out at the press : he was perhaps the "Jo. Hall." who

TO MR. JAMES SHIRLEY,⁵ ON HIS PLAYS.

Mirror of comedies, and of our age,
That hast re-edified the falling stage,
And once more built the theatre with thy pen,
In spite of foes, hast made it live again ;
What can we render ? Thy admired plays
Already have sequestered the bays
From off the head of those who writ before,
Which were but shadows to thy works, no more.
Who is not joyed, when he see'th the fall
And punishment of vice, thy CARDINAL,
And taught by thy IMPOSTURE for to shun
Lascivious courses, or else be undone ?
Thy BROTHERS teach us love, thy SISTERS do,
In courtly terms, shew us how to woo ;
Or, if we will be read in points of state,
Then thy COURT SECRET make[s] us up complete.
What shall we offer then, or what present ?
We'll add this trophy to thy monument,
That ages yet to come shall hear and see,
When dead, thy works a living elegy.

wrote some commendatory verses prefixed to *THE GRATEFUL SERVANT*, see p. lxxiv. note ; or perhaps John Hall of Durham, with whom Shirley was acquainted, see vol. vi. p. 509, note. D.

⁵ *To Mr James Shirley.*] From a volume of Poems, by Philip Jenkyns, entitled *Amorea*, 1660. D.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. JAMES SHIRLEY,
UPON HIS POEMS.

When, dearest Friend, thy verse doth re-inspire
Love's pale decaying torch with brighter fire,
Whilst everywhere thou dost dilate thy flame,
And to the world spread thy Odelia's name,
The justice of all ages must remit
To Her the prize of beauty, Thee of wit.

Then like some skilful artist, that to wonder
Framing a piece, displeas'd, takes it asunder,
Thou Beauty dost depose, her charms deny,
And all the mystick chains of love untie :
Thus thy diviner Muse a power 'bove Fate
May boast, that can both make and uncreate.

Next thou call'st back to life that love-sick Boy,
To the kind-hearted nymphs less fair than coy,
Who, by reflex beams burnt with vain desire,
Did, Phoenix-like, in his own flames expire :
But should he view his shadow drawn by thee,
He with himself once more in love would be :
Echo (who though she words pursue, her haste
Can only overtake and stop the last)
Shall her first speech and human veil obtain,
To sing thy softer numbers o'er again.

Thus into dying Poetry, thy Muse
Doth full perfection and new life infuse :
Each line deserves a laurel, and thy praise
Asks not a garland, but a grove of bays ;
Nor can ours raise thy lasting trophies higher,
Who only reach at merit, to admire.

But I must chide thee, Friend : how canst thou be
 A patron, yet a foe to Poetry ?
 For while thou dost this age to verse restore,
 Thou dost deprive the next of owning more,
 And hast so far even future aims surpast,
 That none dare write : thus being first and last,
 All their abortive Muses will suppress,
 And Poetry by this increase grow less.

THOMAS STANLEY.⁶

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND M. JA. SHIRLEY, UPON
 THE PRINTING OF HIS ELEGANT POEMS.

Although thou want the theatre's applause,
 Which now is fitly silenc'd by the laws,
 Since these sad times that civil swords did rage,
 And make three kingdoms the lamented stage
 Of real tragedies, it was not fit
 We quite should lose such monuments of wit
 As flow'd from thy terse pen : the press alone
 Can vindicate from dark oblivion
 Thy POEMS, friend: those that with skill can read,
 Shall be thy judges now, and shall, instead
 Of ignorant spectators, grace thy name
 Though with a narrower, yet a truer fame,
 And crown with longer life thy worthy pains.
 All Muses are not guiltless ; but such strains
 As thine deserve, if I may verdict give,
 In sober, chaste, and learned times to live.

THO. MAY.⁷

⁶ *Thomas Stanley.*] See note, vol. vi. p. 426. D.

⁷ *Thomas May.*] See note, p. lxx. D.

TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND THE AUTHOR, UPON
HIS POEMS.

Whilst I am in thy Poem[s], I am led
Through a rich gallery, in which are spread
The choicest pictures of true skill and height,
Where every pause is rapture and delight.
Here, by thy fancy taught Apollo plays
To his own Daphne in a stand of bays ;
Here myrtle shades are, there the cypress groves ;
Here lovers sigh, and there embrace their loves.
By, through a flowery vale, there gently glides
A silver stream, whose prattling current chides
Itself in turtle-murmurs, and betray'd
To every eye, like to some bashful maid
Discover'd in her beauties, fain would haste
To hide those blushes which do speak her chaste.
Here thy Narcissus in his loved despair,
Courts all the rest to silence ; sweet and fair,
His love and sorrow shews him ; but to hear
Him breathe'em thus, who would not be all ear ?
What in his story did before but move
Our pity, we do now admire, and love
Beyond himself ; so every maid would be
His kind Nymph's rival, borrowing from thee
Those charms of love and language, where thy art
Gives Cupid[s] feathers unto every dart.
Thy Poem is as lovely, and all wit
Thy Echo is, and making love to it :

Let Ovid boast their story ; but their names
Will take eternity from thee, dear James.

GEO. BUCKE.⁸

TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND, MR. J. A. SHIRLEY, ON HIS
ELEGANT POEMS.

Friend, in this dearth of art, when but to write
Or think in verse, is to be destroy'd quite ;
When sergeants too implacable are set
To fill the compters up with wit and debt ;
Nor any hope of rescue but from those
Who would distrust their creed if't were not prose ;
I wonder at the influence of thy pen,
That could engage such generous knowing men
(Warm'd with thy flame) so boldly to advance
'Gainst the prevailing monster, Ignorance.

Sure, this so fair return of gratitude
To dare thus in thy cause, must needs conclude
Thy elegant expressions (while the scene
Obey'd thy powerful empire) are not clean
Obliterated, when thy all-charming wit
Secures so firm allegiance unto it.

'Tis wisely done, thus to erect a shrine
T'eternize their own names as well as thine.
I envy not their fate ; let it suffice
They deck thine altar ; but the sacrifice
Is my fix'd heart, devoted to thy worth,
Which all their labour'd lines can ne'er set forth.

⁸ *George Bucke*] A relation of Sir George Bucke, Master of the Revels. He wrote some commendatory verses prefixed to the folio ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, 1647. D.

Best lapidaries oftentimes do set
The fairest diamonds in a foil of jet.

FRA. TUCKYR.

TO MY VERY WORTHY AND MOST INGENIOUS FRIEND,
MR. JA. SHIRLEY, UPON HIS POEMS.

When I am rais'd by some more noble flame
To sing of thee, and thy Odelia's name,
So richly set in verse, thy lines invite
Me still to read, and I forget to write.
So when a painter's hand would take the grace
And figure of some admirable face,
Struck with the sight, he lets his pencil fall,
And, when his hand should work, his eye does all.

Yet, if a sense of thy sweet fancy may
Inspire a resolution to betray
My want of skill and choice in husbandry,
To write my own, not read thy poetry;
Be it enough to draw the reader near,
While we but say the wit of Shirley's here.

And though thy worthier friends their flowers
bring,
To set forth thy Odelia like the spring,
Men will with envy look upon the dress,
That stays their eyes from the wish'd comeliness,
And when they see her beauty to be such,
Will say their love had shadow'd it too much.

ED. POWEL.⁹

⁹ *Ed. Powel*] Wrote also some commendatory verses prefixed to the folio ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, 1647. Gildon informs us that George Powel, the actor, wa^s

AMICISSIMO J. SHERLEIO, ET MUSÆ JAM REDUCI.

Quid non, te rediente, dulce sperem !
 Cœlorum facies nova, et novus frons
 Antiquusque vigor recurrit omnis,
 Nympharum proprius decor, suusque ;
 Fonte et Castalides suo replentur.

Dignaris mihi cæterisque grandem
 Impertire salutem, et ipse plenus
 Phœbi numine : læta Gratiarum
 Musarumque cohors amœna circum
 Te, Sherleie, canunt, et ore captat
 Dulci quæque tuo jocosa carmen.

Sic optatus eras—abibit omnis
 Infœcunda et opaca nostra nubes
 Te claro rediente sole : noster
 Exul jam Genius redit ; poetam
 Arridente oculo jucundus ipse
 Musarumque suum Pater salutat.

Tendunt jam vacuum chelyn Camœnæ,
 Cingit laurea dum virens capillos ;
 Nectunt cœlicolæ ex tuo coronam
 Horto, mellifluæ artifex Minervæ,
 Aptant inque tuum caput Sorores—
 Tu illis dulce levamen atque amico

GEO. HILL.¹

“ son of *Mr. Powel, an ancient Player, lately dead.*” *Lives and Characters of English Dram. Poets*, 1698, p. 113. This “ ancient Player” was probably the encomiast of Shirley. D.

¹ *Geo. Hill*] Perhaps the writer of the commendatory verses signed “ G. HILLS,” prefixed to the folio ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Works*, 1647. D.

When th'age groan'd out thou and thy Muse were
 gone,
 And epitaphs each wit was thinking on ;
 When to bestrew thy grave, and stick thy hearse
 With herbs, or the more fragrant flowers of verse ;
 When to thy worth rich trophies how to raise,
 Our fancies strove ; the cypress then turn'd bays,
 Which on thy brow grac'd with poetic rage,
 Secur'd thee from the thunder of the age.
 Thus the spring's warmth brings back by mild
 degrees
 Raiment and food to th' leafless, sapless trees ;
 Thus the wing'd quire their vocal lutes do string,
 And turtles, having found their mates, do sing ;
 Thus, like the quickening sun, thy flames do
 spread,
 And add new life to us, that fear'd thee dead.

GEO. HILL.

AUTHORI AMICISSIMO [VIÆ AD LAT.
 LINGUAM, &c.]

Felix nefasti gloria sæculi,
 Tu qui severo, quas sibi demperit,
 Musas redonaturus ævo,
 Ausonias reseras penates :

Annosa linguæ jura Quiritium
 Non indecoro carmine vestiens,
 Spretæ rudimentum Minervæ,
 Allicis, et reparas juventam :

Immense vates, cui sacra tempora
 Circum tenaci nexæ hædera tuæ
 Laurus adumbrabunt, coronas
 Grammaticam simul et poësin!

THO. STANLEY.²

TO MY WORTHY, AND INGENIOUS FRIEND THE
 AUTHOR [OF VIA AD LAT. LINGUAM, &c.]

Grammar, which taught the poet first to write,
 Is by the poet now taught to delight.
 And poesy, which once unto the school
 Ow'd its instructions, now to that's a rule.
 Thy grateful pen to science does impart
 Civility, and requites art with art.
 Yet not like some (who think they hardly should
 Be thought to understand, if understood,)
 Dost thou the minds of weaker tyros vex,
 Or as perplex'd with th'art, the art perplex,
 But whate'er seem'd therein obscure, maks't clear,
 Brief, what prolix, smooth, what did rough appear;
 That so the art to learners now is seen
 As in a flat, which hills and woods did screen.
 How should they err, their journey's end in view,
 Their way so pleasing, and their guide so true!
 Rest then secure of fame, nor think thy worth
 Can by a private hand be well set forth.
 Attempts which to the public profit raise
 Expect, nor merit less than public praise.

² *Thomas Stanley*] See note vol. vi. p. 426. D.

IDEM IN IDEM, AD EUNDEM.

Shirleie, Angliacûm cui olim, celeberrime vatum,
 Drama labor nomenque fuit; tibi nunc novus ecquis
 Surgit honos? qualisve alio subit infula nexu
 Tempora? Nunc video. Magnos accinctus in usus,
 Carmine facundo tractas præcepta severæ
 Grammatices, Latiaëque canis primordia linguæ;
 Ut melius teneros blanda dulcedine captos
 Afficeres animos, et dura elementa nolenti
 Eloquio, nimiumque rudi placitura juventæ
 Efficeres. Labor, [en] multum meriturus honestæ
 Laudis! non aliter (tua sed magè mellea lingua)
 Tentavit Nestor juvenilia fingere corda;
 Heroum teneras tam grato carmine mentes
 Thessalici haud rexit moderator semifer antri.
 Grammatica exultet, vibretque Heliconia sarta
 Laude nova florens: dulci nunc munere fandi
 Provocet et Musas: decus hoc, Sherleie, dedisti.

EDW. SHERBURNE.³

³ *Edward Sherburne.*] See Account of Shirley and his Writings, p. xliv.—Sir Edward Sherburne, descended from an ancient family, settled at Stanyhurst in Lancashire, was born 1616, and died 1702. (*Continuation of Collier's Supplement to Dict.*) a Mr. "S. Fleming, A. M." who, in 1819 republished Sherburne's *Poems*, informs us in the memoir prefixed to them "that the exact period of his death has not been ascertained!" Besides the volume just mentioned, which consists chiefly of translations, Sir Edward was author of *The Sphere of Marcus Manilius made an English Poem with Annotations and an Astronomical Appendix*, versions of three plays of Seneca, &c. His fortunes were ruined by his attachment to the cause of Charles

TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND THE AUTHOR UPON HIS
 POETICAL GRAMMAR. [VIA AD LAT.
 LINGUAM, &c.]

Grammar, the scholar's labyrinth, sir, by you
 Is now unmaz'd, and open'd by your clew :
 Those cloudy parts of speech, which long have worn
 Night's dress, shine now bright as the orient morn,
 And courtly move ; the lame sick heteroclite,
 Peevish by their infirmity, now slight
 The caps and crutches, and to measures fall ;
 And you at once have cur'd an hospital.

Welcome fair issue of your happy brain !
 Now Phœbus rules in his own grove again ;
 For best examples from the laurel sprung,
 And poets first adorn'd each learned tongue.
 Where Lilly once was roar'd, the beardless throng
 Shall chaunt thee forth, like airs thou shalt be
 sung ;

And where youth learn these clear-composed rules,
 'T shall not be Grammar call'd, but Music Schools.

ED. SALTMARSH.

the First ; but he found in literature a consolation for his sufferings. He was knighted by Charles the Second. His learning was considerable. He possessed several scarce editions of Manilius, and a collection of papers on that poet which had belonged to Gaspar Gevartius ; these he lent to Bentley, when he heard that the great Critic was employed on a new text of Manilius. (See *Dissert. upon the Epistles of Phalaris*,—*Preface* p. xxii. ed. 1777.) D.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND THE AUTHOR [OF VIA
AD LAT. LINGUAM, &c.]

Although with justice I admir'd thy pen,
That did before adorn the English scene,
I easily can forget, and when I look
On this last act, neglect each other book.
Thy buskin'd and thy comic Muse may be
Preserv'd as monuments of wit and thee,
And in another temperate age be shown,
To prove our language had perfection ;
But here is a design,—who does not see
In this a plot to take posterity ?

A plot beyond thy Plays thou dost pursue,
And by an artifice, a silken clew
Of poesy, dost lead, and may'st betray
Our children into learning, as they play.

But prosper ; I forgive thee, and presage
(If ignorance have not quite drown'd our age)
Thy book an entertainment with good men,
And from this root old art grow up again.

GEO. BLAKESTON.

TO THE WORTHILY HONOURED MR. JAMES SHIRLEY
[ON HIS VIA AD LAT. LINGUAM, &c.]

If those things always their own use invite,
That yield us profit, and secure delight,
What shall we owe this last work of your pen,
Which, more than when you steer'd the souls of men

With your harmonious scenes, and graceful dress,
 Doth now a power above that art express ?
 For, while you seem to stoop, you gently raise
 Children into ability to praise,
 And make them men, who by your skilful hand
 Taught, do both nimbly move and learn to stand.
 Most other Grammars to our youth impart
 A caustic, dry, and nugatory art,
 Which they go to, as coldly as young men
 Make love to one of fourscore years and ten.

'Twas a prodigious music, that did call
 Huge stones to build themselves a Theban wall :
 We may believe that miracle, who see
 You have fil'd rocks into a gallery,
 And all those rugged cliffs, that threaten'd youth
 In their approach, are by your verse made smooth,
 And Grammar pourtray'd with a smiling face,
 Is now no more a Fury, but a Grace.

FRA. LANGTON.

TO MR. JAMES SHIRLEY, UPON HIS ENGLISH AND
 LATIN GRAMMAR [VIA AD LAT.
 LINGUAM, &c.]

Sir, I have read your Grammar, and do see
 Your learning now hath kiss'd your Poesy.
 I find a double charm in Syntax, when
 You do by this teach youth, by t'other, men.
 Not that I slight grave Lilly's liturgy,
 Nor love your work, for change or novelty,
 But for the worth I see in't : 'tis your glory,
 That now the Schools have found a Directory.

But this will spoil our Hebrew Lectures quite
 Of rigid masters, which still backward write ;
 When tears and blood come forth to let in names,
 As if the Grammar were all anagrams ;
 While the vimineous Bajazets stand by,
 Teaching harsh Latin by phlebotomy.
 But you have plan'd the way, and strew'd it so,
 Children may run in this, as soon as go :
 We shall have swaddling scholars ; infants may
 Now shake their Grammar with their coats away.

Go on, brave Petrarch, thy sweet rules advance,
 Leave the world no excuse for ignorance.
 What elder days to Lilly render'd, we
 And future times shall attribute to thee ;
 And to thy memory fame shall this enroll,
 Whoe'er the Church, thou dost reform the School.

ALEX. BROME.⁴

TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND LEARNED FRIEND,
 MR. JAMES SHIRLEY THE AUTHOR [OF VIA
 AD LAT. LINGUAM, &c.]

It may hold some proportion, that an age
 Hath temper, or degenerates to rage,
 As the first rules incline ; and may not we
 Unto our iron Rudiments apply

⁴ *Alexander Brome*] Author of *Songs and Poems*, (written with no mean satirical power against the republican party of the time) *The Cunning Lovers*, a Comedy, &c. was born in 1620, and died in 1666. D.

The time's condition, and believe we have
 But those impressions a rough Grammar gave?
 Ill-woven, rugged principles, scarce one
 A friend to nature, or digestion ;
 Verse more uneven than wild mountains are,
 Which makes our travelling infantry despair,
 For only here and there a boy, that can
 Eat stones like the Italian, proves a man.

But, from our dark and frighted hemisphere,
 An unexpected star begins to appear :
 The rudiments are chang'd ; a modest ray,
 Drest in the blushes of a new-born day,
 Shines with a train of light. This Grammar writ
 Up to the truth of harmony and wit,
 With its soft numerous enchantment, can
 Make every giant shrink into a man.

Or, if incapable of softness, they
 Despise to be reform'd, their children may,
 Drinking these streams, in the next age be found,
 Their hearts with love, their heads with olive
 crown'd.

JOHN OGILBY.⁵

⁵ *John Ogilby.*] See Account of Shirley, and his Writings, p. xxxiii., and p. lv. D.

THE
SCHOOL OF COMPLEMENT.

The School of Complement] This comedy, Shirley's first dramatic production, as he tells us in the Prologue, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, master of the Revels, on the 10th. of February, 1624-5, under the name of *Love Tricks with Complements*.¹ It was first printed in 1631, with the title of *The Schoole of Complement, as acted at the private house in Drury Lane*. There was a second edition in 1637, and a third in 1667. This last is very incorrect, several lines being omitted in different places, and nearly the whole of the poetry printed as prose.

¹ See Malone's *Hist. of the English Stage*, p. 378.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE GENTLEMAN,

WILLIAM TRESHAM, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

I have long cherished a desire, by some worthy testimony, to express how much I honour you: but after a tedious expectation, hopeless to meet with an occasion to make me so fortunate, I resolved, rather than to hazard the censure of neglect, to snatch any opportunity of presenting my services. This (which to me hath no name but what your bounty shall bestow) having pleased you upon the stage, coming into the world, offereth itself to kiss your hand. If you be merciful, I am upon even terms with the world beside, and will study next to reach your mind with imaginations of a higher nature. In the mean time, grow you up, and ripen yourself for honour; the flowings of your blood will instruct you how to merit; while I rest content with my ambition, if I may still write myself

Your devoted Servant

J. SHIRLEY.

PROLOGUE.

It is a principle by nature wrote
In all our understanding, there is not
One art or action but it must tend,
And move from some beginning, to its end.
The soldiers, that wear the honour'd bays
Upon their brows, and glorious trophies raise
To fame on pile of wounds, knew a time when
They suck'd at war: your Muse-inspired men
And of diviner earth, sacred for wit,
Crept out of their first elements to it:
The goodliest harvest had first seed and hope,
Ere it could lade with an enriching crop
The rural team: th'exactest building first
Grew from a stone, though afterward it durst
Wrap his fair head in clouds: nothing so true
As all things have beginning. Upon you
Dwell candid application: this play is
The first fruits of a Muse, that before this
Never saluted audience, nor doth mean
To swear himself a factor for the scene.
Though he employ some hours, he only prays
You take it as first-born, although he says
He meant it not his heir, since 'tis unjust
One should have all, as in the law it must.
Accept then a beginning: all men know,
He first kiss'd bays, that wore them on his brow.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cornelio, *an ancient gentleman.*

Infortunio, *a gentleman, lover of Selina.*

Rufaldo, *an old merchant.*

Antonio, *son to Cornelio, in love with Hilaria.*

Gasparo, *a gentleman, lover of Felice.*

Bubulcus, *a rich gull, in love with Hilaria.*

Jenkin, *a Welshman.*

Jocarello, *his page.*

Gorgon, *Antonio's servant.*

Ingeniolo, *a justice's clerk.*

Orlando Furioso, *a roarer.*

An old Countryman.

Oaf, *his son.*

Shepherds.

Selina, *Cornelio's daughter.*

Felice, *her sister.*

Hilaria, *Rufaldo's daughter.*

Delia, *a chambermaid.*

Medulla, *a country gentlewoman.*

Shepherdesses.

*Officers, Servants.**

* There is nothing in this play to determine where the scene is laid ; the only local allusion is in the 2d Scene of the 2d Act, where "this our Fairy-isle" occurs. The fact is, Shirley thought only of England, the true fairy-isle to him and his contemporaries, who, wherever their Scene is laid, generally make their characters think, and speak, and act, like those that were moving around them.

LOVE TRICKS,
OR,
THE SCHOOL OF COMPLEMENT.¹

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street before Cornelio's House.

Enter ANTONIO and GASPARO.

Ant. Sirrah, this Welshman is in love with my sister Selina, and hath chosen me for his prolocutor.

Gasp. Oh! this love will make us all mad; thou knowest I loved a sister of thine once; but heaven knows where she is: I think she loved me too; dost think she did not? Well, thy father has reason to curse himself, beside some that she and I have.

Ant. Nay, nay, thou'lt fall into passion again, when things are past recovery; 'twas a good wench.—But come, prithee leave to think on her.

Gasp. Nay, I have done. What shall we do?

Ant. Any thing but talk of state matters: thou hast much intelligence in the world, prithee what's the news abroad? I come forth o' purpose to hear some, and this is an age of novelties.

¹ *The School of Complement.*] i. e. the whole circle of fashionable accomplishments; not merely of polite address.

Gasp. News? O, excellent news!

Ant. Prithee, what is't? I long to hear some.

Gasp. There is no news at all.

Ant. Call you that excellent news?

Gasp. Is it not good news, that there is no bad news? The truth is, the news-maker, master Money-lack, is sick of a consumption of the wit.

Ant. The news-maker! why, is there any news-maker?

Gasp. Oh, sir, how should younger brothers have maintained themselves, that have travelled, and have the names of countries and captains without book as perfect as their prayers? ay, and perfecter too, for I think there is more probability of forgetting their prayers, they say them so seldom. I tell you, sir, I have known a gentleman that has spent the best part of a thousand pound while he was prentice to the trade in Holland, and out of three sheets of paper, which was his whole stock, (a pen and ink-horn he borrowed,) he set up shop, and spent a hundred pound a year upon his whore, and found sheets for them both to lie in too. It has been a great profession; marry, most commonly they are soldiers; a peace concluded is a great plague unto them, and if the wars hold, we shall have store of them: oh, they are men worthy of commendations; they speak in print.

Ant. Are they soldiers?

Gasp. 'Faith, so they would be thought, though indeed they are but mongrels, not worthy of that noble attribute; they are indeed bastards, not sons, of war, and true soldiers, whose divine souls I honour; yet they may be called great spirits too, for their valour is invisible: these, I say, will write you a battle in any part of Europe at an hour's warning, and yet never set foot out of a tavern; describe you towns, fortifications, leaders, the strength of the enemies, what confederates, every

day's march, — not a soldier shall lose a hair, or have a bullet fly between his arms, but he shall have a page to wait on him in quarto;² — nothing destroys them but want of a good memory, for if they escape contradiction they may be chronicled.

Ant. Why, thou art wise enough to be an informer.

Gasp. Ay, marry, now you speak of a trade indeed, the very Atlas of a state-politic, the common-shore of a city; nothing falls amiss unto them, and, if there be no filth in the common-wealth, [they] can live by honesty, and yet be knaves by their privilege: there is not an oath but they will have money for it.

Ant. Oh brave trade!

Gasp. They can eat men alive and digest them; they have their conscience in a string, and can stifle it at their pleasure; the devil's journeymen, set up for themselves, and keep a damnation-house of their own: indeed they seldom prove aldermen, yet they are taken for knights every day o' the week, when they ride post:³ they have the art of insinuation, and speak writs familiarly; they are agents, as I have heard, for the devil in their lifetime, and if they die in their bed, have this

² a page to wait on him in quarto;] This was the size in which news-papers in Shirley's time were usually printed. Much of the satire in this place is personal, though it cannot now be appropriated. The same allusions to discarded officers betaking themselves to the composition of news, occur in many of our old poets, particularly in Beaumont and Fletcher, and Jonson. To the long and curious list of news-papers, furnished by the indefatigable industry of Mr. Chalmers, additions might yet be made, by a diligent inspector of the dramas of James's days.

³ they are taken for knights every day o' the week, when they ride post:] A punning allusion to highway-men, who were usually termed *knights of the post*.

privilege, to be sons of hell by adoption, and take place of serjeants.—Stay, who's here? Thy sister and Infortunio: let's observe. [*They walk aside.*]

Enter INFORTUNIO and SELINA.

Infor. I must have other answer, for I must love you.—

Sel. Must! but I do not see any necessity that I should love you; I do confess you are a proper man.

Infor. Oh, do not mock, Selina; let not excellence,

Which you are full of, make you proud and scornful. I am a gentleman; though my outward part Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me Nature hath made me what she need not shame; Yet look into my heart, there you shall see What you cannot despise, for there you are, With all your graces waiting on you; there Love hath made you a throne to sit, and rule O'er Infortunio, all my thoughts obeying And honouring you as queen: pass by my outside, My breast I dare compare with any man.

Sel. But who can see this breast you boast of so?

Infor. Oh! 'tis an easy work; for though it be Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whose beam Is spent on outward shapes, there is a way To make a search into [its] hidden'st passage. I know you would not love, to please your sense. A tree that bears a ragged, unleaf'd top, In depth of winter, may, when summer comes, Speak, by his fruit, he is not dead but youthful, Though once he shew'd no sap. My heart's a plant Kept down by colder thoughts, and doubtful fears; Your frowns, like winter storms, make it seem dead,

But yet it is not so; make it but yours, And you shall see it spring, and shoot forth leaves

Worthy your eye, and the oppressed sap
 Ascend to every part to make it green,
 And pay your love with fruit when harvest comes.
 If my affection be suspected, make
 Experience of my loyalty, by some service,
 Though full of danger ; you shall know me better,
 And so discern the truth of what you see not.

Sel. Then you confess your love is cold as yet,
 And winter's in your heart ?

Infor. Mistake me not,
 Selina, for I say my heart is cold,
 Not love.

Sel. And yet your love is from your heart,
 I'll warrant.

Infor. Oh, you are nimble to mistake ;
 My heart is cold in your displeasures only,
 And yet my love is fervent ; for your eye,
 Casting out beams, maintains the flame it burns in.
 Again, sweet love,
 My heart is not mine own, 'tis yours, you have it,
 And, while it naked lies, not deign'd your bosom
 To keep it warm, how can it be but cold,
 In danger to be frozen ? blame not it,
 You only are in fault it hath no heat.

Sel. Well, sir, I know you have rhetoric ; but I
 Can, without art, give you a final answer.

Infor. Oh, stay ! and think awhile ; I cannot
 relish

You should say *final* : Sweet, deliberate ;
 It doth concern all the estate I have,
 I mean not dunghill treasure, but my life
 Doth stand or fall to it. If your answer be,
 That you can love me, be it swift as lightning ;
 But, if you mean to kill me, and reject
 My so long love-devotions, which I have paid
 As to an altar, stay a little longer,
 And let me count the riches I shall lose,
 By one poor airy word : first give me back

That part of Infortunio that is lost
Within your love ; play not the tyrant with me.

Sel. You're over weak to let your passions sway
you :

If I knew any thing I had of yours,
I would not do you that injustice, sir,
To let it stay with me ; and, for your love,
I cannot pay it back again with mine ;
Either release the debt, or I shall die in't :
Your suit is fruitless, hopeless ; pardon me,
Farewell !

[*Going.*

Ant. [*coming forward.*]—Now, by all my hopes
you are to blame, sister ; come, this gentleman de-
serves your love.—Infortunio !

[*Infor. returns.*

Sel. Brother, you forget yourself.

Ant. Why, I do remember I am your brother ;
I say you must love him.

Sel. Must !

Ant. What ! does that move your spirit ?
What are you, but you may love ? be not petu-
lant ; you are a baggage, and not worthy of a man.
[*Exit Selina.*] By heaven, I now could kick her.

Gasp. Thy t'other sister was of a calmer temper ;
this, a true woman.

Infor. Sir, had not nature made you brother to
her,

I should be angry.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Alas, poor gentleman ! I do not feel
myself in such an humour for Hilaria : and yet, by
this hand, I love her well enough ; and, now I
think on't, I promised her my company. She has
a damnable, usurious, stinking wretch to her
father, that cannot abide me ; but 'tis no matter,
this wench and I may find a place to meet in, in
spite of his eyes and spectacles.—

Enter GORGON.

How now, Gorgon, what says she ?

Gorg. Sir, I have done your remembrances to mistress Hilaria, and told her she should find you coming by and by;⁴ but you were best pass in some obscurity, for her father Rufaldo is hard by, sir.—*Lupus in fabula.*⁵ [They retire.]

Enter RUFALDO. (all accretions)

Ant. Gasparo, an thou love me, shew thy wit to entertain this piece of black damask and velvet gards, while I go in to Hilaria. [Exit Antonio.]

Ruf. Old men are the truest lovers, young men are inconstant, and wag with every wind; we never move, but are as true as steel.

Gorg. But in women's matters as weak as water, as weak as water. [Aside.]

Ruf. Besides, sweet love;—but do I court a shadow? To see whither love will carry a man! Let me see; I could find in my heart to bestow a ring upon my sweetheart, but that I am loth to part with it. Hem! I will get but one child, and that shall be a boy, lest having too many children, I undo my heir, and my goods be divided. O sweet Selina! O amiable Selina! sure I am not old.

Gor. I have it:—signior Gasparo, pray let me begin with my merchant, if you love me; and you like it, second me.

Gasp. Go to, Gorgon; let's see thy wit now.

Ruf. Old men walk with a staff, and creep along the street, hold their heads below their girdle, falter in their speech, foam at the mouth, breathe ten times in a furlong, and are ready to spit their lungs on every man's threshold.

⁴ she should find you coming by and by;] Old copy, You should find her, &c.

⁵ *Lupus in fabula.*] This is a proverbial expression; and is used when the person of whom we are speaking unexpectedly makes his appearance.

Gorg. [coming forward.] God save you, sir!

Ruf. God-a-mercy, honest Gorgon!

Gorg. I cry you mercy, sir; I assure you, sir, I took you for master Rufaldo, the old merchant.

Ruf. Why, and am not I? Is not the fellow drunk? I am Rufaldo.

Gorg. It may be some kin to him, but not that Rufaldo I mean; you are younger a fair deal.

Ruf. I am that Rufaldo, the merchant, that buried my wife lately, and have one daughter, Hilaria, ancient acquaintance with Cornelio and your master Antonio.

Gorg. Oh, sir, you must excuse me for that.

Ruf. Is thy name Gorgon?

Gorg. What else, sir? honest Gorgon I.

Ruf. Do I know thee to be Gorgon? What! shall I be faced out of myself? why, thou varlet, who am I, if not Rufaldo?

Gorg. Why, sir, 'tis plain, you have no gray hairs in your head, your cheek is scarlet, a wanton, youthful eye; Rufaldo had a head like frost, his eyes sunk into their hollows, a rugged brow, a hoary beard, and all his body not worth a drop of blood; a very crazy, old, meal-mouth'd gentleman; you are younger at least by thirty years.

Ruf. I'll assure thee I was Rufaldo, when I rose in the morning.

Gorg. You have not slept since, have you?

Ruf. No.

Gorg. 'Tis the more strange! I have heard of some that have been changed in a dream, but never waking before: this is strange, nay, admirable.

Ruf. Young! changed! art sure thou dost not mock?

Gorg. I were a very knave then: if you be Rufaldo, I hope your worship knows I have been bound to my good behaviour.

Ruf. Altered! young! ha, I would I were! and

yet methinks I am livelier than I was ; I feel my joints pliable as wax, and my voice is stronger too. But tell me, honest Gorgon, is it possible for an old man to be young again ?

Gorg. Nay, I see you'll not believe me : well, sir, I will be bold to report the wonder abroad, and astonish all your friends. [*Exit.*

Ruf. Nay, stay, honest Gorgon.—Ha ! young ! no gray hairs ! [*Gasparo comes forward.*—Stay, who's here ?

Gasp. Ha ! 'tis not he ; I'll speak to him ; no, 'tis in vain ; I'll see if he knows me. [*Passes by.*

Ruf. Gasparo ! What ! does not he know me too ?

Gasp. Sir, I should know you ; are you not signior Petrucchio, the dancing-master ?

Ruf. Tricks ! passages ! I am Rufaldo, old Rufaldo.

Gasp. Rufaldo indeed is old, but you are young ; you do retain his countenance : I would swear you were he, but you are younger far.

Ruf. 'Tis so, I am changed, I am younger than I was. I am that Rufaldo, believe it ; I know you to be a learned gentleman, named Gasparo : I was told afore I was altered.—But not to trouble you with many questions, only one, Gasparo ; is it a thing possible for an old man to be young again ? I know 'tis admirable, but is it possible ? you are a scholar.

Gasp. Possible ! oh yes, there's no question, for we see, by experience, stags cast their old horns, and prove vigorous ; snakes cast off their old coats ; eagles renew their age ; your plants do it familiarly ; the phœnix, when she is old, burns herself to ashes, from thence revives a young phœnix again. Possible ! I have heard some old men have been twice children, sir,—therefore, 'tis not impossible.

Ruf. 'Tis very strange! I am not yet confident.

Gasp. There be receipts in physic, sir, to keep them young, saving that time runs on a little beforehand with them; yes, and to make young: since it is harder to make alive when they are dead, than to make young when they are alive, and physic doth revive some, out of all question; though not so familiarly as kill, for that they do with a little study; marry, I think, if it were as gainful to the physician to restore as to destroy, he would practise the art of recovery very faithfully.

Ruf. Why, do you think it would not prove as gainful?

Gasp. Oh! by no means; for where an old man would give a hundred pounds, to have forty or fifty years wiped off the old score of his life; his wife, or next heir, would join, rather than fail, to outbid him half on't, to put him out of debt quite, and to send his old leaking vessel into *mare mortuum*.

Ruf. Well, well; but if I be young, I have ta'en no physic for't.

Gasp. *If!* nay, 'tis past *if*, and *and* too: you are certainly restored; let me see, you look like one of four or six and thirty, not a minute above, and so much a man may take you for.

Buf. Well, I know not what to say to't; there is some power in love has blest me. Now, Selina, be thou gracious.

Gasp. Are you in love? nay, the wonder is not so great; who can express the power of love? I have read of a painter named Pygmalion, that made the picture of a woman so to the life, that he fell in love with it, courted it, lay in bed with it, and, by [the] power of love, it became a soft-natured wench, indeed, and he begot I know not how many children of her. Well, sir, Selina cannot choose but be mad for you.

Ruf. Not mad, Gasparo; I would be loth to be troubled with her, an she be mad.

Gasp. Yes, an she be mad in love there is no harm in't; she cannot be too mad in love; your cornucopia may be abated at pleasure: besides, sir, the best moral men say, love itself is a madness, and the madder your wife is, the more sure you may be she loves you.

Ruf. No, no; I love no madness on any condition, for fear of being horn-mad.

Gasp. Why, sir, madness is not such a discredit, as the age goes: you know there are many mad fashions, and what man but sometimes may be mad? Are not your great men mad, that, when they have enough, will pawn their soul for a monopoly?⁶ Beside mad lords, what do you think of ladies at some time of the moon? you may spell them in their names, mad-dam. You have mad courtiers, that run madding after citizen's wives: the citizens are mad too, to trust them with their wares, who have been so deep in their wives books before. Your justice of peace is sometimes mad too, for when he may see well enough, he will suffer any man to put out his eye with a bribe: some lawyers are often stark-mad, and talk wildly; no man is able to endure their Terms.

Ruf. Prithee, mad-cap, leave: I am almost mad to hear thee.

Gasp. Well, my old young Rufaldo, if you marry

⁶ will pawn their soul for a monopoly?] The granting of monopolies of the manufacture, or sale of certain articles, so prevalent in Shirley's time, is often alluded to by our old writers, and with good reason: in general, they were bestowed on the favourites of the day, who either raised vast sums on their sale, or shared in the iniquitous profits which they produced. The reader will find a most curious list of the chief monopolies in the beginning of James the First's reign, in Lodge's *Illust. of Brit. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 159.

Selina, I shall have a pair of gloves, I hope, and you'll let me dance at your wedding.

Ruf. That thou shalt, boy, and I'll dance myself too.—Hey! [Exit leaping.]

Gasp. Farewell, credulity! ha, ha! with what a greediness do old men run out of their wits! 'Twas a good recreation to see with what pleasure he suffered himself to be gull'd: faith, Gasparo, play out thy hand now thou art in; methinks I have an excellent appetite to make myself merry with the simplicity of this age. Let me see; 'tis spring, and I mean to give my head a purgation; it may beat off the remembrance of my lost love, Felice. A pox of melancholy! I will act two or three parts, if I live, in spite of it, and if I die, then——

Re-enter GORGON.

Gorg. Signior Gasparo, my master would speak with you: the project too! I met the youth strutting like a gentleman-usher; 'twas my invention.

Gasp. But I gave it polish, Gorgon.

Gorg. I confess, you took off the rough-cast; but 'twas Gorgon's head brought forth the project: from my Jove's brain came this Minerva.

Gasp. I think thou art a wit.

Gorg. Who, I a wit? I thought you had more wit than to make such a question: all the town takes me for a wit. Here's a pate hath crackers in't, and flashes.

Gasp. An thou sayst the word, we'll join in a project of wit, to make an ass of the world a little; it shall make us merry, if it take no other ways: wilt join?

Gorg. By this hand, any project of wit; what is't, good Gasparo? the project?

Gasp. Canst be close?

Gorg. As midnight to a bawd, or a pair of trusses to an Irishman's buttocks.⁷

Gasp. Go to: thou shalt now then excuse me to thy master; I will presently furnish myself with new lodgings, and expect to hear from me shortly, my brave Delphick; I have it in embryo, and I shall soon be delivered.

Gorg. If I fail, call me spider-catcher.

Gasp. Mum; not a word; if all hit right, we may
Laugh all our melancholy thoughts away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Rufaldo's House.

Enter BUBULCUS. *rich sep.*

Bub. If I were a woman, now could I fall in love with myself: every body tells me I am the properest gentleman in the town, and I put it up; for the truth is, I dare not give any one the lie. A

⁷ *as close as a pair of trusses to an Irishman.]* Had this passage occurred to Steevens, he would not have asserted that when Irishmen rode in *close trusses*, they rode "naked." The expression is very common in our old writers, and means neither more nor less than a tight pair of drawers. In *the Coxcomb*, Maria says to the supposed Irish footman, "O you hobby-headed rascal! I'll have you flayed, and *trossers* made of your skin." Here, say the editors, "*trossers* appear to be *loose breeches*!" And yet Maria had just before exclaimed —

You rogue!

You enemy to all but *little breeches*,

How dare you come, &c.

pox o' fighting! I can look as big as another, but shall I be such an ass, to venture myself with beasts? for they say your swords most commonly are foxes,⁸ and have notable metal in them.—Let me see, I am now at Rufaldo's, my father-in-law that must be; here he is—

Enter RUFALDO youthfully apparelled.

Master Rufaldo, if you had been mine own father, as you are but like to be my father-in-law, I should have proved myself a fool;⁹ by this hand, I should not have known you: why, how brisk, and neat, and youthful he is!

Ruf. I am something altered, I confess, since I saw you.

Bub. By this flesh that shines, a man would not take you to be above five or six and thirty at most; how came this?

Ruf. Just as Gasparo told me! 'tis apparent. Nay, nay, son, forbear to be inquisitive: I confess I am abated of my age;—the power of love, and so forth—but I see your fire of love is not out too.

Bub. No, mine was but raked up in the embers.

Ruf. Why, this love does make us all ingenious too; come, sit down.—[*places a cushion under him.*]
—Saving your tail, sir, a cushion; we may discourse with the more ease.

Bub. Pray, how does my sweetheart, mistress Hilaria?

Ruf. She is very well.—Ha, son, I am in love too; son I call you. I hope you will get my daughter's good will; but you'll find her peevish.

Bub. No matter, sir, for that; I would not have

⁸ *your swords most commonly are foxes.*] This is the cant name given to a sword by all our old dramatists; probably because, as the sententious Nym says, "it can bite upon occasion."

⁹ Alluding to the proverb: *It's a wise child, &c.*

her easily; I would sweat for her: I warrant I'll make her love me.

Guf. Look you, can you read.—[*Gives Bub. a paper*]—I made a ditty to send my mistress, and my musician, that I keep in my house to teach my daughter, hath set it to a very good air, he tells me: you shall hear and judge of it; I hear him tuning his instrument.

Musician sings within.

*God of war, to Cupid yield,
He is master of the field;
He with arrow hits the heart,
Thou with lance the worser part.*

*Cupid greater is than Jove,
Since he wounded was with love;
Nay, in power, by much odds,
He excels the other gods.*

*Love transform'd Jove to a swan,
Made Ulysses a mad-man,
But Rufaldo it does make
Young, for his Selina's sake.*

Ruf. How do you relish it, ha?

Bub. In troth the ditty is as pretty an air as e'er I saw; 'tis divided into three regions, too; I warrant you can make ballads easily?

Ruf. Oh fie! they are barbarous and ignoble; that's beggarly.

Bub. But for all that, I have read good stuff sometimes, especially in your fighting ballads: *When cannons are roaring, and bullets are flying, &c.*

Ruf. Fie! whipping-post, tinkerly stuff! How did you like the air?

Bub. As sweet an air as 'a man would wish to live in; but 'tis somewhat backward.

Ruf. [sings.] *Oh music, the life of the soul!*

Bub. I should have learn'd music once too, but my master had so many crotchets, I could ne'er away with it. But where is your daughter, sir? there is no music without her; she is the best instrument to play upon.

Ruf. And you shall have her between your legs presently.

Bub. I had as lief be betwixt her's, for all that.

Ruf. Hilaria! where is this girl? I'll fetch her to you, and leave her with you, for I have a love of mine own, to whom I mean in person to present this ditty. I'll fetch her. [Exit.

Bub. I do not see what fault she can find with me; and if I had some good word to come over her:—but I must help it out, an need be, with swearing. But here she is.

Re-enter RUFALDO with HILARIA; ANTONIO following at a distance,

Ruf. Still Antonio with you? you are a foolish girl: do I take care to provide a husband for you, and will you cast away yourself upon a prodigal? But that I would not discontent his sister, whom I hope to make my wife, I would forbid him my house; therefore be wise, and take heed of him, he's giddy-headed, and loose-bodied. The bee may buz, but he will leave a sting: plant your love there,—[pointing to *Bubulcus*.]—upon my blessing; he hath many lordships.

Hil. Pray heaven he have good manners.⁹

⁹ *Pray heaven he have good manners.*] This play between *lordships* and *manors*, is often found in our old writers, who take advantage of the loose orthography of their time to raise a number of witticisms on it.

Ruf. I have set open the gate of opportunity ;
Cupid speed us both! [*Exit.*]

Bub. Let me alone to enter my man, now the point is open.—Hum! [*sees Antonio.*]—Stay, there's a man in her tables more than I looked for: 'sfoot, he kisses her! I'll call Rufaldo back.— [*goes to the side of the stage.*]—He's out of sight ; it were but a cowardly trick for me to run away.

Ant. *The bee may buzz!*—now¹ the sting of conscience eat up his gut, fry his suet, and leave him at his death not able to weigh down a pound of candle.

Bub. He talks of suet ; I do melt already. [*Aside.*]

Hil. Look, do you see that man of clothes?— [*pointing to Bubulcus.*]— upon my father's blessing, he must be my husband. What will you do?

Ant. Fight with him ; his clothes are too big for him ; I'll beat him till he swell to them.

Hil. No, as you love me, do not strike him.

Bub. [*aside.*]— I will set a good face [*on't*], whatsoever come. — Hilaria, how does my love? come, kiss : [*kisses her.*]—why, so ! this comes of valour. We fall to, and he falls off ; he's some coward, I hope.— And how dost, Hilaria? 'tis an age since I saw thee : what springal is that? ha!

Hil. One that desires to be of your acquaintance, sir.

Bub. My acquaintance ! Who is he? none but knights, and knights fellows, are of my acquaintance. I scorn gentlemen.

Hil. But, for my sake, pray be acquainted with him.

Bub. Thou shalt do much with me.—Sir, I am

¹ The bee may buzz!—*now*, &c.] The old copy reads, Be buzzard now, the sting, &c. of which I can make nothing. It seems as if Antonio, who had overheard Rufaldo's parting speech, comes forward, indignantly repeating the old man's allusion to himself.

content, for her sake whom I love, to be acquainted with you: Wilt borrow any money? for so do all that begin their acquaintance with me; 'tis the fashion.—He is a coward, is he not?—[to *Selina*.]—Here:—[offers *Antonio* money.]—Nay, an you scorn my money, I scorn your acquaintance.

Hil. Pray, for my sake.

Bub. Why, he will borrow no money of me; I had never such a trick put upon me, since I knew what acquaintance was: I am sure there have been forty acquainted with me, since I came to town, and not one had so little breeding, to let me ask them the question. We could no sooner shake [one] hand, but the other was in my pocket: it may be 'tis his modesty.—Sir, this is my love, *Hilaria*, and if you will not borrow money of me, by this hand, there lies my sword,—[throws down his sword.]—he is a coward? [Aside to *Hil*.

Hil. It appears.

Bub. *Hilaria* is my mistress, and if any man dare be so venturous as to blast her reputation with a foul breath, he shall breathe his last.

Hil. 'Tis very sure; he shall not be immortal.

Bub. Or, if you shall offer, in my presence, to defile her lip, or touch her hand, or kiss but the nether part of her vesture, you had better kiss her in another place; nay, do but blow on her—

[Raises his voice.]

Hil. You forget yourself; this is my friend.

Bub. Or wink at her, or speak to her, or make signs, or think on her to my face, you had better keep your thoughts to yourself:—now, to conclude, and if you be aggrieved, my name is *Bubulcus*, and you lie.

Ant. And you lie—there on the ground.—[throws him down.]—Why should I not knock his brains out with his own hilts, or stake him to the ground, like a man that had hang'd himself?—Sirrah clothes,

rat of Nilus'² fiction, monster, golden calf: oh! I could kick thee till thou hast no more brains than thy cousin woodcock! I will not dishonour myself to kill thee; half a dozen kicks will be as good as a house of correction.—Out, you monkey!

[Kicks him.

Bub. [rises.]—Oh, that I could run thee thorough body and soul! I will challenge thee: a pox on your toes! would I had the paring of your nails! Were you dumb so long for this?

Ant. Hence!

Bub. Who look'd for you? when will you be here again? Look for a challenge; the time may come, when I will beat thee.

[Exit.

Ant. Has thy father left a multitude of men to make choice of this piece of folly to be thy husband! Oh, the blindness of a covetous, wretched father, that is led only by the ears, and in love with sounds! Nature had done well to have thrust him into the world without an eye, that, like a mole, is so affected to base earth, and there means to dig for Paradise: but come, Hilaria; Fathers their children and themselves abuse,
That wealth a husband for their daughter choose.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in Cornelio's House.

Enter CORNELIO, RUFALDO, and SELINA.

Cor. I did not think, Rufaldo, pardon me,
You could have so prevail'd; but if she can

² *rat of Nilus' fiction,*] i. e. shapeless, unformed, such as were said to be left in the slime of that river, after it had shrunk within its banks. This supposes the old pointing to be correct; if otherwise, *fiction* is easily understood.

Plant her affection on you, I'll not be
Backward to call you son.

Sel. He does appear
With all the charms of love upon his eye,
And not rough drawn, but polish'd ; he assumes
A power 'bove all resistance.

Cor. An old man's darling, is a petty queen,
Above all her desires.

Ruf. Nay, she shall want nothing my wealth
can purchase.—O my sweet Selina !

Cor. Rufaldo, with your patience, I would have
A word or two in private ; you need not
Prejudicate me.

Ruf. With all my heart. [Walks aside.]

Cor. Selina,
Thou know'st I am thy father.

Sel. My duty, sir, shall speak it.

Cor. And you know
Whom you have rejected.

Sel. Young Infortunio.

Cor. And you know what man
He is with whom you mean to tie that knot
Nothing but death is able to undo.

Sel. Rufaldo, sir ; an old man.

Cor. Oh, Selina !
Felice, thy poor sister, thou recall'st
To sad remembrance ; but heaven, alas !
Knows only where she is.

Sel. Sir, I have often heard you talk of her,
But never knew that sister well.

Cor. Thou, with thy uncle's tenderness, wast
kept
Always in the country, not, until her loss,
At home with me : her fate taught me to give
A liberty to thee ; her I restrain'd,
Poor wench, in love with Gasparo ; till, betwixt
Obedience to a father, and the love
To him, she left us both, father and friend.

Now, to avoid the like affliction,
I vow'd thy freedom; and thou see'st I do not
Encounter thy affection with the bonds
A father might enforce upon his child.

Sel. I humbly thank you, [sir.]

Cor. But yet, Selina,
Take heed, be not too rash; I have observ'd
You want no common judgment, O, do not
Precipitate thyself into a sorrow
Shall waste thee with repentance; let me tell you,
There is a method, when your passion's young,
To keep it in obedience: you love Rufaldo!
Art thou not young? How will the rose agree
With a dead hyacinth? or the honey wood-bind,³
Circling a withered briar?—
You can apply. Can you submit your body
To bed with ice and snow, your blood to mingle?
Would you be deaf'd with coughing, teach your eye
How to be rheumatic? Breathes he not out
His body in diseases, and, like dust,
Falling all into pieces, as if nature
Would make him his own grave.⁴ I say too much.
O, what are all the riches of the world
To an oppressed mind, which then must be
Fed with despair of change? or will [his] gold
Buy off th' imprisonment? Nay, will it not
Compose the chains, that bind you to endure it?
Well, I have said enough, keep still your freedom—
And lose it where you will, you shall not blame
Me for your fate, nor grieve me with your shame.

Sel. Dear father, low as earth I tender you
The duty of a daughter; I have heard you
Not with a careless ear. That liberty
You have bestow'd on me, for which I owe

³ or the honey wood-bind,] So Shirley writes the word, which corroborates what is noticed in the *Vision of Delight*. Jonson, vol. vii. p. 308.

⁴ his own grave.] Old copy, His old grave.

All that I am, doth make me confident
 You will not be offended, if I tell you
 My love is virtuous ; were it otherwise,
 I should elect, as you premonish, youth
 And prodigal blood. And, father, I think here
 I shew myself your daughter, nor am I
 Without good precedent too : how many fine,
 Young, noble ladies, in this fairy isle,
 Have match'd with reverend age ? and live as they
 Were born from nature's purity, free from stain
 Of sensual imputation ; by their loves,
 Deriving heavenly honours to themselves
 'Bove merit of equality. [*Rufaldo comes forward.*

Cor. No more. Heaven's blessing
 And mine light on thee : thou shalt have Rufaldo.

Sel. I would not leave Rufaldo for a world
 Of rash untemperate youth, believe it, sir.

Cor. Rufaldo, heard you that ? She says she
 would
 Not leave you for a world of other men.

Ruf. Nor I, for a thousand worlds, forsake my
 love.—

Come seal it with a kiss, another ! another ! another !

Cor. As close as cockles !

Ruf. Oh, that we were married !

'Tis death to stay the ceremonies ; would
 We were abed together !

Cor. 'Twere time, I see, we were at conference,
 To confirm all things for the marriage.

You being agreed, I think we shall not differ
 In other circumstance, and 'twere sin to let
 That keep your joys asunder by delay.

Please you, we'll have some treaties.

Ruf. Most willingly.—O my bird, my chick,
 my dove, my America, my new-found world ! I
 shall shortly run back into one-and-twenty again.

[*Exeunt Cornelio and Rufaldo.*

Sel. With what agility he moves himself,
 As he were made of air! Let weakness tax
 Our inequality, I have a mind
 Can easily condemn what the world's malice,
 Out of its own first guiltiness, can throw
 Upon our loves: it shall be enough for me
 Thus to convince the world of so much baseness,
 Lodg'd in luxurious thoughts, by my chaste life.⁵
Rufaldo, thou art mine, all time, methinks,
 Is slow, till we be actually possess
 Of mutual enjoying.—Stay, who's this?

Enter JENKIN, and his page JOCARELLO.

The Welshman⁶ that delivers his affection
 At second hand, to me.

Jen. Look you, pages, where our sweethearts and
 pigsnies be, and could her tell what to say to her
 now, know her heart very well, but pogs upon her,
 cannot aule her knowledge speak rhetorics, and
 oratories, and fine words to her? Look you know,
 better to fight, and cut doublets with her Welsh
 glaves, mark you.

Joc. Sir, will you lose this opportunity? you'll
 curse yourself in Welsh, two or three days toge-
 ther for't.

Jen. Sentlewoman, if her know not her name,
 was Jenken, born in Wales, came of pig houses,
 and Brittish bloods, was have great hills and moun-
 tains aule her own, when was get 'em again, any

⁵ *by my chaste life.*] Old copy *thoughts*; a repetition of the former word, a frequent source of error in these plays.

⁶ A Welsh character is a very frequent ingredient in the plots of our old plays. The audiences of those times must have found something ridiculous in the dialect, to warrant these repeated introductions, for the men themselves are as dull and uninteresting as can possibly be conceived. With the exception of those brought on the stage by Shakspeare, I scarcely recollect one above contempt.

way, her cousins, and our countryman was never conquered, but always have the victories pravelly; have her arms and scushrins, to know that say you, was give in her crests great deal of monsters, and dragons, kill 'em with their hooks very valiantly, as any sentelman in the whole world: pray you now was please you place her affections and good-wills upon her, in ways of make-money, mark you teal plainly; Jenkin was love her very honestly, else pox upon her, and her will fight in her cause and quarrels, long as have any plood in her bellies and backs too, mark you.

Sel. Sir, I am bound to you for the affection You cast on me; 'tis far above my merit.

Jen. Merits, say you? aw te merits are awl banished our countrys and nations, you know dat. Pray you, was her love Jenkin?

Sel. Love you, sir? I know not how to be So inhuman not to love you; [but] your parts Deserve a nobler object; I am not Worthy so much opinion of your love: But wherein I may do you service, sir, You shall command Selina. [Exit.

Jen. Shall her? Was make her means and satisfactions, warrant her, or say Senkin was [no] sentleman of Wales, say you now pages, was have her matrimonies and wedlocks very fast, look you; and when was get her, awle her cousins, was make joys and gratulation for her good fortunes upon her Welsh harps, know you dat very well, pages? her fear her shall be knighted one days, and have great cumulations of urships, honors, and dignities too, a great while ago.

Joc. And great castles in the air.

Jen. Was give awl her lands, and craggy tene-ments in Wales away to her cousin ap John, and live herself here upon very good fashions, with her monies and mighty riches, when her cau get 'em.

Enter INFORTUNIO.

Infor. How now, whither so fast, man? thou may'st get to hell by night, an thou goest but an alderman's pace.

Jen. By cats-ploud, her will go to the devil an her list; what is that to her?

Infor. Cry you mercy, your name is master Jenkin.

Jen. And what have her to say to master Jenkin? Jenkin is as good names as her own, pray you, was good sentleman as herself, know very well, say you now?

Infor. Good-bye, sir.

Jen. Boys! does her call her boys? Hark you her? her name is Jenkin, her be no boys, no shildren.

Infor. I will not be used so.

Jen. Her shall be us'd worse an her call Jenkin boys; was knock as tall a man as herself, an Welsh plood be up, look you.

Infor. Can she love Rufaldo? 'tis impossible.

Jen. Piple-pables, 'tis very possible.

Infor. His body has more diseases than an hospital; an hunger-starv'd rascal.

Jen. Rascals? sheshu! was never such names and appellations put upon her, awl her days. Becar her will make you eat up awl her words and ignominies, or her plade shall make holes in your bellies, diggon.

Infor. A very puff, a weak animal.

Jen. Hey, puff, and cannibals; if the devil be in your mouths, her will pick your teeths with her Welsh plade, and pay you for all your puffs, and cannibals, warrant her.

Infor. But 'tis her fault, alone, impudent woman. Oh, may you, like Narcissus, perish by

Your face, the fall of others, or, unpitied
Of heaven and earth, die loathsome ! I could curse.

Jen. Her can curse, and swear too, look you now.

Infor. Pardon, divinest sex, passions do force
My reason from me,
I do submit, crave pardon, as your creature.

Jen. Nay, an her crave pardon, and make sub-
missions, Jenkin was put up awl her angers and
indignations. Farewell. [Exit with Jocarello.]

Infor. Oh, Selina !

Thou art too much an adamant
To draw my soul unto thee ; either be
Softer, or less attractive : but Rufaldo !—
'Tis depth of witchcraft ; oh ! I could be mad,
Beyond all patience mad ; it is some malice⁷
Hath laid this poison on her.

Enter GORGON with a Letter.

Gor. Here's Infortunio. Alas, poor gentle-
man ! Little does he think what black and white
is here ; a bitter handful of commendations to him.
My young mistress is mad of the old coxcomb, and
will marry him almost without asking. I cannot tell,⁸
but if she do not cuckold him, and make him cry
corns on his toes ! ere he die, he has fool's fortunè ;
for a wise man would be out of hope to avoid it.
He spies me.

Infor. Whither running, Gorgon ?

Gor. Not out of my wit, sir ; I have a letter
from my young mistress Selina must, in all haste,
have cleanly conveyance to old Rufaldo.

Infor. Let me but see the directions. [reads.]

⁷ It is some malice] i. e. sorcery, witchcraft: the old law-
term, *malitia*.

⁸ I cannot tell.] I know not what to think of it. See Ben
Jonson, vol. i. p. 125. The allusion in the next line, to the
cry of the corn-cutters, is a favourite one with our poet.

To my beloved friend, master Rufaldo :—'tis a lie ; she was mistaken ; it was I should owe' this appellation. I'll not believe the superscription ; 'tis a painted face, I'll see the heart on't.

[Breaks open the letter.

Gor. I hope, sir, you will not throw open the sheet, and discover my mistress's secrets?—How he stares!

Infor. [reads.] *If you love me, and wish me constant, be your own friend, and let our marriage day begin with the next morning ; thine, Selina.*

Oh! she's mad.

All womankind is mad ; and I am mad.

Whom shall I rend in pieces for my wrongs ?

And as with atoms fill this poison'd air ?

Rufaldo!

Stay, is not she a creature rational ?

Oh no, there is no spark of nature in her ;

All is sunk, lost for ever : stay, stay ; see.

[Tears the letter.

Gor. He has made a tailor's bill on't, torn't in pieces ere it be discharg'd. What shall I do ?

Infor. This is Medea's brother, torn in pieces, And this the way where she with Jason flies From Colchis,¹ come not near them ; see, [see] ; look!

That's an arm rent off.

Gor. This ?

[Gathers up the pieces.

Infor. And the hand beckons us

To cry out murder.

⁹ *I should owe this appellation,] i. e. own.*

————— “Thou dost here usurp
“The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
“Upon this island as a spy.” *Tempest*, Act i. Sc. 2.

¹ *From Colchis, &c.]* So I suppose it should be: the old copy reads, “Tom Colchos, come not near 'em!” as if some particular person were addressed: but every page of Shirley abounds in errors equally unaccountable.

Gor. I'll but hold it by the hand.

Infor. That's a leg of the boy.

Gor. This, sir, a leg? it shall go with me, then.

Infor. There, there 'tis, head and yellow curled
locks,

His eyes are full of tears ; now they do stare,
To see where all his other members lie.

Gor. So ! I have all his quarters, I'll presently,
sir, get poles for them, and hang them upon the
gates in their postures for you.² [Exit.]

Infor. But she and Jason are both shipp'd, and
Argo

Is sailing home to Greece. See how the waves
Do toss the vessel, and the winds conspire
To dash it 'gainst a rock ! it rides upon
A watery mountain, and is hid in clouds ;
It cannot stay there : now, now, [now] it tumbles
Three fathom beneath hell ! let them [e'en] go.
Here comes the father of Medea now,
Calling in vain unto the gods, and spies
His son's limbs thrown about, instead of flowers,
To his daughter's nuptials ; he does take them up ;
He knows the face, and now he tears his hair,
And raves, and cries, Medea ! Poor old man !
Command a funeral pile for the young child,
And lay the pretty limbs on 't, from whose ashes
Shalt have another son in the shape of Phœnix.—
Shall I?—O, excellent ! Prepare a fire
All of sweet wood for my sweet boy ; a fire ! [Exit.]

² An allusion to the barbarous custom, then too familiar, of exposing the head and limbs of persons executed for high treason, upon the gates of the city.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Rufaldo's House.

Enter RUFALDO.

Ruf. 'Tis now early day : fie, what a long night hath this been ! the sun went drunk to bed the last night, and could not see to rise this morning. I could hardly wink, I am sure, love kept me waking ; and the expectation of this my wedding-day did so caper in my brains, I thought of nothing but dancing the *Shaking of the sheets* with my sweetheart. It is certain I am young, every body now tells me so, it did appear by Selina's consenting so soon to love ; for when I had but broke the ice of my affection, she fell over head and ears in love with me. Was ever man so happy as I am ? I do feel, I do feel my years fall off, as the rain from a man that comes dropping in ; I do feel myself every day grow younger and younger still : let me see, an hundred years hence, if I live to it, I shall be new out of my teens, and running into years of discretion again. Well, I will now to master Cornelio's, and bid them good morrow with a noise of musicians ; and to see, at the very talking of music, how my heart leaps and dances at my wedding already ! I have bespoke the parson to marry us, and have promised [him] a double fee for expedition. O, now I am so proud of my joy, my feet do not know what ground they stand on. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Country.

Enter JENKIN and JOCARELLO.

Jen. Jenkin has risen very early this mornings, and been in studies and contemplations to make ditties and ferses upon her mistress' beauties and pulchritudes, but the devil's sure in these poetries; they call it furies and raptures, look you, but Jenkin's pate is almost mad, and yet her cannot, awl her inclinations, meet with these furies and raptures.

Enter SELINA in shepherd's weeds.

Sel. Thus far I have past without discovery: the morning is auspicious to my flight. Selina, what an alteration hath a day made in thee, that, to prevent thy so desired marriage, thou art thus lost in a masculine habit, and dost fly him, thou didst so much love, aged Rufaldo! In what a lethargy wert thou fallen, Selina!

Jen. Jocarello, does her not name Selina? 'tis no very good manners to make interruptions; her will hear more, look you.

Sel. Whither had reason so withdrawn itself,
I could not make distinction of a man,
From such a heap of age, achès, and rheum?
Sure I was mad; and [it] doth encrease my fury,
To think with what a violence I ran
To embrace such rottenness. O, my guilty soul
Doth feel the punishment of the injury
I did to Infortunio of late;
Of whom as I despair, so shall the world,

Ever to know again hapless Selina.
This is the morn the sacred rites should tie
Me to Rufaldo, ripe in expectation ;
But, like Ixion, he shall grasp a cloud,
My empty clothes at home : Selina thus
Is turn'd a shepherd, and will try her fortune ;
Hard by the shepherds have their shady dwellings,
There let Selina end her hapless days.
Father and all farewell ! thus, as Felice,
My other sister, I'll wear out my life,
Far from your knowledge : sacred Love commands,
Revenge and justice for my cruelty,
And reason, now awak'd, shall lead me to it.
Thus I am safe ; I go to find out that
Will meet me every where, a just sad fate. [*Exit.*

Jen. Pages, have her seen treams and apparitions ? hark you, was Selina turn'd shepherdess, pray you ?

Joc. Either we dream, or this was Selina, your mistress, that is turn'd into breeches, and become a shepherd : *The case is altered.*

Jen. What a tevil is in the matters and businesses, pray you ? Cases ! never was known such cases and alterations in awl her life ; womans never wear preeches in Wales ; 'tis not possible, we are awl in treams and visions, very treams and visions.

Joc. Sure we are all awak'd, sir, and it was Selina ; did she not say she would obscure herself from her father's knowledge, and live among the shepherds hard by ?

Jen. It may be, but it is very impossible.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Cornelio's House.

Enter CORNELIO, RUFALDO, ANTONIO, and HILARIA.

Cor. I am amaz'd ; when was she seen ?

Ant Not to-day, sir ; I have search'd her chamber, and almost turn'd it out o' the window, but no Selina.

Ruf. It is very strange ; is not your man Gorgon come back ?

Cor. What should this mean ? it is a strange absence, on the wedding day too.

Ruf. That angers me most, sir.

Cor. My heart misgives me ; some fatal accident, upon my life, is happened to her.

Enter a Servant.

Ruf. Hast thou happy news ?

Ser. I have travelled all the town over, and can meet no intelligence of her.

Cor. Be dumb, night-raven ; she is lost, she's lost !

The Fates, sure, make conspiracy to take
My daughters from me : one I lost because
I would not give her, and I have repented
Full justice for it ; and am I so unhappy
To lose Selina too ? but I'll not sleep
Until I find her, either alive or dead. - -
Rufaldo, you have interest in this sorrow,
Join in the inquisition. — Oh my girl,
Selina!

[*Exit.*

Ruf. Have I been young for this ? If I find her not, I will run, — I will run, I will run, mad !

[*Exit.*

Ant. No more ; I know where her clothes be : if it take, applaud my invention. I have cozened my own father before now, and I will try new conclusions ;³ but I must have thy assistance and secrecy: if my sister have a conceit of mirth to put upon us, I may chance put her to prove herself Selina, or remove her with a *habeas corpus*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter JENKIN and JOCARELLO.

Jen. Jocarellos, awl is true, Selina is gone in shepherd's vestiments to the woods and forests ; but her will make travels and ambulations after her. Never was sentilman i' the world love as Jenkin now, to make journeys and peregrinations for a womans, look you: but if her find her, as know her very well, her will there make awl sure works and performances, warrant you. Pages here is moneys, pray you make provisions of breads and victuals too ; know uds are very bare places, and Jenkin was always have cud stomachs and appetites, look you ; pray you, do, pray you, do. [*Exeunt.*

³ *I will try new conclusions ;]* i. e. new projects, new experiments ; the expression is common to all our old writers.

SCENE V.

Gasparo's Lodgings.

(THE COMPLEMENT-SCHOOL.)

Enter GASPARO habited punctually, as Master of the School, and GORGON, as his Usher.

Gasp. Be the hangings up, Curculio, and all the chairs and stools put into method? the day is old, methinks; time runs fast upon the minute brings my disciples. Do my bills of Complements still relish, Curculio? do they please the palate, ha?

Gorg. My most ingenious and noble criticotaster, bravely. Bills! pills you should say, not faced, but lined with gold; they swallow them greedily, and still flock to them, and conglomerate, my son and heir of the Muses: a proclamation is as quiet as the poor-man's box, no man looks after it; not a ballad-monger has any audience: but happy is the man that rides first post to your papers, and cries Admirable! your old men look upon them with their spectacles, as they would eye an Obligation within a minute of forfeiture.

Gasp. Thou hast eaten up the Furies already, and speakest all buskins: but close, walk in the clouds; I have not heard of any mountebank of wit durst ever attempt to set up shop o' the trade yet: but whist!—Usher, take your place.

*Enter BUBULCUS.**Gor.* 'Sfoot, 'tis Bubulcus.*Bub.* This is the Complement-school?

Gorg. Three cuts and a half, hey! [*He dances.*] I give you, sir, generous salutation, and wish a fair morn descend upon you: thrice noble spirit, welcome; does your worship desire to be sprinkled with the drops of Helicon, to gather the pippins of Parnassus, and have your forehead filleted with Apollinean bays, or laurel?

Bub. Troth, sir, I do not know how to conster what you say; although I know it be Latin, sir: the cause of my coming to you, is to let you understand, that here is a Complement-School, and I have a great desire to be taught some of your figaries and brave words; I do mean to pay for it soundly too, sir: I thank my stars, as they say, I have ready money about me.

Gorg. You shall be verberated, and reverberated, my exact piece of stolidity. Please you draw near; there is the star of eloquence, under whom I am an hypodidascal, in English, his usher.

Bub. A gentleman-usher, at least.

Gorg. Approach without fear.—Here is a pupil, sir, desires to suck the honey of your eloquence, he is a gentleman in folio.

Gasp. Your accession is grateful, my most gentle lump of insipience: what complement doth arride the palate of your generosity?

Bub. What says he, pray, in English?

Gorg. He asks what kind of verbosity you would be practised in. Because I perceive you are raw, I will descend to your capacity: he asks what complement you would learn.

Bub. Why, look you, sir, I would have two kinds of complements: for, sir, I am in love, and I am in hate.

Gasp. How! in love and hate too?

Bub. Yes; I am in love with a wench, and would have a delicate speech for her; and I am in hate with a gentleman, a young animal, and I

would kill him now without danger of the law. To tell you true, he did abuse me in the presence of my sweetheart, and did (saving this good company) kiss my backside.

Gorg. How!

Bub. But it was with his foot, sir; now, in regard I have not the heart to kill him with my sword, I would cut him in pieces, and murder him with mouth-guns. Look you, sir, here's money, please yourself: but, I pray you, give me a powdering speech, for I would blow him up; I beseech you, if ever you put gall into your ink, make it a bitter speech.

Gasp. Sir, I will draw you a sublime speech, shall conjure him.

Bub. Pray do, for he has a great spirit in him.

Gasp. Usher, in the mean time entertain him with some copy of amorous complement.

Gorg. There is an usher's fee belongs to my place.

Bub. Here's gold for your fee, I received it for good fee-simple, I am sure.

Gorg. Simple, I am sure. [*Aside.*]—So, sir, look you, I should teach you to make a leg first; but these postures anon.

Resplendent mistress, for thy face doth far

Excel all other, like a blazing star

We mortals wonder at, vouchsafe to cast,

Out of those sparkling diamond eyes thou hast,

A sacred influence on thy vowed creature,

That is confounded with thy form and feature.

Bub. Admirable!

Gorg. Goddess of Cyprus—

Bub. Stay; I do not like that word cyprus,⁴ for

⁴ *Bub.* *I do not like that word Cyprus, &c.*] Cyprus is the name of a stuff something like crape, and, as Gorgon says, the emblem of mourning. Our old dramatists seldom use the word without a pun; of the humour of which this of Bubulcus may be taken as a fair specimen.

she'll think I mean to make hatbands of her : cannot you call her taffata goddess? or, if you go to stuff, cloth of gold were richer.

Gorg. Oh, there's a conceit; Cyprus is the emblem of mourning, and here by Cyprus you declare how much you pine and mourn after her, sir.

Bub. Very good; pray you, go on.

Gorg. Goddess of Cyprus, Venus is a slut.

Bub. Stay; who do I call slut now? the goddess of Cyprus, Venus, or my love?

Gorg. You do tell the goddess that Venus is a slut.

Bub. I do so.

Gorg. For thou art Venus fair, and she is not.

Bub. How is she Venus fair then, when I call her slut to her face?

Gorg. No, sir, your love is Venus fair, and she is not:

That makes plain the other, that she is a slut.

—O that I were a flea upon thy lip!

There would I suck for ever, and not skip.

Bub. Suck?

Gorg. That is, you would not bite her by the lip.—

Or, if you think I there too high am placed,

I'll be content to suck below thy waist.

Bub. Which side she please.

Gorg. Thy foot I'd willing kiss, but that I know Thou wouldst not have thy servant stoop so low.—

She will give you leave to kiss higher.

Oh, speak thou wilt be mine; and I will be

The truest worm e'er trod on shoe to thee.

Bub. Worm?

Gorg. By worm you do insinuate and wriggle yourself into her affection; and she by shoe will conceive you desire the length of her foot.—How do you like it, sir?

Bub. I would not for forty pounds but I had come to complement: why, I shall be able in a small time to put down a reasonable gentlewoman.

Gorg. Oh, any ordinary lady; you must get it without book.—Now, to make your legs.

Bub. I have two made to my hands.

Gorg. Oh, by no means; your legs are made to your feet.

Enter DELIA.

Gasp. Beauty and graces dwell upon the face
Of my disciple, Delia.

Del. Muses inspire you! What! at study?

Gasp. Negotiating a little with the Muses.

Gorg. See me salute her.—

As many happinesses wait on Delia,

As beams shoot from the sun this pleasant morn!

Del. *As many thanks requite you, as that sun
Is old in minutes since the day begun!*

Bub. What's she, Curculio?

Gorg. Her mistress's best moveable, a chambermaid.

Bub. She is an early riser: at school so soon?

Gorg. She is an early riser; and yet, sometimes, as soon down as up; she cannot be quiet for serving-men: 'tis her hour between eight o'clock and her mistress' rising, to come to discipline.

Bub. 'Tis a pretty smug wench; is her name Delia? she has a pretty name, too.

Gorg. Oh, sir, all her credit is in her good name: it was Diana's, the goddess of chastity, and therefore, when she marries, she may cuckold her husband by privilege; for Diana gave horns to Actæon.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Where's master Criticotaster?

Gasp. Who's that?

Ser. Sir, my master has sent you a little gold; he desires you to send him the speech he should speak at sessions in the country, he's now riding down.

Gasp. [examining his ledger.] *Sir Valentine Wantbrain, that has never a clerk?*

Ser. The same, sir.

Gasp. *Newly put into commission for the peace; being puisne, it falls to him to give the charge. I have drawn it; let me see, In comitatu, &c. Here, read it, Curculio; he may the better instruct his master; a touch, a touch!*

Gorg. *Good men of the jury, for this session I will not implicate you with ambages and circumstances; I am unwilling to confound your little wits with affected divisions of my narration, into quis, quid, quomodo, and quandos: I will neither utter by gross, nor part my speech into a dozen of long points, knotted often in the middle, and untagged in the end: you are to present malefactors, whereof you are the chief—reformers; and seeing you stand ready for your charge, I will give fire to this great piece of service, and send you all off with a powder, that in any case we may go to dinner betimes.—*

Gasp. So! 'tis enough: bear my respects to your master; tell him 'tis a speech will do him credit; bid him learn it perfectly without book.

Gorg. And, do you hear? if he chance to be at a nonplus, he may help himself with his beard and handkerchief; or it will be a good posture for his hand now and then to be fumbling with his band-strings.—Farewell. [*Exit Servingman.*

Enter mistress MEDULLA and a Servant.

Gasp. Mistress Medulla, the sun of honour

shine upon your hopes, till it sublime you to a ladyship! I will attend you presently.

Med. Sirrah, bid your fellow make ready the caroch, and attend me here about an hour hence; I will ride home. [Exit Servant.]

Bub. What gentlewoman is that?

Gorg. An old country gentlewoman, that hath buried her husband lately, and comes up to be a lady; for she swears she will not marry any more gentlemen: she is fallen out with a justice of peace's wife in the country, and she will have a knight, though she pay for his horse-hire, to spite her neighbours.

Gasp. A word with you, sir.

Bub. Your friend and master Bubulcus. Have you done, sir?

Gasp. [reading.] *The Cupidinian fires burn in my breast,*

And like the oven Ætna I am full

Of squibs and crackers. [Gives him a paper.]

Bub. This will powder him.

Gorg. *Lady, wounded by your beauty, I will acknowledge mercy if you kill me not: yet rather murder me, than vulnerate still your creature, unless you mean to medicine where you have hurt; and I implore no better remedy than I may derive from the instrument wherewith you pierced me, like Achilles' spear, your eye having shot lightning into my breast, hath power, with a smile, to fetch out the consuming fire, and yet leave my heart inflamed.*

Del. *Sir, although where I am not guilty of offence, I might deny justly to descend to a satisfaction; yet, rather than I would be counted a murderer, I would study to preserve so sweet a model as yourself; and since you desire my eye, which enflamed you, should, with the virtue of a*

gracious smile, make you happy in your fire, it shall shine as you would have it, and disclaim that beam shall shine upon another object.

Gorg. So; very well: this is your cunning lesson. [Knocking within.]

Gasp. Some strangers, Curculio!

Gorg. Sir, the country comes in upon us.

Enter Countryman and Oaf.

Count. Is not here a Complement-school?

Gasp. A school of generous education, sir.

Count. I have brought my son to be a scholar; I do mean to make him a courtier; I have an offer of five or six offices for my money, and I would have him first taught to speak.

Bub. He is a great child; cannot he speak yet?

Gasp. In what kind of complement, please you, venerable sir, to be edoctrinated?—But we will withdraw. [Exeunt Gasp. Countryman, and Oaf.]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Come, for another lesson, my brave Mars, Now I am fit to quarrel with the stars, And catch at Jove.

Bub. What's he?

Gorg. Orlando Furioso.

Gent. By the blood-stain'd falchion of Mavors, I will carbonado thee; keep off! or in my fury I will cut thee into atoms, and blow thee about the world.

Bub. I hope he does but complement?

Gent. *I will outlabour Jove-born Hercules,
And in a greater fury ransack hell:
Tear from the sisters their contorted curls,
And rack the Destinies on Ixion's wheel;
Brain Proserpine with Sisiph's rolling stone,*

*And in a brazen caldron, choak'd with lead,
Boil Minos, Eacus, and Radamant ;
Throw Pluto headlong into moorish fens,
And sooty regions ;
Dam up Cocytus with tormented souls,
And batter down the brazen gates of hell ;
Make the infernal, three-chapt band-dog roar.
Cram Tantalus with apples, lash the fiends
With whips of snakes and poison'd scorpions ;
Snatch chain'd Prometheus from the vulture's maw,
And feed him with her liver ; make old Charon
Waft back again the souls, or buffet him
With his own oars to death.*

Gorg. So, so ; 'tis well : you shall take forth a new lesson, sir ; sit down and breathe.

Bub. 'Twas a devilish good speech.

Enter INGENIOLO, *behind.*

Ing. *Oh, why did nature make thee fair and cruel ?*

Bub. What spruce fellow's this ?

Gorg. He is an hundred and fifty pounds a year in *potentia*, a yeoman's son, and a justice of peace's clerk ; he is in love with a farmer's daughter, and thus he speaks his passion in blank verse.

Ing. *Thou art some goddess, that to amaze the earth*

*With thy celestial presence, hast put on
The habit of a mortal ; gods sometimes
Would visit country houses, and gild o'er
A sublunary habitation*

*With glory of their presence, and make heav'n
Descend into an hermitage. Sure thy father
Was Maia's son, disguis'd in shepherd's weeds,
And thou dost come from Jove ; no marvel then
We swains do wonder at thee, and adore.
Venus herself, the queen of Cytheron,*

*When she is riding through the milky way,
Drawn with white doves, is but a blowze, and must,
When thou appearest, leave her bird-drawn coach,
And give the reins to thee, and trudge afoot
Along the heavenly plains, paved with stars,
In duty of thy excellence ; while the gods,
Looking amazed from their crystal windows,
Wonder what new-come deity doth call
Them to thy adoration.*

Bub. O, heavenly farmer's daughter !

Gorg. I'll call him in. - -Ingeniolo !

Ing. [*coming forward.*] Your servant, sir.—
[*to Med.*]—Lady, I kiss your hand, and reverence
the antiquity of your vestment.—Delia, Fortune let
fall her riches on thy head, that thou mayst fill thy
apron.—I am your humble observicer, and wish
you all cumulations of prosperity.

Bub. Sir, I desire to suck below your waist.

Ing. I do evacuate myself to be your shadows,
my generous condisciples.

Gorg. This is scholar-like.

Bub. He's one of the head form, I warrant ?

Re-enter GASPARO, Countryman, and OAF.

Gasp. Sir, I receive your son, and will wind up
his ingeny, fear it not ; but, first, he must be under
my usher, who must teach him the postures of his
body, how to make legs and cringes, and then he
shall be advanced to a higher class.—Curculio,
lick him, with your method, into some proportion ;
take off the roughness of his behaviour, and then
give him the principles of salutation.

Count. La' you there, boy ! he will teach you
the principles of saltation.—Well, good-morrow,
sir ; I'll leave my jewel. [*Exit.*]

Gorg. Your jewel may have the grace to be
hang'd one day.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Bless you, sentlemen awl, and your studies and contemplations : is here a School of Completments, pray you ?

Gasp. A place of generous breeding.

Jen. Generous preeding ? hark you, her name was Jenkin, a good sentleman, 'tis known, her take no pleasures and delectations in urds and phrases of rhetricks ; Welsemen have awl hearts and fidelities, mark you : her was going along pout creat business, but casting her eyes and visions upon your pills, and significations of your skills and professions, look you, her come in, to see the fashions and manners of your exercises ; and yet, if your urships has any madrigals and pastoral canticles, look you ; for in truths and verities was going now to the uods and forest, and mean to turn shepherds, goddillings ; her will give you good payments of awl your inventions, and muses, pray you now.

Gasp. Amorous pastorals ? I can furnish you, venerable sir.

*Turn, Amaryllis, to thy swain,
Thy Damon calls thee back again ;
Here is a pretty arbour by,
Where Apollo cannot pry,
Here let's sit, and while I play,
Sing to my pipe a roundelay.*

How like you it, sir ?

Jen. Roundelays ; very good ; here is moneys and considerations, look you.

Gorg. We acknowledge your bounty, my Tenth Worthy.

Gasp. [to Medulla.] So, mistress, I have tres-

pass'd on your patience ; now I will take occasion by the fore-lock. You can say your lecture : have you your handkercher ready, that when a suitor comes, you may put him off with wiping your eyes, as if tears stood in them ever since your husband was buried ? Well, suppose I have had access to your chamber, I begin.—*Lady, think it not strange, if love, which is active in my bosom, force me to turn petitioner, that I may be reckoned amongst your servants ; all my ambition, sweetest, is to be made happy in your affection, which I will study to deserve in my utmost possibilities.*

Med. Alas ! alas ! I had a husband.

Gasp. Very well counterfeited.—Nay, weep not ; those eyes were made to shine, not waste with dew : if it be for the remembrance of him you have lost, recover him again, by placing your good opinion on a man shall sweat to do you services.

Med. It doth not, sir, become our modesty To talk of love so soon ; you will renew My passion for his loss, and draw down tears Afresh upon his hearse : you do not well To oppress a widow thus. I pray, sir, leave me ; At least I will enjoin you, if you stay, To speak no more of love : it is unwelcome.—
What, am I perfect ?

Gasp. So, 'twas very well ; at the next lesson you shall learn to be more cunning.

Gorg. Wilt please you hear the novice ?

Gasp. Good boy, speak out.

Oaf. God save you, sir ; felicities be accumulated upon you, sir ; I thank you, generous sir : you oblige me to be your servant, sir, in all my—p—o—s—possibility, sir : I honour your remembrance, sir, and shall be proud to do you my observance, sir, most noble sir.

Gasp. Very hopeful.—Now, a repetition all together ; the more the merrier.

[They all rehearse at once.]

Enter INFORTUNIO.

Inf. What! at barley-break?⁵ which couple are in hell? Are not you Helen, whose insatiate lust ruin'd fair Ilium? and you, sir, Paris with a golden nose? Hark you, Rufaldo is married to Selina.

Bub. Who?—that's my father-in-law.

Inf. How, your father? look, he has cloven feet; I am glad I have found you; what are you in hell for?

Gasp. Insinuate to them all, for their own safeties, he's desperate mad; bid none stir hence.

[*Aside to Gorgon.*

Inf. Hey, how came you all thus damn'd?

Jen. Damn'd! who's damn'd? is Jenkin damn'd?

Gasp. I beseech you, sir, to maintain the credit of my school: I shall be undone else; humour him a little.

Jen. Will you have her be damn'd? when hear you, pray, a Welshman was damn'd? of all things in the urld, her cannot abide to be damn'd.

Gorg. See, if you can roar him away.

Gent. Keep off! I am Hercules, son of Alcmena, Compress'd by Jove, I'll carbonado thee.

Inf. How! art thou Hercules? [*Strikes him down.* Lie there, usurper of Alcides' name, Bold Centaur: so, he's dead! by this I prove I am Jove-born.

Jen. Well, for your credits and reputations, her care not to be damn'd for companies and fellowships, look you. Has he knock'd him down? would he had knock'd Jenkin down.

Inf. Now, on with your relations, And tell me all the stories of your fortunes.

⁵ *Inf.* What! at barley-break?] The reader will find an account of this amusement in Vol. I. p. 104, of the Plays of Massinger.

'Tis I am Hercules, sent to free you all.—
What are you damn'd for? In this club behold
All your releasements.—What are you?

Gorg. Stand in order, and be damn'd.

[*Aside to Gasparo and the others:*

Gasp. I am the conscience of an usurer,
Who have been damn'd these two and twenty years
For lending money gratis.

Inf. How! a usurer? why didst not
Corrupt the devil to fetch thy soul away?
He'll take a bribe for lending money gratis.

Gasp. Yes, sir, for thanks. I took no interest;
for, at the lending of each hundred pound, they
brought me home some twenty or thirty thanks:
—indeed 'twas paid in gold.

Inf. Oh, golden thanks! Well, go to, I'll re-
lease you,
Upon condition you shall build an hospital,
And die a beggar.—What are you?

Gorg. The soul of a watchman.

Inf. How came you damn'd? could you not
watch the devil?

Gorg. He took me napping on midsummer-
eve, and I never dreamt on him.

Inf. Your wife had given you opium over night.

Gorg. No, sir, I had watch'd three nights be-
fore; and because I would not wink at two or
three drunkards as they went reeling home at
twelve o'clock at night, the devil owed me a spite.

Inf. Well, you shall be 'prentice to an al-
chemist, and watch his stills night by night, nor
sleep till he get the philosopher's stone.—What
are you?

Del. Sir, I am a chambermaid.

Inf. What are you damn'd for?

Del. Not for revealing my mistress' secrets, for
I kept them better than my own; but keeping my
maidenhead till it was stale, I am condemn'd to
lead apes in hell.

Inf. Alas, poor wench! upon condition you will be wise hereafter, and not refuse gentlemen's proffers, learn pride every day, and painting, bestow a courtesy now and then upon the apparitor to keep counsel, I release you; take your apes and monkies away with you, and bestow them on gentlewomen, and ladies that want play-fellows.—What are you?

Ing. I am an under-sheriff, sir; damn'd because I told the debtors writs were out against them, brought them to composition without arrests, favoured poor men for a whole year together, was very good in my office, gave up a just account at the year's end, and broke.

Inf. Oh, miracle! an honest man! thou shalt be churchwarden to a parish, draw the presentments, and keep the poor men's box for seven years together: 'tis pity but thou shouldst have fifty wives, to propagate honest generation.—What are you?

Med. A justice's wife in the country, sir.

Inf. And who drew your mittimus hither? what are you damn'd for?

Med. For refusing satin gowns and velvet petticoats, turning back capons at Christmas and sessions-times, and making much of one of my husband's servants, merely for his honesty and good service towards me.

Inf. 'Tis injustice; you shall bury your husband quickly, wear some blacks awhile for fashion sake, and within a month be married to his clerk, unless you will be divided among the servingmen.—What are you?

Oaf. A younger brother, sir; born at the latter end of the week, and wane of the moon; put into the world to seek my own fortune; got a great estate of wealth by gaming and wenching, and so purchas'd unhappily this state of damnation you see me in.

Infor. Came you in it by purchase? then you do not claim it by your father's interest as an heir: Well, I will ease you of the estate, because it is litigious, and you shall make presently a bargain and sale of it to a scrivener, that shall buy it of you, and pay both his ears down upon the nail for it.—What are you?

Bub. I am a horse-courser.⁶

Infor. And couldst not thou outride the devil?

Bub. I had not the grace to mend my pace; I was an honest horse-courser, and suffered every fool to ride me: I knew not what belonged to horse-play let; the world kick at me, I never winced: all that I am damn'd for, is, that desiring to thrive in the world, and to have good luck to horse-flesh, I ambled to the bed of a parson's wife that was coltish once, and gave her husband a horse for it in good fashion. He never gave me God-a-mercy for it; indeed it proved afterwards to have the yellows.

Infor. There was some colour for it: well, since your occupation is foundered, you shall trot every day afoot, and walk a knave in the horse-fair.—What are you?

Jen. Her have no mind at all to be damn'd, becar her will fight with her and kill awl the devils in hell, diggon.

Gorg. 'Sfoot! here is more ado to get one Welshman damn'd, than a whole nation.—[*aside.*] —Sir, it is but in jest.

Jen. In jests! is it in jests? well, look you, her will be contented to be damn'd in jests and mer-riments for you.

Infor. You will tell me what you are damn'd for?

Jen. And her be so hot, was get some bodies

⁶ *Bub.* I am a horse-courser.] A dealer in horses. The allusion which follows is to the well known proverb, "He that meddles with the parson's wife will have good luck in horse-flesh."

else to be damn'd for Jenkin ; her will tell her in
 patiences, look you, her was damn'd for her valour,
 and ridding the urld of monsters, look you, dra-
 gons with seven heads, and serpents with tails a
 mile long, pray you.

Infor. Oh, let me embrace thee, Worthy, in my
 arms,
 I'll charm the Destinies for their bold attempt ;
 For cutting off thy thread, thou shalt cut their throats,
 And be install'd Lord in Elysium.
 Oh let me hug thee, Owen Glandower.

Jen. Owen Glandower was her cousin, pray you

Infor. Go your ways all : stay, take hence Pro-
 metheus, and bury him. If you come into hell again,
 there is no releasement.

Jen. So farewell, sentlemen ; now her mean to
 make travels and peregrinations, to the uds and
 plains, look you, very fast.—Good speed to awl.

[*Exit.*

Gorg. We thank thee, jovial Hercules.

Gasp. Live long, thou king of hell. So, so, well
 done of all sides : here our school breaks up. I
 might have run mad, like this poor gentleman, had
 I not taken off the edge of melancholy.⁷

—O love, thou art a madness

Drawing our souls with joy to kill with sadness.

Infor. So, so ; poor souls, how glad they are of
 liberty !

This is a hot house ; I do scorch and broil :

I'll seek the Elysian fields out, and die there. [*Exe.*⁸

⁷ *I might have run mad, like this poor gentleman, &c.*] Old
 copy, "I might have run mad like, had I not taken off the edge
 of melancholy.

Thus poor gentleman. O love," &c.

⁸ There is no want of humour in this scene, (particularly in the
 first part of it,) in which Shirley seems to have meditated a kind
 of minor "Rehearsal." In his days, books of Polite Instruction
 were very numerous ; and formulæ of the most absurd and fustian
 kind, for the direction of the young aspirants of both sexes

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Rufaldo's House.

*Enter ANTONIO, drest in Selina's apparel, with
HILARIA.*

Ant. Have I not done my part, wench, with confidence to proceed thus far with thy father? Either I am infinitely like my sister, or they are all mad with credulity: but our good fathers are blinded with their passions, and that helps me much. Well, I do but think upon the night's work; there lies my masterpiece; I have it; it is for thy sake, Hilaria, I have assumed this habit, the end will speak it.

Hil. But what will you do? Antonio is lost now.

Ant. Well enough; [he] is supposed to go after Selina, and is not returned yet; out of my brotherly love, they will imagine I have but taken a journey in quest of a sister: time enough to return again; and he goes far, that never does, wench, by story.—

to good breeding, swarmed on every stall. It is to these that Shirley's satire is principally directed, although he turns an occasional glance to the stage.

Steevens says that the line

“O that I were a flea upon thy lip,”

is meant to ridicule the garden-scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. The world has had more than enough of this folly. The line in Shakespeare is not susceptible of ridicule: whereas I have seen, and Steevens must have seen, scores of madrigals of this date, scarcely less ridiculous than the complement of Gorgon. Such modest and tender “wishes” were usually appended to the works mentioned above, and have indeed been the property of all true lovers from the days of Anacreon to the present. It ought to be added that Infortunio is as good a master of wit, as Gasparo is of politeness; all the scholars seem to improve with wonderful rapidity under his hand, from poor Oaf to Delia.

Enter BUBULCUS, *whetting his sword.*

Here's Bubulcus.

Bub. Antonio is gone; no news of him: I am glad of that; I hope he will come no more.

Ant. How now? what means this? what! sword drawn?

Hil. And he is whetting it.

Ant. For heaven's sake, what's the matter?

Bub. Nay, nothing, nothing, I do but—a—

Hil. By my virginity you make me afraid: What's the matter?

Ant. He means to fight with somebody, on my life.

Hil. Heaven defend it!⁹ Good sir, tell me.

Bub. be not afraid, gentlewomen, for I do but—you see—

Hil. But what?

Bub. Whet my long knife; somebody shall smart for it; but—

Ant. He does mean to challenge somebody.

Hil. I charge you, if you love [me,] tell me who's your enemy.

Bub. Nay, nobody; I do not mean to fight. If I live——

Ant. What?

Bub. Nay, nothing, sweet ladies, be not troubled, I do but sharpen my sword.

Hil. Tell me the truth, why?

Bub. I was eating oysters the other day, and I had never a knife, and so—

Ant. Come, come, there is some other matter in it; pray tell me.

Bub. Well, you are my friends; if you chance to hear of any man's death shortly, then say Bubulcus——

Hil. I hope you do not mean to kill any man in the field; you make me tremble, I'll assure you.

⁹ *Heaven defend it!* i. e. forbid it. The word is used in this sense by most of our old writers.

Bub. No, no, sweet-heart, do not tremble ; I will but—— [*he makes a thrust.*]—Lose my honour ! I'll be carved first.

Ant. What a capon's this ? [*aside.*]—Pray let me persuade you.

Hil. And me.

Bub. No, no, it is but in vain to persuade me ; I am resolved : if you love me, do not use any arguments :

*The Cupidinean fires burn in my breast,
And like the oven Etna, I am full*

Of squibs and crackers.—I had almost forgot—

Hil. The oven Etna ! I shall be baked then. What a fury are you in ? He looks like the God of War.

Bub. The God of War ! I think I have reason. Hilaria, I must, and I will, and all the world shall not hold me.

Hil. But you shall not go away thus, till you be calmer.

Bub. *O that I were a flea upon his lip,
There would I suck for ever and not skip.*—

*I'll carbonado him ;—his face doth far
Excel all other like a blazing star*

*We mortals wonder at.—Vouchsafe to cast
Off the sparkling diamond eyes thou hast :—*

*O, let me go on,—me thy vow'd creature,
That is confounded with thy form and feature.*

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Is the fool mad ?

Hil. He has something in his head, an it were out. But here come our fathers.

Enter CORNELIO, and RUFALDO.

Cor. Antonio not heard of yet ?

Ruf. This morning we wanted a bride too, but she was found ; marry, I cried for her first. Father, come ; my brother Antonio is but gone to

look his sister.—Ha, my sweet wench, when shall we to bed?

Cor. I hope it is so, and yet he stays too long.—

Enter GORGON, dressed as at first.

Here's Gorgon.—Sirrah, where have you been all this day?

Gorg. Indeed, sir, I have made inquisition; both my tongue and my feet have walked; but my mistress is not to be found, or heard of, I assure you.

Ruf. Gorgon, hast lost thy senses? here's Selina.

Gorg. Mistress! then we are all made. [*capering.*]

Cor. But, sirrah, your master Antonio is gone.

Gorg. Gone in wine, sir, for joy of his sister's finding again?

Cor. Go your ways, sirrah, and either bring me news of him, or look me in the face no more; you'll find we jest not.

Gorg. Pray, sir, let me take my journey in the morning; the wedding night is fatal: I hope your worship does but jest; I may be drunk to-night, and wake early enough to be gone afore day too: I beseech you, sir.

Ant. Pray, sir, let him stay to-night.

Gorg. By this hand, there he is!—where?—did not I hear his voice?

Cor. Away, sirrah.

Gorg. I have been mad all this while, and now am like to be my own man again: since there is no remedy,—Gentles all, good night;

Gorgon begins to be a wandering knight. [*Exit.*]

Cor. I cannot be heartily merry: well, let us leave these two without any more ceremonies; it is late: all joys be multiplied on my son and daughter; good night! I do comfort myself with hope of Antonio's return, and yet [my] fears are great. [*Exit.*]

Ruf. Lights there! So, so, welcome, thou much

expected night, I do salute thy black brows. Come, my Selina, shalt find I have young blood : Hilaria, do service to your mother ; make her unready.¹

Ant. It is time enough.

Ruf. And why should we lose any ? I pray thee let her come. I know it is your virgin modesty, loth to part with a maidenhead ; but it must off : come, prithee be not idle :—why, thou knowest I married thee, Selina ; as thou lovest me. [*Exit Hil.*]

Ant. Sir, by that love I must entreat you one thing.

Ruf. Any thing, sweet heart.

Ant. To ratify an ancient vow I made.

Ruf. Any vows ; what is it ?

Ant. I vowed when ever I married, my husband should not lie with me the first night.

Ruf. Should any body else ?

Ant. Not any man.

Ruf. Come, it was a foolish vow, and must be broke. Not lie with me the first night ! it were a sin beyond incontinency. I had rather lose half my estate than miss thee but an hour out of my arms this night.

Ant. It is but one night.

Ruf. Oh, it is an age, a world of time to me : why, I have fed on oyster-pies, and rumps of sparrows, a whole month, in expectation of the first night ; and leave it for a vow !

Ant. Indeed you must.

Ruf. How ! *must* ? Come, I know you do but jest : this is but your device to whet me on, and heighten me, as if old age at once had soaked up all my marrow. Hark you, how old do ye think I am ?

Ant. Some threescore and seventeen.

Ruf. Out upon thy judgment ! why, by all computation, I am not above six or seven and thirty.

¹ Hilaria, make *her unready*.] It may be observed once for all, that to *make ready*, signified to dress, to *make unready*, to undress.

I was restored, renewed, when first I loved thee ;
by this hand, I was.

Ant. I see then you would tire me ; by this
beard, you must not lie with me to-night.

Ruf. How ! nay then, I see you will try my
strength : thus I could force you.—[*He takes hold
of Antonio, who throws him down.*—She has
thrown me down ; I know not how to take it, nor
well how to bear it ; my bones ache : a pox on Gas-
paro ! on my conscience I am an old fool : ha ? I
will see more, and set a good face on it.—[*aside, and
rising on his knees.*] You know who I am ?

Ant. Yes, old Rufaldo.

Ruf. Ha ! old ? it is so ; my spirits faint again.
—[*aside.*]—What did you marry [me] for ?

Ant. To make an ass of you.

Ruf. How ?

Ant. Thou credulous fool,
Didst thou imagine I should ever love thee,
Or lie with thee, but when I have a child,
Would shame the father ? Oh the power of dotage,
That, like an inundation, doth overcome
The little world of man, drown all his reason,
And leave him spoil'd, even of his common sense !
Didst think I was a piece of stone sawn out
By carver's art ; so cold, so dull of soul,²
So empty of all fire to warm my blood,
I'd lie with thee, worse than the frigid zone,
Or isicles that hang o' th' beard of winter ?
Have I with wearied patience look'd to see,
When thou'dst lay violent hands upon thyself ;
For being so mad, so impudent, to love me,
And wouldst thou bed me too ? Didst thou not
tremble

To dare the holy rites and nuptial tapers ?

² so dull of soul,] Old Copy reads "so out of soul;" an evident repetition of the word in the preceding line. I have no great confidence in that substituted being the right one.

Oh impious sacrilege! hence, go, [go] waste
 Thyself with sorrow; pine that half-starved body,
 Until thy bones break [through] thy skin, and fall
 To dust before thy face.—Nay, you shall endure me;
 For since you've tied me to you, I will be
 Thy constant fury, worse than hags or night-mare.
 If thou doest talk of love, or seek to be
 At reconciliation.

Ruf. Selina, sweet Selina, hear me.

Ant. Sweet! oh villainous presumption!

[Beats him

Ruf. What will you do?

Ant. Save a disease a labour, make an end of
 you.—

Come, sirrah, swear to observe what I shall impose
 upon you.

Ruf. Oh, any thing, bitter Selina.

Ant. First, you shall never solicit me to lie with
 you.

Ruf. Never, by this hand, and thank you too.

Ant. Stand bare in my presence.

Ruf. Stark-naked.

Ant. Run of my errands.

Ruf. To the world's end.

Ant. And keep a whore under my nose; nay, I
 will allow it.

Ruf. If you will have it so, I am content.

Ant. Swear, sirrah.

Ruf. Flesh and blood! I do swear.

Ant. So, rise. In hope of your conformity, I for-
 bear to let the punishment be equal with your deserts.

Ruf. Oh, I have married a devil! I shall be ut-
 terly disgraced, if this be known: [aside.] Pray,
 sweet wife, let me beg one request of you, that you
 would not discredit me; I will be content to en-
 dure your pleasure; do not forsake my house: I
 beseech you that you would lie with my daughter.

Ant. Shall you appoint my lodging?

Ruf. Oh no, I do but humbly entreat you will be pleased to lie with my daughter.

Ant. Well, since you submit so respectfully, I will tender your credit in that point, upon your good behaviour: are you not well?

Ruf. I am the worse for you by forty marks. One thing more, virtuous wife,—that you would not tell your father, nor any body else, how you have beaten me.—Good night, sweet, virtuous wife.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Ha, ha!—Hilaria, my way to thee is free, I have beat my passage, and I come to thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Part of the Country.

Enter FELICE habited like a Shepherdess, SELINA, and Shepherds.

Sel. I had thought the woods, and such wild groves as these,
Had been the house of rapine, and could not
Afford humanity; beasts, and men like them,
Are wont to make such places desolate:
Did nature make you thus at first, and are
We, that have cities, houses, civil laws,
More rude than you? or hath all virtue chose
You as diviner earth to dwell upon?
[*Fair*] shepherdess, indeed I am in love
With your wild kingdom here, and would not be
A king abroad, if I might be a subject
With such fair nymphs as you.

I Shep. Oh, son, you would say so,
When our pleasures all you know:
We are not opprest with care,
With which you in cities are.

A shepherd is a king, whose throne
Is a mossy mountain, on
Whose top we sit, our crook in hand,
Like a sceptre of command,
Our subjects, sheep grazing below,
Wanton, frisking to and fro.

Fel. We nothing fear, awake nor 'sleep.
But the wolf, god'ild our sheep!
On a country quill each plays
Madrigals, and pretty lays
Of passions, and the force of love,
And with ditties heaven [*does*] move.
Birds will listen to our song,
And to leafy arbours throng,
To learn our notes, and mistress' name,
Valleys echoing with the same.

2 Shep. When we hunt, as there is store
Of deer, the trembling hare, and boar,
You would think that you had seen
Gods in shepherds weeds agen.
A hundred pretty nymphs apace
Tripping o'er the lands and chase,
As many lads, the gentle air
Playing with their dangling hair.

Fel. Sometimes we dance a fairy round,
Hand in hand, upon the ground,
Shepherds piping, garlands crowning,
With our harmless bosoms * * * ³

1 Shep. * * * * *
* * * * * drowning.

2 Shep. Walk unto the silver brook,
You shall need no other hook,
To catch the dancing fish withal,
But a song or madrigal.

* * * *] Two lines, and probably more, have been dropt out here. This will not be thought very extraordinary by those who are conversant with the old copies of this unfortunate writer.

Fel. When the clouds let fall their show'rs,
 We have at hand a hundred bow'rs,
 Where, under sweet-brier, safe are we,
 And honey-dropping wood-bind tree ;⁴
 Here, in spite of storms, we tell
 Stories of love, of Philomel,
 Of Paris and the golden ball,
 Of Echo, and Narcissus' fall.

3 *Shep.* Here no false love brings despair,
 Jealousy, suspicion, care ;
 Always happy, most of all
 On Sylvanus' festival.

Sel. No more, good shepherds ; you undo a boy
 With the opinion of his happiness :
 If a few jewels I have brought with me
 May find acceptance here, I shall bestow them
 As freely as your loves have fallen on me.
 Nay then, I'll force them on you ; I have left
 To purchase a flock with you.

1 *Shep.* We thank you, gentle boy. Gooden !
 We must to our flocks agen. [*Exeunt Shepherds.*]

Sel. But, shepherdess, or sister if thou wilt,
 Oh would thou wert ! I prithee call me brother—
 Hath love a part among you ? tell me, pray,
 What punishment inflict you on false love ?
 But sure you are exempt from such a misery :
 What then is her reward, that out of peevishness,
 Contemns the honest passion of her lover,
 Insults upon his virtue, and doth place
 Unworthily her affection ?

Fel. Though such a woman need no curse,
 Being one herself, or worse,
 Yet we shepherds use to say,
 May she love another day,
 And not be lov'd ! die in despair,
 And have no other tomb but air !

⁴ *And honey dropping wood-bind tree.*] See p. 27.

Enter INFORTUNIO distracted.

Infor. A prey, a prey! Where did you get that face?

'That goddess' face? it was Selina's once:
How came you by it? did she on her death-bed
Bequeath her beauty as a legacy,
Not willing it should die, but live and be
A lasting death to Infortunio?

Oh, she was cruel, not to bury 't with her!
But I'm a fool, 'tis Venus and her son—
Where be your bow and arrows, little Cupid?
Didst thou maliciously spend all thy quiver
Upon my heart, and not reserve one shaft
To make Selina love me? Tell me, Venus,
Why did you use me so? You shall no more
Be queen of love. Stay, stay, Cupid was blind,
How comes he now to see? Yes, he did see,
He never could have wounded me so right else.
Why, then let Fortune have her eyes again,
And all things see how wretched I am made.

Sel. Oh, is there not within the power of art,
How to restore this gentleman?

Fel. There is, and out of that experience we
Have in these woods, of simples, I doubt not
But to apply a remedy.

Sel. He will be worthy of your care herein,
And should he be, which I cannot imagine,
Ingrateful to your skill, I would reward it,
And call you mother, or my sister, for it.

Fel. It seems you have some relation to him.

Sel. Indeed he is the dearest friend I had:
And if my blood were powerful to restore him,
I'd spend it like a prodigal; I know Selina.

Infor. Ha! do you know Selina? She is married to
Rufaldo, the old usurer, that went
To bed afore to his money, and begat

Forty in the hundred : now he beds Selina,
 And lays his rude hand o'er her sacred breast,
 Embraceth her fair body ; now he dares
 Kiss her, and suck ambrosia from her lip.
 Those eyes that grace the day, now shine on him,
 He her Endymion, she his silver Moon.
 The tongue that's able to rock Heaven asleep,⁵
 And make the music of the spheres stand still,
 To listen to the happier airs it makes,
 And mend their tunes by it ; that voice is now
 Devoted to his ears, those cheeks, those hands,
 Would make gods proud to touch, are by his touch
 Profaned every hour : oh, this makes me mad !
 But I will fit them for it, for I'll die ;
 It may be then she'll weep, and let fall tears
 Upon my grave-stone, which shall be of marble,
 And hard like her, that if she pour out floods,
 No drops shall sink through it, to soften me.
 I will be wrapt in lead to keep out prayers,
 For then, I know, she'll beg I would be friends :
 But then I will be just, and hate her love,
 As she did mine, and laugh to see her grieve.

Sel. Come, I will fetch Selina to you, if you will sleep.

* *Infor.* Will you?

Then I will live, and you shall be my best boy :
 I scorn to weep, or shed another tear.
 Sit down, I'll have a garland for my boy,
 Of Phoenix' feathers : flowers are too mean
 To sit upon thy temples ; in thy face
 Are many gardens, spring had never such.

⁵ *The tongue that's able to rock Heaven asleep, &c.*] It seems a little extraordinary that among the numerous extracts produced to explain the well know passage in Shakspeare,

“And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony,”

this of Shirley should not have been quoted, especially as none of the others are to the purpose !

The roses and the lilies of thy cheeks
Are slips of Paradise, not to be gather'd
But wonder'd at

Sel. But you said you would sleep :
When slept you last ?

Infor. I remember, before I lov'd, but that [was]
I know not when, [my best boy,] I slept soundly,
And dreamt of gathering nosegays : 'tis unlucky
To dream of herbs and flowers.

Fel. For Selina's sake I'll try my best skill on him.
Get him to sleep ; your presence, I see, is powerful ;
yonder is a pleasant arbour, procure him thither,
While I prepare the herbs, whose precious juice
May, with heaven's blessing, make him well again.

Sel. A thousand blessings, on you.—Come, sir,
go with me, and when you have slept,
I'll fetch Selina to you.

Infor. Prithee do,
I am very drowsy.—Come, I'll dream of something ;
My eyes are going to bed, and leaden sleep
Doth draw the curtains o'er them.

Sel. Will you go with me ?

Infor. Yes, and we will pick a dish of strawber-
ries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Forest.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Has almost lost herself in these woods and
wildernesses ; was very weary of these journies
and travels in foot-backs : have not since her com-
ings beheld any reasonable creatures. Bless us
awl ! Jocarello is lost too, cannot tell where, in
these mazes and labyrinths. Jocarello ! So ho !

Echo. So ho !

Jen. Ha! there is somebodies yet. Hark you tere, here is a sentilman of Wales, look you, desires very much to have speeches and confabulations with you : where is her ?

Echo. Here is her.

Jen. Here is her? know not which ways to come to her : pray you tell Jenkin where you be ?

Echo. Booby.

Jen. Poobies? was'her call her poobies? 'tis very saucy travels : her will teach her better manners and moralities, if her get her in reaches and circumferences of her Welsh blades, truly.

Echo. You lie.

Jen. How, lies and poobies too? hark you, Jenkin was give you mawls and knocks, for your poobies and lies, and indignities, look for your pates now. [Runs out with his sword drawn.]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Here is no bodies but bushes and briers, look you, awl is very quiet : So ho !

Echo. Ho.

Jen. Her am very much deceived ; now comes into our minds, if these voices be not Echoes.—
Echo!

Echo. Echo.

Jen. 'Tis very true ; but her marvel much ; have her Echoes in these countries, pray you ?

Echo. Yes, pray you.

Jen. Warrant her 'tis a Welsh Echo, was follow Jenkin in loves out of Wales.

Echo. Out of Wales.

Jen. 'Tis very true; bless us awl; now her call to remembrances and memories, her had communications and talkings with this very Echoes in Glamorganshire, in de vallies and talles there, look you; her am very glad her hath met with Echoes, was born in her own countries: Hark you, Jenkin was travel hither out of loves and affection to Selina.

Echo. Nay.

Jen. Nay? yes, very true, pray you tell her, be Selina in these woods, or no?

Echo. No.

Jen. No? Where is her, den? have her taken awl these labours and ambulations in vanities? say you, shall Jenkin then go back as he came?

Echo. Ass he came. * * * *

Jen. Gone? It is not possible; hit may be Selina was turn spirits and be invisible rather; she is not gone verily.

Echo. There you lie.

Jen. Lie! very well, you have priviledges to give lies and awl things in the world, but her will not leave these woods for awl dat; her will be pilgrims all tays of her lifes, ere her go without her.

Echo. Go without her,

Jen. How, not love Jenkin? then there is a devil in awl female sexes: know very well she promise loves and good wills in times, great while ago, pray you now, her will talk no longer with you. Fare

⁹ *Echo.* Ass he came * * * *

Jen. Gone?] Here is probably some omission—but the matter seems scarcely worth the labour of investigation. The whole of this scene is an evident burlesque of the conversation which passes between Carracus and Echo in the *Hog hath lost his Pearl*. The editor of that play thinks, “the idea was taken from Lord Stirling’s *Aurora*;” but the “idea,” such as it is, was common enough before Lord Stirling was born. Scarcely a poem or a tale appeared without some dialogue of this kind. The folly continued to the time of Butler, who drove it out of fashion, by his matchless ridicule of Echo and Orsin.

you well, Echo ; pray if you meet her pages, bid her make hasts and expeditions after her. Fare you well. [Exit.

Echo. Fare you well.

SCENE V.

A Street.

Enter GORGON, disguised like a maimed Soldier.

Gorg. I think Jupiter has snatched up my master Antonio, to make a Ganymede of him ; he is not to be found ; yet I have search'd all the taverns in the town, I am sure, and that method my nose led me to, hoping he had been a good fellow ; but *non est inventus*. Well, my stock is spent, but with this terrible face, a buff jerkin, and a roaring basket-hilt, Gorgon will have a trick of wit to bear his own charges.—But here comes a gentleman : to my postures now.

Enter GASPARO.

Gasp. I am resolved.

Gorg. Good yourworship,¹ bestow a small piece of silver upon a poor soldier, new come out of the Low Countries, that have been in many hot services, against the Spaniard, the French, and Great Turk. I have been shot seven times through the body, my eyes blown up with gun-powder, half my scull sear'd off with a cannon, and had my throat cut twice in the open field.—Good your worship, take compassion upon the caterwaling fortunes of a forlorn gentleman, that have lost the use of my veins ; good your generous nature, take compas-

¹ *Gorg.* *Good your worship, &c.*] Shirley had Brainworm in his mind when he wrote this : but such characters are common enough in old plays and were probably far from rare in the streets and highways.

sion upon me : I have but four fingers and a thumb upon one hand ; can work and will not : one small piece of grateful silver, to pay for my lodging, I beseech you, venerable sir.

Gasp. Canst not see ?

Gorg. Only a little glimmering, sir ; the beams of your gentility have radiated, and infused light into my poor lanterns, sir.

Gasp. Can you feel then ?

Gorg. Oh, sir, that faculty alone, fortune and nature have left inviolated.

Gasp. Here is somewhat for thee. [*He kicks him, and Gorgon opens his eyes.*] What ! can you see now ?

Gorg. Gasparo, is it you ? Pox on your benevolence !

Gasp. Whence came this project of wit ?

Gorg. From the old predicament : faith, necessity, that has no law, put me into this habit ; my master is turned coward, and run away from me.

Gasp. And thou art turned soldier, to fight with him when you meet again ! then thou wantest a master ? Hark, sirrah, what sayst thou to another project ?

Gorg. Oh, I could caper for it.

Gasp. I am now leaving the world, and going into the country, wilt turn gypsy, or shepherd ? I am for the woods ; canst [*repeat thy*] madrigals yet ?

Gorg. [*sings.*] *Phillis fair, do not disdain*

The love of Corydon, thy swain.

Gasp. Excellent ! We'll turn shepherds presently ; thou shalt be Phillis and I'll be Corydon ; let me alone to provide russets, crook, and tar-box : they say there is good hospitality in the woods, and songs and pastimes upon Sylvanus' day.

Gorg. But that were pretty ! shall I be a woman ?

Gasp. By any means ; thou hast a good face already, a little simpering will do it. I'll accommo-

date thee early; keep thy own counsel, and I'll warrant thee for a Maid-Marian

Gorg. 'Sfoot! shall I run into my coats again? Go to, put me into what shape you will, I'll play my part: methinks I do feel an hundred rural animals taking up my petticoat already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Room in Rufaldo's House.

Enter ANTONIO disguised as before, BUBULCUS, and HILARIA.

Ant. Pray, forward with your relation.

Bub. As I was saying, having challenged Antonio for the affront he did me before Hilaria, here, by heaven,—you must say nothing.

Hil. Not a syllable.

Bub. He did accept the challenge; the weapons were soon agreed upon, and we met—but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. You are not come to fighting yet yourself: but, by the way, what were your weapons?

Bub. A—long sword.

Ant. 'Twas long ere you could remember it, methinks.

Bub. Soon as we came into the place appointed, we looked about, and saw all clear.

Hil. As clear as day, on your side.

Bub. We drew—but not a word of fighting, by this hand.

Ant. Not by that hand.

Bub. We threw our doublets off, to shew we had no coat of mail, or privy shirt upon us, against the laws of duelling: in fine, I bid him say his prayers.

Ant. 'Twas well thought upon; and what did you?

Bub. I let them alone, for I knew I should kill

him, and have time enough to say them afterwards at my leisure.

Hil. When he had prayed, what then?

Bub. When he had said his prayers, he thought upon it, and let fall words tending to reconciliation: On my conscience he would have asked me forgiveness, but I stood upon my honour, and would fight with him, and so we stood upon our guard—but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. Oh, by no means: but when did you fight?

Bub. I'll tell you; Antonio, when he saw no remedy, but that I would needs fight with him, and so consequently kill him, made a desperate blow at my head, which I warded with my dagger, better than he looked for, and in return, I cut off his left hand; whereat amazed, and fainting, I nimbly seconded it, as you know I am very nimble, and run my rapier into his right thigh, two yards.

Hil. Then you were on both sides of him?

Ant. Your rapier? did you not say your weapons were long swords?

Bub. But mine was both a sword and rapier, there 'tis—but not a word of fighting, as you love me. Well, not to weary you with the narration of the innumerable wounds I gave him, I cut off every joint from his toe upwards, to his middle; by these hilts, now, you may believe me; there ended Antonio, my rival. Judge, judge now, whether Bublucus be valiant or not—but not a word of fighting, as you love me; let it die.

Ant. 'Twas very valiantly done.

[*Exit.*

Hil. Hark you, sweetheart; do you not remember who this is, that you have discovered this business to? This is Selina, his own sister.

Bub. What a rogue was I not to remember that!

Hil. Do not you know that she is my mother-in-law? Nay, nay, pluck up a good heart; what will you do? There is no running away.

Bub. Have you never an empty chest?

Hil. What, to hide yourself? That, I know, you would not do for your credit. Draw your sword, and stand upon your guard; we know you are valiant, that could kill Antonio so bravely.

Bub. Hilaria, if ever you loved me—Oh! I have made a fair piece of work; could you not tell me it was his sister? Oh, here they come.

[*He runs behind Hilaria.*

Re-enter ANTONIO, with RUFALDO and Officers.

Ant. He hath confest it, sir; your daughter heard it, sir. I charge you, lay hands upon that murderer; he hath slain my brother Antonio.

Ruf. Did you hear him confess it?

Bub. Here's right² confess and be hang'd now.

Hil. I must confess I did.

Ruf. Bubulcus kill Antonio?

Bub. By this hand I do not know how to deny it, for my credit.

Ruf. Nay then, lay hands on him.

Bub. Yes, father Rufaldo.—Selina!—oh, a plague of all coxcombs! what a rogue was I!

Ant. I will have justice; away with him.

Bub. I am a lying rascal, by this hand.

Ant. We must require Antonio from you, sir, or your blood answer his. Away with him, Hilaria.

Bub. I shall be hanged then, father!—Hilaria! will you see me hanged?

Ruf. There is no remedy: would thou hadst kill'd his sister; I am plagued with her, and dare not speak it for shame. I'll do what I can to get a reprieve for you. [*aside.*]—Nay, an you kill folks, you must e'en take your fortune.

Bub. A curse of all ill fortune! I killed no body.

Ant. Away, I say; out, villian! hence! for I Do hear my brother's blood for justice cry. [*Exeunt.*

² *i. e.* Here's the old proverb literally verified: we have it in *Othello*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Part of the Country.

INFORTUNIO *lying on the ground, attended by* SELINA *habited like Antonio, FELICE, and* Shepherds.

Infor. I do not know this place, nor who you are,
Nor know I yet myself.

Sel. Infortunio.

Infor. That name I once did answer to, but then
I was not banish'd to a wilderness,
Nor slept on such a bed.

Oh,——

If I be he, whom you call Infortunio,
Tell me how I came hither. Dost thou weep?
I prithee tell me, boy, why do those tears
Drown thy fair cheeks? But that they will not shew
Manly in me, I'd force my eyes to weep too,
And we would sit upon a bank, and play
Drop-tear, till one were bankrupt. You amaze me:
I ask how I came hither; answer me
With other language, if you do not mean
I came by water, which you might express too
In words as well, nay, better; for you now
Are cruel to yourselves, and murder me.—
Tell, or I shall be mad. [Rises.

Sel. Oh, stay; [that] that brought Infortunio
hither,

You have now told yourself: distraction brought you.

Infor. Ha! distraction? now you increase my
wonder:

Was I mad, or do not you, by answering,
Study to make me so? Why should I be mad?
Or, being so, how came I well again?
For, if I dream not, I am well and calm.

Sel. You owe this shepherdess for your restore,
Whose skill heaven made so happy.

Infor. Did you, fair shepherdess, restore me then,
And by your art recover nature's loss?

All my well-being's your's : but yet, if you
Could so physician-like cure the disease
Which is but the effect of some distemper,
You then should know the cause : for else you are
Uncertain in your applications.

Pray tell me then, why was I mad?

Fel. This lad can tell you that better than I ;
But if his sorrow will not let his tongue
Deliver it, I'll tell you, sir ; you were in love.

Infor. With whom, I pray?

Fel. One whom they call Selina.

Infor. Ha ! Selina?

In what a depth of black forgetfulness

Is Infortunio fallen into ? Selina!

Could I forget Selina ? oh, shepherdess,

I was not mad till now : for can I be

Myself, and forget her ? Oh, in this question

I am undone : for I do hold myself,

And all my understanding, by her name.

I am a beggar, she hath purchas'd all ;

Nor am I master of one thought of comfort

I borrow not from her : what curse was fallen

Upon my memory, to forget Selina ?

Sel. Sir, you remember her too well, unless
She would deserve it better.

Infor. It is not in her power to deserve, boy,

For she is now beholding for herself

Unto another. Oh, this tears my soul.

You did not well to release me of my furies,

And make me sensible again of that

Was my first corrosive ; it was unfriendly :

Oh, 'twas a happiness to be mad, stark mad,

For she being lost, what have I else to lose?

I was all her's, I gave myself away ;

And deeds of gift should hold.

Sel. Why should you be so passionate? let once
reason,

So late recovered, teach you love yourself,
Reserv'd for nobler fortune.

Infor. It is true,

I am a very fool in doing so;
And will you be my mistress then, and teach me
How to forget myself?—What sayst [thou] boy?
Shall I be shepherd too? I will live here,
And have thy company, thou art like my love.—
Shall we, shepherdess?

Fel. With all my heart.

Infor. Come, let's sit down awhile; nature hath
spread

Her carpets for us here; this is the lowest,
And yet 'tis higher than a palace. Pray
Teach me your shepherds life; now I do long
To be a woodman too, and you shall do
A double cure upon me.

Enter GASPARO, and GORGON *disguised as a
Shepherdess.*

Gasp. Stay; yonder are some shepherds, let's
on this bank sit down and prattle.—And how long
is it, since your sweetheart forsook you?

Gorg. It will be a quarter of a year, next grass.

Gasp. Alas, poor Mopsa; but come, put him
out of thy mind, sing him away.

Gorg. Laugh and sing him to his grave, shall I?

Gasp. And never love him more.

Gorg. Oh no; his love, like a canker, hath eat
such a great hole into my heart, I cannot forget
him; but I'll sing a song of him.

Gasp. Prithee do.

[*Gorgon sings a song, during which Gasparo
eyes Felice.*]

Infor. Here's innocence of all sides; who would
live

Out of this commonwealth, where honest swains

Are lords and subjects? Here is no acquaintance
 With craft and falsehood; all their souls are clad
 In true simplicity: I will take truce
 With care awhile, to talk with this poor wench.—
 Mopsa I heard you nam'd, pray tell me, were you
 in love?

Gorg. Yes, forsooth.

Infor. With whom, forsooth?

Gorg. With a gentleman that has proved un-
 kind, forsooth, broken his vows and oaths, forsooth;
 he made much of me, time was, before his father
 died, forsooth, who was a good yeoman: then he
 kissed me, forsooth, and colled; surreverence! but
 now he scorns Mopsa: I was his equal once, and
 have danced with him upon our church green in a
 morris ere now.

Infor. Alas, alas! has [he] forsaken thee?

Gorg. He is now about to commit matrimonial
 business with a young girl, I wiss.

Gasp. [*aside.*]—'Tis she. I'll have a trick to
 know it.—

Blessings on you, shepherdess,
 Yet by this hand, you are no less.

[*Takes Felice by the hand.*]

You were in love with a fair man;
 Crost by a father, [you] began
 This shepherd's life, and russet weed.
 Is it not the truth I read?
 Ha, ha?

Fel. Sir, are you a fortune-teller?

Gasp. No, I am a fool; and yet I know
 Something, though you think not so.

Fel. Do you see all this here?

Gasp. That, and more: in this table
 Lies your story; 'tis no fable,
 Not a line within your hand
 But I easily understand:
 Your line of life is fair; hard by
 Ascends that of prosperity,

But broken in the midst o' th' mount
Of Saturn here, which ill we count,
Ha! triangle and mercurial line!
But Venus is no friend of thine.

Infor. How now, palmistry? believe him not.

Gasp. In your face your fate is wrote;
You lov'd a woman, she not you,
You know whether I say true,
Her name began with S; but she
Shall never be enjoy'd by thee.
She's married now to one that's old,
But very rich:—your fortune's told.

Infor. Beshrew me, he has cunning.

Sel. Do you believe him, sir?

Gorg. Believe him? nay, you may believe him;
he's abomination cunning, man; he told me my
fortune as right as if he had been in my belly.

I Shep. Does thy fortune lie in thy belly then,
sweetheart?

Gorg. Partly, sir, as other women's fortunes do.

Gasp. Damsel, you have yet a fate
Will make you wonder more thereat;
By collection³ I dare prove,
That his name, whom you did love,
Began with G; but 'tis too true

He hath slain himself for you.— [*Felice faints.*

Felice! come again; do not believe me; I told
thee false, I did but try to gain a knowledge of
thee: thy stars owe thee more happiness. *Felice!*
look up, see thy friend alive; I am Gasparo. 'Sfoot,
I have made fair work.

Fel. Ha! 'tis Gasparo.

Gasp. Have I found thee! O wench, thou wert
unjust,
Too much unjust, thus to absent thyself
From Gasparo; thy cruel father since

³ *By collection I dare prove,*] i. e. by observation.

Hath wept enough to wash away his error.—
 Fates, I do thank you, for this blest direction.—
 But, Infortunio, I am sorry now,
 I read the truth of thy unhappiness :
 It is too true, Selina is beyond
 Your sphere of hope : pardon, worthy sir,
 The shape I took, was not to mock your fortunes,
 But try mine own.--And have I found thee, wench ?

Gorg. Oh, no, no, your suit is in vain : Hands
 off, shepherd.

I Shep. I will make thee amends and marry ;
 prithee, sweet Mopsa, beautiful Mopsa.

Gorg. Beauty! I do confess I have a reasonable
 beauty, for black and white, for all other colours
 are but compounded of them : but the truth is, I
 cannot so soon forget my old love ; though he hath
 proved false unto me, Mopsa will prove true unto
 him : oh, an it were not for shame, now, I would
 die for love.

Sel. Be not dejected, sir ; you have a fate
 Doth smile upon you. I have a little skill
 In that this gentleman seem'd to have some know-
 ledge :

I must needs cross his judgment, and pronounce
 You are more happy.

*Let not aught your soul annoy,
 You that virgin shall enjoy
 That you first lov'd, who doth wait
 To make your wishes fortunate,—
 Ere the sun twice declines to th' west,
 You may be with marriage blest.*

Gasp. The boy is mad.

Infor. Do not undo, sweet boy, the benefit
 Thou hast already done me ; thou dost utter
 Impossibilities.

Sel. Then with one argument I can easily
 Take off your wonders. Look on thy Selina,
 That, on the wedding morn, forsook Rufaldo,

Touch'd with a sense of thy indignities,
Thus to obscure me from all curious search
And inquisition, but not hoping ever
To be made thine ; now, if true love maintain
The opinion you pretend, thus in your arms
I pour myself.

Infor. It is Selina ! Oh, I am rent in pieces
With joy and wonder.

Gasp. Hark you, sir, do not believe him ;
Let not passion make you a mockery.
Is not Selina married to Rufaldo ? Then am I
goose-giblet : I should have been at church with
them, but for a crotchet that I had in my pate all
the morning. I spake with her father yesterday,
and from his mouth I heard Selina was very well.
I think I do not dream ; indeed, now I call to me-
mory, he said Selina was missed two or three
hours on the wedding morn ; some figary, I know
not what : and Antonio, as I supposed, gone in
quest of her, not heard of since : but Selina is sure
Rufaldo's wife ; or some devil, in her likeness, has
abused them all with credulity. This is true, sir,
therefore be not easy, do not deserve more pity ;
this boy is mad, a juggling boy.

Sel. Shall I not be believed then for myself ?
Am I refused now ?

Infor. It cannot be she : troth, boy, thy conceit
took me at first with much credulity : but here's
our nature's weakness, apt to credit what we
affect : were there not too much against it, thou
mightest deceive me : oh no, Infortunio is given
up, lost to all felicity.

Sel. Since then you put me, sir, to prove my-
self, let me not be lost ; I will not call you what I
desire, nor name you sister : give me leave to find
myself, I know not where I am yet : my brother
Antonio gone ! what fury hath assumed Selina's
shape ?

Gasp. Come, put on a man's spirit, Mopsa.

[*Exeunt Infortunio and Felice.*]

Gorg. [to the Shepherd.]—Well, sir, in regard you are so portunate, although I have forsworn marriage, if you desist constant, you may chance to have a lick at my maidenhead.

[*Exeunt Gasparo, Gorgon, and Shepherd.*]

Sel. I have it; my brother's lost:

I'll send a shepherd in Antonio's name,
To invite my father hither, and that incubus.

I vow not to forsake these plains, till I
Possess myself, or be rejected quite.

Suspend thy passions, then, awhile, Selina;
To-morrow is the shepherds' holiday,

Which they solemnize with [all] rural pleasures;
'Twill draw them sooner: ha, are they gone?

I will not leave 'em; with this thread I shall

Tread o'er the labyrinth, and discover all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Cornelio's House.

Enter CORNELIO.

Cor. Antonio slain! hapless Cornelio;
My hopes were treasur'd up in him, the staff
And comfort of my age; and is he gone?

Enter ANTONIO, still in disguise, HILARIA, and RUFALDO.

Hil. Hast sent for Bubulcus?

Ant. I have;

Father, let not too much passion soil that temper
Hath been observ'd in old Cornelio.

Cor. Why, was not he thy brother? canst thou
think

Thou hast so little share in young Antonio,
That thou darest speak of comfort ?

Ant. Sir, on my life Antonio is not dead.

Ruf. No, no ; 'tis impossible.

Ant. Bubulcus, on my soul, is a very coward,
And durst as well attempt to take a prey
Out of a tiger's jaws, as see a sword,
With patience, bent against him.

Cor. But cowards in despair prove desperate,
And most unhappy.

Ant. O' my conscience I could beat him into a
mouse-hole.

Ruf. Nay, I could beat him, and I am sure you
can beat me ; would I were well rid of you : it is a
double misery to be abused, and dare not speak
out. *[Aside.*

Enter Officers, with BUBULCUS.

Hil. Here's Bubulcus.

Bub. Not guilty, not guilty ! an it please your
worships, let me not be hanged for a lie of mine
own making : it is well known I am a stinking
coward. Not guilty, I beseech you ; I never drew
sword in anger in my life. If you hang me, you
undo me for ever.

Ant. Look you, sir ; 'tis clear.

Bub. My conscience is as clear as crystal. Not
guilty, my lord, I beseech you.

Cor. Didst not thou kill Antonio then ?

Bub. Let me be hang'd if I did.

Cor. Stay, he'll confess.

Bub. I confess I told a lie, thinking to have got
some credit : but if ever I saw Antonio, since he
gave me two or three kicks, which I deserved well
enough, broil me o' the coals. Mercy, oh mercy !
do not cast me away upon the hangman now, in the
pride of my youth. Not guilty, my lord.

Cor. Howsoever fear of death possess him so, I see the murder in his eyes.

Bub. My eyes? would they were out then: do you see murder in my eyes? are my eyes blood-shot?

Cor. His very hand doth shew a guiltiness; Look how it trembles.

Bub. The fear of hanging hath put my whole body into palsey. My hands guilty? I can wash my hands clean of it; I never killed a fly. By this hand, not guilty.

Enter a Shepherd hastily.

Shep. Which is Cornelio?

Ant. This: what's the matter? what makes this shepherd here?

Cor. I am Cornelio: is it with me thou wouldst?

Shep. *If your name Cornelio be,
Contentment and felicity
I bring you: I am sent from one
That doth call himself your son,
Young Antonio, who thus low
Would beg your blessing; prays that no
Affliction too much you dismay
For his absence; bad me say,
If you deign suspend your care
A few hours, and repair
Unto the place of Shepherds by,
To grace their pleasures with your eye,
Antonio will himself declare,
Faithfully what causes were
Of his absence, and requite
These dolours with a fresh delight:
And so farewell; this is all:
Back again I hear them call.* [Exit.

Cor. Oh, stay awhile.

Ant. He is gone, sir. Did I not tell you Antonio was not dead?—But this is strange. [*Aside.*

Cor. Do I not dream?

Ant. [*aside.*—Antonio among the shepherds! if he be there, I am drest, i' faith.—By any means, go, sir.

Bub. Is Antonio alive again?

Ruf. Yes, verily, alive again; let not the hangman fright away your wits any longer.

Bub. I hope I shall choose my own gallows then. Hilaria, you would not believe me: did I look as I had killed any body? Now I hope you will hold me for an innocent hereafter.*

Cor. Bubulcus, pray let us have your company; It doth concern your freedom. Antonio living!

Rufaldo, let us make a merry day on't,

If it be true; *If!* I do sin against

Discretion to distrust it. O my stars,

I do acquit you all your injuries,

If you possess me of Antonio.

Never did man to bliss more willing go.

Bub. I am glad I am repriev'd.—Come, Hilaria.

Ant. 'Twere pretty if Antonio be multiplied:

Here's Tricks indeed; I am resolved to see

What will the end of this confusion be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country.

Enter JENKIN.

Jen. Never was Jenkin in such wilderness; her have walked and travelled creat deal of miles in

* *I hope you will hold me for an innocent hereafter.]* Lest the wit of Bubulcus should escape the reader, it may not be amiss to observe, once for all, that an *innocent* is used by all our old writers for a natural fool.

these woods ; but her can find no end nor evasions, look you : her have read in histories, and relations, kernicles, very famous knights, and prave sentilmen of valors, and shivalries, have been enchanted, look you, in castles and very strong dwellings, and towers, and solitary places ; now was have great fears and suspicions, lest Jenkin was fallen into some wisheries and conjurations, and was enchanted, bless us awl ! in these desarts and wildernesses, for her valors and magnanimities.

Joc. [*within.*]—So ho, ho, master Jenkin !

Jen. It is our pages again.—[*Enter JOCARELLO.*]—Jocarello, where have you been ? You are very tilligent poyes to lose your master thus !

Joc. I was lost myself, had not a shepherd by chance found me, and carried me into his house under the ground ; where, with a great many of shepherdesses, we sate up all night in making garlands for some shew and pastimes to be done this day, which they call their Festival : pray, sir, since we have run a wild-goose chase so long, let us stay one day to see these sports and dancings.

Jen. Sports and dances, say you ? take pleasures and delectations in dances ? Very well, Jenkin was knaw how to dance her self, was pred in awl sentilman's qualities, look you ; her will make no peregrinations back till awl be done, and it may be, was shake her legs in capers too, look you now.

Enter CORNELIO, RUFALDO, ANTONIO, dressed like Selina, BUBULCUS, and HILARIA.

Cor. Master Jenkin, you are well met in these parts ; I perceive you are early this morning, to partake the pastimes of our shepherds.

Jen. Good tays and salutations, and cret deal of felicities come to all your urships.

Bub. Sir, my name is master Bubulcus, and I am as good a gentleman——

Jen. As who, pray you? Do you make comparisons?

Bub. I do embrace your familiarities, *and remain your truest worm.*

Jen. Not too much worms, nor familiarities, pray you.—Ha, pages, here is Selinas in her own apparels and vestiments; awl was very true as our country-woman Echos was make reports, Selina was gone back again.—Very well, mistress Selinas, was very full of joys and exhilarations, to see you in these places; you know how creatly and ardently Jenkin was taken with your peauties, and pulchritudes, cret while ago: pray, when did you make returns out of these woods? Jenkin had knowledge, and saw you in your shepherd apparels, and was make ambulations after you hither, out of mere amors and affections, as her was true sentilman.

Ant. I make return out of these woods? I entered them but now.

Jen. Well, you desire not to have things declared, and published; her was keep awl silences.

Ant. Upon my life you are mistaken quite in this, master Jenkin.

Jen. Oh, pray you make not Jenkin ridicles, and derisions, look you; shall hear no more of that matters; call you only to memories you promised loves to Jenkin, pray you, in matrimonies, creat while ago.

Ant. I deny not that, sir; but I know not why you have long neglected me, and I am now married to Rufaldo.

Jen. Rufaldos! hit is not possible.

Bub. Father, he says it is impossible Selina should be your wife.

Ruf. How, not my wife? I would fain see that.

Jen. Is Selina your wifes in truths and verities, pray you?

Ruf. Do you make question? My wife! I think there is some reason; she is my very dear wife, I will assure you, sir.

Cor. He has got a boy by this time.

Ruf. A boy! Well, I have got something, a pox on your fingers.—[*aside.*]—How sayst? is not something done, sweetheart?

Ant. Yes, in my conscience something is done.

Jen. Jenkin was never awl her days have such injuries and contumelies put upon her: was ever sentilman thus abused? Have her made repetitions and genealogies of her plood, for no matrimonies? Jenkin has peat the pushes, and Rufaldos has get the pirds. Hum! her love not to make quarrels and prabbles, but Jenkin could fight with any podies in the urld, awl weapons, from the long pikes to the Welsh hooks, look you now. No matrimonies? her Welsh plood is up, look you.

Cor. Master Bubulcus.

Jen. Master Blew-pottles, have you any stomacks or appetites to have any plows or knogs upon your costards, look you?

Bub. No great stomach at this time, sir, I thank you: alas, I have them every day; they are no novelties with me.

Cor. Come, master Jenkin, I now perceive you loved my daughter; if you had acquainted me in time, I should not have been unwilling to have called you son; but since it is too late, let your wisdom check impatience. I know you are of a noble temper, howsoever passion may a little cloud your virtues; let us be all friends, pray.

Jen. Here is very cood honest words; yes, look you, Jenkin is in all amities and friendships, but—

Cor. Oh, no more shooting at that butt.—

[*Music.*]—Hark, I hear the shepherds' music, and voice too; let us sit down. I pray Antonio keep thy word.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses with garlands, singing.

1.

*Woodmen, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday,
Throw off cares,
With your heaven-aspiring airs
Help us to sing,
While valleys with your echoes ring.*

2.

*Nymphs that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
Gather posies,
Crown your golden hair with roses;
As you pass,
Foot like fairies on the grass.*

3.

*Joy crown^s our bowers! Philomel,
Leave of Tereus' rape to tell.
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian lyre did once;
Mountains play,
This is the shepherds' holiday.*

Dance. The Song ended, enter a Masque of Satyrs, &c. and dance; then enter a Shepherdess with a white rod.

Shep. *Post hence, satyrs, and give way
For fairer souls to grace the day,
And this presence; whip the air
With new ravishings; hence with care,*

^s Old copy, drown.

*By the forelock hold Time fast,
Lest occasion slip too fast.
Away from us; joys here distill:
Pleasures all your bosoms fill.*

[Exeunt Satyrs, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.]

Enter INFORTUNIO, SELINA, *dressed like* Antonio, GASPARO, FELICE, GORGON, *and* Shepherd.

Music.

Sel. Fair nymph, vouchsafe the honour to dance with me.

Ant. Troth, sir, I cannot dance.

Sel. We know you are Selina.

Infor. Your hand, fairest.

Shep. Disdain not, gentle sir.

Jen. Pible pables, with all her hearts, look you.

Gorg. Noble sir.

Bub. Fair lady, at your service.

Gasp. I will not change.

Fel. Nor I.—

[*They dance a measure.*]

Cor. Which is Antonio?

Ruf. It will break out anon.

Sel. You are a thief.

Ant. Ha!

Sel. You have robb'd Selina.

Ant. Then I'll make restitution. What are you?

Sel. Antonio.

Ant. The devil you are: faith, deal honestly with me, and I'll be true to thee: who art?

Sel. I am Selina, by my hopes of heaven.

Ant. Ha, sister, then!

Sel. I have no brother but Antonio.

Ant. And I am he. Oh happiness

Sel. If thou beest Antonio, what made thee assume my habit?

Ant. Of that anon. Lives Infortunio?

Sel. He's here, and with him Gasparo, and my sister,
The lost Felice.

Ant. I am ravish'd with this wonder. [*Music.*

Sel. Keep your face constant; the music calls.

[*They dance a second measure. After the dance, Ant. Sel. and Fel. kneel to Cornelio.*

Cor. Ha! what means this?

Ant. Sel. Fel. Your blessing, sir; we are your children.

Cor. Who's this?

Sel. I am Selina, sir.

Ant. And I am Antonio.

Cor. Amazement! thou Antonio? he Selina?

Ruf. Ha! how's this? my wife become a man? I confess she played the man with me.

Cor. But who is this?

Fel. I am Felice, sir, your long lost daughter, Found out by Gasparo, unto whom my vows In heaven were long since sacred, and I beg Once more he may be mine.

Sel. As I to be Possess'd by Infortunio here.

Cor. Stay, children, stay: take heed; you do not know

What strength of joy my fainting age can bear.

You fall in too full showers; like swelling Nile,

These comforts will exceed the narrow banks

Of my poor frailty. Rise, enjoy your wishes,

And be my blessings multiplied upon you.—

Rufaldo, here's Felice, my lost girl.—

Take her, take her, Gasparo.—

Selina, art not thou Rufaldo's wife?

Ant. No, sir, I ventured that, he knows me well;

Hilaria and I were bed-fellows,

At his request.

Bub. How? Hilaria and you bed-fellows? I'd laugh at that.

Ruf. I am abused, disgraced, undone.

Cor. Nay, Rufaldo.

Bub. Why then it seems you were Antonio, that I killed so, and you have, as a man should say, lain with Hilaria beforehand.

Ant. I am not behindhand.

Bub. Nay, an you have tickled her before and behind, tickle her all over for Bubulcus.

Jen. Hark you, is there another Selinas? Bless us awl, here is very prave Love-tricks, look you.

Ruf. Blessing on him! why he hath made stock-fish o' me; he has beaten away all my inclination to give my blessing.

Cor. Come, upon recollection, you must make it a bargain; they have, it seems, bought and sold already: it is past recovery, he shall be worthy of her.

Hil. Sir, that you may with more alacrity Let fall your blessings, know our bloods are pure: Antonio and your daughter are as chaste From any sinful act, as when we were First mantled after birth.

Ruf. Ha! sayst [thou] so?

Ant. It was none of my fault, I am sure.

Ruf. Then my blessings on you: come you are both my children.

Bub. How?

Cor. Amen, and mine.

Why, I am rapt beyond myself with joys.

Infortunio,

Fate hath effected that I begg'd of Heaven

In many prayers for you. Oh my blisses!

Bub. So, so, I am gull'd, my house taken over my head.

Gorg. Sir, you know who I am, I am yet walking terra incognita, I have a great mind to Bubulcus, you know what I have suffered for him, and so forth.

Gasp. Let me alone; so, so:—[*aside to Gorgon.*]—Then pleasures run with a stream upon us;

but if we shall make a full day of it, here is one more to meet with her match ; this poor virgin hath been long in love with Bubuleus. Troth, sir, look upon her pitifully complaining ; alas, good soul !—be honest at length, and marry her, prithee do ; you know what has past between you,—it is a handsome wench.

Bub. Umh ; I do remember she was in love with me, and so was twenty more : what is that to me ? Alas, would you have me descend so low ?

Gorg. Oh, sir, you sung another song in my mother's dairy, when we sat up all night together, and had a sack posset.

Bub. I do remember such a thing ; but what is that ?—I'll take it upon me. [*Aside.*

Gorg. I beseech you, gentlemen, speak for me, for I will have him ; I am ashamed to shew my reasons.

Bub. Very small ones : away, you dirty quean !

Infor. What, has he got thee with child ?

Gorg. More than that, sir.

Fel. Has he had any bastards ?

Gorg. Indeed, mistress, I'll tell you ; he hath begot three children of my body.

Infor. Fie upon it, no less than three bastards ?

Bub. How ? nay, she lies falsely ; I got but two.—So many I will acknowledge, because they shall not doubt my sufficiency, [*aside.*—had I any more than two ? speak, you lying whore.

Gasp. Sir, I tender your credit ; there is but two ways ; either you must marry her, or give her a piece of money, that is the easiest way ; she is poor : for your reputation——

Bub. What do you think will content the whore ?

Jen. Hark you, best for you make some satisfactions to this sentilwoman, or Senkin was learn you more honesties and behaviours towards these umans, warrant you, master Blew-pottles.

Gasp. A matter of twenty or thirty pieces ; you can spare them.

Bub. You strumpet, here is twenty pieces for you : do you hear ? keep well the boys then ; but you shall swear, before these gentlemen, you will never claim marriage. There, be an honest woman hereafter. [Gives him money.]

Gorg. Yes : bear witness, gentlemen, I do accept his wise benevolence, and will never trouble him with marriage whilst—Gorgon lives.

All. Gorgon !

Gorg. Your servant, and your pardons ; nay, Gorgon has had his devices and vagabunduloes, as well as the best of ye : give you all joy !—I wish you wit, sir.

Bub. I am fool'd of all sides ; was I a born fool ?⁶

All. Ha, ha !

Jen. Stay you, master double colours ;⁷ there be more fools in the business as yourself : well, Jenkin were even best make shurneys back into her own countreys, and never put credits or conferences in any womans in the whole urld ; they all lie and coozen, and make derisions out [of] awl measures.

Infor. Nay, nay, gentlemen, let's all together, We'll drown all discontents this day with wine ; Let's take up all our fates then, and proclaim This day new festivals in Hymen's name.

Bub. Stay a little, and I'll along with you. Since I have missed my wench, I'll ask these gentlemen's good wills to a second match, instead of an Epilogue.

[Comes forward.]

⁶ *Was I a born fool.*] The 1st edit. has, "Was I born a fool?" but there seems more quaintness in the present reading, which is that of the second, and which was also the phraseology of the times. Thus Shakspeare : A devil, a *born* devil, &c. *Tempest*.

⁷ *master double colours.*] This probably alludes to the party-coloured coat which Bubulcus wore as the clown, or, as Gorgon calls him, the fool of the Play.

Courteous spectators, and kind gentlemen—

Gorg. Why, how now? what, are you mad? will you speak the Epilogue? though you have played a fool in the play, you will not shew yourself an ass before all this company? The Epilogue! I hope I am the wiser of the two, and the better read in complement.

Judicious gentlemen—

Jen. Hark you, master double colours; and you, goody Gorgons, here is one wiser asses you both, to pronounce the Epilogues, warrant you, and one that knows—to speak in as good English;—gentlemen, now, sans complement,

*Our Love-Tricks have been shewn, and we attend
To know if your acceptance crown the end;
The world is full of tricks, but it will be
A trick worth all to have some plaudité
To these of Love. If then contentment dwell
On you, we shall conclude—our play shews well,
Which we did LOVE TRICKS call, that we might prove
It was a trick of ours to gain your love.*

[Exeunt.]

VERY EARLY PRINTING

THE

MAID'S REVENGE.

THE MAID'S REVENGE.] This Tragedy, Shirley's "second birth in this kind," as he says, was licensed by sir Henry Herbert on the 9th of February, 1625-6, and printed in 1639; the title says it had been, "acted with good applause at the private house in Drury-lane by her majesty's servants."

The plot is founded on a story in Reynolds's *Gods Revenge against Murder* (B. II, Hist 7.) entitled *Antonio and Berinthia*, which Shirley has in general followed very closely.

TO THE
WORTHILY HONOURED,
HENRY OSBORNE, ESQ.

SIR,

TILL I be able to give you a better proof of my service, let not this oblation be despised. It is a Tragedy which received encouragement and grace on the English stage; and though it come late to the impression, it was the second birth in this kind, which I dedicated to the scene; as you have art to distinguish, you have mercy and a smile, if you find a poem infirm, through want of age, and experience, the mother of strength. It is many years since I saw these papers, which make haste to kiss your hand: if you do not accuse the boldness and pride of them, I will own the child, and believe tradition so far, that you will receive no dishonour by the acceptance. I never affected the ways of flattery: some say I have lost my preferment, by not practising that Court sin; but if you dare believe, I much honour you, nor is it upon guess, but the taste and knowledge of your ability and merit; and while the Court wherein you live is fruitful with testimonies of your mind, my character is sealed up, when I have said that your virtue hath taken up a fair lodging. Read when you have leisure, and let the author be fortunate to be known

Your Servant.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gaspar de Vilarezo, *father to Sebastiano, Catalina, and Berinthia.*

Sebastiano, *son to Vilarezo.*

Antonio de Ribeiro, *a lover of Berinthia, and friend to Sebastiano.*

Villandras, *a kinsman of Antonio.*

Sforza, *a blunt soldier.*

Velasco, *a lover of Berinthia.*

Count de Montenegro, *a braggart.*

Diego, *servant to Antonio:*

Sharkino, *a shirking doctor.*

Scarabeo, *servant to Sharkino.*

Three Serving-men.

Catalina, } *daughters to Vilarezo.*
Berinthia, }

Castabella, *sister to Antonio.*

Ansilva, *a waiting gentlewoman to the two sisters.*

Nurse.

Maid, Friends of Velasco; Ladies, Servants, Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, Portugal:—the first at Lisbon, the rest partly at Elvas, and partly at Avero.

THE
MAID'S REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lisbon.—*A Street.*

Enter SEBASTIANO *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. The noble courtesies I have received
At Lisbon, worthy friend, so much engage me,
That I must die indebted to your worth,
Unless you mean to accept what I have studied,
Although but partly, to discharge the sums
Due to your honour'd love.

Ant. How now, Sebastiano? will you forfeit
The name of friend, then?—I did hope our love
Had outgrown complement.

Seb. I speak my thoughts;
My tongue and heart are relatives: I think
I have deserved no base opinion from you;
I wish not only to perpetuate
Our friendship, but to exchange that common name
Of *friend*, for——

Ant. What?—Take heed; do not profane.—
Wouldst thou be more than friend? it is a name
Virtue can only answer to. Couldst thou
Unite in one, all goodness whatso'er
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
The circle narrow-bounded to contain

This swelling treasure : every good admits
 Degrees, but this, being so good, it cannot :
 For he is no friend is not superlative.
 Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
 By the natural flow of blood, alliances,
 And what you can imagine, is too light
 To weigh with th' name of friend : they execute,
 At best, but what [their] nature prompts them to,
 Are often less than friends, when they remain
 Our kinsmen still ; but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay, then, Antonio, you mistake ; I mean not
 To leave off friend, which with another title
 Would not be lost. Come, then, I'll tell you, sir. —
 I would be friend and brother ; thus our friendship
 Shall, like a diamond set in gold, not lose
 His sparkling, but shew fairer. I have a pair
 Of sisters, which I would commend, but that
 I might seem partial, their birth and fortunes
 Deserving noble love ; if thou beest free
 From other fair engagement, I would be proud
 To speak them worthy. Come, shalt go and see
 them.

I would not beg them suitors ; fame hath spread
 Through Portugal their persons, and drawn to Avero
 Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. Catalina and Berinthia ?

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks loud their beauties, and no
 less

Virtue in either. — Well, I see you strive
 To leave no merit where you mean to honour.
 I cannot otherwise escape the censure
 Of one ingrateful, but by waiting on you
 Home to Avero:

Seb. You shall honour me,
 And glad my noble father, to whom you are
 No stranger ; your own worth before hath been
 Sufficient preparation.

Ant. Ha!

I have not so much choice, Sebastiano;
But if one sister of Antonio's
May have a commendation to your thoughts,
(I will not spend much art in praising her,
Her virtue speak itself) I shall be happy,
And be confirm'd your brother, though I miss
Acceptance at Avero.

Seb. Still you outdo me; I could never wish
My service better placed. At opportunity
I'll visit you at Elvas; i'the mean time
Let's haste to Avero, where with you I'll bring
My double welcome, and not fail to second
Any design——

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson
Against we meet at Elvas castle, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Avero.—*A Room in Vilarezo's House.*

Enter GASPAR DE VILAREZO, *and a* Servant.

Vil. What gallants, sirrah, are there newly
enter'd?

Ser. Count de Montenegro, my lord, and don
Velasco.

Vil. Give your observance then; I know their
business; [Exit Servant.

Catalina and Berinthia are the stars
Direct them hither. Gaspar's house shall give
Respect to all; but they are two such jewels,
I must dispose maturely, I should else
Return ingratitude upon the heavens
For leaving me such pledges; nor am I,
Like other fathers, carried with the stream

Of love to the youngest : as they were in birth,
 They had my tenderness ; Catalina, then,
 Is eldest in my care, Berinthia [has]
 A child's part too ; both fair and virtuous ;—
 But daughters are held losses to a family,
 Sons only maintain th' honour⁴ and [keep the] stem
 Alive in their posterity ; and, now I think on it,
 My son Sebastiano hath been slow
 In his return from Lisbon. Oh, that boy
 Renews my age with hope, and hath return'd
 My care in education, weight for weight,
 With noble quality, well-beloved by the best
 O'the dons in Spain and Portugal, whose loves
 Do often stretch his absence to such length
 As this hath been.—

Enter MONTENEGRO, and CATALINA.

But here's my eldest daughter,
 With her amorous count ; I'll not be seen. [*Exit.*

Cata. You have been absent long, my noble count ;
 Beshrew me, but I dreamt on you last night.

Mont. Ha, ha ! did you so ?—I tickle her in her
 sleep, I perceive.—[*aside.*]—Sweet lady ! I did but
 like the valiant beast, give a little ground, to return
 with a greater force of love. Now by my father's
 sword and gauntlet, thou'rt a precious piece of
 virtue ; but prithee, what didst dream of me last
 night ?

Cata. Nay, 'twas an idle dream, not worth the
 repetition.

Mont. Thou dreamst, I warrant thee, that I was
 fighting for thee up to the knees in blood : why I
 dare do't. Such dreams are common with the count
 de Montenegro ; my sleeps are nothing else but
 rehearsals of battles, and wounds, and ambuscados ;

⁴ *Sons only maintain th' honour, &c.*] Old copy, " sons only
 to maintain honour and stem," &c.

Donzel del Phœbo was a mountebank of valour,
Rosicleere a puff; my dreams deserve to be i' the
chronicles.

Cata. Why, now my dream is out.

Mont. What?

Cata. I dreamt that you were fighting.

Mont. So!

Cata. And that in single combat, for my sake,
You slew a giant; and you no sooner had
Rescued my honour, but there crept a pigmy
Out of the earth, and kill'd you.

Mont. Very likely; the valiantest man must die.

Cata. What! by a pigmy?

Mont. Ay; that's another giant; I remember
Hercules had a conflict with them.* Oh, my dona
Catalina! Well, would I were so happy once to
maintain some honourable duel for thy sake! I shall
ne'er be well, till I have killed somebody [in] fight.
'Tis true I have never yet fleshed myself in blood;
nobody would quarrel with me; but I find my spirit
prompt, if occasion would but wink at me. Why
not? wherefore has nature given me these brawny
arms; this manly bulk, and these colossian sup-
porters? [for] nothing, but to sling the sledge, or
pitch the bar, and play with axletrees? If thou
lovest me, do but command me some worthy ser-
vice; pox o' dangers! I weigh them no more than
fleabittings. Would somebody did hate that face,
now! I wish it with all my heart.

Cata. Would you have any body hate me?

Mont. Yes, I'd hate them! I'd but thrust my
hand into their mouth down to the bottom of their
bellies, pluck out their lungs, and shake their
insides outward.

* *Hercules had a conflict with them.*] Montenegro had been reading Jonson's magnificent Masque of "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue." See vol. vii. p. 320.

Enter BERINTHIA and VELASCO at a distance.

Ber. Noble sir,
You need not heap more protestations,
I do believe you love me.

Vel. Do you believe I love, and not accept it?

Ber. Yes, I accept it too; but apprehend me,
As men do gifts, whose acceptation does not
Bind to perform what every giver craves;—
Without a stain to virgin modesty,
I can accept your love; but, pardon me,
It is beyond my power to grant your suit.

Vel. Oh, you too much subject a natural gift,
And make yourself beholding for your own:
The sun hath not more right to his own beams,
With which he gilds the day, nor the Sea-lord
To his own waves.

Ber. Alas! what is't to own a passion
Without power to direct it! for I move,
Not by a motion I can call my own,
But by a higher rapture, in obedience
To a father; and I have yet no freedom
To place affection; so you but endear me
Without a merit.

Cata. Here's my sister.

Mont. And don Velasco. How now, are thy
arrows feather'd?

Vel. Well enough for roving.³

Mont. Roving! I thought so.

³ *Vel.* *Well enough for roving.*] The *rover*, which was not so fully feathered as the *butt-shaft*, was shot from a distance, compass-wise, while the other went point blank to the mark. Hence to *rove*, or *shoot with rovers*, meant a distant pursuit, an uncertain hope, &c. Thus Brome:

“I thought me *nearer* to you, than that you
Should *rove* at me with courtship, Stratocles
Shot from afar.” *Love-sick Court.*

Vel. But I hope fair.

Mont. Shoot home, then. Velasco, I have presented my mistress with a paper of verses; see, she is reading of them.

Vel. Didst make them thyself?

Mont. My money did: what an idle question is that! as though we that are great men, are not furnished with stipendiary muses. I am sure, for my own part, I can buy them cheaper than I can make them, a great deal. Would you have learning have no reward?—She laughs at them; I am glad of that.

Cata. They savour of a true poetic fury.

Mont. Do you smell nothing? something hath some savour.

Cata. But this line, methinks, hath more feet than the rest.

Mont. It should run the better for that, lady; I did it o' purpose.

Cata. But here's another lame.

Mont. That was my conceit, my own invention; lame, halting verses, there's the greatest art: besides, I thereby give you to understand, that I am valiant, dare cut off legs and arms at all times, and make them go halting home that are my enemies. I am an iambographer; now it is out.

Cata. For honour's sake, what's that?

Mont. One of the sourest versifiers that ever crept out of Parnassus. When I set on't, I can make any body hang himself with pure iambics; I can fetch blood with asclepiads; sting with phalucians, whip with sapphics, bastinado with hexameter and pentameter; and yet I have a trimeter left for thee, my dona Catalina.

Ber. Conclude a peace, sir, with your passion. I am sorry love hath been unkind to you, To point at me, who, till she—[*pointing to Catalina.*—first have knit

The sacred knot of marriage, am forbid
To think of love.

Vel. But I cannot desist;
I am in love with every thing you say;
This your denial, as it comes from you,
Bids me still love you. Pardon, fair Berinthia,
Velasco hath not power to rule himself:
Be you less fair, or virtuous, perhaps
I may abate my service.

Enter VILAREZO, SEBASTIANO, and ANTONIO.

Vila. Old Gaspar's house is honour'd by such
guests:
Now by the tomb of my progenitors,
I envied that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person; Sebastiano
Hath been long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himself in virtues,
That lives so near your love.

Cata. Don Antonio de Ribeiro.

Seb. The same.

Cata. With whose noble worth
You oft have fill'd discourse, thought yourself happy
In his choice friendship.—If his body carry
So many graces, it is heaven within,
Where his soul is. [*Aside.*

Vila. Sebastian, thou hast largely recompens'd
Thy tedious absence.—You shall dishonour me,
[*to Antonio.*
Unless you think yourself as welcome here,
As at your Elvas castle. Vilarezo
Was once, as you are, sprightly, and though I say it
Maintain'd my father's reputation,
And honour of our house, with actions
Worthy our name and family; but now,
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my hairs,

Plough'd on my brows the furrows of his anger,
 Disfurnish'd me of active blood, and wrapt me
 Half in my searchcloth ; yet I have mind
 That bids me honour virtue, where I see it
 Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Ant. You speak all nobleness, and encourage me
 To spend the greenness of my rising years
 So to th' advantage, that at last I may
 Be old like you.

Vila. Daughters, speak his welcome.—Catalina!

Cata. Sir, you are most welcome.

Count. How's that? she says he is most welcome ; he were best not love her. She never made me such a reverence, for all the kisses I have bestowed upon her since I first opened my affection.—I do not like this fellow ; I must be fain to use doctor Sharkino's cunning. [Aside.

Vel. It were not truly noble to affront him.
 My blood boils in me—it shall cool again ;
 The place is venerable by her presence,
 And I may be deceiv'd : Velasco, then,
 Keep distance with thy fears.

Ant. [aside.]—How now, Antonio,
 Where hast thou lost thyself?
 Struck dead with ladies eyes!—I could star-gaze
 For ever thus. Oh, pardon, Love, 'gainst whom
 I often have profaned, and mock'd thy fires ;
 Thy flames now punish me. Let me collect.
 They are both excellent creatures ; there is
 A majesty in Catalina's eye,
 And every part carries ambition
 Of queen upon it ; yet Berinthia
 Hath something more than all this praise ; though
 she
 Command the world, this hath more power o'er me.
 Here I have lost my freedom : not the queen
 Of love could thus have wounded poor Antonio—

I'll speak to her.—

Lady, I am a novice yet in love.

Ber. It may be so.

Ant. [*aside.*] — She jests at me. — Yet I should be proud

To be your servant.

Ber. I entertain no servants that are proud.

Vel. Divine Berinthia!

Ant. She checks my rudeness that so openly I seem to court her, and in presence too Of some that have engaged themselves, perhaps, To her already. [*Aside.*

Vila. Come, let us in; my house spreads to receive you,

Which you may call your own. I'll lead the way.

Cata. Please you walk, sir.

Ant. It will become me thus to wait on you.

[*Exeunt all but Mont. and Velasco.*

Mont. Does not the fool ride us both?

Vel. What fool? both whom?

Mont. That fool — both us; we are but horses, and may walk one another, for aught I see, before the door, when he is alight and entered. I do not relish that same novice; he were best not gull me. Hark you, don Velasco, what shall we do?

Vel. Do? why?

Mont. This Antonio is a suitor to one o' them.

Vel. I fear him not.

Mont. I do not fear him, neither; I dare fight with him, an he were ten Antonios; but the ladies, don, the ladies.

Vel. Berinthia, to whom

I pay my love devotions, in my ear

Seem'd not to welcome him; your lady did.

Mont. Ay, but for all that, he had most mind to your mistress; and I do not see but if he pursue it, there is a possibility to scale the fort: ladies'

minds may alter, by your favour. I have less cause to fear o' the two; if he love not Catalina, my game is free, and I may have a course in her park the more easily.

Vel. 'Tis true, he proffer'd service to Berinthia, And what is she then to resist the vows Antonio, if he love, dare heap upon her? He's gracious with her father, and a friend, Dear as his bosom, to Sebastiano; And, may be, is directed by that brother To aim at her: or, if he make free choice, Berinthia's beauty will draw up his soul. [*Aside.*]

Mont. And yet, now I think on't, he was very saucy with my love, to support her arm, which she accepted too familiarly. An she should but love him, it were as bad for me; for though he care not for her, I am sure she will never abide me after it. By these hilts I must kill him; there's no remedy; I cannot help it.

Vel. I'll know my destiny. [*Exit.*]

Mont. And I my fate. But here he comes.

Re-enter ANTONIO.

Ant. The strangest resolution of a father I ever heard. I was covetous To acquaint him with my wishes, pray'd his leave I might be servant to Berinthia, But thus he briefly answered;—Until His eldest daughter were dispos'd in marriage His youngest must not love, and therefore wish'd me, Unless I could place Catalina here, Leave off soliciting;—yet I was welcome, But fed on nothing but Berinthia, From whose fair eyes love threw a thousand flames Into Antonio's heart, her cheeks bewraying: As many amorous blushings, which brake out Like a forced lightning from a troubled cloud,

Discovering a restraint, as if within
 She were at conflict, which her colour only
 Took liberty to speak, but soon fell back,
 As it were check'd by silence.

Mont. I'll stay no longer.—Sir, a word with you.
 Are you desperate?

Ant. Desperate? why, sir?

Mont. I ask an you be desperate? are you weary
 of your life? an you be, say but the word; some-
 body can tell how to dispatch you without a phy-
 sician, at a minute's warning.

Ant. You are the noble count de Montenegro.

Mont. I care not a Spanish fig what you count
 me; I must call you to account, sir; in brief, the
 lady, dona Catalina, is my mistress; I do not
 mean to be baffled while this tool has any steel
 in't, and I have some metal in myself too.

Ant. The dona Catalina! do you love her?

Re-enter VILAREZO, SEBASTIANO, CATALINA, and
 BERINTHIA.

She is a lady in whom only lives
 Nature's and art's perfection, born to shame
 All former beauties, and to be the wonder
 Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither
 When she is but remember'd.

Mont. I can endure no more! Diablo! he is
 mortally in love with Catalina.

Vel. 'Tis so; he's ta'en with Catalina's beauty.

Mont. Sir, I am a servant of that lady, therefore
 eat up your words, or you shall be sensible that I
 am count de Montenegro, and she no dish for don
 Antonio.

Ant. Sir, I will do you right.

Mont. Or I will right myself.

Cata. He did direct those praises unto me;
 This doth confirm it. [Aside.

Ber. He cannot so soon alter;
I shall discover a passion through my eyes. [*Aside.*

Mont. Thou shewest thyself a noble gentleman, the count is now thy friend.

Ant. Does it become me, sir, to prosecute
Where such a noble count is interest'd?

Upon my soul, I wish the lady your's.—

Here my suit falls, with tender of my service.—

[*Aside.*

Would you were married, nay, in bed together,
My honourable count.

Cata. Your face is cloudy, sir, as you suspected
Your presence were not welcome; had you nought
But title of a brother's friendship, 'twere
Enough to oblige us to you; but your worth
In Catalina's eyes, bids me proclaim you
A double acceptation.

Ant. Oh, you are bounteous, lady.

Mont. Sir—

Ant. Do not fear me.—

I am not worthy your opinion. [to Catalina.

It shall be happiness for me to kiss

This ivory hand.

Mont. [*aside.*]—The whilst I kiss her lip, and
be immortal.

Seb. Antonio, my father is a rock
In that he first resolved;⁴ and I account it
Part of my own unhappiness. I hope
You hold me not suspected.

Ant. I were unworthy such a friend; his care
Becomes him nobly. Has not yonder count
Some hope of Catalina?

Seb. My father thinks that sister worthy of
More than a bare nobility.

⁴ *Seb.* Antonio, my father is a rock

In that he first resolved:] i. e. his resolution of not marrying his younger before his eldest daughter.

Ant. I'll back to Elvas : noble sir, [to *Vilarezo*.
This entertainment is so much above
Antonio's merit, if I leave you not
I shall be out of hope to—

Vila. Nay, then, you mock me, sir ; you must
not leave me,
Without discourtesy, so soon ; we trifle time ;
This night you are my guest.—My honour'd count,
My don Velasco.

Mont. Yes, my lord, we'll follow.

Ant. Ha !

I am resolv'd ; like bargemen when they row,
I'll look another way than that I go. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in Vilarezo's House.

Enter CATALINA and ANSILVA.

Cata. Ansilva, you observe with curious eye
All gentlemen that come hither ; what's your opinion
Of don Antonio ?

Ant. My opinion, madam ? I want art
To judge of him.

Cata. Then, without art, your judgment.

Ans. He is one of the most accomplish'd gen-
tlemen

Ansilva e'er beheld : pardon, madam.

Cata. Nay, it doth not displease : you're not
alone ;
He hath friends to second you. And who, dost think,
Is cause he tarries here ?

Ans. Your noble father will not let him go.

Cata. And canst thou see no higher ? then thou
art dull.

Ans. Madam, I guess at something more.

Cata. What?

Ans. Love.

Cata. Of whom?

Ans. I know not that.

Cota. How! not that? Thou'dst bring thy former truth

Into suspicion. Why, 'tis more apparent,
Than that he loves.

Ans. If judging eyes may guide him,
I know where he should choose; but I have heard
That love is blind.

Cata. Ha!

Ans. Virtue would direct him,
Madam, to you; I know obedience,
I shall repent if I offend.

Cata. Thou'rt honest; be yet more free; hide
not a thought that may concern it.

Ans. Then, madam, I think he loves my lady
Berinthia; I have observed his eyes roll that way,
even now I spied him close with her in the arbour;
pardon me, madam.

Cata. Thou hast done me faithful service; be
yet more vigilant. I know thou speak'st all truth;
I do suspect him. [Exit *Ansilva*.

My sister! ha! Dare she maintain contention?
Is this the duty binds her to obey
A father's precepts? 'tis dishonour to me.

Re-enter ANSILVA.

Ans. Madam, here's a pretty handsome strip-
pling new alight, enquires for don Antonio.

Cata. Let me see him; 'twill give me good oc-
casion to be my own observer.—

Enter DIEGO.

Whom would you, sir?

Die. I am sent in quest of Antonio.

Cata. He speaks like a knight-errant; he comes in quest.

Die. I have heard it a little virtue in some spaniels to quest now and then, lady.

Cata. But you are none.

Die. My master cannot beat me from him, madam; I am one of the oldest appurtenances belonging to him; and yet I have little moss on my chin.

Cata. The more to come.—A witty knave!

Die. No more wit than will keep my head warm. I beseech you, amiable virgin, help my master Antonio to some intelligence, that a servant of his waits to speak with him from his sister, madona Castabella.

Cata. It shall not need, sir; I'll give him notice myself.—

Ansilva, entertain time with him.

[*Exit.*

Ans. A promising young man.

[*Aside.*

Die. Do you wait on this lady?

Ans. Yes, sir.

Die. We are both of a tribe then, though we differ in our sex. I beseech you, tax me not of immodesty, or want of breeding, that I did not salute you upon the first view of your person: this kiss shall be as good as press-money, to bind me to your service.

[*Kisses her.*

Ans. You're very welcome, by my virginity. [*Exit.*

Die. Your virginity! a good word to save an oath. For all she made me a curtesy, it was not good manners to leave me so soon. *You're very welcome, by my virginity;* was she afraid of breaking? it may be she is crack'd already. But here she is again.

Re-enter ANSILVA.

Ans. May I beg your name, sir?

Die. No beggar, sweet; would you have it at length? then my name is signior Baltazaro Clere Mautado, but, for brevity's sake, they call me Diego.

Ans. Then, signior Diego, once more you are welcome

Die. *Beso las manos, senora*; and what my tongue is not able to express, my heart⁵ shall; it seems you have lived long a virgin.

Ans. Not above seven or eight and thirty years.

Die. By'r lady, a tried virgin! you have given the world a large testimony of your virginity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Garden.

Enter ANTONIO and BERINTHIA; CATALINA following at a distance.

Ber. I should be thus a disobedient daughter:
A father's hests are sacred.

Ant. But in love
They have no power. It is but tyranny,
Plain usurpation, to command the mind
Against its own election; I am your's,
Vow'd your's for ever; send me not away
Shipwreck'd i' the harbour; say but you can love me,
And I will wait an age, nor wish to move
But by commission from you, to whom
I render the possession of myself.—

[*Discovers Catalina.*]

⁵ heart shall;] Old copy, "head."

Ha! we are betray'd ; I must use cunning.—
 She lives in you ; and, take't not in worse sense,
 You are more gracious, in that you are
 So like your eldest sister, in whom lives
 The copy of so much perfection,
 All other seem to imitate.

Cata. Does he not praise me now?

[*Comes forward.*]

Ant. But here she is.—

Madam, not finding you i' the garden,
 I met this lady.

Cata. I came to tell you
 A servant of your's attends with letters from
 Your sister, madona Castabella.

Enter DIEGO.

Ant. Diego, what news?

Die. Sir, my lady remembers her love ; these
 letters inform you the state of all things.

[*Antonio walks aside with the letters.*]

Cata. What serious conference had you, sister,
 with that gentleman?

Ber. Would you had heard them, sister ; they
 concern'd
 Your commendations.

Cata. Why should he not deliver them to
 myself?

Ber. It may be, then,
 You would have thought he flatter'd.

Cata. I like not this rebound ;
 'Tis fairest to catch at fall.

Ber. Sister, I hope
 You have no suspicion I have courted
 His stay or language ; on my life, no accent
 Fell from me, your own ear would not have heard
 With acceptation.

Cata. It may be so, and yet I dare acquit you,⁶
In duty to a father, you would wish me,
All due respect; I know it.

Ant. Diego!

Die. Sir.

Ant. You observe the waiting creature in the
black?—

Hark;—[*whispers him.*]—you apprehend me?

Die. With as much tenacity as a servant.

Cata. I hope, sir, now we shall enjoy you longer.

Ant. The gods would sooner

Be sick with nectar, than Antonio

Grow weary of such fair society;

But I am at home expected; a poor sister,

My father's care alive, and dying, was

His legacy, (having outstaid my time,)

Is tender of my absence.

*Enter VILAREZO, SEBASTIANO, MONTENEGRO, and
VELASCO.*

Cata. My lord, Antonio means to take his leave.

Vila. Although last night you were inclined to go,
Let us prevail this morning.

Cata. A servant of his, he says, brought letters
to hasten [his] departure.

Vila. Why, sirrah, will you rob us of your
master?

Die. Not guilty, my lord.

Mont. Sir, if you'll needs go, we'll bring you
on your way.

Ant. I humbly thank your honour; I'll not be
so troublesome.

⁶ *And yet I dare acquit you,*] i. e. hitherto, up to this period. It is necessary to say this; because it has been proposed to insert *not* after "dare."

Mont. Would you were gone once: I do not mean to trouble myself so much, I warrant thee.

[*Aside.*

Ant. I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may excuse me, if I hasten my return.

Vila. 'Tis fair and reasonable. Well, sir, my son shall wait on you o' the way. If any occasion draw you to Avero, let's hope you'll see us; you know your welcome.

Ant. My lord, the favours done me, would proclaim I were too much unworthy not to visit you, oft as I see Avero.—

Madam, I part with some unhappiness, to lose your presence. Give me leave I may be absent your admirer, to whose memory I write myself a servant.

Mont. Pox on your complement! you were not best write in her table-books. [*Aside.*

Cata. You do not know what power you have o'er me, that, but to please you, can frame myself to take a leave so soon.

Vel. What think you of that, my lord?

Mont. Why, she says she has power to take her leave so soon; no hurt i' the world in't. I hope she is an innocent lady. [to *Berinthia.*

Ant. The shallow rivers glide away with noise; the deep are silent. Fare you well, lady.

Mont. I told you he is a shallow fellow.

Vel. I know not what to think on't. *Berinthia!*

Ant. Gentlemen, happiness and success in your desires.

Seb. I'll see you a league or two.

Vila. By any means. Nay, sir.

Ant. Diego!

Die. My lord, I have a suit to you before I go.

Vila. To me, Diego! prithee, speak it.

Die. That, while other gentlemen are happy to divide their affections among the ladies, I may have your honour's leave to bear some good-will to this virgin: Cupid hath thrown a dart at me, like a blind buzzard as he is, and there's no recovery without a cooler; if I be sent into these parts, I desire humbly I may be bold to rub acquaintance with mistress Ansilva.

Vila. With all my heart, Diego.

Die. Madam, I hope you will not be an enemy to a poor fly that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

Cata. You shall have my consent, sir.

Vila. But what says Ansilva?—Hast thou a mind to a husband?

Ans. I fear I am too young; seven years hence were time enough for me.

Seb. She's not full forty yet, sir.

Die. I honour the antiquity of her maidenhead.—Thou mistress of my heart!

Ant. Come, let's away.—Diego! our horses.

Vila. We'll bring you to the gate.

Mont. Yes, we'll bring him out of doors.—Would we were shut of him! [*Exeunt all but Ansilva.*]

Ans. Hey ho! who would have thought I should have been in love with a stripling? Have I seen so many maidenheads suffer before me, and must mine come to the block at forty years old? If this Diego have the grace to come on, I shall have no power to keep myself chaste any longer. How many maids have been over-run with this love!—but here's my lady. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*The Same.**Enter CATALINA and VELASCO.**Cata.* Sir, you love my sister.*Vel.* With an obedient heart.*Cata.* Where do you think don Antonio hath made choice to place his love?*Vel.* There where I wish it may grow older in desire, and be crowned with fruitful happiness.*Cata.* Hath your affection had no deeper root, That 'tis rent up already? I had thought It would have stood a winter, but I see A summer storm hath kill'd it. Fare you well, sir.
[*Going.*]*Vel.* How's this, a summer's storm!
Lady, by the honour of your birth,
Put off these clouds; you 'maze me; take off
The wonder you have put upon Velasco,
And solve these riddles.*Cata.* You love Berinthia?*Vel.* With a devoted heart; else may I die
Contemn'd of all mankind: not my own soul
Is dearer to me.*Cata.* And yet you wish Antonio maybe crown'd
With happiness in his love; he loves Berinthia.*Vel.* How!*Cata.* Beyond expression. To see how a good
nature,
Free from dishonour in itself, is backward
To think another guilty, suffers itself
Be poison'd with opinion! Did your eyes
Empty their beams so much in admiration

Of your Berinthia's beauty, you left none
To observe your own abuses?

Vel. Doth not Antonio dedicate his thoughts
To your acceptance? 'tis impossible:
I heard him praise you to the heavens, above them;
Make himself hoarse but to repeat your virtues,
As he had been in ecstasy. Love Berinthia!
Hell is not blacker than his soul, if he
Love any goodness but yourself.

Cata. That lesson he with impudence hath read
To my own ears. But shall I tell you, sir?
We are both made but properties to raise
Him to his partial ends;—flattery is
The stalking-horse of policy;—saw you not
How many flames he shot into her eyes
When they were parting, for which she paid back
Her subtile tears? he wrung her by the hand,
Seem'd with the greatness of his passion
To have been o'erborne. Oh cunning treachery!
Worthy our justice.—True, he commended me;
But could you see the fountain that sent forth
So many cozening streams, you would say Styx
Were crystal to it. And was't not to the count,
Whom he supposed was in pursuit of me,
Nay, whom he knew did love me, that he might
Fire him the more to consummate my marriage,
That, I disposed of, he might have access
To his belov'd Berinthia, the end
Of his desires? I can confirm it; he pray'd
To be so happy, with my father's leave,
To be her amorous servant, which he nobly
Denied, partly expressing your engagements;
If you have least suspicion of this truth—
But do you think she loves you?

Vel. I cannot challenge her; but she has let fall
Something to make me hope. How think you she's
Affected to Antonio?

Cata. May be,

Lukewarm as yet ; but as soon as she is caught,
Inevitably his, without prevention.

For my own part, I hate him in whom lives
A will to wrong a gentleman ; for he was
Acquainted with your love ; 'twas my respect
To tender so your injury, I could not
Be silent in it : what you mean to do
I leave to your own thoughts. [Going.

Vel. Oh, stay, sweet lady ! leave me not to
struggle

Alone with this universal affliction.

You said even now, ' Berinthia would be his
Without prevention ; oh, that antidote,
That balsam to my wound !

Cata. Alas ! I pity you, and the more, because
I see your troubles so amaze your judgment.—
I'll tell you my opinion, sir, o' the sudden ;—
For him, he is not worth Velasco's anger ;
Only thus, you shall discover to my father
She promis'd you her love ; be confident
To say you did exchange faith to her ; this alone
May chance assure her, and if not, I have it,—
Steal her away : your love, I see, is honourable.
So much I suffer when desert is wounded,
You shall have my assistance ;—you apprehend me ?

Vel. I am devoted your's ; command me ever.

Cata. Keep smooth your face, and still maintain
your worship

With Berinthia ; things must be manag'd
And struck in the maturity, noble sir ; I wish
You only fortunate in Berinthia's love.

Vel. Words are too poor to thank you ; I look
on you

As my safe guiding star. [Exit.

Cata. But I shall prove a wandering star ; I have
A course which I must finish for myself.

7 *You said even now,*] Old copy, " You speak even now."

Glide on, thou subtile mover ; thou hast wrought⁸
 This instrument already for thy aim.—
 Sister, I'll break a serpent's egg betimes,
 And tear Antonio from thy very bosom.
 Love is above all law of nature, blood ;
 Not what men call, but what that bids, is good.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Elvas.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter CASTABELLA and VILLANDRAS.

Vil. Be not so careful, coz ; your brother's well ;
 Be confident, if he were otherwise
 You should have notice. Whom hath he to share
 Fortunes without you ? all his ills are made
 Less by your bearing part ; his good is doubled
 By your communicating.

Cast. By this reason
 All is not well, in that my ignorance
 What fate hath happen'd, bars me of the portion
 Belongs to me [as] sister ; but my care
 Is so much greater, in that Diego, whom
 I charg'd to put on wings if all were well,
 Is dull in his return.

Vil. His master haply hath commanded him
 To attend him homewards.—This is recompens'd
 Aready ; look, they are come.—

Enter ANTONIO and DIEGO.

You're welcome, sir.

⁸ ———— *thou hast wrought*
This instrument, &c.] Old copy, "thou hast brought," &c.

Ant. Oh, sister! ere you let fall words of welcome,
Let me unlade a treasure in your ear
Able to weigh down man.

Cast. What treasure, brother? You amaze me.

Ant. Never was man so blest;
As heavens had studied to enrich me here,
So am I fortunate.

Vil. You make me covetous.

Ant. I have a friend.

Vil. You have a thousand, sir; is this your
treasure?

Ant. But I have one more worth than millions,
And he doth only keep alive that name
Of friendship in his breast. Pardon, Villandras,
'Tis not to strain your love, whom I have tried,
My worthiest cousin.

Cast. But where is this same friend? why came
he not

To Elvas with you? Sure, he cannot be
Dear to you, brother, to whom I am not indebted,
At least for you.

Die. I have many dear friends, too; my tailor
is one to whom I am indebted. [*Aside.*

Ant. His commission
Stretch'd not so far; a father's tie was on him;
But I have his noble promise, ere it be long
We shall enjoy him.

Cast. Brother, I hope
You know how willingly I can entertain
Your bliss, and make it mine. Pray speak the man
To whom we owe so much.

Ant. It were not charity
To starve you thus with shadows;
Take him, and with him in thy bosom lock
The mirror of fidelity—don Sebastian.

Cast. I oft have heard you name him full of
worth,

And upon that relation have laid up
One dear to my remembrance.

Ant. But he must

Be dearer, Castabella. Hark you, sister,
I have been bold, upon thy virtue, to
Invite him to you ; if your heart be free,
Let it be empty ever, if he do not
Fill it with noblest love ; to make relation,
What seal⁹ he gave of a [most] worthy nature,
At our last parting (when, betwixt a son
And friend he so divided his affections,
And outdid both) you would admire him : were
I able, I would build a temple where
We took our leave ; the ground itself was hallow'd
So much with his own piety : Diego saw it.

Die. Yes, sir, I saw, and heard, and wonder'd.

Ant. Come, I will tell you all ; to your chamber,
sister.—

Diego our plot must on, all time is lost
Until we try the moving.

Die. If the plot please you, sir, let me alone to
play my part, I warrant you.

Ant. Come, Castabella, and prepare to hear
A story not of length, but worth your ear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Avero.—*A Room in Vilarezo's House.*

Enter VILAREZO, VELASCO, and CATALINA.

Vila. You have not dealt so honourably, sir,
As did become you, to proceed so far
Without my knowledge. Give me leave to tell you,
You are not welcome.

Vel. My lord, I am sorry

⁹ *What seal he gave*] Old copy reads *zeal*.

If I have any way transgress'd ; I was not
 Respectless of your honour, nor my fame.
 Velasco shall be unhappy, if by him
 You shall derive a stain ; my action's fair ;
 I have done nothing with Berinthia,
 To merit such a language ; 'twas not ripe
 For me to interrupt them farther,¹ when I knew not
 What grace I held with her.

Vila. Hell on her grace ! is this her duty ?—Ha !
 I can forget my nature if she dare
 Make so soon forfeit of her piety ;
 Oh, where is that same awful dread of parents,
 Should live in children ? it is her ambition
 To outrun her sister ; but I'll curb her impudence.

Cata. [*aside to Velasco.*—Retire yourself, this
 passion must have way ;
 This works as I would have it ; fear nothing, sir ;
 Obscure. [*Velasco retires.*

Vila. I'll cloister her, and starve this spirit
 Makes her deceive my trust.—Catalina,
 Upon thy duty, I command thee, take
 Her custody on thee, keep her from the eye
 Of all that come to Avero ; let her discourse
 With pictures on the wall ; I fear she hath
 Forgot to say her prayers : is she grown sensual ?

Cata. But, my lord—

Vel. Oh, keep thy accents for a better cause ;
 She hath contemn'd us both ; thou canst not see
 What blemish she derives unto our name.
 Yet these are sparks, she hath a fire within
 Will turn all into flames,—Where is Velasco ?

Cata. Good sir, a much afflicted worthy gentle-
 man
 At your displeasure.

¹ To interrupt them farther,] Old copy reads, " To interrupt the father." Velasco seems to be apologizing to the old man for not breaking off the conversation between Antonio and Berinthia.

Vila. Thou art too full of pity ; nay, thou'rt cruel
To thy own fame ; he must not have access
To prosecute. It was my doting sin,
Of too much confidence in Berinthia,
Gave her such liberty. On my blessing, punish it,
'Twill be a virtuous act. The snow, I thought,
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaste ;
Why, my command bound her in ribs of ice,
But she's dissolv'd ; to thee I'll leave her now,
Be the maintainer of thy father's vow. [Exit.

Vel. [coming forward.] Why, I am undone now.

Cata. Nothing less ; this conflict
Prepares your peace ; I am her guardian,
Love smiles upon you ; I am not inconstant,
Having more power to assist you :—but away,
We must not be descried ; expect, ere long,
To hear what you desire.

Vel. My bliss ! remember. [Exit.

Cata. Berinthia, you're my prisoner ; at my
leisure
I'll study on your fate ; I cannot be
Friend to myself, when I am kind to thee. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Gallery in Vilarezo's House.

Enter SEBASTIANO, BERINTHIA, *and* ANSILVA,
DIEGO *meeting them.*

Seb. Welcome, honest Diego; your master Antonio is in health, I hope.

Die. He commanded me remember his service to you; I have obtain'd his leave for a small absence, to perfect a suit I lately commenced in this court.

Seb. You follow it close, methinks.—Berinthia,
I see this cloud
Vanish already; be not dejected; soon
I'll know the depth on't. Should the world forsake
thee,

Thou shalt not want a brother, dear Berinthia.

[*Exit.*

Die. [*aside to Ansilva.*] — This is my lady Berinthia; prithee, let me shew some manners.—Madam, my master Antonio speaks his service to you in this paper:—[*secretly gives Berinthia a letter.*]—Alas, madam, I was but half at home, and I am returned to see if I can recover the other piece of myself.—So, was it not a reasonable complement?

[*to Ansilva.*

Ber. Antonio! he's constant, I perceive. [*Exit.*

Die. So; we are alone; sweet mistress Ansilva, I am bold to renew my suit, which, lest it should either fall, or depend too long, having past my declaration, I shall desire to come to a judgment. My cause craves nothing but justice, that is, that

you would be mine ; and now, since yourself is judge also, I beseech you be not partial in your own cause, but give sentence for the plaintiff, and I will discharge the fees of the court on this fashion.

[*Kisses her.*

Re-enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Here is a haven yet to rest my soul,
In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
With the same comfort a distressed seaman
Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark
'Twixt hope and danger :—thou shalt be conceal'd.

[*Mistaking as she put up the letter, it falls to the ground.*

Ans. Here's my lady Berinthia !

Die. What care I for my lady Berinthia ! an she thinks much, would she had one to stop her mouth.

Ans. But I must observe her, upon her father's displeasure ; she is committed to my lady's custody, who hath made me her keeper ; she must be locked up.

Die. Ha ! locked up ?

Ans. Madam, it is now time you should retire to your own chamber.

Ber. Yes, prithee do, Ansilva ; in this gallery I breathe but too much air.—Oh, Diego, you'll have An answer, I perceive, ere you return.

[*Exeunt Berinthia and Ansilva.*

Die. My journey were to no purpose else, madam.—I apprehend her ; I'll wait an opportunity. Alas, poor lady ! is my sweetheart become a jailor, there's hope of an office without money.

Re-enter ANSILVA *hastily.*

Ans. Diego ! I spy my lady Catalina coming

this way ; pray shrowd yourself behind this cloth ; I would be loth she should see us here together.— Quickly ! I hear her treading.

[*Diego retires behind the hangings.*]

Cata. [*within.*—]—Ansilva !

Ans. Madam !

Cata. [*within.*—]—Who's with you ?

Ans. Nobody, madam.

Enter CATALINA.

Cata. Was not Diego with you, Antonio's man ?

Ans. He went from me, madam, half an hour ago, to visit [his] friends i' the city.

Cata. He hath not seen Berinthia, I hope ?

Ans. Unless he can pierce stone walls, madam, I am sure.

Cata. Direct don Velasco hither by the back stairs, I expect him.

Ans. I shall, madam.

Cata. Ha ! what's this ?

A letter to Berinthia ! from whom ?

Subscrib'd *Antonio* ! what devil brought this hither ?

Furies, torment me not.—[*reads.*—]—*While I am Antonio, expect not I can be other than thy servant ; all my thoughts are made sacred with thy remembrance whose hope sustains my life.*—

Oh ! I drink poison from these fatal accents.—

Be thy soul blacker than the ink that stains

The cursed paper ! would each drop had fall'n

From both your hearts, and every character

Been tex'd with blood ! I would have tired mine eyes

To have read you both dead here. Upon my life

Diego hath been the cunning Mercury

In this conveyance ; I suspect his love

Is but a property to advance this suit :
But I will cross them all.—

Enter VELASCO.

Velasco, you are seasonably arrived ;
I have a letter for you.

Vel. For me ?

Cata. It does concern you.

[Gives him the letter, which he reads.]

Vel. Ha !

Cata. How do you like it, sir ?

Vel. As I should

A poniard sticking here. How came you by it ?

Cata. I found it here by accident on the ground ;
I am sure it did not grow there ; I suppose Diego,
the servant of Antonio, who colourably pretends
affection to Ansilva, brought it, he's the agent for
him. Now the design appears ; day is not more
conspicuous than this cunning.

Vel. I am resolv'd.

Cata. For what ?

Vel. Antonio or I must change our air :
This is beyond my patience : sleep in this,
And never wake to honour. Oh, my fates !
He takes the freehold of my soul away ;
Berinthia and it are but one creature.
I have been a tame fool all this while,
Swallow'd my poison in a fruitless hope ;
But my revenge, as heavy as Jove's wrath
Wrapt in a thunderbolt, is falling on him.

Cata. Now you appear all nobleness ; but collect,
Draw up your passions to a narrow point
Of vengeance, like a burning glass that fires
Surest i' the smallest beam ; he that would kill,
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds,
Far from the heart of him he fights withal.

Look where you most can danger ; let his head
Bleed out his brains, or eyes ; aim at that part
Is dearest to him ; this once put to hazard,
The rest will bleed to death.

Vel. Apply this, madam.

Cata. The time invites to action ; I'll be brief.—
Strike him thorough Berinthia.

Vel. Ha!

Cata. Mistake me not ; I am her sister,
She is his heart ; make her your own, you have
A double victory ; thus you may kill him
With most revenge, and give your own desires
A most confirm'd possession Fighting with him
Can be no conquest to you ; if you mean
To strike him dead, pursue Berinthia,
And kill him with the wounds he made at you,
It will appear but justice : all this is
Within your fathom, sir.

Vel. 'Tis some divinity hangs on your tongue.

Cata. If you consent, Berinthia shall not see
More suns till you enjoy her.

Vel. How, dear madam ?

Cata. Thus—you shall steal her away.

Vel. Oh, when ?

Cata. Provide

Such trusty friends, (but let it not be known,
Upon your honour, I assist you in't,)
And after midnight, when soft sleep hath charm'd
All senses, enter [at] the garden-gate,
Which shall be open for you ; to know her chamber,
A candle shall direct you in the window :
Ansilva shall attend too, and provide
To give you entrance ; thence take Berinthia,
And soon convey her to what place you think
Secure and most convenient ; in small time
You may procure your own conditions.
But, sir, you must engage yourself to use her
With honourable respects ; she is my sister :

Did not I think you noble, for the world
I would not run that hazard.

Vel. Let heaven forsake me then. Was ever
mortal

So bound to woman's care! my mother's was
Half paid her at my birth, but you have made me
An everlasting debtor.

Cata. Select your friends; bethink you of a place
You may transpose her.

Vel. I am all wings. [*Exit.*

Cata. So!

When gentle physic will not serve,
We must apply more active; but there is
Yet a receipt behind;—Velasco's shallow,
And will be planet-struck, to see Berinthia
Die in his arms: 'tis so; yet he himself
Shall carry the suspicion.—If art,
Or hell can furnish me with such a poison,
Sleep thy last, sister! whilst thou liv'st I have
No quiet in myself; my rest[']s thy grave. [*Exit.*

Die. [*coming from behind the hangings.*]—Go
thy ways! an the devil wants a breeder thou art for
him. One spirit and herself are able to furnish
hell an it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard
all; I shall love hangings the better while I live:
I perceive some good may be done behind them.
But I'll acquaint my lady Berinthia; here's her
chamber, I observe.—Madam! madam Berinthia!

[*Berinthia appears above.*

Ber. Who's there?

Die. 'Tis I, Diego; I am Diego.

Ber. Honest Diego, what good news?

Die. You're undone, undone, lost, undone for
ever; it is time now to be serious.

Ber. Ha!

Die. Where's my master Antonio's letter?

Ber. Here; where? ha! alas! I fear I have
lost it.

Die. Alas! you have undone yourself, — and your sister, my lady Catalina, hath found it, and is mad with rage and envy against you; I overheard your destruction: she hath shewed it to don Velasco, and hath plotted that he shall steal you away this night; the doors shall be left open; the hour after twelve.

Ber. You amaze me; 'tis impossible.

Die. Do not cast away yourself by incredulity; upon my life your fate is cast; nay more, worse than that.

Ber. Worse?

Die. You must be poisoned too.—Oh, she's a cunning devil! and she will carry it so, that Velasco shall be suspected for your death.—What will you do?

Ber. I am overcome with amazement.

Die. Madam, remember with what noble love my master Antonio does honour you, and now both save yourself and make him happy.

Ber. How? I am lost, man.¹

Die. Fear not, I will engage my life for your safety; seem not to have knowledge or suspicion; be careful what you receive, lest you be poisoned; leave the rest to me, I have a crotchet in my pate shall spoil their music, and prevent all danger, I warrant you. By any means be smooth and pleasant: the devil's a knave, your sister's a traitor, my master is your noble friend, I am your honest servant, and Velasco shall shake his ears like an animal.

Ber. It is not to be hoped for.

Die. Then cut off my ears, slit my nose, and make a devil of me: shall I about it? say; 'tis done.

¹ How? *I am lost, man.*] In the old copy "how" concludes Diego's speech.

Ber. Any thing ; thou art honest ; heaven be
near
Still to my innocence, I am full of fear.

[Retires from the window.

Die. Spur, cut, and away then ! [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Same. Sharkino's Study, furnished with
glasses, phials, pictures of wax characters, wands,
conjuring habit, powders and paintings.

Enter SHARKINO and SCARABEO.

Shar. Scarabeo !

Sca. Sir.

Shar. Is the door tongue-tied ? screw yourself
half out at one of the crevices, and give me notice
what patient approaches me.

Sca. I can run through the keyhole, sir. [Exit.

Shar. This fucus bears

A lively tincture ; oh, the cheek must blush
That wears it !² they are deceiv'd that say
Art is the ape of nature.

² *Shar.* This fucus bears

A lively tincture ; oh, the cheek must blush

That wears it.] The frequent mention of *fucuses*, *cerusses*,
and other cosmetics by our old dramatists, shews how much
they were used in their times ; that they were often composed
of the most dangerous and deleterious ingredients is sufficiently
proved by the numerous recipes for their composition to be
found in the manuals compiled for the instruction of the
housewives and ladies of fashion of those days : the following
extract affords a tolerable specimen. " *Another mineral fucus*
for the face. Incorporate with a wooden pestle, and in a
" wooden mortar, with great labour, *four ounces of sublimate,*
" and one ounce of *crude mercury*, at the least six or eight hours

Sca. [*within.*]—Sir!

Szar. Who is't?

Sca. [*within.*]—My lady's apron-strings, mistress Ansilva, her chambermaid.

Szar. Admit her.

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. How now, raw-head and bloody bones; where's the doctor Sharkino? Oh, here he is.

Szar. How does your virtuous lady?

Ans. In good health, sir.—

Where's the fucus, and the powder?

Szar. All is prepared here.

Ans. To see what you can do! many make legs, and you make faces, sir.

Szar. Variety of faces is now in fashion, and all little enough for some to set a good face on't. Oh, ladies may now and then commit a slip, and have some colour for't; but these are but the outsides of our art, the things we can prescribe to be taken inwardly are pretty curiosities; we can prolong life.

Ans. And kill too, can you not?

Szar. Oh, any that will go to the price.

Ans. You have poisons, I warrant you; how do they look? pray let's see one.

Szar. Oh, natural and artificial, Nessa's³ blood

“(you cannot bestow too much labour herein): then, with
“often change of cold water, by ablution in a glass, take away
“the salts from the sublimate: change your water twice every
“day at the least, and in seven or eight days (the more the
“better) it will be dulcified, and then it is prepared; lay it on
“with the oile of white poppy.” *Delights for Ladies to adorne
their Persons, Tables, &c. &c. by H. Platt. 1628. T.*

³ *Nessa's blood, &c.*] It would be easy to correct this; but the poet probably designed to point out the ignorance of his quack, who blunders through the whole of his speech. Claudius was poisoned by a mushroom, and Hannibal carried his “medicine” in a ring.

was milk to them. An extraction of toads and vipers; look, here's a parcel of Claudius Cæsar's posset, given him by his wife Agrippina; here is some of Hannibal's medicine he carried always in the pommel of his sword, for a dead list; a very active poison, which passing the orifice, kindles straight a fire, inflames the blood, and makes the marrow fry.—Have you occasion to apply one?

Ans. In troth, we are troubled with a rat in my lady's chamber.

Shar. A rat! give him his bane.—Would you destroy a city? I have *probatums* of Italian sallads,⁴ and our own country figs shall do it rarely.—A rat! I have scarce a poison so base; the worst is able to kill a man. I have all sorts, from a minute to seven years in operation, and leave no marks behind them. A rat's a rat.

Ans. Pray let me see a remover at twelve hours; I would be loth to kill the poor thing presently.

Shar. Here; you may cast it away upon't; but 'tis a disparagement to the poison.

Ans. This will content you? [*Gives him money.*]

Shar. Because it is for a rat you shall pay no more.—My service to my lady.—[*Exit Ansilva.*]—My poisons, howsoever I give them variety of operations, are all but one. Honest rat's-bane in several shapes, their virtue is common, and will not be long in killing; you were best look it be a rat.—[*knocking within.*]—Scarabeo!

Sea. [*within.*]—Sir, here's a gallant enquires for doctor Sharkino.

Shar. Usher him in; it is some don.

⁴ Italian sallads, and our own country figs, &c.] i. e. the poisoned fig of Portugal, or rather of Spain. Shirley alludes to it in another place. The sallads were dressed with poisonous oils.

Re-enter SCARABEO with MONTENEGRO.

Mont. Is your name signior Sharkino, the famous doctor?

Shar. They call me Sharkino.

Mont. Do you not know me?

Shar. Your gracious pardon.

Mont. I am count de Montenegro.

Shar. Your honour's sublimity doth illustrate this habitation; is there any thing wherein Sharkino may express his humble service? if aught within the circumference of a medicinal or mathematical science, may have acceptance with your celsitude, it shall devolve itself.

Mont. Devolve itself! that word is not in my table-books.—What are all these trinkets?

Shar. Take heed, I beseech your honour; they are dangerous.—This is the devil's girdle.

Mont. A pox o' the devil! what have I to do with him?

Shar. It is a dreadful circle of conjuration, fortified with sacred characters against the power of infernal spirits, within whose round I can tread safely, when hell burns round about me.

Mont. Not unlikely.

Shar. Will you see the devil, sir?

Mont. Ha! the devil? not at this time, I am in some haste; any thing but the devil I durst fight withal.—Hark you, doctor, letting these things pass, hearing of your skill, I am come in my own person for a fragment of your art: hark you, have you any receipts to procure love, sir?

Shar. All the degrees of it; this is ordinary.

[*Shewing a phial.*

Mont. Nay, I would not have it too strong: the lady I intend it for is pretty well taken already; an easy working thing does it.

Sar. Here's a powder, whose ingredients were fetched from Arabia the Happy; a sublimation of the phoenix' ashes, when she last burned herself; it bears the colour of cinnamon; two or three scruples put into a cup of wine, fetches up her heart; she can scarce keep it in, for running out of her mouth to you, my noble lord.

Mont. That, let me have that, doctor. I know 'tis dear; will that gold buy it? [*Gives him money.*]

Sar. Your honour is bountiful. There needs no circumstance; minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to operation.

Mont. So, so, Catalina; I will put your morning's draught in my pocket.—[*knocking within.*]—Doctor, I would not be seen.

Sar. Please you, my lord, obscure yourself behind these hangings then, till they be gone; I'll dispatch them the sooner; or, if your honour think fit, 'tis but clouding your person with a simple cloak of mine, and you may at pleasure pass without discovery; my anatomy shall wait on you.

[*Montenegro and Scarabeo retire.*]

Enter three Servingmen.

1 *Serv.* Prithee come back yet.

2 *Serv.* Oh, by any means, go, James.

1 *Serv.* Dost thou think it possible that any man can tell where thy things are, but he that stole them? he's but a juggling impostor, o' my conscience; come back again.

2 *Serv.* Nay, now we are at furthest, be not ruled by him. I know he is a cunning man; he told me my fortune once, when I was to go a journey by water, that if I scaped drowning I should do well enough, and I have lived ever since.

3 *Serv.* Well, I'll try, I am resolved: stay, here

he is, Pedro ; you are acquainted with him, break the ice ; he is alone.

2 *Serv.* Bless you, master doctor ! sir, presuming on your art, here is a fellow of mine, indeed the butler, for want of a better, has lost a dozen of diaper spoons, and half a dozen of silver napkins, yesterday ; they were seen by all three of us in the morning between six and seven, set up ; and what spirit of the buttery hath stolen them before eight, is invisible to our understanding.

3 *Serv.* He hath delivered you the case right : I beseech you, sir, do what you can for a servant, that is like to be in a lamentable case else. Here's a gratuity. [*Gives him money.*

1 *Serv.* Now, we shall see what the devil can do.—[*Scarabeo comes from behind the hangings.*]—Hey ! here's one of his spirits, I think.

Shar. Between seven and eight the hour ; the first Luna, the second Saturn, the third Jupiter, the fourth Mars, the fifth Sol, the sixth Venus, the seventh Mercury.—Ha ! then it was stolen ; Mercury is a thief ; your goods are stolen.

3 *Serv.* Was Mercury the thief ? pray where dwells he ?

Shar. Mercury is above the moon, man.

3 *Serv.* Alas, sir, 'tis a great way thither ?

1 *Serv.* Did not I tell you you would be gull'd ?

Shar. Well, you're a servant, I'll do something for you ; what will you say, if I shew you the man that stole your spoons and napkins presently ? will that satisfy you ?

3 *Serv.* I'll desire no more.—Oh, good master doctor !

1 *Serv.* If he does that, I'll believe he has cunning.

Shar. Go to, here's a glass.

2 *Serv.* Lo you there, now.

Shar. Stand, your backs north, and stir not till I bid you.—What see you there?

3 *Serv.* Here's nothing.

Shar. Look again, and mark; stand yet more north.

3 *Serv.* Now I see somebody.

1 *Serv.* And I.

[*Montenegro comes from behind the hangings, muffled in a cloak, and steals off the stage.*]

Shar. Mark this fellow muffled in the cloak; he hath stolen your spoons and napkins; does he not skulk?

1 *Serv.* 'Foot, 'tis strange! he looks like a thief. This doctor, I see, is cunning.

3 *Serv.* Oh, rogue! how shall us come by him? Oh, for an officer!

Shar. Yet stir not.

3 *Serv.* Oh, he's gone; where is he?

Shar. Be not too rash; my art tells me there is danger in it; you must be blindfold all; if you observe me not, all is to no purpose; you must not see till you be forth o' doors. Shut your eyes, and lead one another; when you are abroad, open them, and you shall see again.

3 *Serv.* The thief?

Shar. The same; then use your pleasures; so; be sure you see not.—Conduct them, Scarabeo.

[*Exeunt Scarabeo and the Servingmen.*]

Enter a Maid with an urinal.

Maid. Oh, master doctor, I have got this opportunity to come to you, but I cannot stay; here's my water. Pray, sweet master doctor, tell me; I am in great fear that I have lost——

Shar. What?

Maid. My maidenhead, sir; you can tell by my water.

Sar. Dost not thou know ?

Maid. Oh, I do somewhat doubt myself; for this morning, when I rose, I found a pair of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great suspicion ever since; it is an evil sign, they say, and one does not know what may be in those breeches sometimes. Sweet master doctor, am I a maid still or no? I would be sorry to lose my maidenhead ere I were aware: I fear I shall never be honest after it.

Sar. Let me see; *urina meretrix*; the colour is a strumpet, but the contents deceive not;—your maidenhead is gone.

Maid. And is there no hope to find it again?

Sar. You are not every body: by my art, as in other things that have been stolen, he that hath stolen your maidenhead shall bring it again.

Maid. Thank you, sweet master doctor; I am in your debt for this good news; oh, sweet news, sweet master doctor! [Exit.]

Re-enter MONTENEGRO, beating before him the three Servingmen; followed by SCARABEO.

1 *Serv.* Cry your honour mercy! good, my lord!
[They run in.]

Mont. Out, you slaves!—Oh my toes!

Sar. What ails your lordship?

Mont. Doctor, I am out of breath; where be these worms crept? I was never so abused since I was swaddled: hark you, those three rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I must give them their spoons and napkins; they made a thief of me; but I think I have made their flesh jelly with kicks and bastinados; oh, I have no mercy when I set on't; I have made them all poor Johns.* Impudent varlets! talk to me of spoons and napkins!

* I have made them all poor Johns.] Poor John was haik,

Shar. Alas ! one of them was mad, and brought for me to cure him.

Mont. Nay, they were all mad ; but I think I have madded them ; I fear I have kicked two or three out of their lives ; alas, poor wretches, I am sorry for it now ; but I have such an humour of beating and kicking when my foot's in once ! Hark you, doctor, is it not within the compass of your physic to take down a man's courage a thought lower ? the truth is, I am apt of myself to quarrel upon the least affront i' the world ! I cannot be kept in ; chains will not hold me : t' other day, for a less matter than this, I kicked half a dozen of High Germans, from one end of the street to the other, for but offering to shrink between me and the wall ; not a day goes o'er my head but I hurt somebody mortally.—Pox on these rogues ! I am sorry at my heart I have hurt them so ; but I cannot forbear.

Shar. This is strange.

Mont. How ! I can scarce forbear striking you now, for saying it is strange ; you would not think it : oh, the wounds I have given for a very look ! Well, hark you, if it be not too late, I would be taken down, but I fear 'tis impossible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

Shar. Take down your spirit ! look you, do you see this inch and a half ?—[*pointing to Scarabeo.*]—how tall a man do you think he was ? He was twelve cubits high, and three yards compass at the waist when I took him in hand first ; I'll draw him through a ring ere I have done with him : I keep him now to break my poisons, to eat spiders and toads, which is the only dish his heart wishes for ; a capon destroys him, and the very sight of beef or

when salted and dried. It was always beaten, before it was cooked, and to this the text alludes.

mutton makes him sick. Look, you shall see him eat his supper.—Come on your ways, what say you to this spider?—Look how he leaps.

Sca. Oh, dainty!

Shar. Here, saw you that?—How many legs now for the haunch of a toad?

Sca. Twenty, and thank you, sir.—Oh, sweet toad! oh, admirable toad!

Mont. This is very strange; I ne'er saw the like. I never knew spiders and toads were such good meats before.—Will he not burst now?

Shar. It shall ne'er swell him; by to-morrow he shall be an inch abated; and I can with another experiment plump him and heighten him at my pleasure. I'll warrant I'll take you down, my lord.

Mont. Nay, but do you hear? do I look like a spider-catcher, or toad-eater?

Shar. Far be it from Sharkino; I have gentle pellets for your lordship, shall melt in your mouth, and take off your valour insensibly; lozenges that shall comfort your stomach, and but at a week restrain your fury two or three thoughts. Does your honour think I would forget myself? I shew you by this rat what I can do by art: your lordship shall have an easy composition; no hurt i' the world in it; here, take but half a dozen of these going to bed, ere morning it shall work gently, and in the virtue appear every day afterward.

Mont. But, if I find myself breaking out into fury, I may take them often; here's for your pellets of lozenges.—What rare physic is this? I'll put it in practice presently.—Farewell, doctor. [*Exit.*

Shar. Happiness wait on your egregious lordship! my physic shall make your body soluble, but for working on your spirit, believe it when you find it. With any lies we must set forth our simples and compositions, to utter them. So, this is a good

day's work.—Lean chaps, lay up, and because you have performed handsomely, there is some silver for you ; lay up my properties :

'Tis night already ; thus we knaves will thrive,
When honest plainness knows not how to live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in Vilarezo's House.

Enter CATALINA and ANSILVA.

Cata. Art sure she has ta'en it ?

Ans. As sure as I am alive ; she never ate with such an appetite, for I found none left ; I would be loth to have it so sure in my belly ; it will work rarely twelve hours hence.

Cata. Thus we work sure then ; time runs upon the appointed hour Velasco should rid me of all my fears at once. Upon thy life be careful to direct him at his first approach ; I am sick till she be deliver'd. Be secret as the night ; I'll to my chamber ; be very careful.

[*Exeunt.*⁶]

⁶ The third Act should have ended here : thus, somewhat more time would be allowed for the journey of Diego to Elvas, and the return with his master, to Avero.

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Garden behind Vilarezo's House.

Enter ANTONIO, VILLANDRAS, and DIEGO, vizarded and armed.

Ant. Art sure thou hast the time right?

Die. Doubt not; yonder's her chamber; the light speaks it.—Softly.

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. Who's there? Velasco?

Ant. Ay.

Ans. That way; make no noise; things are prepared; softly.—[*Antonio gives her money, then exit with Villandras and Diego.*]—So, so, this is good I hope, and weight too. My lady Berinthia will be sure enough anon; I shall ne'er get more higher; I had much ado to persuade her to the spice, but I swore it was a cordial my lady used herself, and, poor fool, she has swallowed it sure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The Same.

Enter ANTONIO with BERINTHIA, VILLANDRAS, and DIEGO.

Ant. Madam, fear not, I am your friend.

Ber. Who are you?

Vil. Stop her mouth; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. So, so, they are gone. Alas, poor Velasco! I pity thee; but we creatures of politic ladies must hold the same bias with our mistresses, and it is some policy to make them respect us the better, for fear our teeth be not strong enough to keep in our tongues.—Now must I study out some tale by morning, to salute my old lord withal.

Enter VELASCO, with two Friends armed.

Vel. Ansilva!

Ans. Somebody calls me.—Who is it?

Vel. It is I, Velasco.

Ans. What comes he back for? I hope the poison does not work already.—[*aside.*]—Where have you disposed her?

Vel. Disposed whom?

Ans. My lady Berinthia.

Vel. Let me alone to dispose her: prithee, where's the light? Shew us the way.

Anst What way?

Vel. The way to her chamber. Come, I know what

You are sick of; here—[*gives her money.*]—Each minute is an age

Till I possess Berinthia.

Ans. This is pretty; I hope my lady is well.

Vel. Well?

Ans. My lady Berinthia, sir.

Vel. Do you mock me?

Ans. I mock you!

Vel. I shall grow angry: lead me to Berinthia's chamber, or—

Ans. Why, sir, were not you here even now, and hurried her away? I have your gold. Well fare all good tokens! I have perform'd my duty already, sir, and you had my lady.

Vel. I am abus'd; you are a cunning devil. I here, and had Berinthia! Tell me, or with this pistol I will soon reward thy treachery, where's Berinthia?

Ans. Oh, I beseech you do not fright me so; if you were not here even now, here was another, that called himself Velasco, to whom I gave access, and he has carried her away. [Exit.

Vel. Am I awake? or do I dream this horror? Where am I? who does know me? are you friends

Of don Velasco?

1 *Friend.* Do you doubt us, sir?

Vel. I doubt myself. Who am I?

2 *Friend.* Our noble friend, Velasco.

Vel. 'Tis so: I am Velasco. All the Furies Circle me round! oh, teach me to be mad; I am abus'd, insufferably tormented; My very soul is whipp'd: it had been safer For Catalina to have play'd with serpents.

Enter CATALINA and ANSILVA.

Cata. Thou talkest of wonders; where is Velasco?

Ans. He was here even now.

Vel. Who named Velasco?

Cata. 'Twas I, Catalina, here.

Vel. Could you pick none out of the stock of man
To mock but me, so basely?

Cata. Velasco, be yourself; resume your virtue;
My thoughts are clear from your abuse; it is
No time to vent our passions, fruitless rages;
Some hath abus'd us both, but a revenge
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight:
Oh, I could sear my brains! As you respect
Your honour's safety, or Berinthia's love,
Haste to your lodging, which being near our house,
You shall be sent for; seem to be rais'd up;
Let us alone to make a noise at home,
Fearful as thunder; try the event; this cannot
Do any hurt.—You, Ansilva, shall
With clamours wake the household cunningly,
While I prepare myself.

Vel. I will suspend awhile.

[*Exeunt all but Ansilva.*

Ans. Help! help! thieves! villains! murder!
my lady!
Help! oh, my lord! my lady! murder! thieves!
help!

Enter SEBASTIANO in his shirt, with a taper.

Seb. What fearful cry is this? where are you?

Ans. Here; oh, I am almost kill'd.

Seb. Ansilva! where art hurt?

Ans. All over, sir; my lady Berinthia is carried
away by ruffians, that broke into her chamber.
Alas! she is gone.

Seb. Whither? which way?

Enter VILAREZO, CATALINA, and Servant.

My sister Berinthia is violently taken out of her chamber, and here is Ansilva hurt ; see, look about. Berinthia ! sister !—

Cata. How, Berinthia gone ? Call up the servants.—

Ansilva, how was't ?

Ans. Alas, madam ! I have not my senses about me, I am so frightened ; vizards, and swords, and pistols,—but my lady Berinthia was quickly seized upon : she's gone.

Vila. What villains durst attempt it ?

Enter MONTENEGRO, with a torch.

I fear Velasco guilty of this rape.

Cata. Run one to his lodging presently ; it will appear. I know he loved her. — Oh, my lord, my sister Berinthia's lost.

Mont. How ? 'Sfoot, my physic begins to work ; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*

Cata. Where's Diego ? he is missing : run one to his chamber.—[*Exit Servant.*—Here's Velasco.

Enter VELASCO.

Seb. It is apparent, sir, Velasco's noble.

Cata. Berinthia's stolen away.

Vel. Ha !

Seb. Her chamber broken ope, and she ta'en hence this night.

Vel. Confusion stay the thief !

Re-enter MONTENEGRO.

Mont. So, so: as you were saying, Berinthia was stolen away by somebody, and—

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Diego is not in his chamber.

Cata. Didst break ope the door?

Serv. I did, and found all empty,

Mont. How, Diego gone? that's strange.—Oh, it works again; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*]

Cata. I do suspect this some plot of Antonio; Diego, a subtle villain, Confirms himself an instrument by this absence;— What thinkest thou, Ansilva?

Ans. Indeed I heard some of them name Antonio.

Vila. Seb. Cata. Ha!

Vila. 'Tis true, upon my soul. Oh, false Antonio.

Cata. Unworthy gentleman!

Vel. Let no one have the honour to revenge, But I, the wrong'd Velasco, let me beg it, sir.

Vila. Antonio!—Boy, up before the day; Upon my blessing I command thee post To Elvas castle; summon that false man

Re-enter MONTENEGRO.

To quit his shameful action; bid him return Thy sister back, whose honour will be lost For ever in't. If he shall dare deny her, Double thy father's spirit, call him to A strict account, and with thy sword enforce him. Oh, I could leap out of my age, methinks, And combat him myself: be thine the glory.—

This stain will ne'er wash off; I feel it settle
 On all our blood. Away! my curse pursue
 This disobedience. [Exit,

Vel. I had an interest in Berinthia,
 Why have not I commission? I have a sword
 Thirsteth to be acquainted with his veins:
 It is too mean a satisfaction
 To have her render'd; on his heart I'd write
 A most just vengeance.

Seb. Sir, she is my sister;
 I have a sword dares tent a wound as far
 As any; spare your valour.

Cata. I have a trick to be rid of this fool.
 [aside.]—My lord, [to Mont,
 Do you accompany my brother; you,
 I know, are valiant.

Mont. Any whither; I'll make me ready pre-
 sently. [Exit,

Seb. My most unhappy sister! [Exit,

Cata. Oh, I could surfeit. I am confident
 Antonio hath her; 'tis revenge beyond
 My expectation, to close up the eyes
 Of his Berinthia, dying in his arms,
 Poison'd maturely.—Mischief, I shall prove
 Thy constant friend; let weakness virtue love.
 [Exeunt Cast, and Ansilva.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Elvas.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter ANTONIO, BERINTHIA, CASTABELLA, VILLANDRAS, SFORZA, and DIEGO.

Ant. The welcomest guest that ever Elvas had.
Sister, Villandras, you're not sensible
What treasure you possess ; I have no loves
I would not here divide.

Cast. Indeed, madam, you're as welcome here,
As e'er my mother was.

Vel. And you are here as safe,
As if you had an army for your guard.

Sfor. *Safe, armies, guard!*—Berinthia, you're a lady, but I mean not to court you.—Guard, quotha ! here is a Toledo, and an old arm, tough bones and sinews, able to cut off as stout a head as wags upon a shoulder : thou art Antonio's guest, welcome, by the old bones of his father ; thou hast a wall of brass about thee, my young daffodil.

Vil. Nor think my noble cousin meaneth you
Any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour ! it is a language I never understood, yet.
Throw off your fears, Berinthia,
You're i' the power of him that dares not think
The least dishonour to you.

Sfor. True, by this buff jerkin, that hath looked in the face of an army ; and he lies like a Termagant,¹ denies it. Antonio is lord of the castle, but

¹ *he lies like a Termagant,*] Termagant was a Saracen god, and (if our old Romances may be trusted) as great a *liar* and boaster, as his "cousin Mahound."

I'll command fire to the guns, upon any renegado that confronts us.—Set thy heart at rest, my gilloflower; we are all friends, I warrant thee, and he's a Turk that does not honour thee from the hair of thy head, to thy pettitoes.

Ant. Come, be not sad.

Cast. Put on fresh blood; you're not cheerful; how do you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you; Your loves I cannot be ungrateful to, You're my best friends, I think; but yet I know not With what consent you brought my body hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid To take your fair life from you?

Ber. If all be not a dream, I do remember Your servant Diego told me wonders, and I owe you for my preservation; but—

Sfor. Shoot not at butts: Cupid's an archer; here's a fair mark: a fool's bolt's soon shot.—My name's Sforza still, my double-daisy.

Cast. It is your happiness you have escaped The malice of your sister.

Vil. And it is worth A noble gratitude to have been quit, By such an honourer as Antonio is Of fair Berinthia.

Ber. Oh, but my father, under whose displeasure I ever sink.

Ant. You are secure.

Ber. As the poor deer that being pursued, for safety Gets up a rock that overhangs the sea, Where all that she can see, is her destruction; Before, the waves, behind, her enemies Promise her certain ruin.

Ant. Feign not yourself so hapless, my Berinthia; Raise your dejected thoughts; be merry: come, Think I am your Antonio.

Cast. It is not wisdom
To let our passed fortunes trouble us ;
Since were they bad, the memory is sweet,
That we have past them : look before you, lady ;
The future most concerneth.

Ber. You have awaken'd me : Antonio, pardon,
Upon whose honour I dare trust myself :
I am resolv'd, if you dare keep me here,
T' expect some happier issue.

Ant. Dare keep thee here ! with thy consent, I
dare
Deny thy father, by this sword, I dare,
And all the world.

Sfor. Dare ! what giant of valour dares hinder
us from daring to slit the weasands of them that
dare say, We dare not do any thing, that is to be
dared under the poles. I am old Sforza, that in
my days have scoured rogues' faces with hot balls,
made them cut cross capers, and sent them away
with a powder ! I have a company of roaring bulls
upon the walls shall spit fire in the faces of any
ragamuffian that dares say, we dare not fight
pell-mell ; and still my name is Sforza.

Enter DIEGO hastily.

Die. Sir, your noble friend, don Sebastiano, is
at the castle-gate.

Ant. Your brother, lady, and my honour'd
friend.—

Why do the gates not spread themselves, to open
At his arrival ?—Sforza, 'tis Berinthia's brother,
Sebastian, the example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweet sister.

Ber. Alas, I fear.

Ant. Be not such a coward, lady ; he cannot come
Without all goodness waiting on him.—Sforza !
Sforza ! I say. What precious time we lose !

Sebastian—I almost lose myself
In joy to meet him.—Break the iron bars
And give him entrance.

Sfor. I'll break the wall down, if the gates be
too little. [Exit.

Cast. I much desire to see him.

Ant. Sister, now he's come ; (he did promise me
But a short absence) he of all the world,
I would call brother, Castabella, more
Than for his sister's love : oh, he's a man
Made up of merit.—My Berinthia,
Throw off all clouds ; Sebastiano's come.

Ber. Sent by my father to—

Ant. What ? to see thee ? he shall see thee here,
Respected like thyself, Berinthia,
Attended with Antonio, begirt
With armies of thy servants.—

Enter SEBASTIANO, MONTENEGRO, and SFORZA.

Oh, my friend !

Seb. 'Tis yet in question, sir, and will not be
So easily proved.

Mont. No, sir, we'll make you prove yourself
our friend.

Ant. What face have you put on ? Am I awake ?
Or do I dream Sebastiano frowns ?

Seb. Antonio, I come not now to complement ;
While you were noble, I was not least of them
You call'd your friends ; but you are guilty of
An action that destroys that name.

Sfor. Bones o' your father ! does he come to
swagger ?—My name is Sforza then.

Ant. No more. —

I guilty of an action so dishonourable
Has made me unworthy of your friendship ?
Come, you're not in earnest ; 'tis enough I know
Myself Antonio.

Seb. Add to him, ungrateful.

Ant. 'Twas a foul breath deliver'd it, and were
It any but Sebastiano, he should feel
The weight of such a falsehood.

Seb. Sister, you must along with me.

Ant. Now, by my father's soul, he that takes
her hence,

Unless she give consent, treads on his grave.—
Sebastiano, you're unnoble then ;
'Tis I that said it.

Mont. So it seems.

Seb. Antonio, for here I throw off all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,
Dishonourably taken from her father ;
Or, with my sword, to force thee render her :
Now, if thou be'st a soldier, re-deliver,
Or keep her with the danger of thy person ;
Thou canst not be my brother till we first
Be allied in blood.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And shalt have any satisfaction
Becomes my fame.

Mont. So, so ; he will submit himself ; it will
be our honour. [*Aside.*

Ant. Were't in your power, would you not
account it

A precious victory, in your sister's cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav'd both her life and honour ?

Seb. I were ungrateful.

Ant. You have told yourself, and I have argu-
ment
To prove this.

Seb. Why, would you have me think my sister
owes
To you such preservation ?

Ant. Oh, Sebastian !

Thou dost not think what devil lies at home
 Within a sister's bosom ; Catalina,
 (I know not with what worst of envy,) laid
 Force to this goodly building, and through poison
 Had robb'd the earth of more than all the world,
 Her virtue.

Seb. You must not beat my resolution off
 With these inventions, sir.

Ant. Be not cozen'd
 With your credulity ; for my blood, I value it
 Beneath my honour, and I dare, by goodness,
 In such a quarrel, kill thee : but hear all,
 And then you shall have fighting your heart full.—
 Velasco was the man, appointed by
 That goodly sister, to steal Berinthia,
 And lord himself of this possession,
 Just at that time ; but hear, and tremble at it :
 She, by a cunning poison, should have breathed
 Her soul into his arms, within two hours,
 And so Velasco should have borne the shame
 Of theft and murder ; how do you like this, sir ?

Seb. You amaze me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis true, by honour's self ; hear it con-
 firm'd, [*Takes him aside.*

And when you will, I am ready.

Vil. Pity such valour should be employ'd
 Upon no better cause ; they will inform him.

Mont. Hark you, sir, do you think this is true ?

Vil. I dare maintain it.

Mont. That's another matter ; why, then the
 case is alter'd ; what should we do fighting, and
 lose our lives to no purpose ?

Sfor. It seems you are his second.

Mont. I am count de Montenegro.

Sfor. And my name's Sforza, sir ; you were not
 best to come here to brave us, unless you have
 more legs and arms at home. I have a sa ! sa !

shall pick holes in your doublet, and firk your shanks, my gallimaufry.

Seb. I cannot but believe it.—Oh, Berinthia, I am wounded ere I fight!

Ant. Holds you resolve yet constant? If you have Better opinion of your sword, than truth, I am bound to answer; but I would I had Such an advantage 'gainst another man, As the justice of my cause, all valour fights But with a foil,¹ against it.

Vil. Take a time to inform your father, sir; my noble Cousin is to be found here constant.

Seb. But will you back with me, then?

Ber. Excuse me, brother; I shall fall too soon Upon my sister's malice, whose foul guilt Will make me [to] expect more certain ruin.

Ant. Now, Sebastiano Puts on his judgment, and assumes his nobleness, Whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame To Vilarezo's house, neglect a father, Whose precepts bind me to return with her, Or leave my life at Elvas? I must on.— I have heard you to no purpose; shall Berinthia Back to Avero?

Ant. Sir, she must not yet; 'Tis dangerous.

Seb. Choose thee a second then; This count and I mean to leave honour here.

Vil. Honour me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis done; Sebastiano shall report Antonio just and noble.—Sforza, swear Upon my sword—oh, do not hinder me— If victory crown Sebastiano's arm, I charge thee, by thy honesty, restore

¹ foil] Old copy *sayle*.

This lady to him, on whose lip I seal
My unstain'd faith. [*Kisses Berinthia.*

Mont. Umph! 'tis a rare physician; my spirit
is abated.

Cast. Brother!

Ber. Brother!

Seb. And wilt thou be dishonour'd?

Ber. Oh, do not wrong the gentleman; be-
lieve it,

Dishonour ne'er dwelt here; and he hath made
A most religious vow, not in a thought
To stain my innocence; he does not force me.
Remember, what a noble friend you make
A most just enemy; he sav'd my life,
Be not a murtherer; take yet a time;
Run not yourself in danger for a cause
Carries so little justice.

Mont. Faith, sir, if you please, take a time to
think on't; a month, or two, or three; they shall not
say but we are honourable.

[*Sebastian whispers Mont.*

Cast. You gave him to my heart a gentleman,
Complete with goodness, will you rob the world
And me at once. Alas! I love him.

Ant. Never man fought with a lesser heart: the
conquest

Will be but many deaths; he is her brother,
My friend, this poor girl's joy.

Mont. With all my heart, I'll post to Avero
presently.

Seb. Let it be so, Antonio.

Cast. Alas, poor Castabella! what a conflict
Feelest thou within thee! their sight woundeth
thee,

And I must die, whoe'er hath victory.

Ant. Then, friend, again, and as Sebastiano,
I bid him welcome, and who loves Antonio
Must speak that language.

Sfor. Enough, not a masty³ upon the castle walls
but shall bark too; I congratulate thee, if thou
beest friend to the castle of Elvas, and still my
name is Sforza.

Ant. Well said, my brave adelantado!—Come,
Sebastiano,
And my Berinthia, by to-morrow we
Shall know the truth of our felicity. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Avero.—*A Room in Vilarezo's House.*

Enter VILAREZO.

Vila. What are the nobles more than common
men,
When all their honour cannot free them from
Shame and abuse? as greatness were a mark
Stuck [up] by them, but to give direction
For men to shoot indignities upon them?
Are we call'd lords of riches we possess,
And can defend them from the ravishing hand
Of strangers, when our children are not safe
From thieves and robbers? None of us can chal-
lenge
Such right to wealth and fortunes of the world,
Being things without us; but our children are
Essential to us, and participate
Of what we are: part of our very nature,
Ourselves, but cast into a younger mould;
And can we promise but so weak assurance
Of so near treasures? Oh, Vilarezo, shall
Thy age be trampled on? no, it shall not;

³ *Sfor.* Enough, not a masty on the castle walls] i. e. a mastiff,
Sforza's term for the guns upon the ramparts. Just before he
had called them *bulls*.

I will be known a father ; Portugal
 Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd :
 It will be a bar in Vilarezo's arms
 Past all posterity.—

Enter CATALINA.

Come, Catalina, thou wilt stay with me ;
 Prepare to welcome home Sebastiano,
 Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage
 Ambitious girl, Berinthia.

Cata. Alas, sir ; censure not her too soon,
 Till she appear guilty.

Vila. Here's thy virtue still,
 To excuse her, Catalina ; no, believe it,
 She's naught, past hope. I have an eye can see
 Into her very heart ; thou art too innocent.

Enter VELASCO.

Velasco, welcome, too ; Berinthia
 Is not come home yet, but we shall see her
 Brought back with shame ; and is't not justice ? ha ?
 What can be shame enough ?

Vel. Your daughter, sir !

Vila. My daughter ! do not call her so ; she
 has not

True blood of Vilarezo in her veins ;
 She makes herself a bastard, and deserves
 To be cut off like a disorder'd branch,
 Disgracing the fair tree she springeth from.

Vel. Lay not so great a burthen on Berinthia ;
 Her nature knows not to degenerate ;
 Upon my life she was not yielding to
 The injurious action ; if Antonio
 Have play'd the thief, let your revenge fall there,
 Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not
 Sebastiano's fury, he should feel it

More heavy than his castle. What can be
Too just for such a sin?

Vila. Right, right, Velasco; I do love thee for't:
'Tis so, and thou shalt see I have a sense
Worthy my birth and person.

Vel. 'Twill become you; but I marvel we hear
nothing

Of their success at Elvas; by this time
I would have sent Antonio to warm
His father's ashes. Do you think, sir,
Sebastiano will not be remiss?
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,
Which they know how to colour.—Here's the count.

Enter MONTENEGRO, hastily.

Cata. How! the count! I sent him thither to
be rid of him; the fool has better fortune than I
wish'd him; but now I shall hear that which will
more comfort me, my sister's death most certainly.

[*Aside.*

Mont. My lord, I have rid hard; read there:—
[*delivers a letter.*—your son and daughter are well.

Cata. Ha! well! [*Aside.*

Mont. Madam.

Cata. How does my sister?

Mont. In good health; she has commendations
to you in that letter.

Vel. And is Antonio living?

Mont. Yes, and remembers his service to you.

Vel. Has he then yielded up Berinthia?

Mont. He will yield up his ghost first. I know
not, we were going to flesh-baste one another, I am
sure; but the matter of felony hangs still, who
will cut it down I know not.—Madam, there's
notable matter against you.

Cata. Me?

Mont. Upon my honour there is; be not angry
with me;—no less than theft and murder: that letter

is charged withal; but you'll clear all; I make no question; they talk of poisoning.

Cata. Am I betray'd? [Aside.]

Mont. Well, I smell, I smell.

Cata. What do you smell?

Mont. It was but a trick of theirs to save their lives; for we were bent to kill all that came against us.

Vila. Catalina, read here, Velasco, both of you, —[gives them the letter.]—and let me read your faces.—Ha! they wonder.

Vel. How's this? I steal Berinthia!

Cata. I poison my sister!

Vel. This doth amaze me.

Cata. Father, this letter says I would have poisoned my poor sister. Innocence defend me!

Vila. It will, it shall; come, I acquit you both; they must not thus fool me.

Mont. Madam, I thought as much; my mind [mis]gave me it was a lie; yes, you look like a poisoner, as much as I look like a hobby-horse.

Cata. Was ever honest love so abused! have I so poor reward for my affection?

Vila. It shall be so. [Exit.]

Vel. Madam, I know not how the poison came in; but I fear some have betray'd our plot.

[Aside to Cata.]

Cata. And how came you off, my noble count?

Mont. As you see, without any wounds, but much against my will, I was but one; Sebastiano, that was the principal, took a demur upon their allegation, it seems, and so the matter is raked up in the embers.

Vel. To make a greater fire.—Were you so cold To credit his excuse, count Montenegro?*

I should not have been so frozen.—

As you love honour and revenge, give me

* count Montenegro? Old copy Antonio.

Some interest now, and if I do not
 Shew myself faithful, let Velasco have
 No name within your memory; let me beg
 To be your proxy, sir; pity such blood
 As yours should be ignobly cast away.—
 Madam, speak for me.

Cata. No; I had rather lose this fool. [*Aside.*]

Mont. Ah you can get their consents.

Cata. You cannot, sir, in honour, now go back.
 I shall not think you love me, if my father
 Point you such noble service, to refuse it.

Re-enter VILAREZO.

Mont. You hear what she says.

Vila. Count Montenegro.

Vel. I am all fire with rage.

Vila. Velasco, you may accompany the count;
 There may be employment of your valour too;
 Tell me at your return, whether my son
 May prove a soldier. Here's new warrant for
 Antonio's death;—[*gives him a letter.*]—if there be
 coldness, urge it,
 'Tis my desire; I'll study a better service.

Vel. I shall.

Vila. Away then, both; no compliment; I wish
 You either had a Pegasus; be happy.
 My old blood boils; this must my peace secure;
 Such sores as these must have a desperate cure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Elvas.—*A Room in the Castle; a banquet set out.*

*Enter SEBASTIANO, CASTABELLA, ANTONIO, and
 BERINTHIA.*

Seb. This honour, madam, of yourself and brother,
 Makes me unhappy, when I remember what
 I came for, not to feast thus, but to fight.

Cast. Pity true friendship should thus suffer!
[*Music within.*]

Ant. Ha!

Seb. Music!

Ant. Some conceit of Sforza, the old captain;
Let's entertain it; some soldier's device.

*Enter a Masque of Soldiers, and dance; after which
SFORZA enters.*

God-a-mercy, Sforza.

Sfor. To your stations, now, my brave brats of
military discipline; enough, Sforza honours you;
look to your charge, bullies, and be ready upon all
occasions, my invincible dub-a-dub knights of the
castle.—*Qui va là.* [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Enter MONTENEGRO, and VELASCO.

Vel. We must speak with don Sebastiano.

Sfor. Must! thou'rt a mushroom; *must*, in the
castle of Elvas?

[*Montenegro gives Sebastiano a letter.*]

Ant. Friends, Sforza.

Vel. What! courting ladies? by this time 'twas
expected

You would have courted fame, sir, and wooed her
to you.—

You shall know me better. [to Antonio.]

Ant. I doubt you'll never be better: you shall
not owe me

More than you shall account for.

Seb. [*Antonio and Sebastiano reading.*]—*Or else
my curse: that word cries out for death.*

Cast. My fears perplex me.

Vel. Madam, I do wonder

You can forget your honour, and reflect

On such unworthiness ; wherein hath Velasco
Shew'd you less merit ?

Ber. Sir, it becomes not me
To weigh your worths ; nor would I learn of you
How to preserve my honour.

Seb. Sister.

Ant. Villandras.

Seb. Then I must take my leave, for I am sent
for.—

I am sorry for your fate : madam, I am expected
By a father ; your virtue hath made me yours. [*Exit.*

Mont. Oh, admirable physician ! [*Exit.*

Ant. Sforza, there is no remedy ; but, by all
honour do it.—

Sister, I am to wait on him. Oh, my poor girl—
Berinthia,

My soul be with thee ! for a little time

Excuse my absence.

Sfor. You may walk, sir.

Vel. Antonio, I must not⁺ now look on.—

You were best take a course not to outlive him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same.—*A space outside the Castle.*

Enter ANTONIO, SEBASTIANO, VILLANDRAS, and
MONTENEGRO.

Ant. Sebastian, I know not with what soul
I draw my sword against thee.

Seb. Antonio, I am driven in a storm
To split myself on thee ; if not, *my curse*—

We must on, sir. [*They fight.*

Mont. Rare man of art, Sharkino !

⁺ not] Old copy *but*.

Vil. Guard thee, count.

[*Villandras and Montenegro fight.*]

Enter on the battlements, SFORZA, VELASCO, BERINTHIA, and CASTABELLA.

Cast. Treacherous Sforza! hast thou brought us
hither

To be struck dead?

Mont. Hold, gentlemen; give me audience.

Seb. What's the matter, my lord?

Mont. My fit is on me; 'tis so, I had forgot myself; this is my ague day.

Seb. How?

Mont. Yes, a sextile ague; look you, do you not see me shake? Admirable doctor! It will be as much as my life is worth, if I should fight a stroke.

Seb. Hell on such baseness!—We'll engage no more:*

Let our swords try it out.

Vel. [*above.*—Sebastian, hold; thou'rt not so ill befriended,

Exchange a person; I'll leap the battlement.

Mont. With all my heart; I am sorry it happens so unfortunately.—Oh rare physician!

Vil. Good cousin, grant it.

Ant. What says Sebastiano?

Vil. I conjure you by all honour.

Seb. It is granted.

Ber. He shall not go. [*Exit above Velasco.*]

Ant. Meet him, my lord, you will become his place

Of a spectator best.

[*Exit Mont.—Seb. and Ant. fight again,*

Ber. Sebastian! brother!

* *We'll engage no more:*] i. e. no other second in Montenegro's place.

Enter VELASCO, below.

Cast. Antonio, hear me.

Vil. Guard thee, Velasco, then. [*they fight.*

Cast. Oh, brother, spare him for my sake.

Ber. Sebastiano! every wound thou givest him,
Draws blood from me.

Cast. Sebastiano! remember he's thy friend.

Ber. Antonio! 'tis my brother, with whose blood
Thou dyest thy sword. [*Velasco runs at Antonio.*

Ant. When thou liv'st again,
Shalt be more honourable.— [*kills Velasco.*
Sebastiano, do you observe the advantage?

Yet think upon't.

Seb. It is not in my power;
I value not the odds.

[*fights with Antonio and Villandras.*

Ber. Hold, Antonio!

Is this thy love to me? It is not noble.

Seb. So! thy death makes the scale even.

[*kills Villandras.*

Cast. Antonio, hold! Berinthia dies.

Ber. Sebastian! Castabella sinks for sorrow.—

Murder! help!

I will leap down. [*Antonio falls.*

Ant. Where art, Berinthia? let me breathe my
last

Upon thy lip; make haste, lest I die else.

[*Exeunt above, Ber. Cast. Sfor. and Mont.*

Seb. Before thou diest, cut off my hand, Antonio.
Art wounded mortally?

Ant. To die by thee

Is more than death.—Sforza, be honest—

But love thy sister for me, I'm past hope;

Thou hast undone another in my death.

Enter below, BERINTHIA, SFORZA, and MONTE-NEGRO.

Ber. Antonio, stay.—Cruel brother!

Ant. Berinthia, thy lip:

Farewell, and friend, and all the world! [*Dies.*

Sfor. The gate is open: I am sworn to render.

Ber. He's not dead; his lips are warm; have you no balsam? a surgeon.—Dead! some charitable hand send my soul after him.

Seb. Away, away!

Ber. It will be easy to die;
All life is but a walk in misery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Avero—A Room in Vilarezo's House.

Enter SEBASTIANO.

Seb. My friend, my noble friend, that had deserv'd
Most honourably from me, by this hand
Divorced from life, and yet I have the use on't!
Hapless Sebastiano! Oh, Berinthia!
Let me for ever lose the name of brother.
Wilt thou not curse my memory? give me up
To thy just hate, a murderer?

Enter VILAREZO.

Vila. Ha! this must not be, Sebastiano;
I shall be angry if you throw not off
This melancholy, it does ill become you.
Do you repent your duty? Were the action

Again presented to be done by thee,
 And being done, again should challenge from thee
 A new performance, thou wouldst shew no blood
 Of Vilarezo's, if thou didst not run
 To act it, though all horror, death, and vengeance
 Dogg'd thee at thy heels : Come, I am thy father ;
 Value my blessing ; and, for other peace,
 I'll to the king : let me no more see thee cloudy.

[*Exit.*

Enter DIEGO, and CASTABELLA dressed like a Page.

Die. That was his father.

Cast. No more ; farewell : be all silence.

[*Exit* Diego.

Cast. Sir.

Seb. He's newly gone that way ; may'st soon
 o'ertake him.

Cast. My business points at you, sir.

Seb. At me ? what news ? thou hast a face of
 horror ;

More welcome : speak it.

Cast. If your name be don Sebastiano, sir,
 I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive, boy ; carry it back :
 'Tis not to me ; I've not another friend
 In all the world.

Cast. He that hath sent you, sir, this gift, did
 love you,
 You'll say yourself he did.

Seb. Ha ! name him, prithee.

Cast. The friend I came from was Antonio.

Seb. Thou liest, and thou'rt a villain. Who
 hath sent thee

To tempt Sebastian's soul to act on thee
 Another death, for thus affrighting me ?

Cast. Indeed I do not mock, nor come to affright
 you ;

Heaven knows my heart. I know Antonio's dead,
But 'twas a gift he in his life design'd
To you, and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage ; what
gift is it ?

Cast. It is myself, sir : while Antonio liv'd
I was his boy, but never did boy lose
So kind a master ; in his life he promised
He would bestow me (so much was his love
To my poor merit,) on his dearest friend,
And nam'd you, sir, if heaven should point [you] out
To overlive him ; for he knew you would
Love me the better for his sake. Indeed,
I will be very honest to you, and
Refuse no service to procure your love
And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy ? oh, thou shouldst hate me
then ?

Thou'rt false ; I dare not trust thee. Unto him
Thou shew'st thee now unfaithful, to accept
Of me. I kill'd thy master ! 'Twas a friend
He would commit thee to ; I only was,
Of all the stock of men, his enemy,
His cruellest enemy.

Cast. Indeed I am sure it was ; he spoke all
truth,
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeath'd me as a legacy
To be your boy. Alas ! I am willing, sir,
To obey him in it : had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust
My unprofitable blood, it should have been
A most glad sacrifice, and 't had been honour
To have done him such a duty, sir. I know
You did not kill him with a heart of malice,
But in contention with your very soul
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true as oracle, by heaven.
Dost thou believe so?

Cast. Indeed I do.

Seb. Yet be not rash ;
'Tis no advantage to belong to me ;
I have no power nor greatness in the court,
To raise thee to a fortune, worthy of
So much observance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thought shall be
To do my duty, sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tenderness
With solitude and passion : for I am
Only in love with sorrow, never merry,
Wear out the day in telling of sad tales ;
Delight in sighs and tears ; sometimes I walk
To a wood or river, purposely to challenge
The boldest echo, to send back my groans
I' the height I break them. Come, I shall undo
thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to bear part
In any of your sorrows : I ne'er had
So hard a heart but I could shed a tear,
To bear my master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee, if thou'lt dwell with
me,
For th' wealth of Indies ; be my loved boy ;
Come in with me. Thus I'll begin to do
Some recompense for dead Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. So! I will dare my fortune to be cruel,
 And like a mountainous piece of earth that sucks
 The balls of hot artillery, I will stand
 And weary all the gunshot. Oh my soul,
 Thou hast been too long icy: Alps of snow
 Have buried my whole nature; it shall now
 Turn element of fire, and fill the air
 With bearded comets, threatening death and horror
 For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd, disgrac'd,
 Nay murdered; for, with Antonio,
 My breath expired, and I but borrow this,
 To court revenge for justice. If there be
 Those furies which do wait on desperate men,
 As some have thought, and guide their hands to
 mischief,
 Come from the womb of night, assist a maid
 Ambitious to be made a monster like you;
 I will not dread your shapes: I am dispos'd
 To be at friendship with you, and want nought
 But your black aid to seal it. [*She walks aside.*]

Enter MONTENEGRO and ANSILVA.

Mont. First I'll lock up thy tongue, and tell thee
 my honourable meaning; so,— [*gives her gold.*]—
 To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, (I had it
 of the brave doctor,) which I would have thee to
 sugar thy lady's cup withal, for my sake; wilt do
 it? and if I marry her, thou shalt find me a noble
 master, and shalt be my chief gentlewoman in

ordinary: keep thy body loose, and thou shalt want no gown, I warrant thee.⁵ Wilt do it?

Ans. My lord, I think my lady is much taken with your worth already, so that this will be superfluous.

Mont. Nay, I think she has cause enough; but I have a great mind to make an end on it: to tell you true, there are half a dozen about me, but I had rather she should have me than another; and my blood is grown too⁶ boisterous for my body, that's another thing; so that if thou wilt do it, Ansilva, thou wilt do thy lady good service, and live in the favour of count de Montenegro; I will make thy children kin to me, if thou wilt do it.

Ans. I am your honour's handmaid; but—

Mont. Here's a diamond, prithee wear it; be not modest.

Ans. 'Tis done, my lord: urge it no further.

Mont. But be secret, too, for my honour's sake. We great men do not love to have our actions laid open to the broad face of the world; I'll get thee with child, and marry thee to a knight, my brave Ansilva. Take the first opportunity.

Ans. If there be any virtue in the powder, prepare to meet your wishes, my noble lord.

Mont. Thy count de Montenegro. Expect to be a lady. [Exit.

Ber. [coming forward.]—Ansilva!

Ans. Madam.

Ber. Nay, you need not hide it; I heard the conference, and know the virtue of the powder; let me see it, or I'll discover all.

[She gives the powder to Berinthia, who changes the packet.

⁵ keep thy body loose, and thou shalt want no gown,] There is no end to the play on a loose bodied gown in our ancient dramatists. Shakspeare found it in the old play of *Taming the Shrew*, and it was probably even then familiar to the stage.

⁶ too] Old copy so.

Ans. I am undone.

Ber. No: here, take it again; I'll not prevent
My sister's happiness and the count's desire;
I am no tell-tale: good Ansilva, give't her,
And heavens succeed the operation!
I beg [it] on my knee. Fear not, Ansilva,
I am all silence.

[*Exit.*

Ans. Indeed, madam; then she shall have it
presently.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter SEBASTIANO and CASTABELLA.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keep not distance of a servant, lay it
Upon my love; indeed, if it be an error,
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prithee, boy, be patient;
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead Antonio, love still rubs the wounds
To make them bleed afresh.

Cast. Alas! they are past,
Bind up your own, for honour's sake, and shew
Love to yourself; pray do not lose your reason,
To make your grief so fruitless; I have procur'd
Some music, sir, to quiet those sad thoughts,
That make such war within you. [*Music within.*

Seb. Alas, good boy! it will but add more
weights
Of dulness on me; I am stung with worse
Than the tarantula to be cur'd with music.—
'T has the exactest unity; but it cannot
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir, this your couch

Seems to invite [you to a]⁷ small repose ;
 Oh, I beseech you taste it : I will beg
 A little leave to sing.—

[*Sings ; Sebastiano throws himself on the couch,
 and falls asleep.*

Enter BERINTHIA, behind.

Sweet sleep charm his sad senses, and gentle
 thoughts

Let fall your flowing numbers here, and round about
 Hover celestial angels with your wings,
 That none offend his quiet ! Sleep begins
 To cast his nets o'er me, too : I'll obey,
 And dream on him that dreams not what I am.

[*Sleeps.*

Ber. [*coming forward.*] Nature doth wrestle
 with me ; but revenge

Doth arm my love against it. Justice is
 Above all tie of blood.—Sebastiano,
 Thou art the first shall tell Antonio's ghost
 How much I lov'd him.

[*Stabs him ; Castabella awakes in a fright,
 and rushes out.*

Seb. Oh, stay thy hand.—Berinthia ! oh, thou'st
 done't.

I wish thee heaven's forgiveness ; I cannot
 Tarry to hear thy reasons : at many doors
 My life runs out ; and yet, Berinthia
 Doth, in her name, give me more wounds than
 these.—

Antonio, oh, Antonio, we shall now
 Be friends again.

[*Dies.*

Ber. He's dead, and yet I live ; but not to fall
 Less than a constellation ; more flames must
 Make up the fire that Berinthia
 And her revenge must bathe in.

⁷ [you to a] Old copy so.

Enter CATALINA, haling in ANSILVA by the hair.

Cata. Sebastiano ! sister !

Ans. Murder !

Cata. There's wild-fire in my bowels ; sure, I
am poison'd—

Oh, Berinthia !

Ber. Ha ! ha !

Cata. Help me to tear Ansilva ; I am poison'd by
the count and this Fury.

Ber. Ha ! ha !

Cata. Do you laugh, hell-cat ?⁸

Ber. Yes, queen of hell ! to see thee
Sink in the glory of thy hop'd for bliss ;
But art thou sure thou'rt poison'd, eh ?

Ans. Nay, I have my part on't ; I did but sip,
and my belly swells too ; call you this love-pow-
der ? Count Montenegro hath poisoned us both.

Ber. You are a pair of witches, and because
I'll keep the potion working, know you are both
Poison'd by me, by me ! Berinthia !
[For] being thus tormented with my wrongs,
I arm'd myself with all provision
For my revenge, and had in readiness
That faithful poison, which, i' the opportunity,
I put upon Ansilva for the exchange
Of the amorous powder.—Oh, fools !—My soul,
Ravish thyself with laughter ! collusion,⁹
My eldest devil-sister ! does the heat

⁸ *hell-cat* ?] Old copy *hereat* ? The reader may probably think Hecate the better word.

⁹ *collusion*,] The old copy reads *polusion*, a word for which I know no authority, but that of *Goodman Dull*. I have little confidence in the emendation ; but can think of nothing more near the text. Perhaps, the word meant was *politician*.

Offend your stomach ? troth, charity, a little charity,
The only antidote that's cold enough :—

Look, here's Sebastiano,
(Now, horror strike thy soul!) to whose fearless
heart

I sent this poniard, for Antonio's death ;
And if that piece of thy damnation,
Ansilva, had not done't, I meant to have writ
Revenge with the same point upon thy breast ;
But I do surfeit in this brave prevention :—
Sleep, sleep, Antonio's ashes ! and now ope,
Thou marble chest, to take Berinthia
To mingle with his dust. [Stabs herself.]

Cata. I have not so much heart as to curse.
Must I die ?

*Re-enter CASTABELLA with VILAREZO, MONTE-
NEGRO, and Attendants.*

Cast. Here, my lord. Alas ! he's dead ! my
Sebastiano.

Vila. Catalina !

Cata. I am poisoned.

Vila. Ha ! defend, good heaven ! by whom ?

Ans. I am poisoned too.

Vila. Rack not my soul ; amazement ! 'tis a
dream, sure.

Ans. Your love-powder hath poisoned us both.

Mont. What will become of me now ? I would
I were hanged, to be out of my pain ! By this flesh,
as I am a count, I bought it of the doctor for good
love-powder ; but, madam, I hope you are not
poisoned in earnest.

Cata. The devil on your foolship !—Oh, I must
walk the dark foggy way that spits fire and brim-
stone. No physic to restore me ? Send for Shar-
kino ;—a cooler ! a cooler ! there's a smith's forge
in my belly, and the devil blows the bellows.
Snow-water ! Berinthia has poisoned me ; I sink by

mine own engine ; I must hence, hence ; farewell ! will you let me die so ? Confusion, torment, death, hell !

Mont. I am glad, with all my heart, that Berinthia has poisoned her : yet—

Ber. Oh, it becomes thee bravely !—Hear me,
sir : [to *Vilarezo*.

Antonio's death, and my dishonours now
Have just revenge ; I stabb'd Sebastiano,
Poison'd my sister ;—

Oh, but they made too soon a Fury of me,
And split the patience, from whose dreadful breach
Came these consuming fires. Your passion's fruit-
less ;

My soul is reeling forth, I know not whither.
Oh, father !

My heart weeps tears for you ; I die. Oh, see
A MAID'S REVENGE with her own Tragedy. [*Dies*.

Cata. Ansilva ! oh, thou dull wretch ; hell on
thy cursed weakness ! thou gavest me the poison—
but I lack breath.* Hold ; a gentleman usher to
support me. Oh, I am gone ; the poison now hath
torn my heart in pieces. [*Dies*.

Vila. I am planet-struck ; a direful tragedy, and
have I no part in it ? How do you like it, ha ?
was't not done to the life ? they are my own chil-
dren ; this was my eldest girl, this, Berinthia, the
tragedian, whose love by me resisted, was mother
of all this horror ; and there's my boy, too, that slew
Antonio valiantly, and fell under his sister's rage.—
What art thou, boy ?

Cast. I'll tell you now, I am no boy,
But hapless Castabella, sister to
The slain Antonio ; I had hop'd to have
Some recompense by Sebastiano's love,
For whose sake, in disguise, I thus adventur'd
To purchase it ; but death hath ravish'd us,
And here I bury all my joys on earth.

* I lack breath.] Old copy reads, " I lick earth."

Mont. Sweet lady, here is count de Montenegro alive to be your servant.

Cast. Hence, dull greatness !

Vila. Were you a friend of Sebastiano, then ?

Cast. I'll give you testimony.

Vila. No, I believe you ; but thou canst not be my daughter.—

'Tis false ; he lies, that says Berinthia
Was author of their deaths ; 'twas Vilarezo,
A father's wretched curiosity—
Dead, dead, dead !

Cast. And I will leave the world too : for I mean
To spend the poor remainder of my days
In some religious house, married to heaven,
And holy prayers for Sebastian's soul,
And my lost brother.

Vila. Will you so ?

Cast. I pray let Castabella have the honour
To enshrine his bones, and when my breath expires,
For sorrow promiseth I shall not live
To see more suns, let me be buried by him
As near as may be possible, that in death
Our dust may meet.—Oh, my Sebastiano,
Thy wounds are mine.

Vila. Come, I am arm'd ;

Take up their bodies.—Castabella, you are not
chief mourner here ; he was my son, remember
that.—Berinthia first, she was the youngest, put
her in the pit-hole first ; then Catalina ; strew,
strew flowers enough upon them, for they were
maids ;—now, Sebastiano ; take him up gently, he
was all the sons I had ; now march.—Come, you
and I are twins in this day's unhappiness ; we'll
march together ; follow close,
We'll overtake them.—Softly, and as we go,
We'll dare our fortune for another woe.

[*Exeunt Vilarezo, Castabella, and Montenegro,
Attendants bearing the bodies before them.*

...the first of these is the...
...the second is the...
...the third is the...

...the fourth is the...
...the fifth is the...
...the sixth is the...

...the seventh is the...
...the eighth is the...
...the ninth is the...

...the tenth is the...
...the eleventh is the...
...the twelfth is the...

...the thirteenth is the...
...the fourteenth is the...
...the fifteenth is the...

...the sixteenth is the...
...the seventeenth is the...
...the eighteenth is the...

THE
BROTHERS.

THE BROTHERS.] Though this comedy was licensed so early as 1626 (November 4th) ; yet it was among the last of Shirley's plays which were given to the press, not having been printed till 1652, when it was published, with five others, in an octavo volume, by Humphrey Robinson, and Humphrey Moseley. The original title is, *The Brothers, a Comedie, as it was acted at the private House in Black Fryers.*

TO HIS

TRULY NOBLE FRIEND,

THOMAS STANLEY, ESQ.

SIR,

THE memory and contemplation of good offices received, which, by their own nature and impulsion, have inclined other men to be active in their returns, have not wrought me into so much boldness; for when I considered my obligation to your favours, I was still deterred by their greatness and number; for in my poverty I had thoughts, not without ambition, to reach them with some merit; but when I was studying to proportion my gratitude, I fell much lower than when I was the object of your mercy. The way to relieve myself, is no more to look at what you have conferred, but on the bestower, for I have now learned to separate you from your benefits, and to convey myself into your pardon, by the exercise of your charity. Thus, in place of cancelling my former debts, I put your virtue to a new disbursement: witness this composition, which, after its birth, had in my thoughts, a dedication to your name, although it but now took the boldness to wear it in the forehead, both as an ornament and preserver. You were pleased to grace it with your fair opinion, when it was represented; and though it appear not in that natural dress of the scene, nor so powerful, as when it had the soul of action, yet your smile upon it now will give it second animation, by which I shall derive, after so long a silence, a confirmation of my happiness, in being still received,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE
LAW OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK

1812

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a list of laws or a table of contents.]

THE
LAW OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK

PROLOGUE.

*Troth, gentlemen, I know not what to say,
Now I am here; but you shall have a play:—
I hope there are none met but friends; if you
Be pleas'd to hear me first, I'll tell you true,
I do not like the Prologue, 'tis not smart,
Not airy; then the Play's not worth a —
What witty Prologues have we heard! how keen
Upon the time, how tickling o' the spleen!
But that wit's gone, and we, in these sad days,
In coarse dull phlegm, must preface to our plays.
I'll shew you what our author meant should be
His Prologue,—“Gentlemen,”—he shall pardon me,
I dare not speak a line, not that you need
To fear a satire in't, or wit, indeed.
He would have you believe no language good
And artful, but what's clearly understood;
And then he robs you of much mirth, that lies
I wonder, why you laugh at comedies.
He says the times are dangerous; who knows
What treason may be wrapt in giant prose,
Or swelling verse, at least to sense? Nay, then,
Have at you, master Poet:—Gentlemen,
Though he pretend fair, I dissemble not,
You're all betray'd here to a Spanish plot;
But do not you seem fearful; as you were
Shooting the bridge, let no man shift or stir,
I'll fetch you off, and two hours hence you may
(If not before) laugh at the plot and play.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Carlos.

Luys, *his son.*

Don Ramyres.

Fernando, } *sons to Ramyres.*
Francisco, }

Don Pedro, *a nobleman.*

Alberto, *a gentleman, lover of Jacinta.*

Theodoro, *brother to don Carlos:*

Physician.

Notary.

Confessor.

Servants.

Alsimira, *wife to don Carlos.*

Jacinta, *daughter to don Carlos.*

Felisarda, *Theodoro's daughter.*

Estefania, *a noble widow.*

SCENE, Madrid.

THE
BROTHERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in don Carlos's House.

Enter FRANCISCO, JACINTA, and FELISARDA.

Fran. I take my leave, Jacinta, and cannot wish
you
More happiness than you possess.

Jac. You must
Dissemble, or it is within your wishes
To make yourself, Francisco, mine, which would be
A fair addition to me, in my faith
Of that most noble love you have profess'd.

Fran. When you but dare to own me, I am past
The fear of any destiny that can
Divide us—but your father.—

Enter don CARLOS, and a Servant.

Your own virtue
Be still your guard. I do not like this watch
Upon our meeting.—Pretty Felisarda. [*Exeunt.*

Car. Tell signior Francisco I would speak with
him. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not like his frequent visits ; though
His birth and generous parts deserve to march

With men of honourable name, I am
Without ambition to sacrifice
My daughter to his pension for life.

Re-enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. Your pleasure, sir?

Car. Hath hitherto, Francisco,
Been to affect you in the list of those
I held my friends.

Fran. I hope no forfeit made
By me, hath lost that good opinion
You placed upon me.

Car. I cannot tell
How you may be transported with desires
Above my thoughts t' allow; I would not have
My silence, and the free access you've had to
My house, (which still is open to wise guests,)
Betray me, or my daughter, to the mirth
And talk of men i' the plaça.¹ My estate
Doth walk upon sound feet, and though I make
No exception to your blood, or person, sir,
The portion I have fix'd upon Jacinta,
Beside the wealth her liberal aunt bequeath'd her,
Is more than your thin younger brother's fortune
Should lay a siege, or hope to. I am plain.

Fran. And something passionate (if I understand
you)
Without a cause. I am a gentleman,
With as much sense of honour, as the proudest
Don that doth ride on's foot-cloth, and can drop
Gold to the numerous minutes of his age;
And let me not be lost for want of that
Deserves not to be nam'd to fill the balance
Against true honour:—let me tell you, sir,
Virtue and blood are weigh'd against themselves;

¹ *Talk of men i' the plaça :*] i. e. the square, the public walk.

You cannot know the price of these, when either
Scale is not pois'd with things of the same nature.

Car. You're very right, and, therefore, I do weigh
My daughter's wealth against your fortune, sir ;
I take it they are things in the same species :
And find it easy to distinguish ; your's
Can hold small competition, and by
A consequence that fathers use t' infer,
As little hope to equal in affections.
Sir, I must tell you, I esteem Jacinta
Fit every way to meet your elder brother,
Whose birth will interest him so much in that
Full fortune which your father now is lord of ;
Your expectations may prompt you look,
Without much curiosity, for a bride.

Fran. I shall believe thy soul is made of atoms,
That places so much happiness in dust.— [*Aside.*
Sir, I can quit your jealousy ;² my thoughts
Level beneath your daughter, and shall be
Happy if you consent I may devote
My applications to Felisarda,
Your niece.

Car. Is it my niece ? I ask your pardon.
Nay, then, be welcome ; and, t' encourage you,
Although her father, a poor gentleman,
My brother, by the malice of the sea
And winds, have lost what might have rank'd him
even

With some that ride upon their reverend mules,
I'll find a portion for her, if you strike
Affectionate hearts, and joy to call you nephew.
Pray be not angry, that I take a care
To place my own where I may see it answer'd
With state, as well as family.

Fran. You shew
A provident father. I shall not then be

² *Sir, I can quit your jealousy ;] i. e. remove.*

Endanger'd to your scruple, if I address
My services to her, whose humble fortune,
In the relation to your blood and nobleness,
Is wealth enough to me?

Car. I wish it prosper.

Fran. You have much honour'd me. [Exit.]

Car. That scruple's vanish'd.

These are considerings, with which parents must
Timely prevent the folly and the fall
Of children, apt to lose themselves in shadows,
And gaudy apparitions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your son
Is come from Salamanca, sir.—

Car. I hope
Philosophy hath by this time tam'd his wildness;
I have been careful not to feed his riots.
He's welcome; my next study is to choose
A wife for him.

Serv. With him a gentleman,
That seems of noble quality.

Enter LUYs and ALBERTO.

LuyS. Your blessing,
Next which, 'twill be a happiness, if you
Embrace this noble gentleman, don Alberto,
To whose affection I have been engaged.

Alb. Our studies grew together, and our loves.

Car. You do an honour to us.

LuyS. If he thrive
Upon his fair intents, sir, to my sister,
Whose character he has took delight to hear
From me sometimes, it will enlarge our honour.

Car. He has improved in language.—[aside.]—
His estate?

Luis. Six thousand ducats, sir, per annum, clear
In his possession, beside
The legacy of a grannam when she dies,
That has outliv'd six cats within their family.

Car. This tastes again of the old humour ; he's
Not settled yet ! [*Aside.*

Luis. Your pardon, sir ; I cannot
With any patience think of an old woman,
They are agues to my nature ; she that lives
To threescore is a witch, and fit for fuel,
By the civil law.—I hope my mother's well ?—
Sir, I beseech you, be not you mistaken ;
I am not what I was, I'm strangely alter'd
From the wild garb, and can discourse most gravely
Of any thing but old and toothless women.
Do not you think it fit, she should be burn'd, sir,
That lives within an hospital till the roof
Consume to dust, and no more left for covering
Than is kept up in one continued cobweb,
Through which the birds may see her when she creeps
Under a spider's canopy ? what think you ?
Speak your own conscience.

Car. A young wife will cure
This angry heat of blood.—You are most welcome.
[*to Alberto.*

Command my house, and if you can affect
My daughter, for whose love (as my son here
Prepares me) you have ta'en these pains,³ I shall
Make equal propositions. I knew
Your father well, don Roderigo, who
Gave up his life with honour 'gainst the Moors.
Once more you're welcome.—Son Luis, shew
The way to your sister, and bid her entertain
Your friend with all the love her modesty,
And my commands may prompt her to.

³ Prepares me) you [have ta'en] these pains, &c.] Old copy reads, "Prepares me) you took this pains," &c.

Alb. You much oblige my services.

Luis. Remember, don,
Conditions; if my sister and you join
Your copyholds, I have a life must be
Maintain'd till the old man die; hang his pension!
'Twill not keep me in sallads. I'll conduct you.

[*Aside to, and exit with Alberto.*

Car. I like his person well; and his calm gesture
Speaks for his other composition.
The estate is competent, my daughter is
Obedient, which rich parents call a blessing,
Whose wisdom is to advance their name and
fortunes.

My son is all my study now.—

Enter don RAMYRES.

My noble don Ramyres! you look cheerful.

Ram. 'Tis a good omen; I have business wi' ye,
Such as cannot despair your entertainment:
You have a daughter.

Car. I would you had one!
I should be willing to translate a son,
And by his marriage be most proud to call
Your daughter mine.

Ram. You are next a prophet, signior,
And, but the sexes differ, speak my thoughts;
'Tis harmony on both sides; to be short,
For let our gravities not waste time and breath
In our affairs, give the young leave to court
And spin out days in amorous circumstance.
My son Fernando, I need not call him heir,
His birth concludes it, I would commend
To fair Jacinta: it can be no dishonour
To your family to mix with mine.

Car. 'Tis an addition
Will add a lustre rather to our blood.

Ram. 'Tis my affection to your daughter, which,
confirmed

By observation of her virtue, makes
 Me wish this tie between 'em ; I may safely
 Expect you will assure a portion that
 His fortunes will deserve, who must enjoy
 What I possess, unless you disaffect
 His person, or decline his education,
 Which hath not spar'd my coffers to advance him
 In the best form of gentleman.

Car. I want
 Abilities of tongue to answer this
 Your freedom, and the bounty of your nature
 Towards my daughter ; and so far am [I] from
 Exception to Fernando, there's no cavalier
 In Spain I wish to thrive so well in her
 Opinion.

Ram. 'Twill be his encouragement,
 If he intrench upon no other's interest,
 I mean not to except, how well he can
 Deserve her nobly from a rival, if
 Her heart be not contracted ; this were to
 Engage 'em both to loss of peace and honour,
 Perhaps betray a life.

Car. You argue nobly ;
 She is yet mistress of her thoughts, and free,
 While her obedience doth keep in trust
 Her heart, till I direct it, which shall be
 To love, and choose your son to live within it.—
 Have I said home ?

Ram. You have. When they have met,
 We may conclude the dowry, and confirm
 Our mutual assurances ; till then
 Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Car. I like this well ; Ramyres has
 A fortune for a grandee. Don Alberto
 Must now excuse me, if my vote prefer
 Fernando, whom my daughter must accept,
 Or forfeit me. The new guest is not warm
 In his access, and shall not feel with what

Soft art, and subtle ways, I steer her passion ;
 Yet were Alberto's state ten maravedis
 Above Ramyres', I should place him first.
 Fame is an empty noise, virtue a word
 There's not a Jew will lend two ducats on.—
 He is return'd ; I must prepare Jacinta. [Exit.

Re-enter RAMYRES with FERNANDO.

Fer. I hope my past life hath not, sir, so ill
 Deserv'd, you should be jealous of my duty
 When you command, although in things of this
 High nature, man being nothing more concern'd,
 Next the divine considerations,
 Than in the choice of her that must divide
 The joys and sufferings of his life, a son
 May modestly insist upon the privilege
 That Love, by his great charter, hath conferr'd
 On every heart, not to be forced, yet I
 Freely resign my will, and what men call
 Affection, to that object you present me.

Ram. Apply yourself, then, to don Carlos'
 daughter ;
 She's young, fair, rich, and virtuous, and I've had
 Full treaty with her father, who expects
 Your visit.

Fer. *Young, fair, rich, and virtuous!*
 Four excellencies seldom met in one ;
 She cannot, sure, want servants, that commands
 Under so many titles. I could wish,
 (So much I have ambition to be thought
 Obedient, sir,) she were but one of those.

Ram. She is all, and one.

Fer. My duty were not less
 If I forgave myself a happiness
 To perfect your commands ; sir, I am ready
 To try my fortune.

Ram. There is no fear of thy repulse, and when

Thou dost confirm her gain'd to thy affection,
My greatest act, and care of life is over.
Go on and prosper.

[*Exit.*

Fer. He is passionate,
And like the fury of the winds, more loud
By opposition ; such a providence
May be mine one day, when I am a father,
And he for whose advance my cares are meant,
Like me, may with a fair and formal shew
Disguise his thoughts, too ; yet I am to blame,
For my affection to a dream, a thing
With which my eyes only convers'd, to hazard
A father's love, and the rich peace it brings ;
I'll uncreate the face I doat upon,
And be myself, or—

Enter FRANCISCO.

What ! my brother ?
Now, Francisco, you met my father ?

Fran. Yes, and he
Looks as some news had much exalted him.
You are not so merry in the face ; what is't ?

Fer. Nothing.

Fran. You held no controversies with him ?

Fer. No.

Fran. I cannot guess he was angry by his smiles ;
How did you part ?

Fer. Exceeding kindly.

Fran. What changes your complexion ?

Fer. Thou'rt deceived.

Prithee, how do men look that are in love ?

Fran. Why, as they did before ; what alteration
Have you observ'd in me ?

Fer. You have then a mistress,
And thrive upon her favours ;—but thou art
My brother, I'll deliver thee a secret :
I was at saint Sebastian's last Sunday,
At vespers,—

Fran. Is it a secret that you went to church?
You need not blush to tell't your ghostly father.

Fer. I prithee leave thy impertinence; there I saw
So sweet a face, so harmless, so intent
Upon her prayers, it frosted my devotion
To gaze on her, till by degrees I took
Her fair idea through my covetous eye,
Into my heart, and know not how to ease
It since of the impression.

Fran. So! proceed.

Fer. Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but, overweigh'd
With its own swelling, dropp'd upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament;
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory o'er grief,
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.*

Fran. I do believe,
By all these metaphors, you are in love;
I see you have a fancy; but proceed,
And be not melancholy.

Fer. I have told thee all.

Fran. This is indeed a vision; you have
But seen her all this while, if I may counsel you,
You should proceed; her face is nothing when
You have perus'd the rest.

Fer. 'Tis dangerous.

Fran. You must excuse me, brother;
There can be no hurt in a handsome woman,
For if her face delight so much, what will
The enjoying of so sweet a pile of beauty?

* Dr. Farmer has noticed the extreme beauty of this passage
in his *Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*.

Fer. Thou hast infus'd a confidence ; I will
Embrace this counsel : you shall with me, brother,
And see how I behave myself ; the lady
Is not far off.

Fran. With all my heart, I'll pawn
My life you shall enjoy her ; what is she
Of flesh and blood, that will deny, when she
Is fairly courted ? May I know the name
Of this lov'd mistress ? you may clear your thoughts,
I dare have no design to wrong your love.

Fer. What think you, brother, of the fair Jacinta ?

Fran. Don Carlos' daughter ?

Fer. To that happy coast

I now am sailing ; we lose time ; clap on
More wings, thou feather'd god ; thou hast put fire,
Francisco, into my drooping thoughts, and as
They had already bargain'd with the wind,
They are aloft, and chide Love's lazy motion.

Fran. A word before you fly ; but is Jacinta
Your mistress, then ?

Fer. The beautiful Jacinta.

Dost think I shall not prosper ? *What is she
Of flesh and blood, that can deny, when she
Is fairly courted ?* add to this, my happiness,
That she's the mistress, whom, from all her sex,
My father hath made choice of for my courtship.
He hath already treated with don Carlos,
And 'twas his last command I should address,
My present visit to her.

Fran. Very well :

If this be truth, you need not trouble wings
To overtake this lady ; to my knowledge,
(I'm serious now,) she has bestow'd her heart
Upon a friend, who has already fortified
Himself against the world, that would oppose
His title to't.

Fer. From what intelligence
Have you gain'd this ? her father knows it not.

Come, these are but subtle pretences scatter'd
 By some, who cunningly thus hope to make
 Themselves a victory, by cutting off
 More fruitful expectations; this must
 Not disengage me; prithee, walk.

Fran. I can produce my author, here, Fernando,
 And with my blood defend that interest
 She gave me, with intent I should preserve it.

Fer. How! is she your's, Francisco?

Fran. Mine, if hearts
 Have power to make assurance.

Fer. 'Tis some happiness
 I have no stranger to oppose, whose high
 And stubborn soul would not release this treasure,
 But make me force it through his blood. Francisco and
 Fernando are two rillets from one spring;
 I will not doubt he will resign, to make
 Me fortunate; or, should his will be cold,
 And some close thoughts suggest I had no privilege,
 By eldest birth, but came a sly intruder
 Upon his right of love, there is a tie
 Of nature and obedience to a father
 Will make him give this blessing from his bosom,
 And strip his amorous soul of all his wealth,
 That may invest my wishes.

Fran. I read not this
 In any of the reverend casuists;
 No inequality being in our blood,
 The law of nature meant we should be equal;
 It was first tyranny, then partial custom,
 Made you more capable of land. Would you
 Be lord of us, because you are first born,
 And make our souls your tenants, too? When I've
 Nam'd you my elder brother, I exclude
 All servitude; justice, that makes me love you,
 Carries an equal law to both;
 Nay, I can love you more, if I consider you
 (Without the chain of blood) a friend, than all

The bonds of nature can enforce me to :
 In both relations give me leave to love you
 As much as man, but not resign my mistress.
 You ascend higher, and persuade by what
 Obedience is owing to a father ;—
 They give us life, a good son keeps it for them,⁶
 And every drop bled in their cause, is glory ;
 I can acknowledge this, and sacrifice
 Life, fortunes, a poor recompense to lose,
 (Were they all multiplied,) to shew my duty ;
 But these are things may be resign'd : a mistress
 Is not a wealth in balance with the world,
 But much above the poise of all its happiness,
 And equal with our honour, rivetted
 Into our soul ; it leaves her not, when death
 Hath shook this body off, but flies with it
 More swift, to love it in the other world.

Fer. You are very passionate.

Fran. I am very just,
 And you shall find it, brother, ere you twine
 With my Jacinta, *mine*, if vows may give
 Possession of each other's soul.

Fer. No more.

May she be worthy of thy heart, till mine
 Do entertain a treason to divide you ;
 But I, to satisfy my father, must
 Present myself, and, trust me, will so manage
 My love to her, as thou shalt have no cause
 To interpret me a rival. O, Francisco,
 Our loves are of a kindred, for mine is
 Devote to Felisarda, to her cousin,
 Poor Felisarda.

Fran. Theodoro's daughter ?

Fer. We never yet chang'd language, nor doth she
 Imagine with what thoughts I honour her ;

⁶ for them,] Old copy, for *him* : in the next line *a* is printed for *is*.

But here is the distraction ; thou canst not
Expect more opposition from don Carlos,
Than I must from my father, if he knew
Where I have placed my heart.

Fran. Let us assist
Each other, then, till time, and some kind stars,
Mature our love.

Fer. Let fathers look at wealth, 'tis all their saint :
Hearts are free-born, and love knows no constraint.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in don Carlos's House.

Enter LUYS and JACINTA.

Luys. How do you like Alberto, sister ? is he not
A gallant gentleman ?

Jac. For what, good brother ?
I cannot judge his intellectuals,
But we have plenty of more proper men
In Spain.

Luys. He is an excellent scholar,
He was still emperor in the schools, and since
He studied logic and philosophy,
He was the flower of's time at Salamanca.

Jac. 'Tis pity he should be gather'd then ?

Luys. What be gather'd ?

Jac. The flower you talk on.

Luys. If you affect him, sister, he may grow,
And you may keep him still for seed, [so] please you.

Jac. And sell him out at sowing-time to gardeners.

Luys. Come, you must love him.

Jac. Has he the black art ?

I know not how magic or philtres may
Prevail, and yet he looks suspiciously.

Luis. You think you're witty now ; d'ye hear,
you must
Affect him for my sake.

Jac. Now you speak reason ;
I may for your sake doat upon him, brother ;
This is a conjuration may do much.

Luis. Well said,
Thou art my sister, this good nature shews it.
And now I'll tell thee, I have promis'd him
As much as marriage comes to, and I lose
My honour, if my don receive the canvas.¹
He has a good estate, and I have borrow'd
Considerable monies of him, sister,
Pieces of eight, and transitory ducats.

Jac. Which must be paid.

Luis. Not if you marry him ;
Conditions have been thought on.

Jac. How ? conditions ?

Luis. And some revenue was convenient
To do things like a gentleman. I may
Tell you, my father is a little costive,
Purse-bound, his pension cannot find me tooth-
picks,
I must live till he die ; 'tis fit, you know :
Alberto has an exchequer, which, upon
Thy smiles, will still be open.

Jac. Very good ;
Then you, upon the matter, have sold me to him,
To find you spending money ?

¹ ——— and I lose

My honour if my don receive the canvas.] i. e. be dismissed.
The phrase is taken from the practice of journeymen mechanics
who travel in quest of work, with the implements of their pro-
fession. When they are discharged by their masters, they are
said to *receive the canvas*, or *the bag* ; because in this, their tools
and necessaries are packed up, preparatory to their removal.

Luys. No, not sold ;

We are at no certain price ; sums have been lent
In expectation, or so, and may again.

Jac. You deserve, brother, I should hate you now.

Luys. It is all one to me, so you love him ;
For my part, I desire but my expenses.

Jac. What if another man supply your wants
Upon the same conditions of my love ?

Luys. I am indifferent, so I have my charges,
My necessary wine and women, paid for ;
Love where you please yourself ; I am but one,
I would not see him want, that's all, because
My father is not yet resolv'd about
His going to heaven.

Jac. Well, sir, for don Alberto,
You shall be his advocate no more, and there's
A fee to bribe your silence in his cause.

[*Gives him money.*]

Luys. Why, thank you, sister,—will you die a
virgin ?

Jac. Why do you ask ?

Luys. I would speak for somebody ; tell me but
whom

You have a mind to, and I'll plead for him,
And if he be a don, he will consider it ;
You may give me what you will, besides.

Jac. When I
Resolve, you shall be acquainted.

Luys. But do you hear ?
Until you do resolve, I would lose no time ;
'Tis good keeping a friend, and a warm client ;
You may look lovingly upon Alberto,
And let him hope, at all adventures ; in
Two months you may be otherwise provided,
And he may hang himself ; i' the mean time,
Some favours now and then to the poor gentleman,
Will do him good, and me no hurt ; besides,
You'll please my father in't, whose vote is for him,

And that's a thing material. I am
 To meet with don Alberto, and some gentlemen ;
 I will preserve his confidence, and tell him
 I have talk'd with thee. Have you any more
 Of this complexion? 'cause I know not what
 Occasions I may have to keep my credit
 With men of mark and honour, where I am going ;
 You are my father's darling, and command
 His yellow ingots ; t'other *doblon d'oro*.

Jac. So I may bring a rent-charge on myself.

Luys. The t'other drop of orient mercy ; come.

Jac. You care not what accounts I give my
 father.

Luys. Thou hast twenty ways to cozen him ;
 wedge it

Into the next bill, he wears spectacles,
 And loves to read—*Item, for pious uses.*—

Can it be less to help a brother?—[*Jac. gives him
 more money.*]—well said.

Jac. Let not this feed your riot.

Luys. By no means.

I am for no Carthusians to-day.

Farewell, dear sister.—

*Enter CARLOS, FERNANDO, FRANCISCO, and
 FELISARDA.*

Who is that ?

Jac. My father.

Luys. I cannot endure that old man's company.
 [*Erit.*

Car. I am past compliment, and must acknow-
 ledge

Your fair intentions honour us ; she is no goddess
 Of beauty, sir, but let me, without pride,
 Boast myself blest, Fernando, in her virtues,
 And that which crowns 'em all, obedience.—
 Jacinta, entertain this gentleman

With all becoming thoughts of love ; his merit
(Out of no rash, but mature judgment,) hath
Prevail'd with me, to name him to the first
And noblest place within your heart.

Fer. Until this hour I never had the confidence
More than to think of love, and hide a flame
That almost hath consumed me. You may think
It worth a smile, and that I only flourish
To shew my vanity of wit or language ;
But when you understand that I bring hither
No young affection, but a love took in
Long since at my ambitious eye, it may
Beget your gentle thought, or will, to cure me.

Jac. Pardon me, if the more you strive to print
A truth on this short story of your passion,
The more I find myself inclined to wonder,
Since you seem to infer, you took in the
Disease at sight of me, I cannot be
So ignorant, as not to have receiv'd
Your name and character, but never knew
Before, when you did grace us with a visit ;
And how then, at such distance, you contracted
A danger so consuming, is above
My knowledge, not my pity, if you could
Direct me to the cure with virgin honour.

Car. So, so ; I leave you to the amorous dia-
logue ;
Presume you have my voice.

Jac. Sir, with your pardon,
You lead me to a wilderness, and take
Yourself away, that should be guide ; do you
Engage me to affect this don Fernando
In earnest ?

Car. Yes.

Jac. You did direct my love
To don Alberto.

Car. I dispense with that
Command ; you may, by fair degrees, and honour,

Quit his addresses, and dispose yourself
 Mistress and bride to don Ramyres' heir.

Fel. [to Francisco.] — It does not thus become
 you, sir, to mock

A virgin never injur'd you : he is

Your elder brother, I am here beneath

The level of his thoughts, i' the nature of

A servant to my cousin, and depend

Upon my uncle's charity.

Fran. May I be

Curst in my own affections, if I

Delude thee, though to achieve our best desires

We seem to dissemble thus before don Carlos.

This is a secret yet to poor Jacinta.

Car. You have my will ; obey it.

Jac. Hath Francisco

Broken his faith already? [Aside.]

Car. May you both joy, where you have placed
 your loves !

You apply close, Francisco. [Exit.]

Fran. With your good favour,

I fairly hope.

Fer. Your father's gone, Jacinta.

Jac. I should be

Equally pleas'd if you would leave me, too.

Fel. This is a change.

Jac. Unkind Francisco, hear me

Fran. 'Tis my meaning.—Brother, I have prepar'd

Your story there with Felisarda ; lose

No time.

Fer. Jacinta, clear your thoughts again,

And pardon that I took a shape to fright you ;

I shall not grieve to see Francisco prosper,

And merit all your favours, since my hopes

Must thrive, or have their funeral here.

[taking Felisarda's hand.]

Jac. Are we

So blest, Francisco ? That's a noble brother !

Fer. I may suppose my brother, Felisarda,

Hath made it now no secret, that I love you ;
 And since our stars have so contriv'd, that we
 Have means to assist our mutual ambitions,
 Do not you make their influence unprofitable ;
 'Tis the first boldness I ere took to visit you,
 Although my eyes have often, with delight
 And satisfaction to my heart, observ'd you.

Fel. You seem a noble gentleman, and can take
 But little glory to undo a maid,
 Whose fortunes cannot bring you any triumph.

Fer. How mean you, fairest ?

Fel. Not to be flatter'd, sir.
 Into a sin, to cure my poverty ;
 For men, whose expectations are like your's,
 Come not with honour to court such as I am,
 (Lost to the world for want of portion,)
 But with some untam'd heat of blood.

Fer. I dare,
 With conscience of my pure intent, try what
 Rudeness you find upon my lip, 'tis chaste
 As the desires that breathe upon my language.
 I began, Felisarda, to affect thee
 By seeing thee at prayers ; thy virtue wing'd
 Love's arrow first, and 'twere a sacrilege
 To choose thee now for sin, that hast a power
 To make this place a temple by thy innocence.
 I know thy poverty, and came not to
 Bribe it against thy chastity ; if thou
 Vouchsafe thy fair and honest love, it shall
 Adorn my fortunes, which shall stoop to serve it,
 In spite of friends or destiny.

Fran. [to *Jacinta.*]—My brother
 Knows my whole interest in thee, to whom
 My father's care directed him ; but we
 Thus mutually resolve to aid each other.

Jac. This must be wisely manag'd of all sides ;
 Parents have narrow eyes.²

² *Parents have narrow eyes.*] Meaning, perhaps, that they look carefully, or *narrowly* into these affairs.

Fran. Our meeting thus
Will happily secure us from their jealousy ;
Our fathers must not know this countermarch.

Re-enter CARLOS, behind.

Car. Ha!

I like not this : Fernando at busy courtship
With Felisarda, and Francisco so
Close with my daughter !

Jac. Alas ! we are betray'd.

Fel. My uncle.

Fer. You are her kinswoman, and of her bosom,
I prithee, in my absence, plead to fair
Jacinta for me ; as an earnest of
My gratitude, accept this trifle from me.

Car. Ha ! 'tis a jewel.

Fel. Without this reward

I should solicit, sir, your cause, and do
My duty to don Carlos, who desires it.

Fer. I take my leave.

Fran. Madam, I shall be proud

To call you sister, but you will prepare
Another happiness if you vouchsafe
To speak for me to pretty Felisarda ;
She's bound to hear your counsel and obey it ;
If I may owe this favour to your charity.

Jac. Your goodness will deserve more.

Fran. I must follow him.

[*Exit.*

Car. Do you take notice, Felisarda, that
You live here on the bounty of an uncle ?
Your father had but ill news from the Indies.

Fel. Sir, as your goodness wants no testimony,
I shall attend it with all humble services.

Car. How durst you, in the presence of my
daughter,
Maintain such whispers with Fernando, eh ?

Fel. Sir, he was pleas'd—

Car. No more ; I here discharge you.—
 Jacinta, I'll provide one to attend you
 With less relation to your blood.—I'll hear
 Of no defence ; away ! out of my doors !
 Go to your father, signior Theodoro :
 His ships may rise again were sunk by th' Hollander,
 And's fleet from St. Thomas ; he may prefer you
 To some rich don ; or, who knows but you may,
 Borne on the plumes of his estate, be made
 In time a proud condessa ; so, *a Dios,*
Muy illustre senora Felisarda ! [Exit.

Jac. Thus have I heard a tall ship has been
 wreck'd
 By some strange gust within the bay : his passion
 Admits of no dispute.—Oh, my poor coz,
 I fear my turn is next to be an exile ;
 Thy absence must deprive me of Francisco,
 Who can no more glad his Jacinta's eyes,
 With a pretence to visit thee.

Fel. 'Tis not
 My fear to suffer want so much afflicts me,
 As that I must lose you.—But he returns.

Re-enter CARLOS with a letter, and a Servant.

Car. Don Pedro de Fuente Calada coming hither,
 With don Alberto, and my son ?

Serv. Yes, sir ; the count desires to see Jacinta,
 Whom your son has so commended, and sent me
 To give you notice. [Exit Servant.

Car. Ha ! Jacinta ! retire
 To your closet, and put on your richest jewels,
 A count is come to visit you.—Felisarda,
 There may be some more art us'd in her dress,
 To take the eyes of greatness.

Jac. Sir, you speak
 As I were meant for sacrifice, or sale ;
 The count don Pedro—

Car. No reply; be careful,
And humble in your office, Felisarda,
And you may live and eat here, till Jacinta
Provide another servant to attend her,
Which may be three whole days; my anger is
Not everlasting.—Bid my wife come to me.

[*Exeunt Jacinta and Felisarda.*]

Enter ALSIMIRA.

I expect an honourable guest, the count don Pedro,
To see our daughter, whom I have commanded
To appear with all her riches, to attract him.

Als. If his intents be honourable; I have heard
Don Pedro loves a handsome donna.

Car. He had better cool his hot blood i' the frozen
Sea, and rise thence a rock of adamant,
To draw more wonder to the north, than but
Attempt to wrong her chastity.—

Enter don PEDRO, LUYs, and ALBERTO.

This from don Pedro is an honour binds
The service of our lives.

Ped. Noble don Carlos.

Als. If we had been prepar'd, we should have met
This grace with more becoming entertainment.

Ped. 'Tis fair, and equal to my wishes.—[*he
kisses Alsimira.*—She
Does smell of roasted garlick. [*aside.*—This your
sister?]

Re-enter JACINTA and FELISARDA.

LuyS. That is my mother, sir; here is Jacinta.

Ped. She has a tempting shape; I now am pleas'd.
I use to kiss all.—Hum, a pretty thing!

[*seeing Felisarda.*]

Car. I like not his busy eyes on Felisarda. [*Aside.*]

How to neglect Alberto yet, and must I
Throw off Fernando, but new entertain'd
By your command? the world will censure strangely.

Car. The world will praise thy wisdom, and my
care;

Or, if some giddy tongues condemn what's good,
Must we be servile to that fear, and lose
That which will make us judges of their folly,
And damn it with a frown of state? they're fools
That doat upon those shadows, idle talk,
The slime of earth-worms, that doth shine to cozen
Infants! 'tis fit we raise our thoughts to substances.

Jac. Let modesty and nature plead a little,
If I appear not fond to entertain him.

I may collect more strength by time and counsel,
And for your satisfaction dare profess

My lord hath too much graced the low Jacinta

With a pretence so noble: but I should
Be held not worth his person, and too light,

At his first breath of courtship, to fall from
My virgin strength, and give myself his captive.

Car. I shall allow that ceremony; the count
Makes an address. [*Exeunt Alsimira and Felisarda.*]

Ped. I must use thrift in my delight; my eyes
Are proud, and must be taught by absence how
To value such a mistress. I do miss the cham-
bermaid.

Car. It will become me to attend.

[*Exeunt Alberto and Jacinta.*]

Ped. Your pardon.

I'll take it for an honour, if your son
Be pleas'd—but to my coach.

Luis. Oh, my good lord!

So much I am your creature, if you knew
But where to match me, I would be your coach-
horse.

[*Exeunt Pedro and Luis.*]

Car. So, so; Jacinta's stars do smile upon her,
'Twill be a match: were but my son as fair

In expectation of a bride, I'd write
Nil ultra to my cares; he is too airy
 And volatile, a wife would timely fix him,
 And make him fit to manage my estate.—

Re-enter LUYS.

But he returns; I'll feel his pulse.

Car. Thou seest how near Jacinta is to happiness.

Luys. I did some office in't, she may thank me:
 I first inspir'd his lordship.

Car. Such a providence
 To build thyself a fortune by some brave
 And noble marriage, would become thy study,
 And make thy father willingly resign
 His breath, with confidence to know thee wise
 To govern what my industry hath gather'd.
 What think'st thou of a wife?

Luys. I think little, sir.
 What should I do with a wife?

Car. Imitate me, and study fame and wealth
 To thy posterity. Have I with care
 Acquir'd such an estate, that must not last
 Two generations?

Luys. The way to make it last,
 Is not to think of wiving; for my part,
 (Sir, with your pardon, if I may speak freely,)
 I had opinion once I was your son,
 But fearing, by your narrow exhibition,⁹
 You lov'd me not, I had a controversy
 Within my thoughts, whether I should resolve
 To geld myself, or turn a begging friar.

Car. A begging friar!

Luys. 'Tis as I tell you, sir;

⁹ *But fearing, by your exhibition,]* i. e. pension, allowance: thus
 in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“What maintenance he from his friends receives,

“Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.”

This last I fix'd upon, and have been studying
Where I conveniently might raise a sum
To compass a hair shirt, sir, to make trial,
Before I thrust myself point blank into
The order.

Car. Thus wild sons interpret still
A prudent father ; but you may discharge
Your jealousies, unless it be your own
Devotion to be chaste, and live a recluse.

Luis. For that I can be ruled ; I have not liv'd
After the rate of hating any woman,
But I can hear of marriage, if it be
Your pleasure : but these wives, sir, are such tickle
Things, not one hardly staid amongst a thousand ;—
Beside, unless you find one very rich,
A man may cast away himself, and get
A bundle of beggaries, mouths, that day and night
Are open, like hell-gates, to feed. I would not
Hazard my freedom, and the blessings heaven
Has lent you, sir, upon a wife with nothing.

Car. Thy pension doubles for that word ; in
earnest
How much I like this wisdom, take this purse ;
I will have no account ; and find me out
A wealthy maid or widow, but not ugly.

Luis. No ! not ill-favour'd, sir, if she be rich ?
A little old or crippled ?

Car. I will not have thee
Marry a crooked, deform'd thing, because
She may have children—

Luis. Not unless she have
An infinite wealth to make them straight, sir ;
I'll marry a witch, so she have money, sir.

Car. No, on no terms a monster !

Luis. Then I will not.
And now it comes into my mind, they talk of
A young rich widow, donna Estefania,
What do you think of her ?

Car. Thou hast nam'd one
To my own desires ; she lives a widow still,
But has refus'd many brave dons.

Luys. No matter ;
I like her, sir, the better.

Car. She gives good entertainment.

Luys. I will have her,
If you but say the word. I wear a charm
To catch a widow ; but this purse will hardly
Last till we finish ; I must do things with honour.

Car. Thou shalt be furnish'd like my son ; kneel
down

And ask my blessing, I do long to give it thee.

Luys. I have your blessing here.

Car. I'll find thee out
Some jewels to present thy mistress too.

Luys. 'Twill not be much amiss ; the gold will go
The farther sir.— [*Exit Carlos.*

I know not how this came about,
Unless don Pedro's coming to my sister
Have made him mad, and wrought this miracle.—
How careful he was I should not marry one de-
formed ; I have chose the handsomest things thus
far ; an I marry with a witch at these years, let
the devil ride my wild mare to death : and, now I
consider on it, I will not have the widow, for fear
of the worst ; yet I'll to her, and make a business
on it, to keep the old man's bags in motion. This,
with some good husbandry, and no play, may last
a fortnight.

'Tis very gold ; yes, it will pay some scores,
Maintain my negro, and a brace of whores.—
Now, fiddles, do your worst. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street before Ramyres's House.

Enter RAMYRES and FERNANDO.

Ram. How! no success? where lies the opposition?

Don Carlos, equal with myself, profess'd
His free desires, and to dispose his daughter
To meet thee with all loving entertainments.
What can she argue to thy birth, or person,
Attended with so plentiful a fortune?
I must believe thy courtship dull and faulty.
When I was at thy years, and spring of blood,
I wound myself like air among the ladies,
Commanding every bosom, and could dwell
Upon their lips like their own breath; their eyes
Doubled their beams on me, and she that was
Of hardest composition, whom no love
Could soften, when I came with charm of language,
Her frost would straight dissolve, and from her eyes
Her heart came weeping forth to woo me take it.

Fer. Yet you, that did with a magnetic chain
Attract so many, could possess but one.
I came not to don Carlos' house with cold
Or lukewarm thoughts, but arm'd with active fire,
That would have melted any heart but her's,
Bound up with ribs of treble ice against me,—
By which I find there is another fate
That governs love, against whose secret doom
In vain is eloquence or force.

Ram. So obstinate?

Fer. Nothing that I could say
In my own cause could make her tongue or looks

Promise an expectation to thrive
By any after service ; this disdain
I did resent, as it became my honour.
And now confirm'd against her pride, have thought
Of something, that, with your consent, may tame
Her scorn, or punish it to her repentance.

Ram. Name it.

Fer. She has a kinswoman lives with her,
Felisarda, daughter to signior Theodoro,
A trade-fall'n merchant, brother to don Carlos;
This Felisarda,
That now lives on the charity of her uncle,
Half servant, half companion to Jacinta,
And fair, I would pretend to love, observe me, sir,
And in their presence court her as my mistress :
Methinks I see already how Jacinta
Doth fret and frown.

Ram. I like it well.

Fer. To see her cousin so preferr'd, it is
The nature, sir, of women to be vex'd
When they know any of their servants court
Another, and that love they thought not worth
Their own reward, will sting them to the soul,
When 'tis translated where it meets with love,
And this will either break her stubborn heart,
Or humble her.

Ram. But what if this pretence,
By such degrees convey away your heart,
That, when Jacinta comes to sense, you cannot
Retrieve your passion from the last ? Or say,
Felisarda should believe you, and give up
Her heart to your possession, when you
Are by your first desires invited back,
What cure for Felisarda's wound, if you
Affect her not ? Although I like that part
Of your revenge, I would not have my son
Carry the hated brand of cruelty,
Or hear Fernando broke a lady's heart ;

But live upon his clear and honest truth,
 And if Jacinta have not valued him,
 Find his own estimation in some other
 By fair and noble courtship. Virtue is
 Above the gaudy shine of gold ; and if
 My son love where his honour cannot suffer,
 The want of dower I can forgive.

Fer. You now

Read excellent charity, and, like a father,
 It is the harmony I would hear ; I chide
 My fears, that did suspect you would prefer
 Wealth in a bride.

There is no beauty or estate compar'd
 To that resulteth from the soul : I dare
 Now ope this narrow closet, and present
 The name I love above the world ; it is,
 Sir, Felisarda, equal in her blood,
 Within whose virtuous poverty
 More treasures are contain'd, than in those veins
 Of earth, which, open'd by our slaves, do bleed
 Such floods of gold into the lap of Spain.
 Pardon my long concealment of her name,
 'Twas sin against your virtue, and once more
 Speak in that blessed language, I may hope
 To call this virgin mine.

Ram. How long have you
 Been taken with this female holiness ?

Fer. Before Jacinta was propounded, this
 Took firm possession of my faith.

Ram. Thou hast
 Discover'd thy destruction, foolish boy !
 Was this your policy to be reveng'd
 Upon Jacinta, whom my providence
 Elected to preserve our name and family,
 To doat upon a beggar ! Thou hast flung
 A fire into my brain ; either resolve
 To perfect my commands, and, throwing off
 That trifle thou hast prais'd, prefer Jacinta

To the best seat within thy heart, and marry her,
 Or live a stranger to me, and divested
 Of all those rights which nature and thy birth
 Have flatter'd thee with hope to find; expect not,
 Alive, the stipend of a groom to feed thee,
 Nor, dead, the naked charity of a shroud
 To hide thee from the worms.

Fer. O, sir, call back
 That murdering sentence; it were sin to let
 This passion dwell upon you, nor would heaven,
 Whose [equal] eyes survey our frailty, suffer
 So wild a rage possess you.

Ram. 'Tis within
 Thy own obedience to divert it.

Fer. When
 You ha' heard what I can say more, you will chide
 Your fierce command.

Ram. What riddle's this?

Fer. Jacinta's
 Already made another's, and my force
 Upon her vows can be no less than sacrilege.

Ram. This is some new pretence.

Fer. Sir, not to waste your patience, she hath given
 Herself by holy contract to Francisco.

Ram. Thy younger brother?

Fer. This, I know, will calm
 Your fury, and those eyes, that threaten'd lightning,
 With smiles applaud Francisco's fate, and praise
 My disobedience.

Ram. Francisco's mistress?

Fer. His wife, confirm'd by vows, and change of
 hearts;
 I had it from themselves, when either strove
 Whose circumstance should credit most their story,
 Her tear, or his conclusive groan, to seal
 Their marriage, but both were equal, sir.
 What curse had I deserv'd, should I divorce
 This innocent pair of lovers?

Ram. All this talk,
 Which foolish thou interpret'st thy defence,
 Hath but enlarg'd thy folly; and that act
 Which in Francisco I commend, upbraids
 Thy own degenerate baseness: shall thy brother,
 Who carries all his portion in his blood,
 Look high, and, careful of his honour, aim
 At fortunes, and with confidence achieve
 His glorious end, and shall his elder brother,
 Engag'd by nearest tie to advance his name,
 Lie beating in the common track of gulls,
 And sacrifice his birth and expectations
 To a cozening face, and poverty? Instead
 Of adding monuments, that to the world
 Should be his living chronicle, to bury
 His own, and all the antique honours, he
 Ne'er sweat for, but were cast into his blood,
 Within a dunghill?—Thou hast forfeited
 Thy birthright, which Francisco shall inherit,
 Nor shall the loss of my estate be all
 Thy punishment; hear, and believe with horror;
 If thou renounce not her that hath bewitch'd
 Thy heart, Felisarda, and, by such a choice
 I shall affect, redeem this scandal nobly,
 Fernando, from this minute, I pronounce
 Heir to his father's curse; be wise or perish. [*Exit.*

Fer. Why does not all the stock of thunder fall?

Enter FRANCISCO.

Or the fierce winds from their close caves let loose,
 Now shake me into atoms?

Fran. Fie, noble brother, what can so deject
 Your masculine thoughts? is this done like Fer-
 nando?

Whose resolute soul so late was arm'd to fight
 With all the miseries of man, and triumph
 With patience of a martyr? I observ'd
 My father late come from you.

Fer. Yes, Francisco,
He hath left his curse upon me.

Fran. How?

Fer. His curse ; dost comprehend what that word carries,
Shot from a father's angry breath? unless
I tear poor Felisarda from my heart,
He hath pronounc'd me heir to all his curses.—
Does this fright thee, Francisco? thou hast cause
To dance in soul for this, 'tis only I
Must lose and mourn ; thou shalt have all, I am
Degraded from my birth, while he affects
Thy forward youth, and only calls thee son,
Son of his active spirit, and applauds
Thy progress with Jacinta, in whose smiles
Thou may'st see all thy wishes waiting for thee,
Whilst poor Fernando, for her sake, must stand
An excommunicate from every blessing,
A thing that dare not give myself a name,
But flung into the world's necessities,
Until in time, with wonder of my wants,
I turn a ragged statue, on whose forehead
Each clown may carve his motto.

Fran. Will it call
His blessing back, if you can quit your love
To Felisarda? she is now a stranger
To her uncle's house ; I met one of his servants,
Who told me, on some jealous apprehension,
Don Carlos had discharg'd and banish'd her.

Fer. He could not be so barbarous.

Fran. You know
Her father's poverty.

Fer. And her wealth of virtue.

Fran. It is worth your counsel
To examine what you may preserve, if wisely
You could persuade your heart to love some other.—

Fer. What was't Francisco said?

Fran. Whose equal birth
And virtues may invite a noble change.

Fer. Do not you love Jacinta?

Fran. Most religiously.

Fer. If you can but contrive your hearts at
distance,

And in contempt of honour, and your faith,
Sacred to heaven and love, disclaim your mistress,
I may be happy yet; what say [you]? I know
Jacinta's wise, and when she understands
How much it will advance her charity—

Fran. Our case is not the same with your's,
good brother;

We have been long acquainted, to contract
Affections; if I understand, your loves
Are young; and had no time for growth.

Fer. Do not wound me.

'Tis false, by Love itself! thou hast deserv'd
I should forget thee now; dost thou consider
Love, (that doth make all harmony in our soul,
And seated in that noblest place of life,
The heart,) with things that are the slaves of time,
And that, like common seeds, thrown into earth,
It must have leisure to corrupt, and after
Much expectation, rise to name and vigour?
Love is not like the child that grows, and gets
By slow degrees perfection; but created,
Like the first man, at full strength the first minute;
It makes a noble choice, and gains from time
To be call'd only constant, not increas'd.
Preserve thy own affections, and think mine
Noble as they, I shall suspect thy love
To me else; prithee leave me.

Fran. I'll obey,
And study how to serve you.

[*Exit.* Fernando walks aside.]

Enter FELISARDA.

Fer. Ha! 'tis Felisarda.

Fel. Turn'd out like one that had been false!
where shall

Poor Felisarda wander? Were it not
To ask a father's blessing, I would visit
Some wilderness, ere thus present myself,
His burden and his sorrow.

Enter don PEDRO.

Ped. Had you no
Relation to Jacinta, pretty one?

Fel. I was her servant.

Ped. Come, you shall be my mistress; they have
us'd

Thee scurvily, I will provide thee a lodging.

Fel. I shall not use your bounty, sir, for that.

Ped. Thou art a handsome donna; here's a pistolet;
Meet me i' the evening, wilt?

Fel. Where, and for what?

Ped. The where, at thy own choice, the what,
thy honour.

Fel. You are not noble.

Ped. Don Pedro will embrace thy buxom body.

Fer. [*coming forward.*] You must unhand this
virgin.

Fel. For goodness, sir,

Add not your anger to my sufferings.

Unhappy Felisarda!

Ped. Is she a friend of your's, signior?

Fer. She is not for your sinful knowledge, don.

Ped. *Beso las manos; a Dios, senora!*—*Diablo!*
My blood is high and hot, unless I marry timely,
I must seek out a female julap. [*Exit.*

Fel. Don Carlos' fear of you was my first error,

But I accept my banishment, and shall
Humble myself to my poor father's fortune—
You will be, sir, dishonour'd to be seen
With such a walking misery.

Fer. Thy uncle
Hath play'd the tyrant with thee; but lose not
Thy virtuous courage; how our stories meet
And challenge kindred in affliction!
Oh, Felisarda! I do suffer too,
And for thy sake; thou shalt know more: till I
Salute thee at thy father's house, preserve
Good thoughts of thy Fernando, and accept
This little gold, no bribe against thy honour.

Fel. My best return must be my prayers. [*Exit.*]

Fer. Farewell?—

'Tis not impossible my father may
Retract his cruelty, and by time, and some
Discreet ways, yet be wrought to like what now
His passion will not let him see, her virtue.
How many seas are met to wrestle here! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in don Carlos's House.

Enter JACINTA and ALBERTO.

Jac. I love you, sir, so well, that I could wish
You were a witch.

Alb. A witch! your reason, lady?

Jac. Then 'twere within the circle of your art,
By some device to rid me of don Pedro,
Or, if you could by any spell but get
My father disaffect him.—

Alb. A witch! that's a way about; I were best
cut his throat a little.

Jac. You're much beholding to my brother, sir,
He still commends you; such an advocate
Deserves his fee.

Alb. Unless my cause succeed,
He has been feed too much. [*aside.*] — Your brother,
lady,
Preserves a noble friendship. If I were sure
You would be mine, Jacinta, I could tarry
Till your father die.

Jac. But how can you procure
Don Pedro to have patience so long,
Whom my father pleads for, and prefers?

Alb. There, there's the mischief; I must poison
him;
One fig^a sends him to Erebus, 'tis in
Your power and wit to spin out time; I may
Invent a means for his conveyance.—Ha!

Enter don CARLOS, ESTEFANIA, and LUYS.

Jac. The lady Estefania!

Car. Welcome again;
This is an honour to us. Where's Jacinta?
Salute this noble lady.—Ha, Luigi,
Hast thou prevail'd already?

Luis. I am i' the way, you see;
She has not been observ'd, they say, to walk
So freely with some men that boast more favour.

Enter don PEDRO.

Ped. What makes the lady Estefania here?

[*Aside.*
I like not their converse; this day is ominous. [*Exit.*

Car. Was't not the count don Pedro that retir'd?
What object here displeas'd him?

Alb. Ha, ha! didst see the don?

Car. Preserve your mirth—I must be satisfied.

[*Exit. Luis and Alb. walk aside.*

^a One fig] See p. 141.

Luys. I'll lay a thousand ducats that my costive don has been tampering with my widow ; I observ'd, When I by chance let fall discourse, how much He was an amorous servant to Jacinta, She chang'd her colour, and did make Such business how my sister did affect him, That I may guess, though I make use on't otherwise To the old man, to keep the pulses of His purse in play, she came to examine chiefly How matters here proceeded. Well, if she love him—

Alb. She is thy mistress.

Luys. My mistress ! yes, but any man shall marry her.

Alb. How ?

Luys. She is a widow, don, consider that ; Has buried one was thought a Hercules, Two cubits taller, and a man that cut Three inches deeper in the say,² than I ; Consider that too : She may be cock o' twenty, nay, for aught know, she is immortal.

Alb. What dost with her ?

Luys. Faith, nothing yet, And have but little hope ; I think she's honest.

Alb. Does she love thee ?

Luys. At her own peril : we are not come to articles ; There is no wit in wiving ; give me a whore ; But that I owe thee money, thou shouldst never Marry my sister either.

² *in the say,*] i. e. in the fat. To *take the say*, is to draw the knife along the belly of the deer, near the brisket, enough (say the old books on venery) in length and depth to discover how fat he is. The expression occurs perpetually in our old writers in the sense of making a trial and experiment. A *cock of twenty* is one that has killed such a number of his antagonists, in the pit.

Alb. Not Jacinta?

Luis. No,

Nor any other simpering piece of honesty,
If I might counsel thee, while any wench
Were extant, and the stews inhabited.

Is't fit, a freeborn gentleman should be chain'd
Tenant for life to one? Hang marriage shackles!
Tie the town bulls to the stake, we must have con-
cubines.

Jac. Don Pedro was to blame; and, trust me,
madam,

He shall find nothing here t' advance his triumph.

Estef. You are virtuous, Jacinta; I presum'd
When I should land my sufferings on your know-
ledge,

You would excuse my unexpected visit.

Jac. My brother has been just in the relation
How he pursues my love; but I shall be
Happy to serve your justice, and must tell
The noble Estefania, my heart,

By all that love can teach to bind a faith,
Is placed where it shall never injure what
Your mutual vows contracted. I smile not
With mine own eyes upon him; 'tis my father's
Severe command to love him; but this story,
Clear'd to my father, would secure us both.

Estef. If any faith or service in me can
Deserve this goodness, cheerfully employ it.

Jac. I will be confident to use your virtue.

Estef. I will refuse no office.

Re-enter don CARLOS.

Jac. My father comes most aptly.

Alb. Ha! ha! ha! have pity on my spleen,
I shall crack a rib else; ha, ha, ha!

Car. You are very merry, don Alberto.—Son,
You may be of the counsel, too; this house

Is mine, I take it, I advise you would
Frequent it less.

Alb. How, sir?

Car. I do not like your visits,
And, to remove the cause, my daughter is
Already, sir, dispos'd to one above
Your birth and fortune; so, [sir,] fare you well!
You understand, now laugh and pick your teeth.—
Daughter——

Alb. Did you hear this, Luys?

Luys. Ay, the old man raves.

Alb. Must not frequent his house!

Luys. Would 'twere in a flame, so his money
and I were out on't.

Alb. But thy sister—

Luys. Would be refin'd i' the fire; let her
burn, too.

Alb. My friend, if I have not Jacinta,
There are certain sums of money—

Luys. I am not

Of your mind, don; the sums are most uncertain.
Come, you did laugh too loud, my father is
A stoic; but despair not; go to your lodging.
I'll see thee anon, and either bring thee money,
Or else some reasons why I do not bring it;
We will not go to law, I'll pawn the widow
Rather than thou shalt want; go, say thy prayers,
And shew thy teeth no more, till I come to thee.—

[*Exit Alberto.*]

Now, the business here?

Car. We have agreed, Jacinta;
And he, to-morrow, privately,
Will at the church expect thee; 'tis an age
Till I salute thee bride to this great don,
Whose thoughts are wing'd t' enjoy thee, and
resolve

No more delay; prepare to meet this honour.

Luys. To-morrow! this must be cross'd. [*Aside.*]

Car. My next ambition, madam, will be perfect,
To call you by some nearer name : my son—

Estef. Is a most noble gentleman, I know not
Where lives so clear a merit.

Luys. Oh, sweet madam!

Car. Jacinta!

Luys. I have a suit to you.

Estef. To me?

Luys. Only that you would not doat too much
upon me, a gentle, easy, sober pace in love goes
far, and is much better than a gallop; if you please,
we may hold one another in hand, and love this
seven years without sealing and delivering.

Estef. With all my heart.

Luys. You'll do me a pleasure, madam.

Estef. You instruct well.

Luys. This courtship is not common.

Estef. I confess it.

Car. Son Luys.

Luys. Sir. [*Car. and Luys converse aside.*]

Car. Let her not cool.

Luys. An she do,

I know the way to heat her again.

Estef. I will not yet reveal my abuse, Jacinta;
And if you please to favour a design,
I have a plot may serve to both our happiness.

Jac. I'll obey.

There is a trembling in my heart.

Car. You must not leave us yet, madam.

Estef. You may command me.

Luys. My don so rampant! there's something in
this pannier

Shall spoil your match to-morrow: don Alberto,
When I disclose, shall worship me, be drunk,
Cancel arrears, and beg to lend more money.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in don Ramyres's House:

Enter RAMYRES, reading a paper, FRANCISCO, and a Notary.

Ram. 'Tis most exactly done, and firm.

Nota. I could,
Omitting or inserting but a word,
Or particle, trouble the whole conveyance,
And make work for the law till doom's-day: but—

Fran. Is't possible?

Nota. You do not know the quirks of a scrivano,
A dash undoes a family, a point,
An artificial accent i' the wrong place,
Shall poison an estate, translate your land,
In Spain now, into either of both Indies,
In less time than our galleons of plate
Are sailing hither; but you are my friend,
And noble benefactor.

Ram. There is more
For your reward. [Gives him money.]

Nota. I humbly thank you, signior; *su criado*:

Fran. Farewell.

Nota. *Su servidor.* [Exit.]

Ram. This deed makes thee my heir, Francisco,
and
Will, like a powerful spell upon don Carlos,
Whose soul is superstitious about¹ wealth,
Win his consent to make Jacinta thine.

Fran. Sir,
I cannot say my duty shall deserve it,
Since nature, and religion, without all
This bounty, challenges my best obedience.

¹ about] Old copy upon, a repetition from the preceding line.

Enter FERNANDO.

Ram. Away! thy sight
Is my disease.

Fer. Your blessing, sir, I kneel for.

Ram. What impudence is this! wilt thou subscribe,
To take off mine, thy curse on Felisarda?
For I do hate her heartily; disclaim
All promise, contract, or converse for ever,
I'm else inexorable.

Fer. Sir.

Ram. His eyes shoot poison at me; ha! he has
Bewitched me, sure; what coldness thus invades
me?

There's something creeping to my heart. Francisco!

Possess this gift of thy inheritance.

[*Gives him the Deed.*]

Convey me to my chamber; oh!—Fernando,
If thou dost hope I should take off my curse,
Do not approach my sight, unless I send for thee.

Fran. Forbear, good brother.—Diego! Roderigo!

Enter two Servants.

Your hands t' assist my father; one go for his
physician. [*Exeunt Francisco, and Servants, bearing
Ramyses.*]

Fer. This turn is fatal, and affrights me; but
Heaven has more charity than to let him die
With such a hard heart; 'twere a sin, next his
Want of compassion, to suspect he can
Take his eternal flight and leave Fernando
This desperate legacy; he will [yet] change
The curse into some little prayer, I hope,
And then—

Enter Servant with a Physician.

Serv. Make haste, I beseech you, doctor.

Phys. Noble Fernando.

Fer. As you would have men think your art is meant

Not to abuse mankind, employ it all

To cure my poor sick father

Phys. Fear it not, sir. [*Exeunt Phys. and Serv.*

Fer. But there is more than your thin skill requir'd
T' instate a health; your recipes, perplex'd
With tough names, are but mockeries and noise,
Without some dew from heaven, to mix and make
them

Enter a Servant.

Thrive in the application.—What now?

Serv. Oh, sir, I am sent for the confessor,
The doctor fears him much: your brother says
You must have patience, and not enter, sir;
Your father is a going, good old man,
And having made him heir, is loth your presence
Should interrupt his journey. [*Exit.*

Fer. Francisco may be honest, yet, methinks,
It would become his love to interpose
For my access at such a needful hour,
And mediate for my blessing, not assist
Unkindly thus my banishment. I'll not
Be lost so tamely: shall my father die
And not Fernando take his leave!—I dare not.—
*If thou dost hope I should take off this curse,
Do not approach until I send—'twas so,
And 'tis a law that binds above my blood.—*

Re-enter Servant with a Confessor.

Make haste, good father, and if heaven deny

Him life, let not his charity die too.
 One curse may sink us both ; say how I kneel
 And beg he would bequeath me but his blessing ;
 Then, though Francisco be his heir, I shall
 Live happy. and take comfort in my tears,
 When I remember him, so kind a father.

Conf. It is my duty. [Exit.

Fer. Do your holy office —
 Those fond philosophers that magnify
 Our human nature, and did boast we had
 Such a prerogative in our rational soul,
 Convers'd but little with the world ; confined
 To cells, and unfrequented woods, they knew not
 The fierce vexation of community,
 Else they had taught, our reason is our loss,
 And but a privilege that exceedeth sense,
 By nearer apprehension of what wounds,
 To know ourselves most miserable.—My heart

Re-enter Physician and FRANCISCO.

Is teeming with new fears.—Ha ! is he dead ?

Phys. Not dead, but in a desperate condition ;
 And so that little breath remains we have
 Remitted to his confessor, whose office
 Is all that's left.

Fran. Is there no hope of life, then ?

Phys. None.

Fer. Is he not merciful to Fernando yet ?
 No talk of me ?

Phys. I find he takes no pleasure
 To hear you nam'd : Francisco, to us all,
 He did confirm his heir, with many blessings.

Fer. And not one left for me ! oh, take me in,
 Thou gentle earth, and let me creep through all
 Thy dark and hollow crannies, till I find
 Another way to come into the world,
 For all the air I breathe in here is poison'd.

Fran. We must have patience, brother ; it was no Ambitious thought of mine to supplant you : He may live yet, and you be reconciled.

Fer. That was some kindness yet, Francisco ; but I charge thee, by the nearness of our blood, When I am made this mockery, and wonder, And' know not where to find out charity, If unawares a chance direct my weary And wither'd feet to some fair house of thine, Where plenty with full blessings crowns thy table, If my thin face betray my want of food, Do not despise me, 'cause I was thy brother.—

Fran. Leave these imagined horrors ; I must not Live when my brother is thus miserable.

Re-enter Confessor.

Fer. There's something in that face looks comfortably.

Conf. Your father, sir, is dead ; his will to make Francisco the sole master of his fortunes Is now irrevocable ; a small pension He hath given you for life, which, with his blessing, Is all the benefit I bring.

Fer. Ha ! blessing !
Speak it again, good father.

Conf. I did apply some lenitives to soften His anger, and prevail'd ; your father hath Revers'd that heavy censure of his curse, And in the place bequeath'd his prayer and blessing.

Fer. I am new created by his charity.

Conf. Some ceremonies are behind : he did Desire to be interr'd within our convent, And left his sepulture to me ; I am confident Your pieties will give me leave—

Fran. His will in all things I obey, and your's, Most reverend father ; order, as you please,

* And *know*] Old copy, *I know*.

His body; we may after celebrate,
With all due obsequies, his funeral.

Fer. Why *you* alone obey? I am your brother:
My father's eldest son, though not his heir.

Fran. It pleas'd my father, sir, to think me worthy
Of such a title; you shall find me kind,
If you can look on matters without envy.—

Fer. If I can look on matters without envy!

Fran. You may live here still.

Fer. I *may* live here, Francisco!

Enter a Gentleman with a letter, and whispers

FRANCISCO.

Conditions?

I would not understand this dialect.—

Fran. With me? from madam Estefania?

Gent. If you be signior Francisco.

Fer. Slighted!

I find my father was not dead till now.

Crowd not, you jealous thoughts,
So thick into my brain, lest you do tempt
Me to an act will forfeit all again.

Fran. This is Jacinta's character.—[*reads aside.*]
—*Fail not to meet [me] timely, as you will prevent
the danger of my rape.—My soul! Estefania can
instruct you all particulars.—*

My service to your lady; say, I shall obey her
commands. [Exit *Gent.*

Fer. Is that an inventory you peruse?

Fran. Fernando, you must pardon me, there's
something

Of essence to my life, exacts my care,
And person; I must leave you, we may seasonably
Confer of things at my return.—Jacinta! [Exit.

Fer. 'Tis clear, I am neglected: he did name
Jacinta, too, in triumph, and is gone,

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And person ; I must leave you, we may seasonably
Confer of things at my return.—Jacinta ! [Exit.

Fer. 'Tis clear, I am neglected : he did name
Jacinta, too, in triumph, and is gone,

Big with his glories, to divide them there,
 And laugh at what my constant love hath made me.
 My heart is in a storm, and day grows black;
 There's not a star in heaven will lend a beam
 To light me to my ruin. Felisarda!—
 That name is both my haven and my shipwreck.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Don Alberto's Lodgings.

Enter ALBERTO and LUYs.

Alb. Excellent!

LuyS. You'll give me now a general release
 For all the sums I owe you?

Alb. Thou hast bless'd me.

LuyS. I was born to do you good; about it presently:

Now you know where to ambush. Away! I say,
 And get comrades: Jacinta and my mother
 Is all the carriage; you may know the coach,
 By the old woman's cough, ere it come near you;
 She has a desperate malice to one tooth left
 Still in her gums; till she has shook that out,
 You will not need a warning-piece; farewell.

Alb. Farewell! why, what's the matter? you
 shall not leave me;

Thy mother will not know thee in a vizard.

LuyS. You must excuse me, friend; I would
 join wi'ye
 I' the surprise, but that—

Alb. What, I prithee?

LuyS. I have extraordinary business, that concerns me
 As near as life.

Alb. May not I know't? thou art going
To the widow now, thy mistress.

Luis. 'Tis a business of more consequence;
dost think I would leave thee, an there were not
such a necessity?

Alb. For what?

Luis. An there were no more sisters in the world,
You must excuse me.

Alb. Nay, nay, we must not part, unless I know
This mystery; some reason why you leave me.

Luis. If you will needs know, there's a wench
stays for me,

The toy I told thee of. Farewell, Alberto.

Alb. But will you leave such business, and a friend?

Luis. Business! art thou a gentleman, and
wouldst have me leave a lady I have not seen this
three year

For business, or a friend? I must to her.

If I had a heart [that weigh'd] ten ton of iron,
This female adamant would draw it to her;

I feel it going; I do tell thee, don,
There is no business so material

In nature as a wench, and if thou art my friend,
Thou wouldst leave my sister now in such a cause,

And bear me company. I must be drunk,

And she must pick my pocket, too, that is

Another secret, when we meet together,

That never fails?

Alb. Why, art thou desperate?

Dost not thou fear thy body?

Luis. A wench is physic

My body has been us'd to; leave thy prating,

And let me take my course.

Alb. An you be so resolute—

Luis. I must give you one advice before you go.

When my sister's in thy custody, observe

The time and place, and things convenient;

And stand not fooling about ceremonies,
But put her to't.

Alb. Thou wouldst not have me ravish her?

Luis. Yes, but I would;

She is no sister of mine if she cry out
For such a business: she has more wit.

Alb. Was ever such a mad-cap!

Luis. I'll not pray for thee.

Alb. I shall not prosper if thou dost.

Luis. Thy hand;

I'll drink thy health, and hang thyself.

Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in don Carlos's House.

Enter JACINTA, and ESTEFANIA hooded, and dressed alike.

Jac. You tell

Me wonders, madam; don Ramyres dead,
His son Fernando disinherited,
And young Francisco made his heir?

Estef. I took
Francisco's word.

Jac. 'Tis strange.

Estef. Your stars smile on you.

Jac. Yet I much pity the poor gentleman.

Estef. Busy your thought about your own; Francisco—

Jac. Hath promis'd not to fail?

Estef. He waits where he can easily observe
How soon the coast is clear, to visit you.

Jac. So, so; thus hooded,
The day cannot distinguish our two faces,
And for your voice, you know how to disguise it
By imitation of my cold and hoarseness,
And when you come to church—

Estef. Let me alone, there I'll produce the contract,
Which will surprise don Pedro, and your father,
To see me challenge him; I have prepar'd the
priest, too,
Whose holy eloquence may assist; however,
This will give you opportunity to perfect
Your wishes with your servant; put the rest
To fate, Jacinta.

Jac. I hear some approach;
Retire into my closet.— [*Exit Estefania.*]

Enter don CARLOS and don PEDRO.

Car. Jacinta!

Jac. Sir.

Car. Not thy voice recover'd?

Jac. A violent cold—

Car. Count Pedro must salute you ere we go.

Ped. Impute it to devotion, that I make
Such haste to be within thy arms;
One kiss, and I shall carry with me
Another soul, and count with joy the minutes
I am to expect this happiness. [*kisses her.*]

Car. Jacinta,
You follow with your mother in the coach.—
My lord, I wait you.

Ped. There's heaven upon her lip.
[*Exeunt Carlos and Pedro.*]

Re-enter ESTEFANIA.

Jac. He has kiss'd, and took his leave, I hope.
I must
Owe all my happiness to you, sweet madam;
I had been lost without your art to help me.

Estef. Love will not leave his votaries.
[*coughing within.*]

Jac. I hear my mother's cough ; I have finish'd,
And you must act your part. [Exit.

Enter ALSIMIRA.

Als. Come, are you ready, daughter ? the coach
stays.

Estef. I attend.

Als. Don Pedro will cure your cold before the
morning. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Street.

FRANCISCO and JACINTA pass hastily over the stage.

SCENE V.

A Room in Theodoro's House.

Enter THEODORO and FELISARDA.

Theo. What duty, Felisarda, shall we pay
To heaven for this last care of us ?
Let not thy eyes,
Although thy grief become them, be in love
With tears ; I prophesy a joy shall weigh
Down all our sufferings ; I see comfort break
Like day, whose forehead cheers the world ; if don
Fernando love thee, he is a gentleman,
Confirm'd in all that's honourable, and cannot
Forget whom his own virtue hath made choice
To shine upon.

Fel. Unless my innocence,
Apt to believe a flattering tongue, see not

The serpent couch, and hide his speckled breast
 Among the flowers ; but it were sin to think
 He can dissemble, father ; and I know not,
 Since I was first the object of his charity,
 I find a pious gratitude disperse
 Within my soul, and every thought of him
 Engenders a warm sigh within me, which,
 Like curls of holy incense, overtake
 Each other in my bosom, and enlarge
 With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

Theo. Cherish

Those thoughts ; and where such noble worth
 invites,

Be bold to call it love.

Fel. It is too much

Ambition to hope he should be just

To me, or keep his honour, when I look on

The pale complexion of my wants ; and yet,

Unless he loves me dearly, I am lost,

And, if he have but mock'd me into faith,

He might as well have murder'd me, for I

Shall have no heart to live, if his neglect

Deface what my affection printed there.

Theo. There is no fear of his revolt ; lose not

His character. I must attend some business ;

If don Fernando visit thee, preserve

His fair opinion, and thou may'st live

Above thy uncle's pity.

Fel. Will you leave me ?

Theo. My stay shall not be long ; the garden will,

With smiling flowers, encourage thee to walk,

And raise thy drooping eyes, with hope to see

A spring like their's upon thee. [Exit.

Fel. Why should I

Give any entertainment to my fears ?

Suspensions are but like the shape of clouds,

And idle forms i' the air, we make to fright us.

I will admit no jealous thought to wound

Fernando's truth, but with that cheerfulness,
 My own first clear intents to honour him
 Can arm me with, expect to meet his faith
 As noble as he promis'd.—Ha! 'tis he.

Enter FERNANDO.

My poor heart trembles like a timorous leaf,
 Which the wind shakes upon his sickly stalk,
 And frights into a palsy.

Fer. Felisarda!

Fel. Shall I want fortitude to bid him welcome?—

[*Aside.*

Sir, if you think there is a heart alive
 That can be grateful, and with humble thought
 And prayers reward your piety, despise not
 The offer of it here; you have not cast
 Your bounty on a rock; while the seeds thrive
 Where you did place your charity, my joy
 May seem ill dress'd to come like sorrow thus,
 But you may see through every tear, and find
 My eyes meant innocence, and your hearty welcome.

Fer. Who did prepare thee, Felisarda, thus
 To entertain me weeping? Sure our souls
 Meet and converse, and we not know't; there is
 Such beauty in that watery circle, I
 Am fearful to come near, and breathe a kiss
 Upon thy cheek, lest I pollute that crystal,
 And yet I must salute thee, and I dare,
 With one warm sigh, meet and dry up this sorrow.

Fel. I shall forget all misery; for when
 I look upon the world, and race of men,
 I find them proud, and all so unacquainted
 With pity to such miserable things
 As poverty hath made us, that I must
 Conclude you sent from heaven.

Fer. Oh, do not flatter
 Thyself, poor Felisarda; I am mortal;

The life I bear about me is not mine,
 But borrow'd to come to thee once again,
 And, ere I go, to clear how much I love thee—
 But first, I have a story to deliver,
 A tale will make thee sad, but I must tell it,—
 There is one dead that lov'd thee not.

Fel. One dead

That lov'd me not? this carries, sir, in nature
 No killing sound; I shall be sad to know
 I did deserve an enemy, or he want
 A charity at death.

Fer. Thy cruel enemy,
 And my best friend, hath took eternal leave,
 And's gone—to heaven, I hope; excuse my tears,
 It is a tribute I must pay his memory,
 For I did love my father.

Fel. Ha! your father?

Fer. Yes, Felisarda, he is gone, that in
 The morning promis'd many years; but death
 Hath in few hours made him as stiff, as all
 The winds of winter³ had thrown cold upon him,
 And whisper'd him to marble.

Fel. Now trust me,
 My heart weeps for him; but I understand
 Not how I was concern'd in his displeasure;
 And in such height as you profess.

Fer. He did
 Command me, on his blessing, to forsake thee.
 Was't not a cruel precept, to enforce
 The soul, and curse his son for honest love?

Fel. This is a wound indeed.

Fer. But not so mortal;
 For his last breath was balsam pour'd upon it,
 By which he did reverse his malediction;
 And I, that groan'd beneath the weight of that
 Anathema, sunk almost to despair,

³ *The winds of winter,*] Old copy, "The winds, and winter."

Where night and heavy shades hung round about me,
Found myself rising like the morning star
To view the world.

Fel. Never, I hope, to be
Eclips'd again.

Fer. This was a welcome blessing.

Fel. Heaven had a care of both: my joys are
mighty.

Vouchsafe me, sir, your pardon, if I blush,
And say I love, but rather than the peace
That should preserve your bosom, suffer for
My sake, 'twere better I were dead.

Fer. No, live,
And live for ever happy, thou deserved'st it.
It is Fernando doth make haste to sleep
In his forgotten dust.

Fel. Those accents did
Not sound so cheerfully.

Fer. Dost love me?

Fel. Sir?

Fer. Do not, I prithee, do not; I am lost,
Alas! I am no more Fernando, there
Is nothing but the empty name of him
That did betray thee; place a guard about
Thy heart betime, I am not worth this sweetness.

Fel. Did not Fernando speak all this? alas,
He knew that I was poor before, and needed not
Despise me now for that.

Fer. Desert me, goodness,
When I upbraid thy wants. 'Tis I am poor,
For I have not a stock in all the world
Of so much dust, as would contrive one narrow
Cabin to shroud a worm; my dying father
Hath given away my birthright to Francisco;
I'm disinherited, thrown out of all,
But the small earth I borrow, thus to walk on;
And having nothing left, I come to kiss thee,
And take my everlasting leave of thee too.

Farewell! this will persuade thee to consent
To my eternal absence.

Fel. I must beseech you stay a little, sir,
And clear my faith. Hath your displeas'd father
Depriv'd you then of all, and made Francisco
The lord of your inheritance, without hope
To be repair'd in fortune?

Fer. 'Tis sad truth.⁴

Fel. This is a happiness I did not look for.

Fer. A happiness!

Fel. Yes, sir, a happiness.

Fer. Can Felisarda take delight to hear
What hath undone her servant?

Fel. Heaven avert it.

But 'tis not worth my grief to be assured
That this will bring me nearer now to him
Whom I most honour of the world; and 'tis
My pride, if you exceed me not in fortune,
That I can boast my heart, as high, and rich,
With noble flame, and every way your equal;
And if you be as poor as I, Fernando,
I can deserve you now, and love you more
Than when your expectation carried all
The pride and blossoms of the spring upon it

Fer. Those shadows will not feed more than
your fancies:

Two poverties will keep but a thin table;
And while we dream of this high nourishment,
We do but starve more gloriously.

Fel. 'Tis ease

And wealth first taught us art to surfeit by:
Nature is wise, not costly, and will spread
A table for us in the wilderness;
And the kind earth keep us alive and healthful,
With what her bosom doth invite us to;
The brooks, not there suspected, as the wine
That sometime princes quaff, are all transparent,

⁴ 'Tis sad truth.] Had Fernando forgotten that a pension was left him by his father? See p. 240.

And with their pretty murmurs call to taste them.
 In every tree a chorister to sing
 Health to our loves ; our lives shall there be free
 As the first knowledge was from sin, and all
 Our dreams as innocent.

Fer. Oh, Felisarda ?

If thou didst own less virtue I might prove
 Unkind, and marry thee : but being so rich
 In goodness, it becomes me not to bring
 One that is poor in every worth, to waste
 So excellent a dower : be free, and meet
 One that hath wealth to cherish it, I shall
 Undo thee quite ; but pray for me, as I,
 That thou mayst change for a more happy bride-
 groom ;

I dare as soon be guilty of my death,
 As make thee miserable by expecting me.
 Farewell ! and do not wrong my soul, to think
 That any storm could separate us two,
 But that I have no fortune now to serve thee.

Fel. This will be no exception, sir, I hope,
 When we are both dead, yet our bodies may
 Be cold, and strangers in the winding sheet,
 We shall be married when our spirits meet

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

An open Space before a Church.

Enter don CARLOS, and don PEDRO.

Ped. Your daughter does not use me well, don
 Carlos.

Car. I know not what to think, some great
misfortune
Must be the cause.

Ped. Not yet appear? they might,
An they had crept like tortoises, arrived
Before this time.

Car. There is some strange disaster.

Ped. The coach oe'rthrown, and both their lives
endanger'd,
Can but excuse them.

Enter ALSIMIRA hastily.

Als. Oh, my lord don Carlos!

Ped. The tragic voice of women strikes mine ear.

Car. Alsimira!

Ped. Madam.—

Car. Where is our daughter?

Als. My fear almost distracts me; she is gone,
Stolen, ravish'd from me.

Ped. Ha!

Als. An armed troop,
In vizards, forced her from my coach; and heaven
knows

Where they have hurried the poor Jacinta.

Car. A troop of armed devils.

Ped. Let them be
A legion, they are all damn'd.

Als. Nay, they were men, and mortal sure.

Ped. I will not leave one soul amongst them all.

Car. Mine is in torment.

I'the hope and height of my ambition
To be thus crossed! How 'scap'd you?

Als. Alas, I was not young enough; I offered
Myself to bear her company, and suffer
As much as she did, but one boisterous fellow,
With a starch'd voice, and a worse vizard, took me
Just here above my sciatica, and quoited me

Into the coach again upon my head,
I had a larum in't for half an hour,
And so I 'scap'd with life.

Ped. Did they use her
With any rigour?

Als. To say truth, they were
Gentle enough to her.

Ped. That mollifies, and they may live.

Car. Hell overtake them! let's return; they
had better
Committed incest, than this rape.

Ped. They had better ravish'd Proserpine before
Don Lucifer's own face. I am all fury. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

*Enter ALBERTO, and ESTEFANIA disguised and
veil'd as before.*

Alb. Pardon, my dear Jacinta; it was love
That threw me on this act; I had no patience
To see thee forced into a marriage
By a covetous father, whose devotion
Is only wealth and title. I esteem
No danger, if at last the fair Jacinta
Smile and allow this duty; let not silence
Deprive me longer of thy voice, whose every
Accent will please, though it pronounce my sentence:
There's death in this eclipse too; sweet, dismiss
Thy ungentle veil, and let thy eyes make bright
This melancholy air, that droops and dies
For want of thy restoring beams.

Estef. Now, sir, [*takes off her veil.*]
What think you of your mistress?

Alb. You are the lady Estefania, I take it.

Estef. Yes, you did take me from the coach, Alberto,
But by a consequence I find you thought
Jacinta in your power; I could have told you,
Had you discover'd sooner what you were,
Where to have found your mistress, but she's now
Above your hope, and by the priest, ere this,
Made wife to don Francisco.

Alb. To don Pedro.

Estef. It was not, sir, impossible that I,
Had not your violence prevented me,
(By a plot between Jacinta and myself,
To take her place and person in the coach,)
Had by this time been married to count Pedro,
Whom I have power and justice, sir, to challenge,
If contracts carry weight.

Alb. Have I so long
Lain beating at the bush, and is the bird
Fled to Francisco?

Estef. I should shew I had
A passion, sir, and sense of this captivity,
But that I find 'twas error, and not will,
Led you to this; and your own loss, now made
Irreparable, helps to tie up my anger.

Alb. Madam, I must confess a wrong, and dare
Submit to let your anger punish me,
For I despise myself, now I have lost
My expectation; and if you please
To think I had no malice in this act
To you, you can propose no satisfaction
I shall esteem a penance to repair you,
As far as my poor life, if you'll direct it.

Estef. 'Tis nobly promis'd, sir. You shall redeem-
In my thoughts what is past, if you be pleas'd
To make my stay no longer here; I have
No desperate aim to make don Pedro yet
Know how to right [me], or make public what
Should bind his honour to perform.

Alb. Was not Luys, madam, entertain'd your servant ?

Este. I shall make known the story, if you walk
But to don Carlos' house.

Alb. You shall command me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in don Carlos's House.

Enter CARLOS, ALSIMIRA, and Servant.

Car. No news yet of Jacinta ?

Als. None.

Car. He must

Not live in Spain, nor in the world, if my
Revenge can overtake him, that has stolen
My daughter ; could you not by voice or habit
Guess at the ravisher ? ye are traitors all.

Als. Now I consider better, I suspect
Alberto one of the conspiracy ;
Some voice did sound like his. You know he
lov'd her.

Car. Ha ! Alberto ?

Als. And how he might engage some ruffians
To cross don Pedro.

Car. It was he ; where's Luys ?
I do not like his absence, they're both guilty :
My own blood turn'd a rebel ! Send for the alcaides,
They shall both trot like thieves to the corregidor.—
Where is count Pedro ?

Als. Gone in search
Of his lost mistress.

Car. When all things were ripe,
The very priest prepar'd to seal our joys,
A work my brain did labour for, and sweat

With hope to see accomplish'd, undermin'd,
And in a minute all blown up!

Als. Have patience,
She may be found again.

Car. But how my lord
May be inclin'd to accept her, foil'd, or wounded

Enter Luys drunk.

In fame.—

Als. Luys is here.

Car. Borachio! here's a spectacle! more affliction!

Where is your sister? what's become of Jacinta?

Luys. My sister and Jacinta are gone together;
I know all the business.

Als. Where is she?

Luys. She is very well; I know not where she is.
But don Alberto is an honest gentleman,
And has by this time done the feat.

Car. Confusion!

Luys. You think you had all the wit, it was my
plot.

You may thank heaven that you are old and ugly,
[to *Alsimira.*

You had been no mother of this world.—But, sir,
I have some news would be deliver'd privately.—
Mother of mine, avaunt!

Car. Thou'rt not my son.

Was ever man so miserable?—Away
Thou sponge!—Get him to sleep.

Als. I dare not meddle with him.

[*Exit.*

Luys. In sobriety

A word

Car. Where is Alberto?

Luys. Where every honest man should be, a-
bed with my sister. Old man, I have consider'd

o'the former matter we talked on, and would do things like a dutiful son, but I find that a wife is not altogether so convenient for me as a ——

Car. Will none deliver me?

Luys. They are somewhat slug.—Now I have found out an excellent tumbler, that can do the somerset; please you to be acquainted with her, and give me your opinion; she shall play with all the stews in christendom, for all you are worth, if I live: and yet she is but seventeen: there's a periwinkle! I had a gemini before I went to travel, and I am bound in conscience, if you think fit, to see her well provided for——

Car. With whips,—I'll have her skin flay'd off.

Luys. Her skin flay'd off! dost thou know, mortal-man, what thou hast said? I tell thee, don, nothing can come near her in the shape of an officer; she is a very basilisk, and will kill them with her eyes threescore yards point blank: but you may talk, and do your pleasure with her, for I came o'purpose to bring her to your lodging; if you love me, do but see her, it shall cost you nothing, you shall be my friend; hang money!

Car. Thus will my state consume; vexation! What shall I do? when you have slept, Luys, I'll tell you more.—Attend him to his chamber, And make his door fast.

Luys. You will consider on't?
Upon those terms I will go sleep a twinkling.

[*Exeunt Servant and Luys.*]

Car. And will not all this take away my senses? My son is lost too; this is all a curse For my ambition and my avarice.

Re-enter ALSIMIRA, and a Servant with a letter.

Als. News, don Carlos, from our daughter.

Car. Ha! a letter! 'tis Jacinta's hand. [*reads.*

Als. Know'st thou where she is?

Ser. Yes, madam, and her resolution to attend her father, with my master, don Francisco, if don Carlos please to admit them; the matter's done.

Als. What matter?

Ser. They are as fast as any priest can make them.

Car. Wife to Francisco, now his father's heir! That's some allay, if it be true; she writes Don Pedro was contracted to Estefania, who supplied her person in the coach—'twas not Jacinta was ravish'd—Then don Pedro was not noble, after he had made faith, to intangle my Jacinta.—Hum! say they shall be welcome.

Ser. They are present, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter FRANCISCO and JACINTA.

Car. I am not yet collected, but if this Paper be justified, I receive you both.—Peruse those wonders, Alsimira.

Jac. Sir,
Though, by the tie of nature, you may challenge
All duty, this is done so like a father,
It exceeds all your care.

Fran. Let this confirm;
I bring a fortune not to be despis'd,
But were I master of the world, I should
At price of all my wealth, think this a treasure
Purchas'd too cheap.

Car. My blessing and my prayers; I'm new
created,
And bow to that great Providence: all joy
Spread through your souls! this is not much amiss.

Fran. But what's become of madam Estefania,
That took Jacinta's place?

Als. Forced from the coach
By don Alberto, thinking her my daughter.

Jac. That part of our plot fail'd ; but my intents
Were fair, and to assist this injur'd lady.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Don Pedro, sir.

Car. You shall for some few minutes
Withdraw into that chamber, in his passion
He may be violent ; leave me to moderate[him].

Fran. I shall obey you, sir. [*Exe. Fran. and Jac.*]

Enter don PEDRO.

Ped. Was ever man of my great birth and
fortune
Affronted thus ? I am become the talk
Of every picaro and ladron ;^s I challenge
A reparation of my honour ; where's
Jacinta ? 'tis a plot, a base contrivement
To make my name ridiculous, the subject
Of every scurril language.

Car. My lord, with pardon
Of your altesa, you're not injur'd here,
Unless I have been faulty in too much
Observance, and desires to serve your person
With th' almost sacrifice of my daughter.

Ped. Ha !

Too much to me ?

Car. I would you had remember'd
How much your honour was engag'd before,
By contract, to another, when you mock'd
The innocent Jacinta, now not mine.

Ped. Who hath traduc'd my fame, or mention'd me
With that dishonour ? I disclaim all contracts ;

^s Of every picaro and ladron ;] every rogue and thief. Sp.

The unconfin'd air's not more free than I
To all the world, except your beauteous daughter.

Car. Do you know the lady Estefania?

Ped. Dares she make saucy claim? my breath
dissolves it.

If every lady whom we grace with our converse
Should challenge men of my nobility—

Car. I wish, my lord, you could evade it, for
The honour of my family; if your conscience
Or art can nullify that lady's interest,
I am resolv'd—my son Luigi shall
Then marry with that widow; [*aside.*]—I have no
other

Ambition.

Ped. You are wise, and I
Am fortified to clear myself thought-free
From any promise to that sullen madam.—

*Enter ALBERTO, and ESTEFANIA disguised as before,
with a paper in her hand.*

Ha! 'tis Jacinta, and she wears the jewel
I did present, conspicuously.—I ask
No reason for thy absence, let me chain
My darling in this amorous curl; 'tis happiness
Enough to repossess thee, not the policy
And power of hell shall separate us again.

Estef. It is but justice, sir! [*uncovering her face.*

Ped. Ha! Estefania!

Alb. Do you know her, sir?

Estef. Do you know this character?

[*shewing him the paper.*

Ped. Conspiracy!

Estef. When this is read, don Carlos,
You will imagine he has wrong'd your daughter.

Car. Is this your hand, count Pedro?

Ped. Mine! 'tis counterfeit,

Upon my honour ; and I thus dissolve
Thy insolent claim. [*tears the paper in pieces.*

Estef. Nothing can bind, I see,
A false heart.

Car. This must give you freedom, madam,
If you release his hasty vow.

Estef. Faith cannot
Be compell'd, sir.

Ped. These are all impostures ;
I take myself into myself.

Alb. What shall
Become of her, my noble count ?

Ped. I pity her,
But cannot cure her wound ; and if you be
Her friend, advise her to contain her passions,
And wisely love one that can entertain it.

Alb. You hear this, madam ?

Estef. And can smile upon
His violated faith.

Car. Now for Luigi,
To strike in with the widow.

Serv. He's asleep.

Car. I'll wake and quicken him. [*Exit.*

Estef. Hadst thou been worth my love, I should
have held

Thee worth my anger, shadow of a lord !
Thy greatness I despise, and think thee now
Too poor for my revenge, and freely give
Thee back thy barren promises, and when
I read in story, one that has been perjur'd,
I'll write don Pedro in the place of him
That broke his faith, and thank my fate to have
miss'd thee.

Alb. If you please, madam, while he is i' the
humour
Of being base, I'll make him gather up
These paper relics, which he shall make himself

Up into rolls, and having swallow'd them
For pills, thank you his physic was so gentle.

Estef. It will be too much time and breath lost
on him.

Alb. It will become me, madam, to attend you.
[*Exeunt Estefania and Alberto.*]

Ped. So, she is taken off, and my path free
To Carlos' daughter.

Re-enter don CARLOS and LUYs.

LuyS. Contracted to don Pedro, say [you] ?

Car. She was.—Where is Estefania ?

Ped. Gone with Alberto, proud to wait upon
The lady I neglected.

Car. Follow them, LuyS.—

I do not like he should insinuate,
Now she is free, and his hopes desperate in
Jacinta's love.

LuyS. How long have I slept, sir ?

Car. Thou dost dream still ; pursue the widow
now,

Or never look at such a fortune [more].

LuyS. Is she gone with Alberto ? What if I say
I have lain with her, and that she's with child by me ?

Car. That would stain both your fames ; away,
and welcome

When thou return'st, and she confirm'd.

LuyS. I'll confirm her, or confound somebody :

No more, I am awake ; this is don Pedro,

I'll talk with him first.—Will you justify

The widow is a widow still, and sweet,

For all your contract ? that you have not been

My rival, as they say, after the flesh,

And that you did not know I had a mind,

Or not a mind, to do the deed of matrimony ?

Ped. Not I, upon my honour.

LuyS. You are witness.—

Now to Alberto.

Car. Manage the business temperately.

Luis. Let me alone to be temperate ; if I do not cozen somebody, let me never drink sack again.

[*Exit.*

Car. What think you of Jacinta now, my lord ?

Ped. As of the saint I pay my chief devotions [to.]

Enter FERNANDO, with his sword drawn.

Fer. I come to seek one that I late call'd brother,
But he hath forfeited that name, and justice,
Weary of such a prodigy in nature,
Hath arm'd me thus in her revenge.—Don Carlos,
Obscure him not, no darkness can protect him ;
My sword shall forage every room like lightning,
No cave but it shall visit, and through ribs
Of steel compel my passage to his heart,
Although I meet him in his mistress' arms,
The lover's sanctuary, I dare force Francisco,
And with mysword cut the embrace that chains him,
Rather than he shall glory in my ruins,
And revel out those honours with her, he
Took from my blood.

Re-enter FRANCISCO with a parchment in his hand.

Fran. It shall not need, Fernando.

Ped. Hum ! here is like to be a bloody business ;
I'll not disturb them. [*Exit.*

Car. As you are brothers, by your father's dust
That should sleep quiet in his urn, by her
Dear name that gave you life, that now prays for you,
Chide this unnatural fury.

Fran. What demands
Fernando ?

Fer. My inheritance, wrought from me
By thy sly creeping to supplant my birth,
And cheat our father's easy soul, unworthily
Betraying to his anger, for thy lust

Of wealth, the love and promise of two hearts ;
 Poor Felisarda and Fernando now
 Wither at soul, and, robb'd by thee of that
 Should cherish virtue, like to rifled pilgrims
 Met on the way, and having told their story,
 And dropp'd their even tears for both their loss,
 Wander from one another.

Fran. 'Tis not, sure,
 Fernando, but his passion, that obeys not
 The counsel of his reason, would accuse me ;
 And if my father now, (since spirits lose not
 Intelligence, but more active when they have
 Shook off their chains of flesh,) would leave his
 dwelling,

And visit this coarse orb again, my innocence
 Should dare the appeal, and make Fernando see
 His empty accusations.

Fer. He that thrives
 By wicked art, has confidence to dress
 His action with simplicity, and shapes
 To cheat our credulous natures ; 'tis my wonder
 Thou durst do so much injury, Francisco,
 As must provoke my justice to revenge,
 Yet wear no sword.

Fran. I need no guard ; I know
 Thou darest not kill me.

Fer. Dare I not ?

Fran. And name
 Thy cause ; 'tis thy suspicion, not Francisco,
 Hath wrought thee high and passionate : to assure it,
 If you dare violate, I dare possess you
 With all my title to your land.

Car. How is that ?
 Will you resign the interest to such
 A fair estate, and wrong my daughter, sir ?

Fran. Let him receive it at his peril,

[Gives the parchment to Fernando, who reads it.

Fer. Ha !

Fran. It was my father's act, not mine; he trembled

To hear his curse alive, what horror will His conscience feel, when he shall spurn his dust, And call the reverend shade from his bless'd seat, To this bad world again, to walk and fright him?

Car. I am abus'd.

Fer. Can this be more than dream?

Fran. Sir, you may cancel it, but think withal How you can answer him that's dead, when he Shall charge your timorous soul for this contempt To nature and religion, to break His last bequest, and breath, that seal'd your blessings?

Car. These are fine fancies.

Fer. Here, and may it prosper,

[Gives back the parchment to Francisco.]

Where my good father meant it; I'm o'ercome. Forgive me, and enjoy it; I may find Some earth that is not thine, where I may die, And take up a dark chamber: love Jacinta, And while I seek out where to be forgotten, Live happy, and divide the spring between you.

[Going.]

Enter RAMYRES, FELISARDA, and THEODORO, behind.

Fran. So, so; all's well again.

Ram. [coming forward with the rest.]—Fernando, stay.

Fer. Ha! my father and Felisarda?

Car. Don Ramyrés and my niece?

Fer. Are they both dead? [Fernando kneels.] I dare kneel too; they do converse.—Don Carlos, Do not you know that shape? 'tis wondrous like Your niece.

Car. And that your father; ha?

Fer. How long hath Felisarda been a sad

Companion to the shades? I did not think
To find thee in this pale society
Of ghosts so soon.

Fel. I am alive, Fernando,
And don Ramyres still thy living father.

Fran. You may believe it, sir; I was o' the counsel.

[*Exit.*

Fer. It is a joy will tempt me wish to live
Here, without more ambition to change
For blessings of the other world; and is
My father willing that we both should live?

Car. Men thought you dead.

Ram. It lay within
The knowledge of Francisco and some few,
By this device to advance my younger son
To a marriage with Jacinta, sir, and try
Fernando's piety and his mistress' virtue;
Which I have found worth him, and my acceptance.--
With her I give thee what thy birth did challenge:
Receive thy Felisarda.

Fer. 'Tis a joy
So flowing, it drowns all my faculties;
My soul will not contain, I fear, but lose,
And leave me in this ecstasy.

Car. I am cheated.

Ram. Not so; what dower you add above that
fortune
Descends upon her by your sister's legacy,
Francisco shall deserve, with a proportion

Re-enter FRANCISCO and JACINTA.

Out of my state; live, and be happy both,
You shall not want a father in my care.
Our children thus increas'd, don Carlos, 'tis
Our shame if we neglect them.—Theodoro,
You now may call me brother.

Theo. I am honour'd.

Car. Well, take my blessing, too; love her,
Francisco.

My bounty is to come, and if my son
But finish with his mistress—he's return'd ;—

Re-enter LUYs.

Where is the widow ?

[*Aside to Luys.*

Luys. Sure enough.

Car. And don Alberto ?

Luys I have made him sure too, I have pepper'd him.

Car. How ?

Luys. In your ear, I have cut his throat ; do none pursue me ?

Car. I hope thou hast not kill'd him ? ha ?

Luys. You hope too late, I could not help it ;
You said he was my rival.

Car. Not too loud.

Luys. Where, where shall I obscure me ? the
alcaides

Will be here presently, and search for me.
I left him giving up the ghost, at a cranny
I made into his side, through which a man
Might see into his midriff.

Car. Art thou desperate ?

Luys. Beside one window, that did look into his
lungs, from whence his wind came strong enough
in six hours sail to dispatch a carrack to the straits.

Car. I'm mad.

Luys. I should neglect my life, but 'twould not
sound well

With your honour that don Carlos' son was hang'd,
Or put into the gallies. Are they not come yet ?

Car. I am undone ; there is no safety here ;
Make fast those doors, and by the postern gate
Thou mayst escape ; take the best horse ; away !

Luis. I shall want money, sir.

Car. Come, follow me ;

This accident, I fear, will quite distract me.

Luis. You must dispatch me, quickly, sir ;
there is

No staying to tell the money, give't me in lump,
I'll count it afterwards ; good sir, make haste.

[*Exeunt Luis and Carlos.*]

Ram. Something hath happen'd that doth fresh
perplex him.

Fran. Where is don Pedro ?

Fer. He's here.

Re-enter don PEDRO.

Ped. The storm is over, sure ; I hear no noise.
Toledos are asleep.—Jacinta ! have
I found my love [here] ?

Fran. Here 'twas lost, indeed ;
I must allow no such familiarity
With my wife.

Ped. How ! married ?

Jac. 'Tis most true, my lord.

Ped. You have not us'd me thus ?

Fran. It had been impious to divorce your heart
From Estefania ; my good lord, we know
Your lordship is religious in your promises.

Ped. I defy all Estefanias ; lady, you are civil.

[*to Felisarda.*]

Fer. It will become my care so to preserve her,
My honourable count.

Ped. Honourable ?

It appears not by these contempts.

Ram. Your lordship cannot want a female fur-
niture.

Ped. I must have somebody, now I'm prepar'd,
my blood

Will take it ill ; would I had Estefania !—

Re-enter ALBERTO and ESTEFANIA.

She's here.—Madam, I hope you have a better faith than to believe I was in earnest ; don Pedro is only at your service.

Estef. 'Tis too late, sir ; this gentleman is witness Of your surrender, and is now possess'd Of all that's mine.

Alb. It was your noble bounty,
For which I cannot study a return
More apt than to resign to your good lordship,
My interest in Jacinta : give you joy, count!
Such a rich widow serves my turn.

Ped. So, so ;
If I consider well this is but justice.

Re-enter don CARLOS.

Car. Ha !

Are not you don Alberto ?—Fetch back Luys.

Alb. The very same, sir, and this lady is my wife ;
Please you salute her

Re-enter LUYs.

Luys. Sir, for the credit of your wisdom talk not ;
The man, you see, 's alive, and married too,
With my consent : alas, I ow'd him money,
That widow has paid all ; I must be honest,
I had no heart to leave you so unsatisfied,
These sums must go for other debts,—
My debts do clog my conscience, and are better
When they are timely paid, sir, than let run
With their long teeth to bite your state hereafter ;
And if, when I am free, you dare but trust me—

Car. Was ever father cheated thus ? Come
hither,

How darst thou be so impudent ?

Luys. I cannot help it, sir ; unless you die,
Or give me better means, I shall make bold

With these devices ; you are my father, sir,
And I am bound—

Car. To cozen me ?

Luys. All must be mine, and if
I pay myself a little before the day,
You shall be no loser when you come to reckon ;
This shall not make a breach 'twixt you and I,
They are honest men I owe this money to.
When I am clear prescribe me any method,
And rank me like your son, I will deserve
You shall forget my wildness, and acknowledge me
A convert without blemish to your family.

Ram. I must be intercessor.

Jac. And we all.

Car. I'll think upon't.

Ped. Since I cannot have Jacinta, I desire
I may have her brother.

Luys. Not in marriage !

Ped. I like his wit, his spirit, and his humour.—
Do not you love a wench ?

Luys. Yes, sir.

Ped. Thou shalt never want.

Luys. Wenches ?

Ped. We'll live together,
And, if thy father be not bountiful,
Thou shalt command my fortune.

Luys. You speak nobly.

Ped. Ladies, I ask your pardon ;
Unless you hold me desperate, disdain not
That I may this day wait upon your triumph,
And to each bride offer some gift to expiate
My folly and offence.

Ram. You are too bountiful.

Car. You're all my guests to-day.

Ram. I beg your next
Remove may place the scene of joy with me ;
My house shall be much honour'd : lead the way,
With verse and wine let poets crown this day.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY DON PEDRO.

*So, so ; your danger's over, ¹ and the state
 Secure, as when our fleet, in eighty-eight,
 Was fir'd and scatter'd : to confirm it true,
 Here is don Pedro, taken prisoner too ;
 I'm at your mercy, gentlemen, and I
 Confess, without a rack, conspiracy,
 So far as my poor part i' the play comes to ;
 But I am innocent from hurt to you,
 And I dare quit the rest from any plot
 Meant but to please ; if you believe it not,
 I dare make oath ; your hands can do no less
 Than certify your friends what I confess.*

¹ The danger of the "Spanish plot."] See the Prologue. The next line contains an allusion to the defeat and destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588.

THE
WITTY FAIR ONE.

THE WITTY FAIR ONE.] This Play was licensed by sir H. Herbert, the Master of the Revels, October 3, 1628, and printed, with his permission, in 1632-3, as appears by the following memorandum at the end of the first edition: "This Play, called the WITTY FAIRE ONE, as it was acted on the stage may be printed, this 14. of January, 1632." It was presented at the Private House in Drury Lane.

Where the author of the *Biog. Dram.* learned that it did not succeed well on the stage, I cannot tell. He certainly did not find it in Shirley, who speaks of its success in warmer terms than are usual with him.

TO THE
TRULY NOBLE KNIGHT,
SIR EDWARD BUSHELL.

SIR, your candid censure of some unworthy poems which I have presented to the world, long since made me your servant in my thoughts, and being unwilling to rest long in the silent contemplation of your nobleness, I presumed at last to send this comedy, to kiss your hand, as the first degree to my greater happiness in your more particular knowledge of me. It wanted no grace on the stage; if it appear acceptable to you in this new trim of the press, it will improve abroad, and you oblige the author to acknowledge a favour beyond the first applause. Pardon the rudeness of my public address to you, in the number of many whom with more excuse, I might have interrupted. I am bold, but your mercy will incline you not to despise these (at the worse) but errors of my devotion, and the weak expression of his service whose desires are to be known,

Your true honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir George Richley, an old rich knight.

Worthy, his brother.

Aimwell, lover of Violetta.

Fowler, a wild young gentleman.

Sir Nicholas Treedle, a foolish knight.

Clare, }
Manly, } *gentlemen.*

Brains, sir George Richley's servant.

Whibble, Worthy's servant.

Tutor and companion to sir Nicholas.

Two Gentlemen.

Footman.

Messenger, Servants, &c.

Violetta, sir George Richley's daughter.

Penelope, Worthy's daughter.

Sensible, }
Winnifride, } *chambermaids.*

SCENE, London, and Croydon.

THE
THE WITTY FAIR ONE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.—*The Garden of Worthy's House.*

Enter sir GEORGE RICHLEY, WORTHY, and
WHIBBLE.

Wor. So soon after dinner?

Rich. I am engaged, and must away; excuse me, brother.

Wor. Well, make ready his horse.

Whib. His worship's pad shall be prepared.—If your gelding be not ready in a minute, your worship shall ride me. [Exit.

Rich. I shall

Not need to urge your care upon my daughter,
On whom, next the devotion of my soul
To heaven, all my desires and thoughts reflect:
I leave her to your trust,
And, in my absence, doubt not you will be
Both uncle and a father.

Wor. Willingly

I would depose myself from both these titles,
To serve my niece; her virtue will reward me;
I know she is your study; in your want¹
I will put on your jealousy.

¹ in your want] In your absence.

Rich. It would not
 Become me to confine your entertainments
 Of friends and visitants ; but, remember, brother,
 She's now my sole heir, and by the late death
 Of her twin sister, she derives the right
 Of all my wealth to her. Gallants, I fear,
 I' the town hold too fruitful intelligence
 In these affairs ; and if they be not watch'd,
 They'll with their wit charm all the dragons guard
 These golden apples.

Wor. There are such, indeed.

Rich. Oh, sir, there are too many ; not a virgin,
 Left by her friends heir to a noble fortune,
 But she's in danger of a marriage
 To some puff'd title. What are these enter the
 garden ?

Enter AIMWELL, followed by FOWLER and CLARE.

Wor. The gentlemen that din'd with us.

Fow. Why, how now Frank? grown musty on
 a sudden?

Head hung, and playing the thief thus with your
 friends,

To steal your person from us ! What's the matter ?

Aim. Nothing, nothing, gentlemen.

Clare. Very like,

And yet you leave our company for this nothing !

Fow. Let's in again to the ladies.

[*Exeunt Aim. Fow. and Clare.*

Rich. What is he ?

Wor. One master Fowler, a reputed wit
 I' the town, affected by young gentlemen
 For his converse, yet lives upon no pension
 But his own fortune, and a fair one.
 The other, master Clare,
 A friend to master Aimwell, whom they both
 Seem to solicit.

Rich. Master Aimwell!

Wor. A hopeful gentleman.

Rich. Brother, did you not observe at dinner
His eyes shoot beams upon my daughter? (more
Than I was pleas'd with) Aimwell call you him?
I may suspect unjustly, but such looks
Are often loose conveyers.

Wor. Make no part
Of him your fear.

Rich. I do not, when I call
To mind my daughter's virtue and obedience.
She knows my purpose to dispose her to
Sir Nicholas Treedle.

Wor. And how do you find
Her inclination?

Rich. As I would direct it.

Wor. She will maintain it to your comfort, sir.
However, with what vigilance becomes me,
I will preserve 't, while she remains within
My custody.

Rich. I'll leave a servant to wait upon her.

Wor. Brains?

Rich. The same.

Wor. He is a cunning fellow.

Rich. He has a sconce
Carries some subtilty, which he employs
Still honestly in discharge of any trust
Committed to him.

Wor. Good.

Rich. And 'tis his pride,
He was ne'er o'er-reach'd in any action.

Wor. He knows his charge?

Rich. Perfectly; but I lose time; sir Nicholas
Treedle expects me this night in the country.

Wor. When do you return?

Rich. Within thees three days at most.
Trouble yourself no further.

Wor. I'll wait on you to your horse, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Same.

Enter AIMWELL.

Aim. She has shot a fire into my bosom from Her eye, or I have drawn in at mine own Love poison. Oh, my stars² were too ungentle To point her out the mistress of my thoughts, Who is so much, like them, above the hope Of ever climbing to. I see a fatal Impossibility divide us; yet, The more I would discharge this new guest, it Strengthens itself within me, and renews Vigour to keep possession. She's above me, And her great fortune makes my expectation So dull and painful; a great heir——Her uncle!

Enter WORTHY.

Wor. Master Aimwell, what, alone! come, let's To cards; where be the gentlemen?

Aim. Within, sir.
Has sir George Richley left us?

Wor. Some affairs
Importun'd his departure.

Aim. When shall we expect him?

Wor. Three days hence. This your inquiry Doth promise you have business with him.

Aim. Little—

² *Oh, my stars, &c.*] There is something in this soliloquy not much unlike the beautiful reflections of Helen in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“It were all one
As I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it—he is so above me.”

But you did motion cards ; I'll choose my partner,
And for a set or two I'm at your service.

Wor. Make your own election.

Aim. Why do you mock me ?³

Wor. How ! mock you ?

Aim. Yes.

Wor. You do not mean in earnest.

Aim. I shall betray my passion. [Aside.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Wor. I find him.

Aim. You may, for I am lost. [Aside.

Vio. He's here.—Good uncle, is my father gone ?

Wor. Yes, gentle niece.

Vio. Delight to both your walks ! I'll take this
arbour. [Retires.

Aim. So breaks the day, and hides itself again
Among the western shades ! Were she to dwell
Within your garden, it should need no sun ;
Her smiles were powerful to infuse a warmth
Into the flowers, her breath perfume your arbours.
The trees grow rich in blossom and bear fruit
At the same instant, as 'twere ever spring
And ever summer : when she seats herself
Within some bower, the feather'd quiristers
Shall play their music to her, and take pride
To warble aëry notes till she be weary,
Which, when she shall but with one accent of
Her own express, an hundred nightingales
Shall fall down dead from the soft boughs before her,
For grief to be o'erchanted.

Wor. Here's pretty madness !

Aim. 'Tis so ; you have done my passion jus-
tice, sir ;

For love is but a straggling from our reason.

³ Aimwell affects to understand Worthy as permitting him to make choice of his niece as a *partner for life*.

Wor. If you do love my niece, let you and I
Talk out of metaphor.

Aim. You knew my father?

Wor. He was my noble friend.

Aim. For his sake, give me your free answer to
One question.

Wor. What is't? promise yourself,
What I can do or say is at your service.

Aim. Is there a possibility, admit
I loved your niece, she might be won at last
To be my wife?

Wor. I'll not dispute the extent
Of what is possible, yet my answer may
Be satisfactory.

Aim. You were ever generous.

Wor. I were uncivil not to reply to
A question; you shall find my love more fruitful,
You shall have both my answer and my counsel.

Aim. Let me embrace a perfect friend.

Wor. Do you know what
Fortune my young niece may bring her husband?

Aim. I guess a great one; but I set more value
Upon her person; my affection springs
Not from her wealth.

Wor. But yet her portion
Is worth your taking notice, master Aimwell;
Her father is a man who, though he write
Himself but knight, keeps a warm house i' the
country,

Amongst his tenants; takes no lordly pride
To travel with a footman and a page
To London; humbly rides [in] the old fashion,
With half a dozen wholesome liveries,

To whom he gives christian wages, and not coun-
tenance⁴

⁴ countenance] i. e. the credit and support of his name
only. See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 111.

Alone, to live on ; can spend by the year
Eight hundred pounds, and put up five ; sleeps
quietly

Without dreaming on mortgages or statutes,
Or such like curses on his land ; can number,
May be, ten thousand pound in ready coin
Of his own, yet never bought an office for't ;
Has plate, no question, and jewels too,
In his old lady's cabinet, beside
Other things worth an inventory, and all this
His daughter is an heir to. Now, pray tell me
What's your revenue ?

Aim. Some three hundred pounds—

Wor. Per annum ? Grant it ; what expectation
Have you abroad ?

Aim. None.

Wor. That's quickly summ'd.^s

You have not made your love known to my niece yet ?

Aim. No ; my intention was to preacquaint you.

Wor. You have done wisely ; do not think on her
When you're at prayers, she will but puzzle
Your devotion ; there's no hope of her.

Aim. Ha !

Wor. I mean for you to arrive at her, your own
Disparity in fortune.

Aim. I do find it.

Wor. Excuse my plainness, sir ; her father looks
A great deal higher ; and, to take away
Your least encouragement to prosecute,
Within my knowledge she's design'd already
To a wealthy gentleman, and within few days
'Twill be a marriage ; you shall but procure
Your own affliction to employ your hope
Where things remain so desperate.

Aim. I thank you.

Wor. You do yourself more right.

^s summ'd.] Old copy, "summoned."

Aim. If such affairs
Have past, it were not noble to continue
This path; you have done me gentle office, sir;
I must believe you are generous: this new flame
My reason shall suppress, before it grow
Too mighty for me.

Wor. It becomes you well.
Love, like to sin, inveterate is strong;
He prevents danger that destroys it young.—
Come, to your friends, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter FOWLER, PENELOPE, and CLARE.

Fow. Your soft stars will not let you be so cruel,
lady, to give repulse to a lover.

Clare. Do not believe him; he does but complement;
I have known him court a hundred, with
as much formality, wooed them in the nuptial cut,
made verses on their hair, set lilies and roses, a
whole garden, in their cheeks, cherries in their
lips, stellify their eyes, and yet in a twinkling—

Pen. Sure you do him wrong, sir?

Clare. Wrong!

Fow. He measures my affection by the length of
his own: prithee, Satire, choose another walk, and
leave us to enjoy this; thou knowest not my intent.

Clare. Thou mayst be honest with one, and
that's a miracle, and will ask a strong faith to believe it.
I hope she has more wit than to trust your voluble courtship.
I'll seek out my friend Aimwell. [*Violetta comes from the arbour.*

Viol. [*aside to Clare.*] Sir, if your engagement
require no haste, [*They walk aside.*

Pen. I do wonder a gentleman of your knowledge should so deceive himself.

Fow. Express yourself, fairest.

Pen. Fair sir, I am not taken with your flatteries ; I can see through you.

Fow. If you have so active an eye, lady, you may see a throng of passions flaming at my heart, set on fire by your beauty, I protest to you ; come, shame not your wisdom to believe report or opinion of the world ; 'tis a malicious age we live in ; if your ears have been abused with any ill noise of me, you shall tell yourself, if you love me, the world is a shameless and miserable detractor : you do not despise me, lady?—

Pen. No, I pity so handsome a gentleman, and of so fair a fortune, should want his eyes.

Fow. How ! blind ?

Pen. To your own follies, sir.

Fow. Shall I swear I love you as I am a gentleman ?

Pen. As you are a gentleman, I know you can swear any thing, 'tis a fashion you are most constant in, to be religiously wicked ; an oath in your mouth, and a reservation in your heart, is a common courtship ! Do not swear as you are a gentleman.

Fow. As I am an honest man ?

Pen. Out upon't ! that's a worse ; my tailor cozen'd me t' other day with the same oath. Save your credit, and let swearing alone ; I dare take your word—

Fow. Well said.

Pen. For a greater matter, but not for this. You and I have not eaten a bushel of salt yet ; in time I may be converted, and think your tongue and heart keep house together, for, at this time, I presume they are very far asunder.

Fow. Would you have my tongue in my heart, lady?

Pen. No, by my troth, I would rather find your heart in your tongue; but you are valiant, and 'tis only fear, they say, brings a man's heart up to his mouth.

Fow. Why, your wit is a tyrant; now, pray tell me, do not you love me mightily above potatoes?⁶ come, I see the little blind boy in your eyes already.

Pen. Love you, sir?

Fow. Yes, I know by your bitterness you wish me well, and think there is some hope I may be won too, you take pains to whip me so handsomely; come, I'll be a good child, and kiss the rod.

Clare. [to *Violetta*.]—You oblige my service to you; I am one

Aimwell call'd friend, and shall be happy to convey him any knowledge may concern him.

Vio. Then briefly thus: I understand he loves me. Pray you, do him the true office of a friend, and counsel him desist; I am disposed of already in my father's thoughts, and must shew my obedience; he shall beget but his own trouble, if he move my uncle or my father, and perhaps draw their suspicion and displeasure on me too, by so indiscreet proceeding. I would not have a gentleman of his worth do himself so great injury to run

⁶ *above potatoes?*] I have no great confidence in the genuineness of this expression: if, however, it came from the author, it would seem to mean, above the power of philtres or provocatives. Potatoes, long after their introduction into this country, were not considered as an article of food; but were either used as conserves, or brought to table highly seasoned with spices, ambergrise, &c.

A course of so much hazard ; if you please
 To bear the burden of my thanks for his,
 On my part, undeserv'd opinion,
 And make him sensible, in time he may
 Place his affection where he may expect
 Better return, you shall discharge a friendship
 To him, and with it make my thoughts your debtor.

Clare. You have express'd a nobleness in this ;
 Were all of your mind, lady, there would be
 Less willow worn.

Fow. You would have me praise you, now ; I
 could ramble in your commendation.

Pen. I think so.

Fow. Do you but think so ? why, you shall hear
 me :

Your hairs are Cupid's nets, a forehead like
 The fairest coast of heaven without a cloud,
 Your eyebrow is Love's bow, while either eye
 Are arrows drawn to wound ; your lips the temple
 Or sacred fane of kisses, often as they meet, ex-
 changing roses ;

Your tongue Love's lightning, neck the milky path
 Or throne where sit the Graces.—

Do not I know that I have abused you all this
 while, or do you think I love you a thought the
 better, or, with all my poetical daubings, can alter
 the complexion of a hair, now ?

Pen. I would not have you, sir.

Fow. No dispraise to you,
 I have seen as handsome a woman ride upon a
 sack to market, that never knew the impulsion of
 a coat or the price of a stammel petticoat ; and I
 have seen a worse face in a countess ; what o' that ?⁷
 Must you be proud because men call you hand-
 some ? and yet, though we are so foolish to tell
 you so, you might have more wit than to believe

⁷ what o' that ?] Old copy, " what is that ?"

it ; your eyes may be matched, I hope ; for your nose, there be richer in our sex ; 'tis true that you have colour for your hair, we grant it, and for your cheeks, but what do your teeth stand you in, lady ? your lips are pretty, but you lay them too open, and men breathe too much upon them ; for your tongue, we all leave you, there's no contesting : your hand is fine, but your gloves whiter, and for your leg, if the commendation or goodness of it be in the small, there be bad enow in gentlemen's stockings to compare with it ; come, remember you are imperfect creatures without a man ; be not you a goddess ; I know you are mortal, and had rather make you my companion than my idol : this is no flattery, now.

Enter WORTHY, AIMWELL, and BRAINS.

Wor. Where be these gentlemen ?

Fow. How now, Frank !

Wor. You look well to your charge, Brains.

[*Aside.*

Bra. A question, sir ; pray you, are you married, sir ?

Clare. Why dost thou ask ?

Bra. Because you should answer me ;
I cannot see it in your forehead, sir.

Clare. How now, my officious trencher-squire ?

Wor. Excuse him, master Clare, 'tis his blunt zeal
To do his master service, who enjoind his
Best care and vigilance upon this gentlewoman.

Clare. I am married, sir.

Bra. Then I hope you have met with your match
already.

I have nothing to say to you—

Clare. This fellow's mad.

Bra. Nor my master neither, though he left his
brains behind him. I hope a man may ask a ques-
tion, sir ?

Wor. Come hither, Brains.

Fow. On my life thou art in love.

Clare. You are not.

Fow. Do not mistake yourself, for I am.

Clare. Caught? I am glad on't.

Fow. No, indeed, not caught neither, therefore be not overjoy'd, good morality? why, dost thou think it possible a woman's face, or any thing without her, can enchant me?

Bra. [to *Worthy.*]—Let me alone. [*Exit Wor.*]

Clare. Why dost thou court them, then?

Fow. Why, to try their wits, with which I sharpen my own. Dost think I am so mad to marry? sacrifice my liberty to a woman; sell my patrimony to buy them feathers and new fashions, and maintain a gentleman-usher to ride in my saddle when I am knighted and pointed at, with Pythagoras for my tame sufferance; have my wardrobe laid forth and my holiday breeches, when my lady pleases I shall take the air in a coach with her, together with her dog that is costly; be appointed my table, what I shall eat, according as her ladyship finds her own body inclined; fed upon this or that melancholy dish by prescription, guarded with officious sallads, like a prisoner in a throng; praise her bountiful³ allowance of coarse mutton, that have the world of dainty flesh before me? 'twere a sin to discretion, and my own freedom.

Bra. Young mistress, I observe you. [*Aside.*]

Clare. You do not mean to die in this faith?

Fow. Prithee, do not talk of dying; a pox on the belman and his *Omnia benes!*⁴ but that I think

³ guarded with officious sallads.] I do not understand this, unless a ridiculous pun be intended between sallads, vegetables, and sallet, a helmet.

⁴ bountiful] Old copy, "beautiful."

¹ a pox on the belman and his *Omnia benes!*] From the manner

I know thy father, I should hardly believe thou wert a gentleman; however, thy Aristotle's Ethics will make thee incapable of their company shortly; if you catechise thus you shall have few gentlemen your disciples that have any blood or spirit about them. There is no discourse so becoming your gallants now, as a horse race, or Hyde-park,—what ladies lips are softest, what fashion is most terse and courtly, what news abroad, which is the best vaulting-house, where shall we taste canary and be drunk to night? talk of morality!—here be ladies still, you shall hear me court one of them; I hope you will not report abroad among my friends that I love her; it is the love of mounting into her maidenhead, I vow, Jack, and nothing else.

Clare. You are a mad lover.

[*As Aimwell comes towards Violetta she turns and exit.*]

Bra. That was cunningly cast about.

Fow. Whither is't, lady?

Pen. I am walking in, sir.

Fow. I'll wait on you, and after that abroad; 'tis an inviting day, are you for the coach?

Pen. No.

Fow. Or for the couch? Take me à companion for either.

Pen. Neither.

Fow. How! neither? blame yourself if you be idle; howsoever, you shall not be alone: make use of my arm, fairest; you will to your lute, I heard you could touch it cunningly; pray bless my ears a little.

Pen. My lute's broke, sir.

Fow. A string, you mean; but it is no matter, your voice is not, ravish a little with that, if you please, I can help you to an heir:²—by this black

in which this expression "*All's well*" is introduced; it would seem to have some reference to the times of "the sickness," always dreaded, and always fatal.

² to an heir:] Here is another vile play upon words. *Heir*

eye, which nature hath given you, I'll not leave you, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt Fowler and Penelope.*]

Aim. All this from her?

Clare. You may believe me, sir.

Aim. Why this to him? Could she not give me repulse, but she must thus proclaim it? I never moved it to her; her uncle hath had no opportunity to acquaint her. What's the mystery?—[*Aside.*]—Prithee, repeat again the substance of what she said.

Clare. With my best memory her words [were]; she wish'd you not proceed for she was already *disposed of in her father's thoughts.*

Aim. *In her father's thoughts?* Haply not in her own.

Clare. *It would be fruitless to move her uncle or her father in it.*

Aim. Ha! *not move her uncle or her father?*—This may beget encouragement [there's] hope I may propound my affection to her, and be happy in't. Proceed.

Clare. *She would be sorry a gentleman of your worth should run a course of so much hazard.*

Aim. *Hazard!* that word does yet imply there is a possibility

Clare. So, with complement of her thanks for your fair opinion of her, she'd wish me *make you sensible in time to place your love where you might expect better return.*

Aim. Ah, that's wormwood; let me see; *better return;* this last return hath spoiled the whole term, and undone my suit; umph! No, it doth admit a fair construction; *She would have me sensible in time to plant my love where I may expect better return.* Why—that I may from her, for aught I know.

and hair, in allusion to the strings of the lute which Penelope says she had broken.

Clare. *Amantes sibi somnia fingunt*; how apt are lovers to conster all to their desires!

Aim. I will not let my action fall.

Clare. Do not build castles.

Aim. I'll smooth it with her uncle; if it hit, Oh my blest stars!

Clare. He's a-bed already!

Aim. Venus assist one to thy altar flies, And I'll proclaim thy son hath found his eyes.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Croydon.—*A Room in sir Nicholas Treedle's House.*

Enter TREEDLE *and a* Servant.

Treed. Where's Mar-text, my chaplain?

Ser. He is newly walked out of his meditation in the kitchen, into the garden.

Treed. Bid him read prayers in the dining-room.

Ser. Before your worship come?

Treed. I will not pray to day.—Dost hear? Bid my tutor come down to me.

Ser. Which of them?

Treed. Why, he that reads travel to me; the wit that I took up in Paul's³ in a tiffany cloak without a hatband; now I have put him into a doublet of satin——Stay, he's here.

Enter Tutor.

'Morrow, tutor; what hour take you it?

³ *I took him up in Paul's*] the general rendezvous of those who sought employment in any way.

Tutor. It is no hour at all, sir.

Treed. How?

Tutor. Not directly any hour, for it is between eight and nine, sir.

Treed. Very learnedly; then I was ready between six and seven to-day.

Tutor. Are you disposed for lecture?

Treed. Yes, yes, sir.

Tutor. You remember my last prelection of the division of the earth into parts real and imaginary? The parts real into continent and island, * * * * * the subdivision of the continent, into peninsula, isthmus, and promontory?

Treed. In troth, sir, I remember some such things; but I have forgotten them.

Tutor. What is an isthmus?

Treed. Why, an isthmus is an elbow of land.

Tutor. A neck, a neck.

Treed. A neck? Why, I was near it; if you had let me alone, I should have come up to it.

Tutor. 'Twas well guest. What is an island?

Treed. An island is an high mountain, which shooteth itself into the sea.

Tutor. That is a promontory.

Treed. Is it so? An island then is——no matter, let it go; it is not the first island we have lost.

Tutor. How are you perfect in your circles, great and less, mutable and immutable, tropical and polar?

Treed. As perfect in them as I am in these; faith, I shall never con these things handsomely: may not a man study travel without these circles, degrees, and altilatitudes you speak of?

Tutor. Yes, you may.

* * * * *] Here is probably an omission; as it appears from the subsequent discourse that something had been said respecting "the *imaginary* division of the earth."

Treed. I do not care for the nearest way ; I have time enough to go about.

Tutor. Very well, you shall lay aside your globe then.

Treed. Ay, and if't please you, I will have it stand in my hall to make my tenants wonder, instead of the Book of Martyrs.⁵

Tutor. It will do well ; now name what kingdom or province you have most mind to.

Treed. What say you to England ?

Tutor. By no means ; it is not in fashion with gentlemen to study their own nation ; you will discover a dull easiness if you admire not, and with admiration prefer not, the weeds of other regions,⁶ before the most pleasant flowers of your own garden ; let your judgment reflect, upon a serious consideration, who teaches you the mimic posture of your body, the punctuality of your beard, the formality of your pace, the elbows of your cloak, the heel of your boot ? do not other nations ? Are not Italian heads, Spanish shoulders, Dutch bellies, and French legs, the only notions of your reformed English gentlemen ?

Treed. I am resolved to be ignorant of my own country ; say no more on it. What think you if I went over to France, the first thing I did ?

Tutor. By sea !

Treed. Do you think I have no more wit than to venture myself i'the salt water ; I had rather be pickled and powdered at home by half, that I had.

Tutor. I apprehend—you are cautious ; it is safe

⁵ *stand in my hall instead of the Book of Martyrs.*] This custom is now worn out : but I have seen the *Book of Martyrs*, and sir Richard Baker and Stow in the window seat of more than one old hall, where, when books were not so common as at present, they found many readers among the tenants and casual visitors of the family.

⁶ *regions.*] Old copy, "regiments."

travelling in your study; but I will not read France to you.

Treed. No!

Tutor. *Pardonnez-moi*, it is unnecessary; all the French fashions are here already, or rather your French cuts.

Treed. Cuts!

Tutor. Understand me; there are divers French cuts.

Treed. We have had too many French cuts already.

Tutor. First, there is your cut of the head.

Treed. That is dangerous.

Tutor. Pshaw! a hair, a hair, a periwig is your French cut, and in fashion with your most courtly gallants; your own hair will naturally forsake you.

Treed. A bald reason.

Tutor. Right: observe their prudent and weighty policy who have brought up this artificial head-piece, because no man should appear light-headed.

Treed. He had no sound head that invented it!

Tutor. Then there is the new cut of your doublet or slash, the fashion of your apparel, a quaint cut.

Treed. Upon taffeta.

Tutor. Or what you please; the slash is the emblem of your valour, and, besides declareth that you are open breasted.

Treed. Open, as much as you will, but no valour.

Tutor. Then, sir, there is the cut of your leg.

Treed. That is when a man is drunk, is it not?

Tutor. Do not stagger in your judgment, for this cut is the grace of your body: I mean dancing o'the French cut in the leg is most fashionable, believe it, pupil, a genteel carriage.

Treed. But it is fain to be supported sometime with a bottom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is sir George Richley, sir, newly alighted.

Treed. Oh, my father-in-law that shall be.

Tutor. Then we are cut off.

Treed. There is a match concluded between his daughter and me, and now he comes for my answer. Conduct him to the gallery.

Tutor. Rather, sir, meet him.

Treed. Let him go before, and tell him we are coming, and we'll be there as soon as he. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London.—*A Room in Worthy's House.*

BRAINS and WHIBBLE at table.

Whib. Brains!

Bra. What is the matter?

Whib. Let's rife the other bottle of wine.

Bra. Do not endanger thy sconce.

Whib. How?

Bra. I'll drink no more.

Whib. Why?

Bra. Because I will not be drunk for any man's pleasure.

Whib. Drunk!

Bra. It is good English, now: it was Dutch? May be you have some conspiracy upon me.

Whib. I?—Who has betrayed me? his mistress procured the key of the wine-cellar, and bad me try if I could wind up his brains handsomely, he

⁵ Meaning that we derived the term as well as the vice from the Germans. This was not strictly the case; but the belief was pretty general in Shirley's time, and the dissoluteness of those who had served in the Low Countries was some support to it.

knows on 't.—[*Aside.*]—Not one health more?

Bra. Not [one,] good Whibble; if you urge again I shall suspect.

Whib. Suspect me?

Bra. And beat you, Whibble, if you be not satisfied.

Whib. I am; but in friendship—

Bra. Dost tempt me?

Whib. I will drink your health and be drunk alone. [*Exit.*]

Bra. This whelp has some plot upon me, I smell powder; my young mistress would have blown up my brains; this peter-gunner⁸ should have given fire: it is not the first time she hath conspired so, but it will not do, I was never yet cozened in my life, and if I pawn my brains for a bottle of sack or claret, may my nose, as a brand for my negligence, carry everlasting malmsey in it, and be studded with rubies and carbuncles!—Mistress, yon must pardon my officiousness; be as angry as a tiger, I must play the dragon, and watch your golden fleece: my master has put me in trust, and I am not so easily corrupted. I have but two eyes, Argus had a hundred, but he must be a cunning Mercury must pipe them both asleep, I can tell you. And now I talk of sleep, my lodging is next to her chambers; it is a confidence in my master to let his livery lie so near her; servingmen have ere now proved themselves no eunuchs, with their masters' daughters; if I were so lusty as some of my own tribe, it were no great labour to commit burglary upon a maidenhead; but all my nourishment runs upward into brains, and I am glad

⁸ *This peter-gunner*] Peter seems to have been a familiar epithet applied to the watermen, fishermen, and mariners of the Thames, they are frequently thus qualified in our old poets. The allusion, which might well be spared, is to "the pilot of the Galilean Lake."

on 't ; a temperate blood is sign of a good liver ; I am past tilting—Here she is, with the second part of her to the same tune, another maid that has a grudging of the green sickness, and wants a man to recover her.

Enter VIOLETTA and PENELOPE.

Pen. Be this enough between us, to bind each to help [the] other's designs.

Vio. Here is Brains ; he has not yet been drench'd.

Pen. He is too subtle.

Vio. How now, Brains ?

Bra. As you see, forsooth.

Pen. Thou art very sad.

Bra. But I am in sober sadness, I thank my stars.

Vio. Witty !

Bra. As much wit as will keep Brains from melting this hot weather.

Pen. A dry whoreson, not thus to be wrought upon. [Aside.]

Bra. Very good sack and claret in the house.

Pen. Thou hast not tasted ?

Bra. O yes, O yes, my brains swim in canary, exceeding excellent sack ; I thank you, ladies, I know it is your pleasure I should not want the best blood of the grape, in hope there might be a stone in my cup to mar my drinking afterwards :—

Enter SENSIBLE with a letter.

mistress Sensible ! what jig's in the wind, she moves so nimbly ?

Pen. From whom ?

Sens. Master Fowler.

Bra. A letter ! whence flew that paper kite ?

Pen. What is this ?

Bra. Another enclosed, without direction ; happily observed.

Pen. [reads.] *If you can love, I will study to deserve, and be happy to give you proof of my service; in the mean time it shall be a testimony of your favour to deliver this inclosed paper to your cousin, from her servant Aimwell. Farewell, and remember Fowler.*

Look you, cousin, what master Fowler writes; I dare trust you with the secret. At your opportunity peruse this paper.

Bra. Conveyances! I read juggling in that paper already; and though you put it up I will not. Oh, for so much magic to conjure that paper out of her bosom into my pocket! now I do long to know what pitiful lover, for it can be no other, is doing penance in that white sheet already.—[*aside.*]—Mistress Sensible, hark ye; whence came that letter?

Sens. From master Fowler to my mistress.

Bra. It is a she letter, it seems.

Sens. A she letter; why so?

Bra. Because it had a young one in the belly of it, or I am much mistaken.

Pen. Does he not write like a bold gamester?

Bra. And a bowling-gamester too, for his bias was towards my mistress; but I may chance to cast a rub in his way, to keep him from kissing.⁹

[*Aside.*]

Vio. He hath very good parts in him, questionless; but do you love him?

Bra. O the cunning of these gipsies! how, when they list, they can talk in a distinguishable dialect; they call men foxes, but they make tame geese of some of us; and yet, like one of those in Rome, I may prove so happy to preserve your distressed capitol.—What news brings this kickshaw? [*Aside.*]

⁹ These are all terms at bowling; the mistress was the stationary bowl at which the gamesters aimed—the rest needs no explanation.

Enter WINNIFRIDE.

Win. Master Fowler desires to speak with you.

Bra. Already! he might have delivered his own letter. [Aside.]

Vio. I'll to my chamber.

Bra. It will do very well. [Aside.]

Vio. I hope you will be careful that I am not troubled with any visit of gentlemen; it will become your officiousness, good Dametas, to have a care of your charge Pamela.¹

Bra. So; I can suffer this jeer. [Exit.]

Vio. Ha! is he gone? I am glad of it, I will take this opportunity to read the paper master Aimwell sent me. No superscription!

Re-enter BRAINS, behind.

Bra. She is at it already; thus far off I can read her countenance, if she spare her voice.

Vio. [reads.]

*I do not court your fortune, but your love,
If my wild apprehension of it prove
My error, punish gently, since the fire
Comes from yourself, that kindled my desire.
So my poor heart, full of expectance, lies
To be your servant, or your sacrifice.*

It shall be answered.

[Exit.]

Bra. It shall! the game's afoot: were I best to discover thus much, or reserve it to welcome home the old knight withal? I will be more familiar with this juggling, first: the scrivener has a name, and if he be worth his own ears, he shall be worth my discovery.

¹ Dametas is the foolish shepherd in whose charge Pamela was placed by the king her father, in sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Re-enter PENELOPE *with* FOWLER.

Here comes the gallant and the t'other toy, now.

Pen. I received your letter, sir.

Fow. In good time.

Pen. You might have spared your hand a labour if you had resolved to put your feet upon this expedition.

Bra. Good.

Fow. I confess I wrote something in my own cause; but the chief cause was to convey my friend's affection to his mistress.

Bra. And I will convey your affection to somebody else. [*Exit.*

Pen. Then you made me a property?

Fow. It is for your honour, if you help any way to advance an honest business; and yet, mistake me not; though the rack should enforce [it] from me—without a second reason I had not wrote to you; yet, for so much as concerned myself, by this kiss, my pen hath but set down the resolution of my heart to serve you.

Pen. To serve me! how?

Fow. How! why, any way: give me your livery, I will wear it, or a coat with a cognizance,² by this light, I fear you are an heretic still, and do not believe as you should do; come, let me rectify your faith, serve you.

Pen. Since the complement of service came up, gentlemen have had excuse for their love. I would not have you serve me, sir.

Fow. Not serve you! Why, do you think a man cannot love and serve too.

Pen. Not one serve two, well.

Fow. You are too literal; and yet in the strict

² a coat with a cognizance.] i. e. a badge bearing the arms or crest of the family, See *Jonson*, vol. ii. 36.

sense, I have known a woman has served half a dozen gentlemen handsomely ; so, so ; and yet the last had enough of her too : why should not one man serve two gentlewomen ? it argues against your sex, that you are more insatiable of the two. But I have a simple affection, I protest, and individual ; I'll ne'er serve but one.

Pen. But one at once !

Fow. But one at once, and but one always, by this diamond.

Pen. Nay, keep your oath, sir.

Fow. I am forsworn if I do not ; for I vowed, before I came, to bestow it ; come, wear it in your bosom, it shall be an earnest of more precious jewels, though not of so bright a lustre, that will follow.

Pen. I pray, sir, resolve me one thing, and be plain.—Do you love me ?

Fow. Love you !

Pen. It is my question.

Fow. It is a very foolish one ; to what purpose have I been talking all this while, that you make it a question ? has not it been the theme of all my discourse hitherto, that I do love you ?

Pen. In what sense ?

Fow. In what sense ? Why, in any sense, at your own choice, or in all the senses together, an you doubt me : I do love to see your face, hear your voice, smell your breath, touch your tree, and taste your golden apples.

Pen. But this does not satisfy me.

Fow. You do not doubt my sufficiency, do you ?

Pen. Now you are immodest ; I only ask if you love me.

Fow. And have not I told you ? Pray teach me a better way to express it. Does a wise man love fools' fortune, and a nobleman another beside my lady ? Does the devil love an usurer, a great man

his flatterer, the lawyer a full term, or the physician a dead time to thrive in?

Pen. Spare yourself; this is but coarse love.

Fow. I'll spin it finer and finer every day, sweet: to be plain with thee, what dost thou think of me for a husband? I love thee that way.

Pen. Would you did else! [*Aside.*]

Fow. Is there any thing in me would commend itself, that I may spare my other commendations? for I am resolved to be yours at any rate of my own praise, or what I can purchase from my friends.

Pen. Sir, if your meaning be no stranger to your language, although I cannot promise myself, you bind me to be thankful for it.

Fow. She nibbles already. [*Aside.*]

Pen. But pardon me if I suspect you still; you are too wild and airy to be constant to that affection.

Enter BRAINS and WORTHY.

Bra. There be the pigeons.

Wor. An't be no worse I care not.—Master Fowler,

A most welcome friend.

Fow. I would be to your daughter.

Bra. Let her use to entertain him so, and he will bid himself welcome.—[*Aside.*—Hark you, sir, you do like his company.

Wor. Yes.

Bra. So I say, but if I were worthy to give your daughter counsel, she should have a special care how she treads, for if this gentleman be not a whoremaster, he is very like one, and if she chance any way to crack her Venice glass, it will be not so easily soldered.

Wor. Meddle with your charge, sir, and let her alone.

Bra. I have done ; here is a fresh gamester.

Enter MANLY.

Man. By your noble leave.

Wor. You are welcome, sir.

Man. I was directed hither to find a gentleman.

Fow. Manly, how is't?

Man. I was to inquire for you at your lodging.

Fow. Pray know this gentleman, lady ;—master Worthy, he'll deserve your acquaintance.

Man. You oblige my services.—But what make you here, my woman-errant?

Wor. Come hither, Penelope.

Fow. Soliciting a cause of Venus.

Man. I suspect as much ; but with her ? is she a whore ?

Fow. No, but I'll do the best to make her one ; she loves me already, that's some engagement ; I dare trust thee with my sins.—Who's here ? Aimwell and Clare !

Enter AIMWELL, CLARE, and BRAINS.

Wor. Withdraw yourself.

Fow. Frank !

Aim. Master Worthy.

Wor. A knot of friends.

Aim. What of my letter ? [Aside to Fowler.

Fow. 'Tis deliver'd ; you must expect.

Wor. What news, gentlemen ?

Aim. We hear none ; you visit the Exchange, sir ; pray furnish us.

Bra. What do all these butterflies here ? I do not like it. [Aside.

Aim. I hope your daughter is in health ?

Wor. Perfect, I thank heaven.

Aim. And your niece, at whose naming I am

bold to tender my thanks for your last friendship ; I might have plunged by this time into passion, had not you nobly, just as I was falling, prevented my unhappiness.

Wor. Your opinion of what I did gives value to the action ; however, 'twas a duty I was bound to.

Bra. This is the youth, I'll pawn my brains ; [*aside.*]—Hark you, sir, what do you call this gentleman ?

Clare. Master Aimwell.

Bra. He may shoot short for all his aiming ; he wears bachelors' buttons, does he not ?

Clare. Yes, old truepenny, and loops, too ; thou art jealous, now.

Bra. One word more.

Fow. I have a plot, and thou must help me.

Man. Let it be a safe one.

Aim. May we not see her ?

Wor. Brains, where's thy mistress ?

Bra. She's a little busy.

Fow. Who's that ?

Wor. My niece.

Fow. An she be but a little busy she's more than half at leisure.

Bra. Do not you know that a woman is more troubled with a little business, than some men with managing the troubles of a whole commonwealth ? it has been a proverb, *as busy as a hen with one chicken* ; marry, an she had twenty, twenty to one she would not be so fond of them.

Wor. He says right. — Gentlemen, we are friends ; it is my brother's pleasure, who is her father, to deny frequent access to her, till he hath finished a design ; for my part, I am not of his mind, nor shall my daughter be a prisoner to his fancy :—you see, sir, I do not seclude her ; if she choose within any limits of reason, I move in her.

Aim. You speak nobly.

Enter WHIBBLE.

Whib. Sir George Richley, sir, and sir Nicholas [Treedle,] are newly arrived.

Wor. My brother! acquaint my niece.

Bra. 'Tis my office, I'll do it. [Exit.

Man. Shall's stay?

Aim. By all means; let's see the doughty knight that must free the lady from her enchanted castle.

Clare. Didst ever see him?

Aim. No; but I have heard his character.

Man. Prithee let's have it.

Aim. They say he's one, was wise before he was a man, for then his folly was excusable; but since he came to be of age, which had been a question till his death, had not the law given him his father's lands, he is grown wicked enough to be a landlord: he does pray but once a year, and that's for fair weather in harvest; his inward senses are sound, for none comes from him; he speaks words, but no matter, and therefore is in election to be of the peace and quorum, which his tenants think him fit for, and his tutor's judgment allows, whom he maintains to make him legs and speeches. He feeds well himself, but, in obedience to government, he allows his servants fasting days; he loves law, because it killed his father, whom the parson overthrew in a case of tithes; and, in memory, wears nothing suitable; for his apparel is a cento, or the ruins of ten fashions. He does not much care for heaven, for he's doubtful of any such place; only hell he's sure of, for the devil sticks to his conscience: therefore, he does purpose, when he dies, to turn his sins into alms-houses, that posterity may praise him for his bountiful ordination of hot pottage;—but he's here already; you may read the rest as he comes towards you.

Enter RICHLEY, TREEDLE, and Tutor.

Wor. Brother!

Rich. Let your kindest respects meet this gentleman.

Wor. Sir Nicholas Treedle, I desire you would write me in the number of your servants.

Treed. 'Tis granted.—Gentlemen, I have an ambition to be your eternal slave.

Fow. 'Tis granted.

Tut. And I to be your everlasting servant.

Aim. 'Tis granted.

Clare. A couple of cockloches!³

Enter PENELOPE, VIOLETTA, WINNIFRIDE, SENSIBLE, and BRAINS.

Rich. Here comes my daughter.

Treed. [*to Penelope.*]—Lady, and mistress of my heart, which hath long melted for you,—

Rich. This is my daughter.

Treed. Then it melted for you, lady.

Fow. His heart is whole again.

Treed. Vouchsafe to entertain a servant, that shall study to command——

Tut. Well said!

Treed. His extremest possibilities—in your business.

Aim. Abominable courtship!

Sens. [*aside to Aim.*] Sir, I am servant to mistress Violetta, who commends this paper to you.

Aim. O, my best angel!

Bra. As the devil would have it! are you there, Sensible?

³ *cockloches* ?] This appears to mean a couple of silly coxcombs; but the word is of rare occurrence in our old writers. It is pure French—*Coqueluche*, a sort of spoiled child.

Fow. Master Worthy, I take my leave.

Wor. Will you not stay supper?

Man. We are engaged.

Aim. My service shall wait on you, gentlemen.

Clare. And mine.

Treed. Come on, my queen of diamonds.

Rich. Brother, lead the way. [Exeunt.

Bra. If she carry away this letter so, call me shallow-brains: I was never yet cozen'd in my life:—this night? it shall be so; I will not come with bare relation of your plots,

I'll bring active intelligence that shall tell
Your secret aims, so crush them in the shell. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir George Richley's House. Violetta's bed-chamber.

As the curtain rises BRAINS is discovered, with a paper in his hand.

Bra. Sure this is it, my mistress and her maid are both fast still; I have watched under the bed all night, to rob her pocket of this paper, and I have done it. Some fellow, at this opportunity, would have wriggled himself into one of their flesh.

Vio. Who's there? Sensible?

Bra. Death! her tongue is awake already.

Vio. Who's in the chamber?

Bra. Help me, brains; before she wakes the t' other.—'Tis I, forsooth, but looking for the chamber-pot. [Counterfeits Sensible's voice.

Vio. Beshrew you for your noise.

Bra. Where's the door? [Stumbles.

Sens. Who's there?

Bra. The t'otherspirit is raised in the trundle-bed.¹
What will become of me now? [*Sen. comes forward.*

Sens. Here's nobody.

Vio. Make an end, and get thee to bed.

Sens. An end of what? Does she talk in her sleep? she was not wont.

Bra. So, so! [Exit.

*Sens.*² [*going to the door.*] — Ha! the spring is open,

I might forget to make it fast last night;

'Tis so; and happily some cur or cat

Has been in the chamber, for I hear a noise

About the door; I'll make it fast,

And so to bed again; I think it is day already.

[Retires.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Tutor in his gown, with a paper.

Tutor. So; this fancy, wrote for sir Nicholas, like a forked arrow, points two ways; wenches are caught with such conceits: they will imagine it none of his invention, then,—whose but mine? my person does invite more acceptance, but the father aims at the estate; no matter, if I can insinuate myself into her opinion; 'tis no impossibility; her portion will be enough for both.

¹ *in the trundle-bed.*] A low bed that run on truckles (castors), and was appropriated to the servants, or inferior members of the family. It was only drawn out at night; by day it was always thrust under the standing bed.

² *Bra. So, so!*

Sens. Ha! &c.] The old copy gives the whole of this speech to Brains.

Shall I live still dependant, and not seek
 Ways to advance myself? busy my brains
 In ballads to the giddy chambermaids?
 Beggar myself with purse and pincushion?³
 When she that is the mistress may be mine?
 'Twill be a masterpiece if I can gull him.—
 But he's here already.

Enter TREDLE with a paper.

Treed. Noble Tutor! 'morrow to you! have [you] finished the whimsey for my mistress already?

Tutor. I have done it; this paper carries the love-powder.

Treed. For fear you had forgotten me, I have made a quibbling in praise of her myself; such a one as will fetch up her heart, Tutor.

Tutor. That were a dangerous vomit, sir; take heed of that.

Treed. Ay, but I will not hurt her, I warrant thee; an she die within a twelvemonth and a day, I'll be hang'd for her.

Tutor. Will you, sir?

Treed. Marry will I. Look you, sir.—But first let me see your's.—Can you not write it in my own hand? I shall hardly read it.

Tutor. I'll read it to you.

Treed. Sir George!—Give me it!

Enter RICHLEY, and WORTHY.

Rich. See, they are at it.

Treed. And how do you like it?

Wor. 'Morrow, noble sir Nicholas.

Rich. 'Morrow, gentlemen!

Treed. 'Morrow to you both.—Sir George, I have been making poetry this morning.

³ *pincushion*!] Old copy, "pincasin;" perhaps a vulgarism for *pincases*.

Tutor. He has a subtle fancy.

Rich. What's the subject?

Tutor. No subject, but the queen of his affections.

Treed. I scorn subjects; 'tis my empress your daughter's merit³ hath set my Muse on fire.

Tutor. Read, sir.

Treed. No, you shall read them for me.

Tutor. 'Tis a hue and cry, sir.

Rich. A hue and cry! for what?

Treed. For what! why, for somewhat, I'll warrant you.

Tutor. You may call it *Love's hue and cry*.

Treed. Call it what you will, I know what it is.

Wor. Are you so poetical?

Treed. I have been dabbling in Helicon; next to travel, 'tis all my study.—Mark the invention.

[*Tutor reads.*

In Love's name you are charged hereby

To make a speedy hue and cry,

After a face, who t' other day

Came and stole my heart away;

For your directions in brief

These are best marks to know the thief:

Her hair a net of beams would prove,

Strong enough to captive Jove,

Playing the eagle: her clear brow

Is a comely field of snow.

A sparkling eye, so pure a gray

As when it shines it needs no day.

Ivory dwelleth on her nose;

Lilies, married to the rose,

Have made her cheek the nuptial bed;

[*Her*] *lips betray their virgin red,⁴*

As they only blush'd for this,

That they one another kiss;

³ merit,] Old copy, " Muse;" but I have little confidence in the above being the right word.

⁴ virgin red,] Old copy, " virgin's weed."

*But observe, beside the rest,
 You shall know this felon best
 By her tongue ; for if your ear
 Shall once a heavenly music hear,
 Such as neither gods nor men
 But from that voice shall hear again,
 That, that is she, oh, take her t' ye,
 None can rock heaven asleep but she.*⁵

Treed. How do you like my pippin of Parnassus, gentlemen ?

Rich. Wor. Very handsome.

Treed. Nay, I'll warrant you, my Tutor has good furniture in him.

Wor. I do not think he made them.

[*Aside to Richley.*

Treed. Now you shall hear some verses of my own making.

Rich. Your own ! did you not make these ?

Tutor. He betrays himself.

[*Aside.*

Treed. Hum ; yes, I made them too, my Tutor knows.

Tutor. I'll take my oath who made them.

Treed. But I wrote them for another gentleman that had a mistress.

Rich. My daughter, you said.

Treed. I may say so ; but, that their faces are nothing alike, you would hardly know one from t' other. For your better understanding, I will read them myself.—*Her foot*—

Wor. Do you begin there ?

Treed. Oh, I will rise by degrees.

*Her foot is feat with diamond toes,
 But she with legs of ruby goes :
 Thighs loadstones, and do draw unto her
 The iron pin of any wooer.*

⁵ None can rock heaven asleep but she.] See p. 68.

Wor. Precious conceit!

Treed. Her head—

Rich. Her head!

Wor. You were between her thighs but now.

Treed. 'Tis my conceit; I do now mean to go downwards again, and meet where I left, in the middle——

*Her head is opal, neck of sapphire,
Breast carbuncles, shine like a fire;
And the naked truth to tell ye,
The very mother of pearl her belly.
How can she choose but hear my groans,
That is composed of precious stones?*

Wor. Ay, marry, sir.

Treed. Now, if you like't, you may.⁶

Wor. A word with you, sir: pray, what do you think of your pupil?

Tutor. I think nothing, sir.

Wor. But deal ingenuously; your opinion?

Tutor. Shall I tell you?

Wor. Pray, sir.

Tutor. Nothing.

Wor. I think so too. What doth my brother mean, to make this fond election?

Tutor. For my own part, you hear me say nothing; but the good parts and qualities of men are to be valued.

Wor. This fellow's a knave; I smell him.

Tutor. Something has some savour.

Treed. When you please; name your own time; I'm ready to be married at midnight.

Rich. About a seven-night hence.

Treed. Let it be three or four, I care not how soon. Is breakfast ready?

Rich. It waits upon you.

⁶ This is from the well known prologue to *Cynthia's Revels*. Undoubtedly it was sufficiently popular, as a jocose defiance.

Treed. I do love to eat and drink in a morning,
though I fast all day after.

Rich. I'll follow, brother.

Wor. We'll both attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Aimwell's Lodgings.

Enter AIMWELL with a letter.

Aim. This opportunity let my covetous eye
Take to enrich itself; but first prepare
With reverence, as to an altar, bring
No careless but religious beams along
With you to this new object; this small paper
Carries the volume of my human fate,
I hold my destiny betwixt two fingers,
And thus am I wrapt up without a name,
Being, or expectation of world's joy
More than this table (when the curtain's drawn)
Presents in character to my thirsty eyesight.—
Hail, thou ambassador from thine and my
Mistress, bringing peace, or unkind war,
Thou emblem of her whiteness, which I kiss,
And thus again salute.

Enter Boy and CLARE.

Boy. There he is, alone.

Clare. So, leave us.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Aim. Coming from her,
Can it be guilty of defiance to me?
Had she not meant me happy, she had given
My letter to the flame, and with it I,
In those thin ashes had been buried,

Nor had she deign'd this answer, which⁶ the circumstance

Of my receiving prompts me to believe
Gracious ; the gentle messenger commended it,
Not as a thing she would have public, but
With eyes full of suspicion, (which had been
Needless, had she contemn'd my services ;)
So, smilingly, departed. Thus I sent my paper,
Which what but love taught her to imitate ?
Without a superscription.—[*seeing Clare.*—Oh,
Clare, welcome,

welcome to that [shall make thy]' heart dance in
thy bosom if thou beest a friend, and canst rejoice
to know me happy. You thought me ridiculous,
and that I did with too much flattery of myself, ex-
pound your story. Had I been, like thee, of frosty
apprehension, and cold phlegmatic judgment, I
had missed a blessing that wanton Jove would
have been rival for. Dost see this paper ?

Clare. Nothing on the outside ?

Aim. 'Tis inly precious.

Clare. You have not search'd the lining, that
you promise so.

Aim. I see through it ; hast thou not heard the
perfect magnet

Will, though inclos'd within an ivory box,
Through the white wall shoot forth embracing virtue
To the loved needle ? I can read it, Clare,
And read a joy in't that transports me ; this
Came from my mistress ; having touch'd her hand,
Whence it receiv'd a whiteness, hath it not

⁶ *Nor had she deign'd this answer, which, &c.* Old copy reads :

“ Nor had she deign'd this answer with the circumstance
At my receiving prompts me to believe
Gracious the gentle messenger command it,” &c.

⁷ *Welcome to that [shall make thy]* These, or similar words
seem to have dropt at the press.

Brought incense too? dispersing a rich breath,
 Sweeter than [all] Arabian spicery,
 About the room, in which, while it remains,
 We suck in perfum'd air. It came from her,
 My honest Clare, from her, whose rare wit taught,
 When in thy dull opinion I was lost,
 My apprehension a new hope to thrive
 In my ambitious love.—Excellent women!
 The top of all creation, I shall be
 At once too happy.—Unrip thou the seal,
 Read it, and let thy voice convey it gently,
 Lest I be surfeited. But why should any
 Be honour'd to receive her [loving letter]⁸
 But I, to whom she hath directed it?
 By thy leave, silent paper;—confident
 Of bliss, I open my Elysium,
 And let my soul into it.—Ha!— [Reads.]
 Laden with mighty hopes, how desperately
 Have I launch'd forth, and find a storm!

Clare. What's this? Your own letter return'd!
 Can it be otherwise than in scorn?

Aim. In scorn!

Clare. Have you not now cause of triumph?
 who is now the truer prophet? You would nourish
 hope in spite of reason; now you feel a punish-
 ment in her derision.

Aim. Is this credible?

Clare. Credible! 'Tis no wonder in a woman;
 Though she had promised, vow'd, affection to you,
 It had not been a miracle to find
 A change in her affection; yet you cannot
 Accuse her much.

Aim. Appear'd I so unworthy,
 That, 'mong so many ways she had to express

⁸ [loving letter] Here again some word has dropt at the press, which I have supplied as I could.

⁹ how desperately] The old copy reads, "how dispendant," of which I can make nothing.

At what poor value she esteem'd my proffer'd
Service, her pride could find out none but this,
To send me mine own again !

Clare. Do but imagine
You sent a servant with a message to her,
She not within, he is return'd again
Without an answer.

Aim. Incivility !
She might have thank'd me, and subscrib'd her
name ;
I was not bound to her observance.

Clare. Come, be free again.

Aim. I will be so ; with this
That I could cancel my affection !

[Tears the letter in pieces.

Clare. What do you mean ? it *having touch'd her*
hand,

Is full of incense and Arabian spicery ;
You are too prodigal of your perfume.

Aim. Do not thou mock me, too.

Clare. Well, I have done.

Aim. Would I had so ! I cannot empty all
My torment ; wherefore should a man love woman ?
Such airy mockeries ; nothing but mere echos,
That owe their being to our opinion,
And in reward of honouring them, send back
As scornfully the language we bestow'd,
Out of our too much dotage.

Clare. If they send
All they receive from us, accuse them not,
We have our hearts again.

Aim. And I'll have mine.
I will, I have not yet ; here wants a guest,
Invite him home again. Why should not I
Be as coy as she, and with as much neglect
Throw her behind my thoughts ? Instruct me with
Witty revenge, and thou shalt¹ see me toss

¹ shalt] Old copy, that.

This shuttlecock with as much pride ; and when I'm sated with this sport, let fall this vanity into as low disdain ; psha !

Clare. Nobly resolv'd !

Aim. Come, to a tavern ; drench the memory of these poor thoughts.

Clare. Let's seek out master Fowler and Manly.

Aim. And, warm'd with sack, we'll try who can make satires best.

Clare. A match ; let's to them. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Fowler's Lodgings.

FOWLER, *as if sick; upon a couch; and* MANLY *disguised as a physician, attending him : phials, &c. on a table.*

Fow. An thou dost not play the doctor handsomely, I'll set the college of physicians upon thee, for practising without a license.

Man. Can you be sick ?

Fow. I would but counterfeit.

Man. So must I the physician.

Fow. I have known a spruce empiric hath given his patient two or three stools with the bare repetition of crude words, and knotty sentences, which have come from him like a phlegm, which, besides the operation in the hearers, who admire him for it ; while he beats like a drum, at their barrel head, and turns their brains like beer, does him the benefit to scour his own dirty maw, whose dregs else would putrify ; and infest his cheeks worse than a gangrene.

Man. Are you sure she will visit you ?

Fow. As sure as I am well ; for, an I were sick and would sleep, I would rather take a nap on the

ridge of Etna, and the fall of deafening Nilus, than endure the visitation of any of their tribe.—[*knocking within.*]—One knocks; my pillow, and lay my head in the aching posture.

Enter AIMWELL and CLARE.

Man. 'Tis Aimwell and Clare.

Aim. Where's my witty bacchanalian?—How now? what means this apothecary's shop about thee? art physical?

Fow. Sick, sick.

Aim. Didst not look in a glass to-day? how scurvily this nightcap shews upon thee!

Clare. What's the disease?

Man. A fever, sir.

Aim. Hang fevers! let's to the tavern, and inflame ourselves with lusty wine; suck in the spirit of sack, till we be delphic, and prophesy, my bully-rook.

Fow. Alas!

Aim. A lass! is that the disease? Drench her, drench her in sack: sick for a lass! do not fool thyself beyond the cure of Bedlam; be wise and well again.

Fow. You are merry; it seems you have won the lady.

Aim. What lady? the lady i' the lobster? I was half sick for a foolish thing called a woman; a toy took me in the head, and had like to have taken away my heart, too; but I have recovered. Do not trust thy body with a physician, he'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a seven-night after.

Man. These are no doctors.

Aim. Doctor! art a Parisian, a Paduan, or a

Leyden² doctor? How many, and be true to us, hast thou killed the last spring? will it puzzle thy arithmetic, my precious rectifier of nature the wrong way?—Faith, thou must excuse me, Jack, that I cannot condole with thee; by this whey beard of Esculapius, I dare not endanger myself with so much melancholy, lest I fall into a relapse.—Whom have we here?

Enter WHIBBLE and PENELOPE disguised.

Whib. 'Tis reported that master Fowler is sick, and keeps his chamber; I hope he is within?

Pen. Noble sir.

Aim. Fair lady.

Pen. How fare you, sir?

Fow. The better to see you here.

Man. Upon the entrance of this gentlewoman, I find your grief much alter'd.

Pen. Upon mine?

Man. Yes, and by that I dare presume to say, you are the cause of his distemper?

Pen. I, sir?

Fow. A cunning doctor!

Man. For I observ'd, so soon as his searching eye had fastened on her, his labouring pulse, that, through his fever, did before stick hard, and frequent, now exceeds in both these differences; and this Galen himself found true upon a woman that had doted upon a fencer.

Clare. Ay!

Whib. She did long for t' other bout then?

[*Aside.*

Pen. Give us leave, pray.

[*Aimwell and the others walk aside.*

Aim. A very pretty fellow.

² *Leyden*] The old copy reads, *Leaden*—perhaps the author intended to be witty; if so, there is a pun spoiled.

Clare. Well skilled i' the pulse.

Aim. You know my disease too, do you not? will not my complexion give you the hint on't?

Man. You are not very well.

Aim. How, sir?

Man. By your favour, you will come to't.

Aim. To what?

Man. To a burning fever.—Is there not one woman in the world?—

Aim. I think there is, and too much of that; what then? what conclude you?

Man. Nothing but syrurp of *violet* would comfort you, going to bed.

Aim. Violet!

Clare. He has given it you.

Fow. It does me good, lady, to feel you by the hand.

Pen. Would it were in my power to recover you.

Fow. The doctor, I thank him, has taken pains with me; but he says—nothing will do me good—

Pen. Nothing?

Fow. But that which is another sickness to reveal.

Pen. Pray, sir, acquaint me.

Fow. I know you love me. I have a great mind, an 'twere but for two or three minutes, to have a maid warm my bed—

Pen. That may be done.

Fow. With her body—else 'twill do me no good, the doctor says—to put life in some of my limbs, a little virgin warmth would do it.

Pen. You have a burning fever.

Fow. But now and then I have such cold fits again—and 'tis the doctor's opinion—a very learned man.

Pen. A learned pander.

[*Aside.*

Man. He's at it.

Fow. Doctor!

Clare. [to *Aimwell.*] Again passionate!

Aim. Why, I may love her name without offence to you. Why did he waken my remembrance? I had forgotten her.

Clare. Think upon her scorn, then.

Aim. I have done; and till I hear her name again, I will throw this dulness off.

Clare. Let's choose another subject.

How closely they consult! the doctor is in a fit of counsel; I suspect some juggling—he comes off; I'll gage a limb this fellow's an impostor.

Aim. Is there not much danger in him?

Man. Within two minutes, gentlemen, I have discovered happier symptoms.

Aim. So, sir.

Man. The redundant choleric matter—

Aim. 'Tis no matter, sir.

Man. I think you do not love him.

Clare. Pursue it.

Aim. What shall I give you to poison him?

Man. How?

Aim. Would he were in heaven! do you like well of this complexion? [Shews him money.]

Man. It shall hire me to kill your father.

Pen. To shew how much I value, sir, your life,
For I believe you do not mock, soon as
Your strength will give you leave to visit me
At my father's house, where I can command
An opportunity, my true love shall
Present you with your wishes; my maid only
Shall be of counsel to admit you; but
You'll make me satisfaction by marriage?

Fow. At a minute's warning.

Pen. One thing more; ere I give up my honour, I will have your oath no other woman hath enjoy'd your person.

Fow. Willingly; alas! I could ne'er be tempted, and but that there is a kind of necessity—

Pen. Be confident of my best love.

Fow. Seal it now ; [Kisses her.

I feel my spirits gather force already,
My blood shake off the corrupt humour ; ha ?

What an I go home with you, lady ?

Pen. You are pretty well already, then ! you may excuse our meeting.

Fow. O, no, no ; we are all apt to flatter ourselves. Farewell, sweet lady,—if I live, I'll see you ; if I die—

Pen. Whibble.—

Whib. At hand and foot to do you service.

[Exeunt *Pen.* and *Whib.*

Aim. You will poison him ?

Man. He is dead ; as you find me in this, let me have your custom.

Aim. You quicksalving rogue ! [Beats him.

Man. Do ; be valiant. [Discovers himself.

Fow. A stratagem, my noble Tully, a stratagem ; she's my own, the castle of comfort is yielding up ; I see it prostrate already, my valiant engineer.

Clare. The old humour ; now has he the promise of some maidenhead.

Fow. The believing creature could not hold out.

Aim. If you thrive so well in your wench, I am no company for you.

Fow. Not for me ! I'll worry thee, Frank, to death, if thou flinchest. To the Oracle, boys,³ thou shouldst hunt, as I do, these wanton rabbit-suckers. Come, we'll have thy story in Apollo, now my own tale is over. I'll busy my brains to set thy wheels in a handsome motion again. Bold as I am, let no denial make thee remove thy siege ; they must come to parly, make but wise condi-

³ *To the Oracle, boys,*] That is, to Jonson's club-room at the Devil tavern. The allusion is to the line over the door :

"To the Oracle of Apollo." See Jonson, vol. ix. p. 87.

tions, and the fort's thine own, I warrant thee.
Come, to the Oracle. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

A Room in Richley's House.

Enter BRAINS with a letter.

Bra. Crack, my sides, with laughter : here's a purchase happier than I expected ; her own letter to Aimwell ! his (which was the most I could hope for) would have been but presumption, this is evidence against the world ; to this have I added seal and superscription to the old knight my master. Oh, how I could hug myself with the thought on't ! they may talk of women's wit, 'tis as slender as their apron-strings, from whence they fetch it ; they have no reaches in them. Here comes my mistress's moveable,—

Enter SENSIBLE.

she shall do the feat.—Mistress Sensible, here's a letter to my master ; I am going in some haste to dispatch some business ; when he comes, at opportunity do so much as deliver it, wilt ?

Sens. A greater courtesy than this for you.

Bra. Oh, that I were a youth of one and twenty again !—

Sens. What then ?

Bra. Hear my wish out,—and ten thousand pounds in a musty coffer, a house well furnished, acres enough of my own about it, fifty ploughs a going, twenty horse in the stable, beside a caroch and six Flanders mares ; ten tall knaves in livery,

eight velvet pages, six footmen in cadis ;⁴ I would marry thee, love thee, lie with thee, and get so many Brains without sage, as should furnish any nation in Christendom with politicians, girl. Farewell, sweet, kind Sensible ! [Exit.

Sens. What crotchets be these ? the fellow's mad, I think.

Enter VIOLETTA, hastily.

Vio. Oh, look, Sensible, seek every where about the chamber ; I have lost the letter Aimwell sent me. If we should be discovered, we are quite undone. What's that in thy hand ?

Sens. A letter.

Vio. Whence ?

Sens. I know not ; 'twas left here, and Brains, having some business to dispatch, requested me to deliver it.

Vio. Let me see't. *To the right worshipful sir George Richley.* I see him coming ; lose no time ; employ thy diligence to search for mine ; I will deliver this.

Sens. I shall, mistress. [Exit.

Vio. My father presses me to marry Treedle : short time's allowed for the prevention.

Enter RICHLEY.

My good angel assist me.—Here's a letter, sir.

Rich. Whence ?

Vio. I know not ; your servant Brains received it.

[*Richley opens the letter and reads.*

Rich. What's here ?—Daughter, do not you know whence this letter came ?

Vio. Not I, sir.

Rich. You cannot be so ignorant.

⁴ *in cadis ;]* Cadis was the coarse worsted fringe or lace, with which the liveries of menial servants were bordered, for cheapness.

Vio. What means my father ?

Rich. You are familiar with the contents ?

Vio. I beseech you, sir, have no suspicion.

Rich. I'll read it to you.—*Master Aimwell, I received your letter, and praise your apprehension; upon the first view of your person, I conceived opinion of your merit, the flame is now too great to be suppressed: it is no time to protract your hopes, nor dishonour in me to yield upon noble conditions at the first summon; I accept your love, and require your industry to prevent my father's purpose. My servant Sensible you may trust; I will use some invention to delay my expected marriage. Farewell.*

Vio. My harsh fate! [*Aside.*

Rich. Do you know this character? Where's my man Brains ?

Vio. Your man devil. [*Aside.*

Re-enter BRAINS.

Bra. Did your worship call ?

Rich. Oh, my best servant.—

Does not thy very soul blush to deceive me ?

Bra. What's the matter, mistress ?

Vio. Hear me, I beseech you.

Rich. In the height and puzzle^s of my care to make

Thee happy, to conspire thy overthrow !

I will not hear.

Bra. Good sir.

Vio. This was your work, you can read.

Bra. And write, too, the superscription of a letter or so.

Rich. Where's Sensible ?

^s puzzle] The old copy reads *puzze*. The genuine word must be left to the reader's ingenuity.

Re-enter SENSIBLE.

For your good service to your mistress, housewife,
Pack up your trinkets, I here discharge you.

Bra. I hope you are Sensible?

Vio. Oh, wench, my father hath my letter.

Sens. Your's!

Vio. And I, mistaking, seal'd and return'd
Aimwell that which he sent.

Sens. How came he by it?

Vio. Talk not of that. Oh, for some art to help
us! [*They converse aside.*]

Bra. Let me counsel you not to express any
violence in your passions, lest you mar the possi-
bility of reclaiming her; it seems Aimwell has
miss'd the intelligence. Where shame is enforced
too much upon the delinquent, it begets rather an
audacious defence of the sin, than repentance.
Soft rain slides to the root, and nourishes, where
great storms make a noise, wet but the skin i' the
earth, and run away in a channel.

Sens. A most rare project!

Vio. It will appear the same; both made together,
Which, since my sister's death, I have [not] worn.

Rich. Which of my cares reward'st thou with
this folly?

Vio. Sir, can you pardon?

Rich. I love you but too well; go to your
chamber.

Vio. But must we part?

Rich. Dispute it not.

Bra. 'Bye, sweet mistress Sensible! I hope we
shall meet again as merry as we part.

Sens. 'Tis very violent, but we obey your plea-
sure; I have only apparel, and some few trifles—

Rich. Take them all with you, and be gone.

Vio. Beside my own misfortune, I have cause to

pity thine ; my father is displeas'd, and not unjustly.—Happy genius !— [Exeunt.

Rich. So, things must be manag'd wisely ; I will hasten the marriage.

Bra. By all means let it be sudden.

Rich. Within two days—to-morrow.

Bra. I would not sleep till she be married—but carry things smooth ; let not the knight suspect you are troubled ; your daughter will be fetch'd about with a bias again.

Rich. How thou deserv'st me ! let us in.

Bra. Hereafter, for my sake, and subtle pains, Whoe'er is wise, let the world call him Brains.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Aimwell's Lodgings.

Enter AIMWELL and SENSIBLE.

Aim. Can this be true ?

Sens. As I have faith to heaven.

Aim. Take this, and this, [and this,] for thy sweet story. [Gives her money.

Thou hast entranced me with thy language : laden
With my despairs, like a distressed bark
I gave myself up lost in the imagin'd
Tempest ; but at point of striking
Upon a rock, what a celestial gale
Makes my sails swell with comfort ! and enforcing
My ship into the channel, I do feel it
Bound on the waves, discretion at the helm,
Which passion had⁶ forsaken ; I now bless
The minute I weigh'd anchor ; oh, my destiny,

⁶ had] Old copy, made.

Dwell longer on this thread, and make it firm ;
 Upon it hangs the weight of such a fortune,
 That, if it crack, will, swifter than Jove's flaming
 Arrow, dig my grave in the earth's centre.
 Forgive me, sacred sex of women, that,
 In thought or syllable, I have declaim'd
 Against your goodness, I will redeem it
 With such religious honouring your names,
 That when I die, some ne'er thought-stain'd virgin
 Shall make a relic of my dust, and throw
 My ashes, like a charm, upon those men
 Whose faiths they hold suspected. To what pitch
 Of blessedness are my thoughts mounted!

Sens. Sir,

This is an opportunity for action ;
 Time will run fast upon the minute.

Aim. Pardon

The trespass of my joy, it makes me wild ;
 I am too well rewarded for my' suffering,
 Promise thyself a noble recompense.

Enter MANLY and CLARE.

Man. Come, have you finish'd your discourse yet?

Aim. You are my friends ; [Exit *Sensible.*
 I was deceived in my Violetta,
 She loves, she has sent me proof ; but a mistake
 Sent back my letter, and detain'd her answer,
 Which was betray'd to her father. But keep your
 wonder

To honour her rare wit, which, if the stars
 Shew themselves not malicious, will assure
 All my desires in her ; a divine project ;
 She is the master-engine ; you must work too,
 Will you not, friends ?

Clare. *Man.* You know you may command us.

⁷ my suffering.] Old copy "thy suffering."

Aim. Then spread your bosoms; you shall
straight procure
A caroch be ready on the back side of my lodging;
Do not lose time in questioning; my fate
Depends upon your haste.

Man. Promise it done. [Exit.]

Aim. You shall disguise yourself; I must employ
you
In rougher action.

Clare. I refuse no office
To advance your hopes.

Aim. My certainties: on thee
The frame of our whole building leans. Come on.
Move slowly, time, until our work be done.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Richley's House.

Enter VIOLETTA and Tutor.

Vio. I was not blind to your deserts,
Nor can be so ungrateful now, as not
To give encouragement to your affection;
My father may command my person, never
My love, to marry Treedle

Tutor. He is an ass; I made his best verses for
him.

Vio. I thought his fancy could not reach them.

Tutor. His sponce is drier than a pumice.

Vio. There be ways to prevent marriage, for I'm
already changed.

Tutor. You are wise; let us run away together.

Vio. But how shall I be sure your love is firm?

Tutor. Try me, and trust me after.

Vio. And I will, for it shall be a hard task I will
impose on you; dare you fight?

Tutor. If I like my enemy.

Vio. It is a poor old fellow.

Tutor. Then I will kill him ; his name ?

Vio. My father's servant, Brains.

Tutor. He is dead

By this time.

Vio. Stay, there is a circumstance

To be observed : by some means I'll procure

He waits on me to the Strand this afternoon——

Enter TREEDLE, and WHIBBLE, who is busied in
adjusting the knight's dress.

Sir Nicholas !——your ear for the rest.

[*whispers him.*

Tutor. He will suspect nothing by our privacy ;
He bad me take occasion to urge
His good parts to you : should he ask, I'd swear
I did but press his commendations.

Treed. Is thy name Whibble ?

Whib. Yes, an't please your worship.

Treed. I like thee the better for that ; my name's
Treedle.

Whib. I thank your worship.

Treed. Hast done hooking o' me ?

Whib. Every eye hath his object already.

Treed. A witty knave ! what place dost thou oc-
cupy under thy master ?

Whib. I am commonly his journeyman, sir.

Treed. How ?

Whib. I look to his horses, sir.

Treed. Wilt serve me when I'm married ?

Whib. Alas ! I have no good parts to commend
me.

Treed. No good parts ! an thou hast but skill in
horses and dogs, thou art fit for any gentleman in
England.

Vio. Just at that place assault him.

Tutor. By your fair hand I will. [Exit.

Vio. [coming forward.] Mydelight, how fare you?

Treed. I am studying some witty poesy for thy wedding-ring; let me see—

Vio. Trouble not your head.—Whibble, entreat my father hither.

Treed. No matter; I will send to the university.

Vio. Were you ever of any college?

Treed. College! I have had a head in most of the butteries of Cambridge, and it has been sconced to purpose. I know what belongs to sizing, and have answered to my cue in my days; I am free of the whole university, I commenced with no worse than his majesty's footmen.

Vio. And ever since you have had a running wit. You were better consult our wits at home; we have excellent poets in the town, they say.

Treed. In the town? What makes so many scholars then come from Oxford and Cambridge, like market-women, with dorsers full of lamentable tragedies, and ridiculous comedies, which they might here vent to the players, but they will take no money for them.

Vio. Oh, my dearest! How happy shall I be when I'm married. [Kisses him.

Enter RICHLEY and WORTHY

Wor. Look! they are ingendering at the lip.

Rich. I like it well.

Vio. Why are our joys deferr'd?

Rich. But till to-morrow.

Vio. 'Tis an age, methinks.

Treed. Kind worm!

Wor. This cannot be deceit.

Vio. I want some trifles, the Exchange will furnish me;
Let it be your motion to my father.

Treed. Father and uncle, you will excuse our familiar conversation; I vow I will be honest till I be married; not a touch of my flesh within the walls, only the suburbs of her lips or hands, or so, and when, and when?—is to morrow the day, the day of coupling and so forth? have you got a license?

Rich. It shall be my next work.

Treed. Pray do, we will be married here, but keep our wedding at my own house at Croydon, we will have the city waites down with us, and a noise of trumpets; we can have drums in the country, and the train-band, and then let the Spaniards come an they dare!—Dost hear? here is twenty pieces, you shall fribble them away at the Exchange presently.

Rich. How, sir?

Treed. By this gold she shall, father.—Lay it out in tooth-picks, I will wear them in my hat.—Come, I will with you for the license.

Rich. Who shall with her?

Wor. I must attend a project of my daughter's.

[*Exit.*]

Rich. Brains!

Enter BRAINS.

Bra. Sir.

Rich. Wait on my daughter to the Exchange; observe her carefully.

Bra. Point me a minute to return with her; if I fail, put my brains into the pot, and let them be served up with a calf's head, to-morrow [for] dinner.

Vio. It succeeds to my wish. [*Aside.*]

Treed. Violetta, look you lay out my gold at the Exchange in Bartholomew-fairings; farewell, Violetta.

[*Exeunt Rich. and Treed.*]

^a a noise of trumpets;] It may be mentioned once for all that noise means a band or company of trumpets, &c.

Bra. Come, mistress, will you walk? I would fain see any mortal wit cozen me of my charge now. I will live to be the shame of politicians, and when I am dead, be clapt up into the Chronicles. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Worthy's House.

Enter FOWLER.

Fow. Ah, the desire of unlawful flesh! what a conjuring dost thou keep within us to lay this little spirit of concupiscence!⁹ The world and the devil are tame and sprightless temptations, poor traffic, to this staple commodity of whoring: this is the place where I must take shipping for the summer islands; if she keep touch, I will call them Fortunate, and once a week make a love voyage to them. [*Music within*—Ha! are we entertained with music? [*One sings within.*

SONG.

*Back, back again! fond man forbear,
Buy not a minute's play too dear;
Come with holy flame, and be
Welcome to virtue and to me.*

Fow. *Come with holy flame, and be
Welcome to virtue and to me.*

Flame! I bring none with me, and I should be sorry to meet any fireworks here; for those hereafter I look on them afar off, and apprehend them with less fear.—Again! [*Music.*

⁹ *concupiscence*] Old copy reads, "conscience," and prints the whole sentence wrong.

SONG.

*Love a thousand sweets distilling,
 And with nectar bosoms filling,
 Charm all eyes that none may find us ;
 Be above, before, behind us ;
 And, while we thy pleasures taste,
 Enforce time itself to stay,
 And by [the] fore-lock hold him fast,
 Lest occasion slip away.*

Fow. Ay, marry, this is another manner of invitation ; I will to her ; but—

Enter WINNIFRIDE.

Here comes the squire of her mistress's body,—
 How does my little taper of virgin wax ? thou hast
 been in some damp, thou burn'st blue, methinks.

Win. [*in a hoarse voice.*] Noble sir.

Fow. What ! a cold ?

Win. A great cold ; I have lost my voice.

Fow. An thou hast not lost thy maidenhead, it is
 no matter ; have a little care of thy frank tenement,
 and thy tongue will come time enough to itself, I'll
 warrant thee : what place has she chosen for the
 encounter ?

Win. Her chamber.

Fow. Her chamber !

Win. It is all dark.

Fow. Is it all dark ? I commend her policy the
 better ; then the room, and the deed that must be
 done in it, will be of one complexion ; so she be
 light I care not : prithee convey me to her.

Win. Follow me.

Fow. As thy shadow.—Woe be to some of the
 dear sex when a chambermaid is usher to a gen-
 tleman.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same, darkened.

Enter PENELOPE and WORTHY.

Pen. It shall be a harmless trial, sir.

Wor. Go to ; I know thou art virtuous ; put in execution thy purpose, I will be within the reach of thy voice. [Retires.

Pen. It shall be my security.—
What ill star ruled at my nativity,
That I should be so miserable to love
A man, whose glory is his vice, whose study
Is but to ruin virtue !

Enter WINNIFRIDE.

Win. Mistress !

Pen. Here, Winnifride.

Win. The gamester waits his entrance, jocund as a bridegroom ; he has forgot his fever.

Pen. Away ; you know your charge ; be ready.—[Exit *Win.* *Pen.* goes to the door, and speaks hoarsely.]—Where are you, sir ? Master Fowler.

Enter FOWLER.

Fow. [In] hell, if darkness will carry it ; yet hell cannot be so black, there are too many flames in it. Thy hand ; what monk's hole hast thou brought me to ? where is thy mistress ?

Pen. This is the way.

Fow. Is this the way ? it is a very blind one ; the devil can hardly know me if he meet me here, that is my comfort : yet if he did, he loves the sin too well to interrupt so precious a meeting. Prithee,

child of darkness, conduct me to the handsome fairy I must dance withal.

Pen. It seems your fever hath left you.

Fow. My fever! I forget myself, I should have counterfeited sick all this while, but no matter, an thy mistress know it not; thou art skilful in secrets, and I will deserve it: two or three fits when I am in her presence, will make her keep her promise with me about the cure, for that she thinks I was so: Prithee do thy office, and bring me to her; I hope she is not within hearing.

Pen. Fear not.

Fow. So, about it then.

Pen. There is a fee belongs to my place first.

Fow. A fee belonging to your place? as I hope for a limb of thy mistress I had forgot it; there is gold, I can feel it: by this darkness, for thou seest I have no light to swear by, it is weight; quick, periwinkle! to thy mistress, now.

Pen. This is not enough.

Fow. There is more; take silver and all.

Pen. This is nothing.

Fow. Is it nothing? by this hand, would I could see it; it is all I have; wilt search me?

Pen. There is another fee belongs to us.

Fow. Another fee belongs to us! what is that? I must kiss her:—[*kisses her.*]—thou hast a down lip, and dost twang it handsomely; now to the business.

Pen. This is not all I look for.

Fow. She will not tempt me to come aloft, will she? [Aside.

Pen. If you could see me, I do blush.

Wor. What does my daughter mean? [Aside.

Fow. If I could see her she does blush, she says; it is so: oh the insatiable desires of chambermaids! they were wont to look no higher than the groom or servingman, and be thankful; or if the

master would be pleased to let them shew him this lobby, t'other withdrawing chamber, or the turret, in summer, and take occasion to commend the situation and so forth, it was after the lady had been served, out of his own mere motion and favour, and it was taken as an indearment for ever of their service and secrecy; now, they must be tasters to them in the sweet sin; fees of the court must be paid, or no suit commenced with iniquity.—O Venus, what will this world come to!

Pen. Hear me.

Fow. Yes, I cannot see thee.

Pen. This chamber, by my policy, was made dark.

Fow. *This chamber, by your policy, was made dark, so.*

Pen. My mistress expected you without this ceremony.

Fow. *Your mistress expects me without this ceremony.—Cunning gipsey!* [Aside.

Pen. But if you condescend not first—

Fow. *But if I condescend not first; will she threaten me?* [Aside.

Pen. To impart to me the sweet pleasure of your body—

Fow. *To impart to you the sweet pleasure of my body!*

Pen. Indeed you shall not embrace my mistress, and so forth.

Fow. *Indeed I shall not embrace your mistress, and so forth!* You will justify this to her face? 'tis not that I stand upon a carriere, but I will not be compelled to lie with any whore in Christendom. Was ever such a goat in nature! Why, hark ye, virgin above ground, for a dark room or a cellar are all one for you, you that are a degree above the kitchen, and make your master's man run mad to hear you play on the virginals; whose breath, though strengthened with garlic, you would suck

like a domestic cat at midnight, will no diet down with you, but what is reserved for your mistress's palate? You are in hope to filch a point from my breeches, which, executed at both ends, you will wear about your smutchy wrist for a bracelet. I will seek out thy mistress, rifle her lady-ware, in spite of thee, and give my footmen charge not to kiss thee, an it would keep thee from starving.—Would I could see the way out again!

Pen. I can betray, and will.

Fow. She'll betray us, she has voice enough for such a mischief. [*aside.*]—Do'st hear? do but consider she is thy mistress, there's some reason she should be preferred.

Pen. I'll hear none.

Fow. She'll hear no reason! If the devil hath fed her blood with the hope of me, would he would furnish her with an incubus in my shape, to serve her, or let a satyr leap her! Oh, unmerciful chambermaids! the grave is sooner satisfied than their wantonness. [*aside.*]—Dost hear? wilt have the truth on't? 'twas a condition between us, and I swore no woman should enjoy me before her; there's conscience I should be honest to her; prithee be kind to a young sinner; I will deserve thee hereafter in the height of dalliance.

Pen. I am in the same humour still.

Fow. *She is in the same humour still!* I must go through her to her mistress. [*aside.*]—Art thou a Christian? Well, thou art a brave girl, and I do love thy resolution, and so soon as I have presented my first fruits to thy mistress only for my oath's sake, I'll return and ply thee with embraces, as I am a gentleman. Prithee shew me the way.

Pen. I will not trust you, sir.

Fow. Will not you trust me? why, come on then, an there be no remedy.

Pen. Will you satisfy my desire?

Fow. I'll do my endeavour ; I am untrussing as fast as I can ; nay, an I be provoked, I'm a tyrant ; have at your bacon.

Pen. [*aloud.*] Winnifride !

Re-enter WINNIFRIDE with a light.

Fow. Have you found your voice ? what mean you by this light ?

Pen. That you should see your shame.

Fow. Cheated ; ha ?

Pen. Is this your love to me, your noble love ? I did suspect before how I should find you.

[*Fow.* Penelope !]

Pen. Degenerated man ! what mad disease Dwells in thy veins, that does corrupt the flowings Of generous blood within thee ?

Fow. Shall I not vault, gentlewoman ?

Pen. What behaviour Of mine gave thee suspicion I could be So lost to virtue, to give up mine honour ? Poor man !

How thou didst fool thyself to thy devouring Lust, for 'twas it made thee so late a counterfeit.— Go home, and pray Thy sin may be forgiven, and with tears Wash thy polluted soul.

Wor. I like this well,
And find her noble aim.

[*Aside.*]

Pen. Be man again ;
For yet thou art a monster, and this act Publish'd, will make thee appear so black And horrid, that even beasts will be ashamed Of thy society. My goodness, In hope of your conversion, makes me chide you so— Ha ! Win, dost thou observe him ? Oh, my heart Is full of fear ; I tremble to look on him : See, of a sudden, what a paleness has

Possest his face ; do not his eyes retire
 Into their hollow chambers ? Sir, how do you ?

Fow. Well.

Wor. What new project's this ? [Aside.

Win. A sudden change.

Sure, heaven is just unto thy late imposture,
 And thou art punish'd now indeed with sickness,
 For mocking heaven, I fear. Oh, dost thou see ?

Fow. What ?

Pen. Death sits upon his forehead ; I ne'er saw
 The horror of a dying countenance,
 But in this gentleman.—Winnifride, to my closet,
 Fetch me the cordial.

Fow. What do you mean, gentlewoman ?
 I do not feel any such dangerous sickness.

Pen. What a hollow voice he has ! oh, my mis-
 fortune,
 If he should die here ! Fetch me some strong
 waters.

Fow. No, no, I can walk for them myself, if need be.

Pen. He talks wildly ;
 I may suspect him ; if you have so much strength
 To walk, go home, call your physician,
 And friends ; dispose of your estate, and settle
 Your peace for heaven, I do beseech you, sir ;
 My prayers shall beg a mercy on your soul,
 For I have no encouragement to hope
 Your glass hath manysands. Farewell, sir ; cherish
 Pure holy thoughts, that if your life soon end,
 Your better part may to yon court ascend.—
 Come, to my father. [Exeunt all but Fowler.

Fow. What's the meaning of this ? sick and
 dying ! I feel no pains. I have heard of some died
 with conceit ; if it should kill me, I were a pre-
 cious coxcomb. Was ever poor gentleman brought
 into such a foolish paradise ! prepared for a race, and
 mounting into the saddle,—I must go home and

die! well, if I live I'll quit your cunning, and for the more certainty my revenge may prosper, I will not say my prayers till it take effect. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The Street, near Richley's House.

Enter Tutor.

Tutor. This is the place where I must exercise my valour upon Brains ; I was ne'er given to fight, but I'm engaged for such a prize as I would challenge all the noble sciences in my own defence.

[Walks about practising with his sword.

Enter AIMWELL, CLARE, and MANLY.

Aim. I cannot spy them yet ; pray heaven no disaster cross our project.

Clare. What thing's that walks about the door ?

Aim. One practising, I think,
The postures of a fencer.

Tutor. Things occur worthy consideration. Were I best to speak before I strike him, or give him blows, and tell him [the] reason afterwards ? I do not like expostulations, they proclaim our anger, and give the enemy warning to defend himself ; I'll strike him valiantly, and in silence.

Clare. What does he mutter ?

Aim. What business stays him here ? some treachery.

Tutor. Being resolv'd to strike before I speak,
'Tis worth my judgment, whether fist or sword
Shall first salute him : I'll be generous,
And give him first two or three wholesome buffets,
Which, well laid on, may haply so amaze him,

My weapon may be useless ; for I fear,
Should I begin with steel, her very face
Would force me make too deep incision,
And so there may be work for sessions :
I like not that, as valiant as I am :
Killing is common.

Aim. Clare, they are in sight ! down, down !
oh, my ravish'd soul ! what bliss is in this object !

[Retires.

Tutor. Ha ! they are coming ; 'tis she and the
old ruffian ; he has but a scurvy countenance ; I have
the advantage in the first blow, and I should be
very sorry he should beat me in the conclusion.

Clare. Why does this fellow stay ?

Tutor. I must on ; she has spied me through
her mask ;
I see her smile already ; and command
A present battery.

Enter BRAINS before VIOLETTA.

Clare. Will this fellow prevent my office ? he
goes towards him with a quarrelling face.—Ha ! I'll
not engage myself then ; 'tis so.

[Withdraws. Tutor strikes Brains.

Vio. Help ! help !

[She runs in, and presently slips out Sensible,
dressed like her mistress.

Bra. Mistress, stay ! Fear nothing ; alas, good
gentlewoman.—[beats the Tutor.]—You black
maggot ; death ! I'll tread him into the kennel
amongst his kindred. [Beats him again.

Tutor. Hold ! help ! murder !

Bra. We shall have the whole street about us
presently. Let's on our journey. Who is this
mole-catcher ?—An ye had not been with me, I
would have cut him into more pieces than a tailor's
cushion.—Sir Nicholas, you shall know on't too.

[Exeunt.

Tutor. They are gone together; pox on this toughness! He has made an ass of me; next him do I hate the law most abominably, for if I might kill and not be hang'd for him, 'twould never trouble me. Shall I lose my reputation so? I'll venture another pounding, but I'll be revenged on him.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter BRAINS before SENSIBLE.

Bra. My mistress is grown very thrifty of her voice o' the sudden; I have ask'd her two or three questions, and she answers me with holding out her hand, as the post at St. Alban's, that points the way to London; either she is grown sullen, or the fright she was in late, like a wolf that sees a man first, hath taken away her voice.—I'll make her speak to me.—[*he stops, she puts him forward with her hand.*—Said you, forsooth?—'twill not do—what a blessed comfort shall he enjoy if she continue speechless! the Persians did worship a god under the name of Silence, and, sure, Christians may have an excuse for their idolatry, if they can find a woman whom nature hath posted into the world with a tongue, but no ability to make use of that miserable organ.—What do you think 'tis o'clock? two not struck, ha?—[*she slips away.*—How now, mistress, treading on t' other side? this is your way to the Exchange.

Sens. My way, you saucy clown!—take that.

[*Strikes him.*]

* *like a wolf that sees a man first,*] “Lupi Mærin videre priores.” See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 208.

Bra. You are bountiful ; 'tis more than I look'd for.

Sens. [*unmasking.*]—What have you to say to me, sirrah ? Cannot a gentlewoman—

Bra. Ha, ah ! my brains melt ; I am undone, I am undone ; you succuba, where is my mistress ? Proserpine, speak !

Enter Tutor, with Serjeants.

Tutor. That's he ; your office.

Serj. We arrest you, sir.

Bra. Me, you toads ?

Sens. How's this ?

Tutor. Away with him to prison ; 'tis no slight action : at your perils, serjeants. — My fairest mistress.

Sens. Mistress !—I'll humour this plot² for the mirth sake. [*Aside, and putting on her mask again, exit with Tutor.*]

Bra. Sirrah tadpole, what do you mean ?—I owe him not a penny, by this flesh ; he has a conspiracy upon me ; I charge you, in the king's name, unbind me.

Serj. We charge you, in the king's name, obey us.

Bra. May you live to be arrested of the pox, and die in a dungeon ! may inns o' court gentlemen, at next trimming, shave your ears and noses off, and then duck you in their own boggards !

² *I'll humour this plot,*] Old copy, "honour."

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Richley's House.

Enter RICHLEY, TREEDLE, and WORTHY.

Treed. So, now we have got a license, I would see who dares marry your daughter besides myself. Is she come from the Exchange yet?

Wor. Not yet, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your servant Brains remembers his duty in this paper.

Rich. Letters!

Treed. Letters! let me read them.

Rich. Your patience, sir.

Wor. I doubt all is not well; what if some misfortune should now befall your mistress? I hope you have armour of patience?

Treed. Ay, and of proof too, at home, as much as my hall can hold; the story of the Prodigal can hardly be seen for't;¹ I have pikes and guns, enow for me and my predecessors, a whole wardrobe of swords and bucklers; when you come home you shall see them.

Rich. A conspiracy!

Treed. Oh, treason!

Rich. My man Brains is arrested by your Tutor; a plot to take away my daughter; she is gone.

Wor. I did prophesy too soon.

¹ *the story of the Prodigal can hardly be seen for't,*] i. e. the story worked on the tapestry, against which the arms hung.

Treed. My Tutor read travel to me, and run away with my wench! a very peripatetic—what shall I do, then? an some [one] had arrested and clapp'd her up, too, we should have known where to find her. Do you hear? I did not mean to marry with a license.

Wor. How, sir?

Treed. No, sir, I did mean to marry with your daughter. Am I a gull?

Wor. Have patience.

Treed. I will have no patience; I will have Violetta: why does not Brains appear?

Wor. His heels are not at liberty; he's in prison.

Treed. In prison! why, an he had been hanged, he might have brought us word.

Rich. I am rent with vexation.—Sirrah, go you with me to the prison. [*Exeunt Rich. and Mess.*]

Wor. What will you do, sir?

Treed. I'll geld my Tutor.

Wor. You were best find him first.

Treed. Nay, I will find him, and find him again, an I can light on him; let me alone, I'll take half a dozen with me, and about it instantly. [*Exit.*]

Wor. I wish thee well, niece, but a better husband.—

Enter FOWLER.

Who's yonder? 'tis master Fowler, at an excellent opportunity. [*Exit.*]

Fow. I do walk still; by all circumstance I am alive, not sick in any part but my head, which has only the pangs of invention, and in travail of some precious revenge for my worse than masculine affront: what if I report abroad she's dishonest? I cannot do them a worse turn than to say so: some of our gallants take a pride to belie poor gentlewomen in that fashion, and think the discourse an honour to them; confidently boast the

fruition of this or that lady, whose hand they never kissed with the glove off: and why may not I make it my revenge, to blur their fames a little for abusing me?

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

1 *Gent.* Well met, friend; what! thou look-est sad.

2 *Gent.* You will excuse me, and bear a part, when I tell the cause.

1 *Gent.* What's the news?

2 *Gent.* Our friend, master Fowler's dead.

Fow. Fowler! ha! [*Aside.*

1 *Gent.* Master John Fowler?

Fow. That's I, that's I, ha!

2 *Gent.* The same.

Fow. Dead! am I dead?

1 *Gent.* It cannot be: I saw him but this morning Lusty and pleasant; how died he?

2 *Gent.* Suddenly.

1 *Gent.* Where?

2 *Gent.* At master Worthy's house.

1 *Gent.* Dead!

2 *Gent.* Too true, sir.

Fow. I would not believe myself sick; belike I am dead; 'tis more than I know yet.

1 *Gent.* He was a suitor to master Worthy's daughter.

2 *Gent.* Mistress Penelope; right.

Fow. By all circumstance they mean me: these gentlemen know me, too; how long is it since I departed? Some mistake—

1 *Gent.* How poor a thing is life, that we cannot Promise a minute's certainty; i' the height And strength of youth, falling to dust again!

Fow. Ha, ha, gentlemen! what do ye think of the dead man?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis the last office I can do him, now,
To wait on him to the earth,

Fow. Coxcombs, do ye not know me? I'm alive,
do you not see me?

1 *Gent.* He was a noble fellow, and deserves
A memory; if my brain have not lost
All his poetic juice, it shall go hard
But I'll squeeze out an elegy.

Fow. For whom, my furious poet? Ha! not
know me! do I walk invisible, or am I my own
ghost?—An you will not see me, you shall feel me,
you have a nimble pate, I may chance strike out
some flash of wit—[*strikes him.*]—No—

Re-enter WORTHY.

Here comes another.—Save you, master Worthy.

1 *Gent.* Sir, I heard ill news, master Fowler's
dead.

Wor. He is indeed, sir.

Fow. Indeed you lie, sir.

Wor. I saw his eyes seal'd up by death, and him
Wrapt in his last sheet.

1 *Gent.* Where's his body?

Wor. At my sad house, sir.

Fow. Is my body at your house?

Wor. I did hope, gentlemen, we should have
found

My house his bridal chamber, not his coffin.
But heaven must be obey'd; my daughter lov'd him,
And much laments his loss.

Fow. Very good; then I am dead, am I not?

Wor. You both were in the number of his
friends,

I hope you'll add your presence to the rest
At the funeral.

Fow. Whose funeral, you man of Bedlam?

2 *Gent.* Cry [you] mercy, sir; pray keep your
way.

1 *Gent.* It is a duty which, without invitement, we are both prompt to discharge.

Fow. Master Worthy! Gentlemen! do ye hear? [*Exeunt all but Fowler.*—Is't possible? not know me, not see me! I am sothin, and airy, I have slipp'd out o' the world, it seems, and did not know on't.—If I be dead, what place am I in? where am I? This is not hell, sure? I feel no torment, and there is too little company; no, 'tis not hell—and I have not liv'd after the rate of going to heaven yet; beside, I met just now a usurer, that only deals upon ounces, and carries his scales at his girdle, with which he uses to weigh, not men's necessities, but the plate he is to lend money upon; can this fellow come to heaven? Here a poor fellow is put in the stocks for being drunk, and the constable himself reeling home, charges others in the king's name to aid him. There's a spruce captain, newly crept out of a gentleman-usher, and shuffled into a buff jerkin with gold lace, that never saw service beyond Finsbury or the Artillery-garden,² marches waving a desperate feather in his lady's beaver, while a poor soldier, bred up in the school of war all his life, yet never commenced any degree of commander, wants a piece of brass, to discharge a wheaten bullet to his belly;—no, this is not heaven, I know by the people that traffic in't: where am I, then? Umph! I'll to Worthy's before they bury me, and inform myself better what's become of me; If I find not myself there in a coffin, there's hope I may revive again; if I be dead, I am in a world very like the other; I will get me a female spirit to converse withal, and kiss, and be merry, and imagine myself alive again. [*Exit.*

² never saw service beyond Finsbury or the Artillery-garden,] The usual places of exercise for the city train-bands.

SCENE II.

*A Street.**Enter* TREEDLE, WHIBBLE, *and* Footman,

Treed. Come, follow me, and be valiant, my masters.

Whib. Remember yourself, sir; this is your worship's footman, and, for mine own part, though I be not cut according to your cloth, I am a true servant of yours; where do you think we shall find them?

Treed. Where! where dost thou think?

Foot. I think where his worship thinks.

Treed. No matter, whether we find them or no; but, when we have taken them,—as if they be not, it is their own fault, for we are ready,—for Violetta, upon submission, I will commit marriage with her; but for the rogue, my Tutor.—

Whib. What will you do with him?

Treed. I'll do nothing to him; thou shalt kill him for me.

Whib. It will shew better in your footman.

Treed. Thou sayest right, he can run him through quickly; but it is no matter who; an the worst come to the worst, it is but a hanging matter, and I'll get a pardon first or last. I would kill him myself, but that I should be taxed to kill a poor worm more than ever I did in my life; besides, it is not with my credit to be hanged.

Whib. An't please your worship, I'll make a fair motion; take your choice, sir Nicholas, whether we shall kill him and you'll be hanged for him, or you shall be hanged for him, and we'll kill him.

Foot. Under correction, I think it were better to take him prisoner.

Treed. I like my footman's reason; we will take him first prisoner, and whosoever hath a mind to be hanged, may kill him afterwards.—Oh that I had him here now, I could cut him in pieces on my rapier's point!

Whib. Has not your worship been at fence-school?

Treed. At fence-school? I think I have, I'll play so many for so many, I name no weapons, with any High German English fencer of them all.—Canst not thou fence, Whibble?

Whib. I, sir? alas.—

Treed. It is but thus and thus, and there is a man at your mercy; I would cleave a button, an it were as broad as the brim of your hat now. Oh that I had but any friend but to kill a little! prithee try me, Whibble.

Whib. I am none of your friends.

Treed. Why, then, an thou lovest me, be my foe a little, for a bout or so.

Whib. I care not much to exercise your worship; stand aside.

Treed. Stay, let me see first——there is it——I cannot with my honour wound thee, I do not stand upon the odds of my weapon, which is longer than thine, but thou seest thine is shorter than mine by an handful;—too much is too much.

Enter Tutor, and SENSIBLE masked as before.

Foot. Your Tutor, sir, and mistress Violetta!

Treed. How! down with him, somebody!—[*Exit Tutor.*]
—he is gone, follow him close!—Oh, run away, cowardly rascal, will ye not fight against three?—Mistress, it is my fortune, you see, or my destiny, to recover your lost virginity; I am sorry for nothing, but that I have shed no blood in your rescue: but where there is no valour to be expected, it is best to put up with valour and reputation.

Would the rascal my Tutor have popt in before me? I am glad I have prevented him,—do you hear?—your father is mad, and I am little better myself: but let us be wise, lose no time; I know a parson shall divide us into man and wife ere any body think on it; I will make all sure now, I will not be put into any more of these frights, I will marry you; if any man dare run away with you afterward, let it light upon mine own head, and that is the worse I am sure they can do me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Worthy's *House.* Penelope's *Bedchamber.*

Enter WORTHY *and two Gentlemen.*

Wor. Gentlemen, I thank you; you carried it to my desire, most cunningly.

1 Gent. Do you think it has taken?

2 Gent. I am covetous to see the event.

Wor. Pray sit.—Penelope!

Enter PENELOPE *in mourning.*

2 Gent. In mourning!

Wor. All parties in the engagement.

Pen. You oblige a woman's service.

2 Gent. Gentle lady,

And if it prove fortunate, the design

Will be your honour, and the deed itself

Reward us in his benefit: he was ever wild.

1 Gent. Assured your ends are noble, we are happy in't.

Enter WINNIFRIDE.

Win. Master Fowler.

Wor. Is he come already?

Pen. Remove the herse into this chamber,
[*a herse is brought in with tapers.*]

In your nobleness I desire you will
Interpret fairly what I am to personate,
And by the story you will find I have
Some cause of passion. [*They sit round the herse.*]

Enter FOWLER.

Fow. This is the room I sickened in, and by report died in; umph! I have heard of spirits walking with aerial bodies, and have been wondered at by others, but I must only wonder at myself, for if they be not mad, I am come to my own burial; certain these clothes are substantial, I owe my tailor for them to this hour, if the devil be not my tailor, and hath furnished me with another suit very like it.—[*rings his money.*]—This is no magical noise, essential gold and silver. What do I with it if I be dead? Here are no reckonings to be paid with it, no tavern bills, no midnight revels, with the costly tribe of amorous she-sinners; now I cannot spend it, would the poor had it; by their prayers I might hope to get out of this new pitiful purgatory, or at least know which way I came into it.—Here they are in mourning, what a devil do they mean to do with me?—Not too many tears, lady, you will but spoil your eyes, and draw upon them the misery of spectacles: do not you know me neither?

Pen. Oh, master Fowler!

Fow. Ha! out with it; nay, an the woman but acknowledge me alive, there is some hope of me.

Pen. I loved thee living with a holy flame,
To purge the errors of thy wanton youth.

Fow. I'm dead again.

Pen. This made
Thy soul sue out so hasty a divorce,
And flee to airy dwellings: [this] hath left us
Thy cold pale figure,
Which we have commission but to chamber up
In melancholy dust, where thy own worms,
Like the false servants of some great man, shall
Devour thee first.

Fow. I am worms' meat!

Pen. We must all die.

Fow. Would some of you would do it quickly,
that I might have company!

Pen. But, wert
Thou now to live again with us, and that,
By miracle, thy soul should with thy body
Have second marriage, I believe thou'd'st study
To keep it a chaste temple, holy thoughts,
Like fumes of sacred incense, hovering
About this heart, then thou would'st learn to be
Above thy frailties, and resist the flatteries
Of smooth-faced lust.

Fow. This is my funeral sermon.

Pen. The burden of which sin, my fears per-
suade me,
Both hasten'd and accompanied thy death.

Wor. This sorrow is unfruitful.

Pen. I have done ;
May this prayer profit him! would his soul were
As sure to gain heaven as his body is here!

2 *Gent.* We must hope the best, he was an in-
constant young man ; frequenting of some compa-
nies, had corrupted his nature, and a little debau-
ched him.

Fow. In all this sermon I have heard little com-
mendations of our dear brother departed ; rich men

do not go to the pit-hole without complement of christian burial. It seems, if I had lived to have made a will, and bequeathed so much legacy as would purchase some preacher a neat cassock, I should have died in as good estate and assurance for my soul as the best gentleman in the parish, had my monument in a conspicuous place of the church, where I should have been cut in a form of prayer, as if I had been called away at my devotion, and so for haste to be in heaven, went thither with my book and spectacles.—Do you hear, lady, and gentlemen, is it your pleasure to see me, though not know me? and to inform a walking puisne when this so much lamented brother of yours departed out of this world? In his life I had some relation to him: what disease died he of, pray? who is his heir yet at common law? for he was warm in the possession of lands, thank his kind father, who having been in a consumption sixteen years, one day, above all the rest, having nothing else to do, died, that the young man might be a landlord, according to the custom of his ancestors.

1 Gent. I doubt the project. [Aside.

Fow. You should be his heir or executor at least, by your dry eyes, sir; I commend thee; what a miserable folly it is to weep for one that is dead, and has no sense of our lamentation. Wherefore were blacks invented? to save our eyes their tedious distillations; it is enough to be sad in our habits, they have cause to weep that have no mourning cloth, it is a sign they get little by the dead, and that is the greatest sorrow now adays. You loved him, lady; to say truth, you had little cause, a wild young man, yet an he were alive again, as that is in vain to wish, you know, he may perchance be more sensible, and reward you with better service, so you would not proclaim his weakness.—Faith, speak well of the dead hereafter,

and bury all his faults with him, will ye? what, are these all the guests? ha! what papers?⁴ some elegy or epitaph? who subscribes? oh, this is your poetry.

[reads.

*How he died some do suppose,
How he lived the parish knows;
Whether he's gone to heaven or hell,
Ask not me, I cannot tell.*

Very well, would the gentleman your friend were alive to give you thanks for them. What, have we more?

[reads.

*Underneath, the fair not wise,
Too self-lov'd Narcissus lies,
Yet his sad destruction came
From no fountain but a flame.
Then, youth, quench your hot desires,
Purge your thoughts with chaster fires,
Least with him it be too late,
And death triumph in your fate.
Hither all you virgins come,
Strew your tears upon this tomb,
Perhaps a timely weeping may
So dispose his scorched clay,
That a chaste and snowy flower
May reward your gentle shower.*

Very well done upon so dead a subject; by the virgin that is in it, you should owe this parcel of poetry, lady.

Pen. A woman's muse, sir.

Fow. Oh, now you can answer me; am I dead still?

Pen. Yes.

Fow. Then you talk to a dead man?

Pen. I do.

⁴ *ha! what papers &c.*] These were the elegies or epitaphs, which in conformity to the practice of the times, were fixed to the herse. See Jonson, vol. ix. p. 58.

Fow. Where am I dead?

Pen. Here, every where.

You're dead to virtue, to all noble thoughts,
 And, till the proof of your conversion
 To piety win my faith, you are to me
 Without all life; and charity to myself
 Bids me endeavour with this ceremony
 To give you burial. If hereafter I
 Let in your memory to my thoughts, or see you,
 You shall but represent his ghost or shadow,
 Which never shall have power to fright my
 innocence,
 Or make my cheek look pale. My ends are
 compass'd,
 And here, in sight of heaven——

Fow. Stay,
 Thou art a noble girl, and dost deserve
 To marry with an emperor. Remove
 This sad thing from us.—

[the herse and lights are taken out.]

You do know me, gentlemen;
 Witness my death to vanity, quitting all
 Unchaste desires;—revive me in thy thoughts,
 And I will love as thou hast taught me, nobly,
 And like a husband, by this kiss, the seal
 That I do shake my wanton slumber off,
 And wake to virtue.

Wor. Meet it, daughter.

Pen. Now you begin to live.

Fow. I will grow old in the study of my honour!
 this last conflict hath quite o'ercome me, make me
 happy in the style of your son.

Wor. My blessings multiply.

Gent. We congratulate this event.

Wor. See, my brother.

Enter RICHLEY, *and* BRAINS.

Bra. Let not your rage be so high, sir, I have more cause to be mad.

Rich. Thou ?

Bra. I.

Rich. I have lost my daughter.

Bra. But I have lost my credit, that had nothing else to live [by]. I was more proud of that than you could be of twenty daughters.

Wor. Have you found them ?

Rich. No, not I ; and yet this old ruffian will not let me vex for it ; he says the greatest loss is his.

Bra. And I will maintain it, it was my boast that I was never cozened in my life ; have I betrayed so many plots, discovered letters, deciphered characters, stript knavery to the skin, and laid open the very soul of conspiracy, deserved for my cunning to be called Brains both town and country over, and now to forfeit them, to see them drenched in a muddy stratagem, cheated by a woman, and a pedantical lousy wordmonger ! it is abominable ; patience, I abhor thee. I desire him that bids me go hang myself, which is the way to surgeon's hall ? I will beg to have my skull cut, I have a suspicion my brains are filched, and my head has been late stuf with woodcocks' feathers.

Fow. Be not mad.

Bra. I will, in spite of any man here ; who shall hinder me, if I have a mind to it ?

Rich. Your happiness removes my affliction.—
Ha !

Enter WHIBBLE *and* Tutor.

Whib. Where is sir Nicholas ? we have brought the gentleman.

Bra. Are you there !— —this was the champion

that justled me ; shall I fetch a dog-whip ? or let me cut him up, he will make excellent meat for the devil's trencher ; I will carve him.—Sirrah !

Rich. Forbear ;—where is my daughter ? villain, confess.

Tutor. Alas, sir, I was waiting upon her home, sir Nicholas met me, and took her from me

Rich. Wor. Sir Nicholas !

Whib. Yes, sir Nicholas hath mistress Violetta, I am a witness.

Bra. Why did he justle me ? there began the treachery, ask him that.

Tutor. I pray you, sir, let it be forgotten, I have been kicked for it.

Enter at one door AIMWELL, VIOLETTA, MANLY, and CLARE, at the other TREEDLE, and SENSIBLE disguised as before.

Whib. Here she is ; no, there she is.

Rich. Sir Nicholas.

Wor. I am amazed.

Treed. Stay, which is my wife ?

Rich. Here is my daughter.

Bra. Mistress !

Fow. Fine juggling ! Frank, whence comest [thou] ?

Aim. From the priest, if you have any joy for me ; We are married.

Treed. Are there not two sir Nicholasses ? pray what do you call this gentlewoman ?

Aim. Her name is Violetta.

Vio. Father, your pardon.

Treed. This is fine, i'faith ; well may a woman mistake her husband, when a man, that is the wiser vessel, cannot know his own wife.

Rich. Married to Aimwell !

Man. Clare. We are witnesses.

Treed. A good jest, faith; heark you, were you ever catechised? What is your name, forsooth?

Sens. Faith, sir, guess. [Unmasks.]

Aim. All passion will be fruitless but of joy.

Treed. Sensible! Came I from Croydon for a chambermaid? do you hear, every body? I have married Sensible.

Man. Clare. We are witnesses of that, too.

Treed. No, no, this is my wife.

Aim. Touch her not with a rude hand.

Treed. Why, I know she meant to be my wife, and only I have married her, as folks go to law, by attorney; she is but her deputy; for the more state I married her proxy.

Bra. [aside to *Treed.*]—Do not deceive yourself, sir: though princes depute men to marry their wives, women do not use to be ciphers; she is your wife in law, let me counsel you, sir, to prevent laughter:—somebody hath been cozened, I name nobody; sure it was your fortune to marry this wench, which cannot now be undone; seem not to be sorry for it, they do purpose to jeer you out of your skin else.

Treed. Sayest thou so?

Bra. Be confident, and laugh at them first that they are so simple to think that you are gull'd: commend your choice, and say it was a trick of yours to deceive their expectation. ▽

Treed. Come hither, madam Treedle.—Gentlemen, you think now I have but an ill match on 't, and that, as they say, I am cheated; do not believe it—a lady is a lady, a bargain is a bargain, and a knight is no gentleman—so much for that.—I grant I married her, in her mistress's name, and though (as great men, that use to choose wives for their favourites or servants, when they have done with them) I could put her off to my footman or my Tutor here, I will not; I will maintain her my wife, and publish her, do you see, publish her to any man that shall laugh at it, my own lady-bird.

Fow. You are happy, sir, in being deceived; he is a noble gentleman.

Wor. Sir Nicholas has releast her, Let your consent be free, then.

Rich. You have won it,
Be my lov'd children, and I wish a joy
Flow in all bosoms.—Brains, we are reconcil'd.

Treed. Tutor, we pardon.

Vio. You may, sir; he was my engine. Now, what says my factious servant? nay, we are friends; the greatest politician may be deceived sometimes; wit without Brains, you see.

Bra. And Brains without wit too.

Fow. Frank, thou art married, and sir Nicholas has made a lady, I have lived loose a great while, and do purpose to be made fast to this gentlewoman, to whose act I owe my true conversion.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind. [*Exeunt.*

This comedy was revived soon after the return of the king, and being perfectly well performed, (as Downes says,) proved very beneficial to the Company.

THE

WEDDING.

THE WEDDING.] This play is not entered in the office-book of the Master of the Revels. It was probably written some time between 1626, the year in which *the Brothers* was licensed, and 1629, the date of the first edition; it was reprinted in 1633, and again in 1660. The title is, *the Wedding, as it was lately acted by her Majesty's Servants at the Phenix in Drury-lane*; with this motto:

————— *Multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam.*

Langbaine calls this "an excellent comedy, considering the time in which 'twas writ." The critic must have had an excellent notion of "times." He wrote about 1690, when Dryden, and Shadwell, and Elkanah Settle were in possession of the stage, on which they shed such lustre, as to render it necessary to apologise for the misfortune of Shirley in being the contemporary only of such writers as Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. This play was revived at the Restoration.

TO THE
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,
WILLIAM GOWRE, ESQ.

SIR, I know you, and in that your worth, which I honour more than greatness in a patron: this comedy coming forth to take the air in summer, desireth to walk under your shadow. The world oweth a perpetual remembrance to your name, for excellency in the musical art of poesy, and your singular judgment and affection to it, have encouraged me to this Dedication, in which I cannot transgress beyond your candour. It hath passed the stage; and I doubt not but from you it shall receive a kind welcome, since you have been pleased to acknowledge the author,

Your's,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE ACTORS' NAMES.

Sir John Belfare, -	Richard Perkins.
Beauford, <i>a passionate lover of Gratiana,</i>	Michael Bowyer.
Marwood, <i>friend to Beauford,</i>	John Sumpner.
Rawbone, <i>a thin citizen,</i>	William Robins.
Lodam, <i>a fat gentleman,</i>	William Sherlock.
Justice Landby,	Anthony Turner.
Captain Landby, <i>his nephew,</i>	William Allin.
Isaac, <i>sir John Belfare's man,</i>	William Wilbraham.
Haver, <i>a young gentleman, lover of mistress Jane, disguised under the name of Jasper,</i>	John Young.
Camelion, <i>Rawbone's man, Physician.</i>	John Dobson.
<i>Surgeon.</i>	
<i>Park-keeper.</i>	
Ralph, <i>his servant.</i>	
<i>Servants, Officers, &c.</i>	
Gratiana, <i>sir John Belfare's daughter,</i> - - -	Hugh Clarke.
Jane, <i>justice Landby's daughter,</i> - - -	John Page.
Lucibel, <i>Cardona's daughter; but disguised as a young man, under the name of Milliscent, and servant to mistress Jane,</i> -	Edward Rogers.
Cardona, <i>Gratiana's maid,</i>	Timothy Read.

SCENE, London, and its Environs.

THE
WEDDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Belfare's House.

Enter BELFARE, and ISAAC his man ; Servants pass over the stage with provision.

Bel. Well done, my masters, you bestir yourselves ; I see we shall feast to-morrow.

Ser. Your worship shall want no woodcocks at the wedding.¹

Isaac. Thou hast as many a thou canst carry, and thirteen to the last dozen.

Bel. Isaac.

Isaac. Sir.

Bel. Have you been careful to invite those friends you had direction for ?

Isaac. Yes, sir ; I have been a continual motion

¹ *Ser. your worship shall want no woodcocks at the wedding.]* Woodcock was a cant term for a fool, hence Isaac's reply to the servant. Howell, in one of his Letters, mentions a humorous application of the word, by the lord chancellor Egerton ; "having invited a new Recorder of London to dinner, "to give him joy of his office, and having a great woodcock-pie "served in about the end of the repast, which had been sent "from Cheshire, he said, *Now master Recorder, you are welcome "to a common-counsel.*" Fam. Let. Sect. 6. 50.

ever since I rose. I have not said my prayers to day.

Bel. We shall want no guests then.

Isaac. I have commanded most o'them.

Bel. How, sir?

Isaac. I have bid them, sir; there is two in my list will not fail to dine with you.

Bel. Who are they?

Isaac. Master Rawbone, the young usurer,—

Bel. Oh, he is reported a good trencher-man, he has a tall stomach;² he shall be welcome.

Isaac. They say, he has made an Obligation to the devil; if ever he eat a good meal at his own charge, his soul is forfeit.

Bel. How does he live?

Isaac. Upon his money, sir.

Bel. He does not eat it?

Isaac. No, the devil choak him! it were a golden age if all the usurers in London should have no other diet: he has a thin-gut waits upon him, I think one of his bastards, begot upon a spider; I hope to live to see them both drawn through a ring.

Bel. Who is the other?

Isaac. The other may be known, too, the barrel of Heidelberg was the pattern of his belly;³ master Lodam, sir.

Bel. He is a great man, indeed.

Isaac. Something given to the waist, for he lives within no reasonable compass, I am sure.

Bel. They will be well met.

Isaac. But very ill match'd to draw a coach;

² *He has a tall stomach; &c.]* i. e. great, stout; the word is so frequently used in this sense, as to render any examples of it unnecessary.

³ *the barrel of Heidelberg was the pattern of his belly;]* This barrel, or tun, as it is also called, is perpetually alluded to by our old dramatists; it is said to have held 204 tons, and to have been always full of the best Rhenish wine. Coryat gives a most elaborate account of it.

yet at provender there will be scarce an oat between the lean jade and the fat gelding.

Bel. How lives he ?

Isaac. Religiously, sir ; for he that feeds well must by consequence live well : he holds none can be damn'd but lean men ; for fat men, he says, must needs be saved by the faith of their body.

Enter BEAUFORD *and* captain LANDBY.

Bel. Master Beauford and captain Landby !—
Isaac, call forth my daughter. [*Exit Isaac.*

Beau. Sir John, I hope you make no stranger of me :

To-morrow I shall change my title for
Your son, soon as the holy rites shall make me
The happy husband to your daughter ; in the mean
time

It will become me wait on her.

Bel. I possess nothing but in trust for thee ;
Gratiana makes all thine.

Capt. L. I shall presume to follow.

Bel. Your friendship, noble captain, to master Beauford, makes your person most welcome, had you no other merit ; pray enter.—[*Exeunt Beauford and Landby.*] — Heaven hath already crowned my gray hairs ! I live to see my daughter married to a noble husband, the envy of our time, and exact pattern of a gentleman, as hopeful as the spring : I am grown proud, even in my age.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street before Belfare's House.

Enter ISAAC, *followed by* MARWOOD.

Mar. Dost hear, sirrah ?

Isaac. Ay, sirrah.

Mar. Is master Beauford within?

Isaac. No, sir.

Mar. I was inform'd he came hither; is he not here?

Isaac. Yes, sir.

Mar. Thou say'st he's not within.

Isaac. No, sir; but 'tis very like he will be to-morrow night, sir.

Mar. How is this?

Isaac. Would you have him within before he is married?

Mar. Witty groom! Prithee invite him forth; say here's a friend.

Isaac. Now you talk of inviting, I have two or three guests to invite yet; * let me see.

Mar. Why dost not move?

Isaac. An you make much ado, I'll invite you: pray come to the wedding, to-morrow. [Exit.

Re-enter BELFARE, BEAUFORD, and captain LANDBY.

Bel. 'Tis he.

Beau. You were my happy prospect from the window, coz,—you are a most welcome guest.

Bel. Master Marwood, you have been a great stranger to the city, or my house, for the coarse entertainment you received, hath been unworthy of your visit.

Mar. 'Twas much above my desert, sir: captain—

Capt. L. I congratulate your return.

Bel. Beauford, gentlemen, enter my house, and perfect your embraces there: I lead the way.

[Exit.

Beau. Pray follow.

Mar. Your pardon.

* yet;] Old copy, "you"

Capt. L. We know you have other habit,
You were not wont to affect ceremony.

[*Marwood and Beauford whisper.*

Beau. How?

Capt. L. I do not like his present countenance,
it does threaten somewhat; I would not prophesy.

Beau. Good captain,
Excuse my absence to our friends within;
I have affairs concern me with my kinsman,
Which done, we'll both return to wait on them.

Capt. L. I shall, sir. [Exit.

Beau. Now proceed.

Mar. We are kinsmen.

Beau. More, we are friends.

Mar. And shall I doubt to speak to Beauford
any thing
My love directs me to?

Beau. What needs this circumstance?
We were not wont to talk at such a distance:
You appear wild.

Mar. I have been wild indeed
In my ungovern'd youth, but have reclaim'd it;
And am so laden with the memory
Of former errors, that I desire to be
Confess'd.⁵

Beau. Confess'd! I am no ghostly father.

Mar. But you must hear; you may absolve me,
too.

Beau. If thou hast any discontentments,
Prithee take other time for their discourse;
I am in expectation of marriage,
And would not interrupt my joys.

Mar. I must

⁵ *That I desire to be confess'd, &c.]* The reader must bear in mind that Shirley was a Roman Catholic, a circumstance which will account for this and other allusions to the usages of that religion, introduced into several of his plays, the scenes of which are laid in England.

Require your present hearing ; it concerns
Us both, as near as fame or life.

Beau. Ha ! what is it ?

Mar. We shall have opportunity at your lodging ;
The streets are populous, and full of noise.
So please you walk, I'll wait on you.

Beau. I am your servant. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in justice Landby's House.

Enter justice LANDBY and MILLISCENT.

Just. L. Milliscent, where's my daughter ?

Mil. In complement with master Rawbone, who
is newly entered, sir.

Just. L. O, there's a piece of folly !
A thing made up of parchment ; and his bonds
Are of more value than his soul and body,
Were any man the purchaser : only wise
In his hereditary trade of usury ;
Understands nothing but a scrivener,
As if he were created for no use
But to grow rich with interest : to his ignorance
He has the gift of being impudent.
What will he grow to, if he live, that is
So young a monster ?

Mil. With your favour, sir,
If you hold no better opinion of this citizen,
It puzzles me why you invite him to
Your house and entertainment, he pretending
Affection to your daughter : pardon me, sir,
If I seem bold.

Just. L. As some men, Milliscent,
Do suffer spiders in their chamber, while
They count them profitable vermin.

Mil. But he's most like to scatter poison, sir.
Your fame is precious; and your family,
Not mingling with corrupted streams, hath, like
An entire river, still maintain'd [its] current
Chaste and delightful.

Just. L. Shalt receive my bosom:—
I'll sooner match her with an Ethiop,
Than give consent she should disgrace our blood:
And herein I but try her strength of judgment
In giving him access; if she have lost
Remembrance of her birth, and generous thoughts
She suck'd from her dead mother, with my care
I'll strive to reinforce her native goodness,
Or quite divorce her from my blood: and, *Milliscent*,
I'll use your vigilance.

Mil. Sir, command.

Just. L. I will
Not urge how I receiv'd you first a stranger,
Nor the condition of your life with me,
Above the nature of a servant, to
Oblige your faith: I have observ'd thee honest.

Mil. You are full of noble thoughts.

Just. L. Though I suspect not
The obedience of my daughter, yet her youth
Is apt to err; let me employ your eye
Upon her still, and receive knowledge from you,
How she dispenseth favours; you shall bind
My love the stronger to you.

Mil. Sir, I
Shall be ambitious to deserve your favour
With all the duties of a servant: and,
I doubt not, but your daughter is so full
Of conscience, and care in the conformity
Of her desires to your will, I shall
Enrich my sight with observation,
And make my intelligence happy.

Enter CAMELION.

Just. L. How now ! what's he ?

Mil. 'Tis master Rawbone's squire.

Cam. Pray, is not my master's worship here ?

Just. L. Your master's worship !

What's that ? his spaniel ?

Cam. No, sir, but a thing that does follow him.

Just. L. In what likeness ?

I hope he does not converse with spirits ?

Cam. He'll not entertain an angel but he will weigh him first ;⁶ indeed I am all the spirits that belong to him.

Mil. So I think,

But none of his familiar.

Just. L. What's thy name ?

Cam. Camelion.

Just. L. Good ; didst ever eat ?

Cam. Yes, once.

Just. L. And then thou caught'st a surfeit, thou couldst ne'er endure meat since : wer't ever christen'd ?

Cam. Yes, twice ; first, in my infancy, and the last time about a year ago, when I should have been 'prentice to an anabaptist.

Just. L. Does thy master love thee ?

Cam. Yes, sir, an I would eat gold I might have it ; but my stomach would better digest beef or mutton, if there be any such things in nature.

Mil. Here is his master, sir, and mistress Jane.

⁶ *Cam.* *He'll not entertain an angel but he'll weigh him first ;*] A pun on the gold coin so called. A perpetual source of wit to our old dramatists. In the preceding speech, the justice humourously alludes to the unsubstantial appearance of poor Camelion.

Enter RAWBONE and JANE.

Raw. How now, Camelion! hast dined?

Cam. Yes, sir: I had a delicate fresh air to dinner.

Raw. And yet thou look'st as thou hadst eat nothing this se'nnight! here, provide me a capon, and half a dozen of pigeons to supper. — And when will your worship come home, and taste my hospitality?

Just. L. When you please, sir.

Raw. Yet, now I think on't, I must feed more sparingly.

Jane. More liberally, in my opinion.

Raw. Would not any body in the world think so? did you ever see two such ear-wigs as my man and I? do we not look alike?

Jane. I think the picture of either of your faces in a ring, with a *memento mori*, would be as sufficient a mortification, as lying with an anatomy.

Raw. The reason why we are so lean and consumed, is nothing but eating too much.—Camelion, now I think on't, let the pigeons alone, the capon will be enough for thee and I.

Cam. The rump will last us a se'nnight.

Raw. I'll tell you, forsooth; I have brought myself so low with a great diet, that I must be temperate, or the doctor says there's no way but one with me.⁷

Cam. That's not the way of all flesh, I am sure.

[*Aside.*

Raw. It is a shame to say what we eat every day.

Jane. I think so.

Cam. By this hand, if it would bear an oath, we have had nothing this two days but half a lark;

⁷ *there's no way but one with me.*] i. e. I shall die. This expression, which is very common in our old writers, always implies an inevitable consequence, a moral or physical certainty.

which, by a mischance, the cat had kill'd too, the cage being open : I will provide my belly another master.

[*Aside.*

Just. L. Now I'll interrupt them. — Master Rawbone!

Raw. I hope your worship will relieve my boldness ; 'tis out of love to your daughter.

Just. L. Sir, I have a business to you ; a friend of mine, upon some necessity, would take up a hundred pounds.

Raw. I'll pawn some ounces to pleasure him.

Just. L. It is more friendly said than I expected.

[*Aside.*

Raw. So he bring me good security, some three, or four, or five sufficient and able citizens, for mortality's sake, I'll lend it him.

Just. L. Will you not take an honest man's word?

Raw. Few words to the wise : I will take any man's word to owe me a hundred pound, but not a lord's to pay me fifty.

Just. L. Well : 'tis a courtesy.

Raw. He shall pay nothing to me but lawful consideration from time to time, beside the charges of the ensealing, because he is your friend.

Just. L. This is extremity ; can you require more ?

Raw. More ! what's eight in the hundred to me ? my scrivener knows I have taken forty and fifty in the hundred (*viis et modis*) of my own kinsmen, when they were in necessity.

Just. L. I apprehend the favour.—

Enter ISAAC.

How now, Isaac ?

Isaac. My master commends his love to you, sir, and does desire your presence, together with your

daughter and nephew, at the arraignment of my young mistress, to-morrow.

Just. L. How, knave?

Isaac. She is to be married, or arraign'd, i' the morning, and at night to suffer execution, and lose her head.

Just. L. Return our thanks, and say we'll wait upon the bride.—Jane! [*Exeunt Justice and Jane.*]

Isaac. Dear master Rawbone, I do beseech you be at these sessions.

Raw. Thou didst invite me before.

Isaac. I know it; but our cook has a great mind that sentence should likewise pass upon the roast, the boil'd, and the baked; and he fears, unless you be a commissioner, the meat will hardly be condemned to-morrow, so that I can never often enough desire your stomach to remember; you will come?

Raw. Dost think I will not keep my word?

Isaac. Alas! we have nothing but good cheer to entertain you; I beseech you, sir, howsoever, to feast with us, though you go away after dinner.

Raw. There's my hand.

Isaac. I thank you.

Raw. Is master Justice gone, and mistress Jane, too? Follow me, Camelion, I'll take my leave when I come again. [*Exit with Cam.*]

Mil. Isaac!

Isaac. My little wit, thou wilt come with thy master to-morrow; I'll reserve a bottle of wine to warm thy sconce.

Mil. I cannot promise.

Isaac. If I durst stay three minutes, I would venture a cup with thee in the buttery; but 'tis a busy time at home.—Farewell, Milliscent. [*Exit.*]

Mil. Marriage! as much joy wait upon the bride, As the remembrance of it brings me sorrow;

A woman has undone me ; when I die,
A coffin will enclose this misery.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Beauford's Lodgings.

Enter BEAUFORD and MARWOOD.

Beau. You prepare me for some wonder.

Mar. I do.

And ere I come to the period of my story,
Your understanding will admire.

Beau. Teach my soul the way.

Mar. I am not, coz, i' the number of those friends
Come to congratulate your present marriage.

Beau. Ha!

Mar. I am no flatterer : the blood you carry
Doth warm my veins [,too]; yet could nature be
Forgetful, and remove itself, the love
I owe your merit, doth oblige me to
Relation of a truth, which else would fire
My bosom with concealment. I am come to
Divide your soul, [to] ravish all your pleasures,
Poison the very air maintains your breathing.—
You must not marry.

Beau. Must not? though as I
Am mortal, I may be compell'd within
A pair of minutes to turn ashes, yet
My soul, already bridegroom to her virtue,
Shall laugh at death that would unmarry us,
And call her mine eternally.

Mar. Death is
A mockery to that divorce I bring ;
Come, you must not love her.

Beau. Did I hope thou couldst
Give me a reason, I would ask one.

Mar. Do not ;
 It will too soon arrive, and make you curse
 Your knowledge : could you exchange your tem-
 per for
 An angel's, at the hearing of this reason
 'Twould make you passionate, and turn man again.

Beau. Can there be reason for a sin so great,
 As changing my affection from Gratiana ?
 Name it, and teach me how to be a monster,
 For I must lose humanity : oh, Marwood !
 Thou lead'st me into a wilderness ; she is—

Mar. False, sinful ; a black soul she has.

Beau. Thou hast a hell about thee, and thy
 language

Speaks thee a devil, that, to blast her innocence,
 Dost belch these vapours [forth] : to say thou liest,
 Were to admit, thou hast but made in this
 A human error, when thy sin hath aim'd
 The fall of goodness. - Gratiana false ?

The snow shall turn a salamander first,
 And dwell in fire ; the air retreat, and leave
 An emptiness in nature ; angels be
 Corrupt, and, brib'd by mortals, sell their charity.
 Her innocence is such, that wert thou, Marwood,
 For this offence condemn'd to lodge in flames,
 It would for ever cure thy burning fever,
 If with thy sorrow thou procure her shed
 One tear upon thee ; now, thou art lost for ever ;
 And arm'd thus, though with a thousand furies
 guarded,

I reach thy heart.

[*Draws.*

Mar. Stay, Beauford ;
 Since you dare be so confident of her chastity,
 Hear me conclude : I bring no idle fable
 Patch'd up between suspicion, and report
 Of scandalous tongues ; my ears were no assurance
 To convince me without my eyes.

Beau. What horror !
Be more particular.

Mar. I did prophesy
That it would come to this ; for I have had
A tedious struggling with my nature, but
The name of friend o'erbalanced the exception :
Forgive me, ladies, that my love to man
Hath power to make me guilty of such language,
As, with it, must betray a woman's honour.

Beau. You torture me ; be brief.

Mar. Then, though it carry shame to the reporter,
Forgive me, Heaven, and witness an unwelcome
Truth.

Beau. Stay, I am too hasty for the knowledge
Of something thou prepar'st for my destruction.
May I not think what 'tis, and kill myself?
Or, at least, by degrees, with apprehending
Some strange thing done, infect my fancy with
Opinion first, and so dispose myself
To death ?

I cannot ; when I think of Gratiana,
I entertain a heaven : the worst, I'll hear it.

Mar. It will enlarge itself too soon ; receive it :—
I have enjoy'd her.

Beau. Whom ?

Mar. Gratiana, sinfully ; before your love
Made her and you acquainted.

Beau. Ha ! thou hast kept
Thy word ; thou cam'st to poison all my comfort.

Mar. Your friendship I have preferr'd
To my own fame ; and but to save you from
A lasting shipwreck, noble Beauford, think
It should have rotted here : She that will part
With virgin honour, ne'er should wed the heart.

Beau. Was ever woman good, and Gratiana
Vicious ? Lost to honour ? At the instant
When I expected all my harvest ripe,

The golden summer tempting me to reap
 The well-grown ears, comes an impetuous storm,
 Destroys an age's hope in a short minute,
 And let's me live the copy of man's frailty:
 Surely, some one of all the female sex
 Engross'd the virtues, and, fled hence to heaven,
 Left woman-kind dissemblers.

Mar. Sir, make use
 Of reason; 'tis a knowledge should rejoice you,
 Since it does teach you to preserve yourself.

Beau. Enjoy'd Gratiana sinfully! 'tis a sound
 Able to kill with horror; it infects
 The very air; I see it like a mist
 Dwell round about. That I could uncreate
 Myself, or be forgotten, no remembrance
 That ever I lov'd woman! I have no genius
 Left to instruct me—it grows late:—within!—
 Wait on my kinsman to his chamber,
 I shall desire your rest; pray give me leave
 To think a little.

Mar. Cousin, I repent
 I have been so open-breasted, since you make
 This severe use on't, and afflict your mind
 With womanish sorrow: I have but caution'd you
 Against a danger, out of my true friendship:
 Prosper me, goodness, as my ends are noble.—
 Good night, collect yourself, and be a man. [*Exit.*]

Beau. And why may not a kinsman be a villain?
 Perhaps he loves Gratiana; and envying
 My happiness, doth now traduce her chastity.
 To find this out, time will allow but narrow
 Limits: his last words bid me be a man.
 A man! yes, I have my soul; 't does not become
 A manly resolution to be tame thus,
 And give up the opinion of his mistress
 For one man's accusation.—Ha! i' the morning?
Proper. Yes, Marwood, I will be a man'.—

⁹ *Proper.* Yes, Marwood, I will be a man.] Something is

His sword shall either make [me] past the sense
 Of this affliction, or mine enforce
 A truth from him : if thou be'st wrong'd, Gratiana,
 I'll die thy martyr ; but if false, in this
 I gain to die, not live a sacrifice. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Belfare's House.

Enter CARDONA and ISAAC.

Car. To the tailor's man, run !

Isaac. To the tailor's man ? why not to his master ?

Car. The wedding-clothes not brought home yet ! fie, fie !

Isaac. Who would trust a woman's tailor ? take measure so long before of a gentlewoman, and not bring home his commodity ? there's no conscience in't !

Car. The arrant shoemaker, too.

Isaac. Master Hide, is not he come yet ? I call'd upon him yesterday, to make haste of my mistress's shoes, and he told me, he was about the upper-leather, he would be at her heels presently : I left his foot in the stirrup ; I thought he would have rid post after me.

Car. Prithee, Isaac, make haste ; how tedious thou art ; hast not thou been there yet ?

Isaac. Oh yes, and here again ; d'ye not see me ? you are so light yourself.

Car. As thou goest, call upon Cod the per-evidently wrong ; but I know not how to set it right. Perhaps *proper* may be used as an exclamation for *good ! well !*

fumer, tell him he uses us sweetly, has not brought home the gloves yet!—and, dost hear? when thou art at the Peacock, remember to call for the sprig; by the same token, I left my fan to be mended:—and, dost hear? when thou'rt there, 'tis but a little out of the way, to run to the Devil,¹ and bid the vintner make haste with the runlets of claret; we shall have no time to burn it.

Isaac. You need not, if it come from the Devil; methinks that wine should burn itself.

Car. Run, I prithee.

Isaac. Tailors, shoemakers, perfumers, feather-makers, and the devil and all; what a many occupations does a woman run through, before she is married! [Exit.

Car. Fie upon't! what a perplexity is [here] about a wedding! I might have been thus troubled for a child of my own, if good luck had serv'd.

Gra. [within.]—Cardona!

Car. I come, lady-bird. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Park.

Enter BEAUFORD *with his sword drawn, and*
MARWOOD.

Mar. Was this your purpose?

Beau. This place, of all the park, affords most
privacy.

Nature hath placed the trees to imitate
A Roman amphitheatre.

Mar. We must be
The sword-players.

Beau. Draw; imagine all

¹ *run to the Devil.*] See Jonson, vol. ix, p. 83.

These trees were cypress, the companions of
 Our funeral ; for one or both must go
 To a dark habitation : methinks
 We two are like to some unguided men,
 That having wander'd all the day in a
 Wild unknown path, at night walk down into
 A hollow grot, a cave which never star
 Durst look into, made in contempt of light,
 By nature ; which the moon did never yet
 Befriend with any melancholy beam :
 Oh, cousin ! thou hast led me where I never
 Shall see day more.

Mar. This is the way to make it
 A night indeed ; but if you recollect
 Yourself, I brought you beams to let you see
 The horror of that darkness you are going to,
 By marrying with Gratiana.

Beau. That name
 Awakes my resolution ; consume not
 Thy breath too idly, thou hast but a small time
 For the use on't : either employ it in the unsaying
 Thy wrong to Gratiana, or thou hasten'st
 Thy last minute.

Mar. I must tell Beauford, then,
 He is ungrateful, to return so ill
 My friendship : have I undervalued
 My shame, in the relation of a truth,
 To make the man I would preserve, my enemy ?
 Why dost thou tempt thy destiny with so
 Much sin ? dost think I wear a sword I dare
 Not manage ? or that I can be enforced
 To a revolt ? I am no rebel, Beauford.
 Again I must confirm Gratiana's honour
 Stain'd, [all] the treasures of her chastity
 Rifled, and lost ; 'twas my unhappiness
 To have added that unto my other sins
 I' the wildness of my blood, which thou mayst
 punish.

Bra. Thou hast repeated but the same in substance,
Touching Gratiana.

Mar. Truth is ever constant,
Remains upon her square, firm and unshaken.

Beau. If what thou hast affirm'd be true,
Why should we fight, be cruel to ourselves,
Endanger our eternity, for the error
Of one frail woman? let our swords expect
A nobler cause. What man hath such assurance
In any woman's faith, that he should run
A desperate hazard of his soul? I know
Women are not born angels, but created
With passion and temper like to us,
And men are apt to err and lose themselves,
Caught with the smile of wanton beauty, fetter'd
Even with their mistress' hair.

Mar. I like this well. [*Aside.*

Beau. He has a handsome presence and discourse,
Two subtle charms to tempt a woman's frailty,
Who must be govern'd by their eye or ear,
To love; beside, my kinsman hath been tax'd
For being too prompt in wantonness; this confirms it:

Then farewell, woman-kind!

[*Aside, and putting up his sword.*

Mar. This does become you.

Beau. Why should we fight? our letting blood
will not

Cure her, and make her honour white again:
We are friends; repent thy sin, and marry her.

Mar. Whom?

Beau. Gratiana.

Mar. How, sir, marry her?

Beau. Why, canst thou add to it another crime,
By a refusing to repair the ruins
Of that chaste temple thou hadst violated?
Her virgin tapers are by thee extinct,

No odour of her chastity, which once
Gave a perfume to heaven, and did refresh
Her innocent soul : they that have spoil'd virginity,
Do half restore the treasures they took thence,
By sacred marriage.

Mar. Marriage ! with whom ?

Beau. Gratiana.

Mar. Should I marry a whore ?

Beau. Thou liest ; and with a guilt upon thy soul,
Able to sink thee to damnation, [Draws again.
I'll send thee hence !—*whore !* what woman
Was ever bad enough to deserve that name ?
Salute some native fury, or a wretch
Condemn'd already to hell's tortures by it,
Not Gratiana ; thou'st awaken'd justice,
And given it eyes to see thy treachery,
The depth of thy malicious heart ; that word
Hath disenchant'd me.

Mar. Are you serious ?

Beau. How have I sinn'd in my credulity
'Gainst virtue all this while ! what charm bound up
My understanding part, I should admit
A possibility for her to carry
So black a soul ; though all her sex beside
Had fallen from their creation ? Thou hast
Not life enough to forfeit,—what an advantage
To fame and goodness had been lost !

Mar. Will you fight ?

Beau. Wert thou defenced with circular fire,
more subtle
Than the [fierce] lightning, that I knew would ravish
My heart and marrow from me, yet I should
Neglect the danger, and, but singly arm'd,
Fly to revenge thy calumny :—*a whore !*—
Come on, sir.

Thou'rt wounded : ha !

[*They fight.*

[*Marwood falls.*

Mar. Mortally ;

Fly, Beauford, save thyself, I hasten to the dead.

Beau. Oh, stay awhile, or thou wilt lose us both :
Thy wound I cannot call back, now there is
No dallying with heaven, but thou pullest on thee
Double confusion ; leave a truth behind thee,
As thou wouldst hope rest to thy parting soul ;
Hast thou not wrong'd Gratiana ?

Mar. Yes, in my lust, but not in my report.
Take my last breath, I sinfully enjoy'd her.
Gratiana is a blotted piece of alabaster :—

[*One hollas within.*

Farewell, lest some betray thee ; heaven forgive
My offence, as I do freely pardon thine.

Beau. I cannot long survive.—
Is there no hope thou mayst recover ?

Mar. Oh !

Beau. Farewell for ever, then, with thy short
breath
May all thy ills conclude ! mine but begin
To muster ; life and I shall quickly part ;
I feel a sorrow will break Beauford's heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Park Keeper and Servant.

Serv. There are coney-stealers abroad, sir.

Keep. These whoreson rabbit-suckers will ne'er
leave the ground.

Serv. In my walk last night, I frighted some on
'em.

'Pox o' these vermin, would they were all destroy'd !

Keep. So we may chance to keep no deer.

Serv. Why so ?

Keep. An old coney stops a knave's mouth some-
times, that else would be gaping for venison.

Mar. Oh !

Keep. Who's that ?

Serv. Here's a gentleman wounded.

Keep. Ha !

Serv. He has bled much.

Keep. How came you hurt, sir?—no? not speak? if he be not past hope, let us carry him to my lodge; my wife is a piece of a surgeon, and has been fortunate in some cures: tear a piece of my shirt, Ralph, to bind his wound:—quickly—so, so: alas! poor gentleman! he may live to be dress'd, and tell who has done this misfortune:—gently, honest Ralph; he has some breath yet. Would I had my blood-hound here! [*Exeunt, carrying Marwood.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in sir John Belfare's House.

Enter BELFARE, justice LANDBY, and JANE; ISAAC waiting.

Bel. You're welcome, master Landby, and mistress Jane;

Where's the young captain, sir, your nephew?

Just. L. He went betimes to wait upon the bridegroom.

Bel. They are inseparable friends, as they had divided hearts; they both are glad when either meets a good fortune.

Jane. I'll be bold to see your daughter.

Bel. Do, mistress Jane, she has her maid's blush yet; she'll make you amends for this, and, ere it be long, I hope, dance at your wedding.

[*Exit Jane.*]

Just. L. I wish you many joys, sir, by this marriage:

Your daughter has made discreet election,
She'll have a hopeful gentleman.

Bel. Master Landby, it would refresh my age to see her fruitful to him: I should find a blessing for a young Beauford, and be glad to dandle him. The

first news of a boy born by my daughter would set me back seven years ; O, master Landby, old men do never truly doat, until their children bring them babies.

Enter RAWBONE, and HAVER as his servant.

Isaac. Master Rawbone, I'll be bold to present you with a piece of rosemary, we have such cheer !

Raw. Honest Isaac !

Isaac. Pray do you belong to master Rawbone ?

Hav. Yes, sir.

Isaac. You have eat something in your days ?

Hav. Why, prithee ?

Isaac. Nothing, nothing ;

Do you understand nothing ? you shall eat nothing,
Unless some benefactors, like my master,
In pity of your bellies, once a year
Do warm it with a dinner, you must never
Hope to see roast or sod ; he has, within
This twelvemonth, to my knowledge,
Made seven men immortal.

Hav. How !

Isaac. Yes, he has made spirits on 'em,
And they haunt such men's houses as my master's,
Spirits o' the buttery ; let me counsel you
To cram your corpse, to day, for by his almanac,
There's a long Lent a coming.

Bel. Never see me

But when you are invited !

Raw. 'Las ! I had rather eat a piece of cold capon at home, than be troublesome abroad. I hope, forsooth, mistress Jane is as she should be.

Just L. She is in health.

Bel. You have a fresh servant, master Rawbone ; a proper fellow, and maintains himself handsomely.

Raw. An he would not ha' maintain'd himself,
I had never entertain'd him.

Isaac. Where's Camelion?

Raw. I have preferr'd him, Isaac.

Isaac. How!

Raw. Turn'd him away last night,
And took this stripling.

Enter captain LANDBY.

Capt. L. 'Morrow, sir John, where is the early
bridegroom?

Just. L. Came you not from him?

Bel. We expect him, sir, every minute.

Capt. L. Not yet come? his servants told me
He went abroad before the morning blush'd.

Bel. We have not seen him; pray heaven he
be in health!

Capt. L. I wonder at his absence.

Raw. Captain Landby, young man of war, I do
salute thee with a broadside.

Capt. L. Do you hear?

They say you come a wooing to my cousin;
That day you marry her, I'll cut your throat;
Keep it to yourself.

Hav. Thou art a noble fellow; things may
prosper. *[Aside.*

Capt. L. You come hither to wish, *God give*
'em joy, now.

Raw. Yes, marry do I.

Capt. L. You do lie; you come
To scour your dirty maw with the good cheer,
Which will be damn'd in your lean barathrum,²
'That kitchen-stuff devourer.

Raw. Why should you say so, captain? my
belly did ne'er think you any harm.

Capt. L. When it does vomit up thy heart

² *in your lean barathrum,*] i. e. abyss, bottomless gulph. Our
poets frequently apply the word to an insatiate eater.

I'll praise it; in the mean time,
 Would every bit thou eat'st to-day were steep'd
 In aquafortis.

Raw. What is that, Jasper?

Hav. It is strong water.

Raw. Noble captain! thanks i' faith heartily: I
 was afraid you had been angry.

Capt. L. I'll have thee sow'd up in a money-bag,
 And boil'd to jelly.

Raw. You shall have me at your service, and
 my bags too, upon good security. Is not this
 better than quarrelling, Jasper?

Enter CARDONA.

Car. Is not the bridegroom come yet? sure he
 has overslept himself; there is nothing but won-
 dering within; all the maids are in uproar, one
 says he is a slow thing, another says, she knows
 not what to say, but they all conclude, if ever they
 marry, they'll make it in their bargain to be sure
 of all things before matrimony. Fie upon him! if
 I were to be his wife, I'd shew him a trick for't
 ere a year came about, or it should cost me a fall,
 I warrant him. [*Exit.*

Just. L. Sir John, you're troubled.

Bel. Can you blame me, sir?

I would not have our morning's expectation
 Frustrate.—I know not what to think.

Just. L. Sir, fear not.

Bel. The morn grows old.

Just. L. Hymen has long tapers.

Bel. What should procure his absence? he de-
 parted

But oddly yesterday.

Capt. L. Marwood had engag'd him;
 They promis'd to return.

Bel. But we see neither.

Just. L. They'll come together; make it not
your fear;
Beauford's a gentleman, and cannot be
Guilty of doing such affront, unless
Some misfortune—

Bel. That's another jealousy.

Enter LODAM, followed by CAMELION.

Lod. Where is sir John Belfare?

Bel. Ha! master Lodam,
Welcome.

Lod. I congratulate—

Bel. Saw you master Beauford, sir?

Lod. Yes, I saw him, but—

Just. L. But what?

Lod. I know not how he does:
Where is the lady that must be undone to-night,
Your daughter?

Bel. My daughter undone? name what unhap-
piness.

My heart already doth begin to prophesy
Her unkind fate; name what disaster: give it
Expression, pray; what is the news?

Lod. The news?

Why, would you know the news? 'tis none o' the
best.

Just. L. Be temperate, then, in your relation.

Bel. What is't?

Lod. They say for certain,
There were four-and-twenty colliers cast away,
Coming from Newcastle; 'tis cold news i' the city;
But there is worse news abroad.

Bel. Doth it concern my knowledge? trifle not.

Lod. They say that canary sack must dance
again to the apothecaries, and be sold for physic in
hum-glasses³ and thimbles; that the Spa-water

³ See Jonson, vol. vii. p. 241.

must be transported hither, and be drunk instead of French wines: for my part, I am but one.

Hav. Big enough for two. [*Aside.*]

Lod. This citadel may endure as long a siege as another; if the pride of my flesh must be pull'd down, farewell it! 't has done me service this forty year: let it go.

Bel. Saw you master Beauford?

Lod. Yes, sir John, I saw him—but 'twas three days ago.

Capt. L. He is ridiculous.

Just. L. Do not afflict yourself.

He will give a fair account at his return.

Bel. Pray heaven he may.—My daughter.

Enter GRATIANA, JANE, and CARDONA.

Raw. Sir, I desire to be acquainted with you.

Lod. I have no stomach to your acquaintance, You are a thought too lean.

Raw. And you a bit too fat.

Bel. Dost not wonder, girl, at Beauford's absence?

Gra. Not at all, sir; I am not now to learn Opinion of his nobleness; and I hope Your judgment will not permit you sin so much To censure him for this stay.—Fair morning to master Landby, noble captain, master Lodam, and the rest.

Raw. I am so little She cannot see me; give you joy, forsooth; I hope it is your destiny to be married.

Capt. L. And your's to be hang'd.

Raw. How, sir!

Hav. No harm;

He wishes you long life.

Raw. A long halter, he does;

What, to be hang'd?

Hav. 'Las, sir, he knows you have no flesh to burden you;

Light as a feather, hanging will ne'er kill you,
If he had wish'd, sir, master Lodam hang'd—

Raw. Then, I'll to him, and thank him ;—
But here's mistress Jane.

Capt. L. You shall command me as your servant.
—Sirrah ! *[seeing Rawbone court Jane.]*

Raw. I did but ask her how she did ; I said
Never a word to her : *[Exit capt.]*—'pox upon his
bouncing !

I am as fearful of him as of a gun,
He does so powder me.

Gra. We have not seen
You, sir, this great while, you fall away, methinks.

Lod. Losing Lodam, I. ⁴

Gra. You are not the least welcome, sir.

Lod. I do give you great thanks, and do mean
to dance at your wedding for't : I do marvel mas-
ter Beauford is not earlier, I should have been here
with music, lady, and have fiddled you too, before
you were up ; these lean lovers have nothing in
them, slow men of London.

Bel. Gratiana.

Lod. *[spying Jane.]*—Who's this ? she has a
mortal eye.

Isaac. Camelion ! how now ! turn'd away your
master ?

Cam. No, I sold my place ; as I was thinking
to run away, comes this fellow, and offered me a
breakfast for my good will, to speak to my master
for him ; I took him at his word, and resigned my
office, and turn'd over my hunger to him immedi-
ately ; now I serve a man, Isaac.

Bel. Isaac.—*[Whispers Isaac, and sends him off.]*

Lod. I do foresee a fall of this tower already ;
love begins to undermine it. — Mistress, a word in
private.

⁴ *Losing Lodam, I.]* An allusion to the false dice, *low Ful-*
lams, used at the game of this name.

Raw. Jasper, hast a sword ?

Hav. Yes, sir.

[*Drawing it.*

Raw. That's well, let it alone :

Didst see this paunch affront me ?

Hav. He did it in love to the gentlewoman.

Raw. In love ? let me see the sword again.

[*Draws.*

Would 'twere in his belly !—put it up ;
Thou deserv'st a good blade, 'tis so well kept.

Re-enter ISAAC.

Isaac. Master Beauford ! master Beauford !

Bel. Where ?

Isaac. Hard by, within a stone's cast o' my mistress ; here, sir, here !

Enter BEAUFORD.

Gra. My dearest Beauford, where hast been so long ?

Beau. Oh, Gratiana !

Gra. Are you not in health ?

Bel. Not well ?

'Tis then no time to chide.—How fare you, sir ?

Beau. I have a trouble at my heart : pardon
The trespass on your patience, gentlemen ;
I'll publish the occasion of my absence,
So first you give me leave to unlade it here :
But, with your favour, I desire I may
Exempt all ears, but Gratiana's, till
A short time ripen it for your knowledge.

Bel. Ha !

Just. L. Let's leave them then awhile.

Bel. Into the garden, gentlemen.

Raw. With all my heart : in my conscience
they'll be honest together.

Bel. This begets my wonder.—Master Lodam.

Lod. Good, sir John, I'll wait upon you ; it is dinner time. [*Exeunt.*

Beau. I have no time to dwell on circumstance ; I come to take my last leave ; you and I Must never meet again.

Gra. What language do I hear ?
If Beauford's, it should strike me dead.

Beau. This day
I had design'd for marriage, but I must
Pronounce we are eternally divorc'd :
Oh, Gratiana ! thou hast made a wound
Beyond the cure of surgery ; why did nature
Empty her treasure in thy face, and leave thee
A black, prodigious soul ?

Gra. Defend me, goodness !

Beau. Call upon darkness to obscure thee rather,
That never more thou mayst be seen by mortal :
Get thee some dwelling in a mist, or in
A wild forsaken earth, a wilderness,
Where thou mayst hide thyself, and die forgotten.

Gra. Where was I lost ? name what offence
provok'd

This heavy doom : dear Beauford, be not so
Unjust to sentence me, before I know
What is my crime ; or, if thou wilt not tell
What sin it is I have committed great,
And horrid, as your anger, let me study,
I'll count them all before you ; never did
Penitent, in confession, strip the soul
More naked ; I'll unclasp my book of conscience ;
You shall read o'er my heart, and if you find
In that great volume but one single thought
Which concern'd you, and did not end with some
Good prayer [for] you, oh, be just and kill me.

Beau. Be just, and tell thy conscience, thou'st
abus'd it.

False woman ! why dost thou increase my horror,

By the obscuring a misdeed which would,
Were all thy other sins forgiven, undo thee :
Oh, Gratiana ! thou art—

Gra. What am I ?

Beau. A thing I would not name, it sounds so
fearfully ;

'Twould make a devil blush to be saluted
By that which thou must answer to.

Gra. I fear.—

Beau. That fear betrays thy guilt : tell me, Gra-
tiana,

What didst thou see in me to make thee think
I was not worthy of thee at thy best,
And richest value, when thou wert as white
In soul, as beauty ? for, sure, once thou wert so :
Hadst thou so cheap opinion of my birth,
My breeding, or my fortunes, that none else
Could serve for property of your lust,⁵ but I ?

Gra. Dear Beauford, hear me.

Beau. A common father to thy sin-got issue,
A patron of thy rifled, unchaste womb ?
Oh, thou wert cruel, to reward so ill
The heart that truly honour'd thee ! thy name,
Which sweeten'd once the breath⁶ of him that
spake it,

And musically charm'd the gentle ear,
Shall sound hereafter like a screech-owl's note,
And fright the hearer : virgins shall lament
That thou hast shamed their chaste society ;
And oft as Hymen lights his tapers up,
At the remembrance of thy name, shed tears,
And blush for thy dishonour : from this minute,
Thy friends shall count thee desperately sick,

⁵ property of your lust.] i. e. disguise, cloke for it.

⁶ The breath of him that spake it,] The old copy reads,
“the name of him.” The word was probably repeated from
the preceding line.

And whensoever thou goest abroad, that day
The maids and matrons, thinking thou art dead,
And going to the grave, shall all come forth,
And wait like mourners on thee.

Gra. Have you done?

Then hear me a few syllables:—you have
Suspicion that I am dishonour'd.

Beau. No,

By heaven I have not; I have too much knowledge
To *suspect* thee sinful; but in the assurance
Of it, I must disclaim thy heart for ever.

Gratiana, my opinion of thy whiteness

Hath made my soul as black as thine already:

Weep till thou wash away thy stain, and then,

I' the other world, we two may meet again. [*Exit.*

Gra. Weep inward, eyes, thither your streams
impart,

For sure, I've tears enough to drown my heart.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Beauford's Lodgings.

Enter BEAUFORD and captain LANDBY.

Capt. L. You amaze me, Beauford; Gratiana
false?

I shall suspect the truth of my conception,
And think all women monsters: though I never
Lov'd with that nearness of affection
To marry any, yet I mourn they should
Fall from their virtue; why may not Marwood
Injure her goodness?

Beau. What, and damn his soul?

Shall I think any with his dying breath
 Would shipwreck his last hope? He mix'd it with
 His prayers, when in the stream of his own blood
 His soul was launching forth.

Capt. L. That circumstance
 Takes away all suspicion again:
 Where left you Marwood?

Beau. I' the Park.

Capt. L. Quite dead?

Beau. Hopeless; his weapon might have prov'd
 so happy,
 To have released me of a burden, too;
 And, but that manhood, and the care of my
 Eternity, forbids, I would force out
 That which but wearies me to carry it,
 Unwelcome life.

Capt. L. Would he were buried!
 My fears perplex me for you; though none [saw]
 You fight, the circumstance must needs betray
 you.—What's he?

Enter a Surgeon.

Sur. I would borrow your ear in private.

Beau. We are but one to hear; his love hath
 Made him too great a part of my affliction:
 Speak it.

Sur. The body is taken thence.

Beau. Ha!

Sur. I cannot be deceived, sir; I beheld
 Too plain a demonstration of the place:
 But he that suffered such a loss of blood,
 Had not enough to maintain life till this time:
 Which way so'er his body was convey'd,
 I must conclude it short-liv'd; I am sorry
 I could not serve you.

Beau. Sir, I thank you, you

Deserve I should be grateful :—[*gives him money.*]

—It must be so.—

[*Exit Surgeon.*]

Capt. L. What fellow's this?

Beau. A surgeon.

Capt. L. Dare you trust him?

Beau. Yes, with my life.

Capt. L. You have done that already

In your discovery, pray heaven he prove your friend!

You must resolve for flight, you shall take ship.

Beau. Never.

Capt. L. Will you ruin yourself? there's no security.

Beau. There is not, captain,
Therefore I'll not change my air.

Capt. L. How?

Beau. Unless thou canst instruct me how to fly
from

Myself; for wheresoever else I wander,
I shall but carry my accuser with me.

Capt. L. Are you mad?

Beau. I have heard, in Afric is a tree, which
tasted

By travellers, it breeds forgetfulness
Of their country; canst direct me thither?
Yet 'twere in vain, unless it can extinguish,
And drown the remembrance I am Beauford:
No—I'll not move; let those
Poor things that dare not die, obey their fears,
I will expect my fate here.

Capt. L. This is wildness;

A desperate folly; pray be sensible:
Who's this? 'tis Gratiana.

Enter GRATIANA with a cabinet of jewels.

Beau. Ha! farewell.

Capt. L. You shall stay now a little.

Beau. I will not hear an accent, I shall lose
My memory, be charm'd into belief.
That she is honest, with her voice, I dare
Not trust my frailty with her.

Capt. L. She speaks nothing ;
Is all a weeping Niobe, a statue ;
Or in this posture, doth she not present
A water-nymph placed in the midst of some
Fair garden, like a fountain, to dispense
Her chrystal streams upon the flowers ; which
cannot

But, so refresh'd, look up, and seem to smile
Upon the eyes that feed them :——

Will she speak ?

Gra. Though by the effusion of my tears, you
may
Conclude I bring nothing but sorrow with me,
Yet hear me speak ; I come not to disturb
Your thoughts, or with one bold and daring
language

Say how unjust you make my sufferings :

I know not what

Hath rais'd this mighty storm to my destruction,
But I obey your doom ; and after this,

Will never see you more. First, I release

And give you back your vows ; with them, your
heart,

Which I had lock'd up in my own, and cherish'd
Better ; mine, I'm sure, does bleed to part
with't ;

All that is left of yours, this cabinet

Delivers back to your possession ;

There's every jewel you bestow'd upon me,

The pledges once of love.

Beau. Pray keep them.

Gra. They are not mine, since I have lost the
opinion

Of what I was ; indeed I have nothing else :

I would not keep the kisses once you gave me,
If you would let me pay them back again.

Beau. All woman is a labyrinth; we can
Measure the height of any star, point out
All the dimensions of the earth, examine
The sea's large womb, and sound its subtle depth;
But art will ne'er be able to find out
A demonstration of a woman's heart:
Thou hast enough undone me, make me not
More miserable, to believe thou canst be virtuous:
Farewell; enjoy you this, I will find out
Another room to weep in. [Exit.]

Capt. L. Lady, I would ask you a rude question:
Are you a maid?

Gra. Do I appear so monstrous, no man will
Believe my injury? has heaven forgot
To protect innocence, that all this while
It hath vouchsafed no miracle, to confirm
A virgin's honour?

Capt. L. I am answered:
I do believe she's honest; Oh that I could
But speak with Marwood's ghost now! an thou beest
In hell, I'd meet thee half way, to converse
One quarter of an hour with thee, to know
The truth of all [these] things; thy devil jailor
May trust thee without a waiter; he has security
For [thy] damnation in this sin alone.
I'm full of pity now, and, 'spite of manhood,
Cannot forbear;—[Aside.]—Come, lady, I am
confident,
I know not which way—that you are virtuous——
Pray walk with me, I'll tell you the whole story,
For yet you know not your accuser.

Gra. I am an exile hence, and cannot walk
Out of my way.—Beauford, farewell; may angels
Dwell round about thee, live until thou find,
When I am dead, thou hast been too unkind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in justice Landby's House.

Enter MILLISCENT and JANE.

Jane. May I believe thee, Milliscent, that my father,

Though he give such respect to him I hate,
Intends no marriage? thou hast releast
My heart of many fears, that I was destin'd
To be a sacrifice.

Mil. It had been sin
That Milliscent should suffer you perplex
Your noble soul, when it did consist in his
Discovery to give a freedom to
Your labouring thoughts; 'tis now no more a
secret,

Your father makes a trial of your nature
By giving him such countenance.

Jane. What thanks shall I give?

Mil. Your virtue hath both unseal'd
My bosom, and rewarded me.

Jane. Oh, Milliscent!
Thou hast deserv'd my gratitude; and I cannot
But, in exchange of thy discovery,
Give to thy knowledge what I should tremble
To let another hear; but I dare trust thee with it.

Mil. If I have any skill
In my own nature, [I] shall ne'er deceive,
Your confidence; and think myself much honour'd,
So to be made your treasurer.

Jane. 'Tis a treasure,
And all the wealth I have, my life, the sum

^a *His.]* Old copy *her.*

Of all my joys on earth, and the expectation
Of future blessings too, depend upon it.

Mil. Can I be worthy of so great a trust?

Jane. Thou art, and shalt receive it; for my
heart

Is willing to discharge itself into thee:

Oh, Milliscent! though my father would have been
So cruel to his own, to have wished me marry him,

It was not in the power of my obedience

To give consent to't, for my love already

Is dedicate to one, whose worth hath made

Me but his steward of it; and although

His present fortune doth eclipse his lustre

With seeming condition of a servant,

He has a mind derived from honour, and

May boast himself a gentleman? Is not

Thy understanding guilty of the person

I point at? sure thou canst not choose but know
him.

Mil. Not I.

Enter HAVER.

Jane. Then look upon him, Milliscent.

Mil. Ha!

Hav. My master, mistress Jane, sent me before
To say, he comes to visit you.

Jane. But thou art
Before him in acceptance; nay, you stand
Discovered here; in Milliscent you may
Repose safe trust.

Hav. Her language makes me confident.—

[*Aside.*

You are a friend.

Mil. To both a servant.

Hav. I shall desire your love.

Jane. But where's this man of mortgages?
We shall be troubled now.

Hav. I left him chewing the cud, ruminating

some speech or other, with which he means to arrest you.

Mil. He is entered.

Enter RAWBONE, with a scroll in his hand.

Hav. I have prepared her.

Raw. Fortune be my guide then.

Hav. And she is a blind one.

Raw. Mistress Jane, I would talk with you in private, I have fancied a business, I know you are witty, and love invention, it is my own, and nobody else must hear it. [reads.]—*Be it known to all men by these presents.*—

Hav. This is like to be a secret.

Raw. *That I, Jasper Rawbone, citizen, and housekeeper of London—*

Hav. A very poor one, I am sure. [Aside.

Raw. *Do owe to mistress Jane, lady of my thoughts, late of London, gentlewoman—*

Hav. Is she not still a gentlewoman?

Raw. Still a gentlewoman, goodman coxcomb? Did I not say she was lady of my thoughts? where was I, now?

Hav. At goodman coxcomb, sir.

Raw.—*Do owe to mistress Jane, lady of my thoughts, late of London, gentlewoman, my true and lawful heart of England, to be paid to his said mistress, her executors, or assigns—*

Hav. To her executors? what, will you pay your heart, when she is dead?

Raw. 'Tis none of my fault, an she will die, who can help it? thou dost nothing but interrupt me; I say, *to be paid to the said mistress, her executors, or assigns, whensoever she demand it, at the font-stone of the Temple.*—

Hav. Put it the top of Paul's and please you; your conceit will be the higher.

Raw. Which payment to be truly made and performed, I bind not my heirs, but my body and soul for ever.

Hav. How, your soul, sir?

Raw. Peace, fool! my soul will shift for itself; when I am dead, that will be sure enough.—In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand and seal, which is a handsome spiny youth with a bag of money in one hand, a bond in the other, an indenture between his legs, the last day of the first merry month, and in the second year of the reign of king Cupid.

Hav. Excellent! but in my opinion you had better give her possession of your heart; I do not like this owing: faith, pluck it out, and deliver it in the presence of us.

Raw. Thou talk'st like a puisne; I can give her possession of it by delivery of two-pence wrapp'd up in the wax, 'twill hold in law, man.—And how, and how do you like it? I could have come over you with verse; but hang ballads, give me poetical prose, every mountebank can rhyme, and make his lines cry twang, though there be no reason in them.

Jane. What music have I heard?

Raw. Music? oh rare!

Jane. He has Medusa's noble countenance;
His hairs do curl like soft and gentle snakes;
Did ever puppy smile so? or the ass
Better become his ears? oh generous beast
Of sober carriage! sure he's valiant too;
Those blood-shot eyes betray him; but his nose
Fishes for commendation.

Raw. What does she mean, Jasper?

Hav. Do you not see her love, sir? why, she does doat upon you, which makes her talk so madly.

Raw. Forsooth, I know you are taken with me:

alas! these things are natural with me; when shall we be married, forsooth?

Jane. With your license, sir.—

Hav. D' ye not observe her? you must first procure a license.

Raw. You shall hear more from me when I come again.—*Jasper.* [*Exit Rawbone hastily.*]

Hav. My heart doth breathe itself upon your hand. [*Exit.*]

Mil. Your father and master Lodam.—

[*Jane and Mil. retire.*]

Enter LODAM, justice LANDBY, and CAMELION.

Lod. Sir, I do love your daughter.—I thought it necessary to acquaint you first, because I would go about the business judicially.

Just. L. You oblige us both.

Lod. I'll promise you one thing.

Just. L. What's that?

Lod. I'll bring your daughter no wealth.

Just. L. Say you so? what, then you promise her nothing?

Lod. But I will bring her that which is greater than wealth,

Just. L. What's that?

Lod. Myself.

Just. L. A fair jointure!

Lod. Nay, I'll bring her more.

Just. L. It shall not need; no woman can desire more of a man.

Lod. I can bring her good qualities, if she want any: I have travelled for them.

Just. L. What are they?

Lod. The languages.

Just. L. You suspect she will want tongue:—
let me see—

Parlez-vous François, monsieur?

Lod. *Diggon a camrag.*

Just. L. That's Welsh.

Lod. *Pocas palabras.*

Just. L. That's Spanish.

Lod. Troth, I have such a confusion of languages in my head, you must e'en take them as they come.

Just. L. You may speak that more exactly—*Hablar spagnuol, senor?*

Lod. *Serge-dubois, Calli-mancho, et Perpetuana.*

Just. L. There's stuff, indeed; since you are so perfect, I'll trust you for the rest. I must refer you, sir, unto my daughter; if you can win her fair opinion, my consent may haply follow.—So, she is in presence. [*Jane and Mil. come forward.*

Lod. Mercy, madam. [*Salutes Jane.*

Just. L. This fellow looks like the principal in usury, and this rat follows him like a pitiful eight in the hundred.—Come hither, sirrah, your name is Camelion.

Cam. It is too true, sir.

Just. L. You did live with master Rawbone.

Cam. No, sir, I did starve with him, an't please you; I could not live with him.

Just. L. How do you like your change?

Cam. Never worse.

Just. L. Master Lodam wants no flesh.

Cam. But I do.—I have no justice, sir; my lean master would eat no meat, and my fat master eats up all:—is your worship's house troubled with vermin?

Just. L. Something at this time.

Cam. Peace, and I'll catch a mouse then.

Enter captain LANDBY and GRATIANA.

Just. L. My nephew turn'd gentleman-usher.

Capt. L. Sir John Belfare's daughter.

Just. L. 'Las, poor gentlewoman, I compassionate her unkind destiny.

Capt. L. Let us intreat a word in private, sir.

[*Just. L. retires with Gratiana and capt. L.*

Lod. I cannot tell how you stand affected, but if you can love a man, I know not what is wanting; greatness is a thing that your wisest ladies have an itch after: for my own part, I was never in love before, and if you have me not, never will be again. Think on't between this and after dinner; I will stay o' purpose for your answer.

Jane. You are very short.

Lod. I would not be kept in expectation above an hour, for love is worse than a Lent to me, and fasting is a thing my flesh abhors; if my doublet be not fill'd, I know who fares the worse for't. I would keep my flesh to swear by, and if you and I cannot agree upon the matter, I would lose nothing by you.

Jane. You are very resolute.

Lod. Ever while you live, a fat man, and a man of resolution go together; I do not commend myself, but there are no such fiery things in nature.

Jane. Fiery?

Lod. 'Tis prov'd, put them to any action, and see if they do not smoke it; they are men of mettle, and the greatest melters in the world; one hot service makes them roast, and they have enough in them to baste a hundred: you may take a lean man, marry yourself to famine, and beg for a great belly; you see what became of sir John's daughter.—Come, I would wish you be well advised; there are more commodities in me than you are aware of; if you and I couple, you shall fare like an empress.

Jane. That will be somewhat costly.

Lod. Not a token; I have a privilege.—I was at the tavern t' other day, in the next room I smelt

hot venison ; I sent but a drawer to tell the company, one in the house with a great belly longed for a corner, and I had half a pasty sent me immediately : I will hold intelligence with all the cooks in the town, and what dainty, but I have greatness enough to command ?

Just. L. [*coming forward with Gratiana and captain L.*]—I like it well : be as welcome here as at your father's.—*Milliscent*, make it your care to wait upon this gentlewoman, but conceal she is our guest. I should rejoice to see this storm blown over.—Nephew, attend her to her chamber.
[*Exeunt capt. L. Gra. and Mil.*]

Enter RAWBONE and HAVER, hastily.

Raw. I have been about it.

[*Justles Lod. and falls down.*]

Lod. Next time you ride post, wind your horn, that one may get out o' the way.

[*Strikes Rawbone.*]

Just. L. What's the matter, Jane ?

Raw. 'Tis guts ; if I durst, my teeth water to strike him.

Just. L. What have you done ?

Lod. Let him take heed another time.

Hav. Take such an affront before your mistress !

Raw. I have a good stomach.

Hav. That's well said.

Raw. I could eat him.

Hav. Oh, is it that ?

Lod. Let me alone, no body hold me.

Raw. I'll have an action of battery.

Lod. Whoreson mole-catcher !—

Come not near me, weazel.

Raw. Prithee, Jasper, do not thrust me upon him.—

I do not fear you, sir.

Lod. Again! shall I kick thee to pieces?

Hav. Let him baffle you?—to him!—

[*Haver thrusts him upon him.*]

Raw. I do not fear you.

Just. L. Jane, remove yourself.

Jane. Master Rawbone, I am sorry for your hurt.

[*Exit.*]

Hav. She jeers you.

Lod. For this time I am content with kicking of thee.

[*As Lodam offers to go out, Haver pulls him back.*]

Hav. My master desires another [word] w' ye, sir.—You must fight with him.— [to *Rawbone.*]

Raw. Who, I fight?

Lod. You spider-catcher, have you not enough? you see I do not draw.

Just. L. Very well.

Hav. By this hand you shall challenge him, then; if he dare accept it, I'll meet him in your clothes. [*Aside to Rawbone.*]

Raw. Will you? Hum!—I do not fear you—satisfaction!

Hav. [*aside to Rawbone.*—That's the word.

Raw. That's the word—you'll meet me, guts?

Lod. Meet thee! by this flesh, if thou dost but provoke me:—you do not challenge me—do not—d' ye long to be minced?

Hav. [*aside to Raw.*—At Finsbury.

Raw. At Finsbury.

Hav. [*aside.*—To-morrow morning.

Raw. To-morrow morning—you shall find I dare fight.

Lod. Say but such another word.

Raw. Finsbury, to-morrow morning; there 'tis again.

Just. L. I cannot contain my laughter; ha! ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Raw. So, let's be gone quickly, before he threaten me; you made me challenge him, look to't.

Hav. Fear not, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt Raw. and Hav.*

Lod. Sirrah Noverint,^a if I can but prove thou dost come within three furlongs of a windmill, I'll set one o' top of Paul's to watch thee—shalt forfeit thy soul, and I'll cancel thy body worse than any debtor of thine did his obligation.—He's gone—and, now I think upon the matter, I have somewhat the worst on't, for if I should kill him, I shall never be able to fly, and he has left a piece of his skull, I think, in my shoulder—Whether am I bound to meet him or no? I will consult some o' the sword-men, and know whether it be a competent challenge.—Camelion!

Cam. Sir!

Lod. Has the rat, your master that was, any spirit in him?

Cam. Spirit! the last time he was in the field, a boy of seven years old beat him with a trap-stick.

Lod. Say'st thou so? I will meet him then, and hew him to pieces.

Cam. I have an humble suit;—if it be so that you kill him, let me beg his body for an anatomy; I have a great mind to eat a piece on him.

Lod. 'Tis granted; follow me; I'll cut him up, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Lod. Sirrah Noverint, &c.*] So he terms Rawbone, in allusion, I suppose, to the first word in the debtor's obligations on bonds, with which, as a usurer, he was familiar: *Know all men, &c.*

SCENE III.

Beauford's Lodgings.

Enter BEAUFORD *and* captain LANDBY.

Capt. L. I have a letter.

Beau. From whom ?

Capt. L. Gratiana.

Beau. I would forget that name ; speak it no more.

Capt. L. She is abus'd ; and if you had not been Transported from us with your passion, You would have changed opinion, to have heard How well she pleaded.

Beau. For herself ?

Capt. L. You might, With little trouble, gather from her tears How clear she was ; which, more transparent than The morning dew, or crystal, fell neglected Upon the ground : some cunning jeweller, To have seen them scatter'd, would have thought some princess

Dropp'd them, and, covetous to enrich himself, Gathered them up for diamonds.

Beau. You are then converted ?

Capt. L. Oh, you were too credulous. Marwood has play'd the villain, and is damn'd for't : Could but his soul be brought to hear her answer The accusation, she would make that blush, And force it to confess a treason to Her honour, and your love.

Beau. You did believe her ?

Capt. L. I did ; and promis'd her to do this service ; She begg'd of me, at parting, if she sent

A letter, to convey it to your hand :
Pray read, you know not what this paper carries.

Beau. Has she acquainted you ?

Capt. L. Not me ; I guess
It is some secret was not fit for my
Relation ; it may be worth your knowledge ;
Do her that justice, since you would not hear
What she could say in person, to peruse
Her paper.

Beau. It can bring nothing to take off
Th' offence committed.

Capt. L. Sir, you know not
What satisfaction it contains ; or what
She may confess in it ; for my sake read.

Beau. [reads the superscription.]—*To him that
was, —what? confident of her virtue,
Once an admirer, now a mourner for
Her absent goodness :—*She has made the change :
From her that was, would have become this paper.
Had she conserv'd her first immaculate whiteness,
It had been half profane, not to salute
Her letter with a kiss, and touch it with
More veneration than a Sybil's leaf :
But now all ceremony must be held
A superstition to the blotted scroll
Of a more stained writer.—I'll not read ;
If, unprepar'd, she win with her discourse,
What must she do when she has time and study
To apparel her defence ?

Capt. L. Deny her this ?

Beau. Well, I will read it.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's sir John Belfare.

Beau. Say any thing t' excuse me ; be't your care
That none approach the chambers.

Capt. L. So, so ; now unrip the seal.

Enter sir John BELFARE, and ISAAC.

Bel. Not speak with him? he must have stronger guard

To keep me out: where's Beauford?

Beau. Here.

Bel. Then there's a villain.

Beau. That's coarse language.

Bel. I must not spin it finer, till you make me understand better, why my daughter, and, in her, my family, is abused.

Beau. She has not then accus'd herself—I'll tell you,

I did expect your daughter would have been
My virgin bride; but she reserv'd for me
The ruins of her honour:—I would not speak
I' the rude dialect, you may collect
Sooner in English.³

Bel. Is she not honest? will you make her then
A whore?

Beau. Not I, her own sin made her.

Bel. Thou liest; nor can my age make me appear
Unworthy a satisfaction from thy sword. [*Draws.*

Isaac. Does he not call my young mistress whore?

Bel. Keep me not from him, captain; he has in
this,

Given a fresh wound: I came t' expostulate
The reason of a former suffering,
Which unto this was charity.—As thou art
A gentleman, I dare thee to the combat;
Contemn not, Beauford, my gray hairs, if thou hast
A noble soul, keep not this distance; meet me.—
Thou art a soldier: [*to capt. L.*]—for heaven's
sake permit me

Chastise the most uncharitable slander
Of this bad man.

³ *in English.*] Old copy. "An English." Even thus, the meaning is rather matter of guess than of certainty.

Beau. I never injured you.

Bel. Not injured me! what is there then in nature
Left to be called an injury? didst not mock
Me, and my poor fond girl, with marriage,
Till all things were design'd, the very day
When Hymen should have worn his saffron robe;
My friends invited, and prepar'd to call
Her *bride*? and yet, as if all this could not
(Summ'd up together) make an injury,
Does thy corrupted soul at last conspire
To take her white name from her?—Give me leave
To express a father in a tear or two,
For my wrong'd child. O Beauford! thou hast
robb'd

A father and a daughter:—but I will not
Usurp heaven's justice, which shall punish thee
'Bove my weak arm; may'st thou live to have
Thy heart as ill rewarded, to be a father
At my years, have one daughter and no more,
Beloved as mine, so mock'd, and then call'd whore.

[*Exeunt Belfare and Isaac.*]

Capt. L. Alas, good old man!

Beau. My afflictions
Are not yet number'd in my fate, nor I
Held ripe for death.

Capt. L. Now read the letter.

Beau. Yes,
It cannot make me know more misery. [*reads.*
*Beauford, I dare not call thee mine, though I could
not hope, (while I was living,) thou wouldst believe
my innocence, deny me not this favour after death,
to say I once loved thee.*—

Ha! *death*? captain, is she dead?

Capt. L. I hope she employ'd not me to bring
this news?

Beau. Yes, death—Ha!
Prithee read the rest; there's something in my
eyes; I cannot well distinguish her small characters.

Capt. L. *My accuser, by this time, knows the reward of my injury.—Farewell, I am carrying my prayers for thee to another world.—Her own martyr, drown'd Gratiana.*

Beau. Read all.

Capt. L. I have.

Beau. It cannot be; for when thou mak'st an end,
My heart should give a tragic period,
And with a loud sigh break;—*drown'd!* 'twas no sin
Above heaven's pardon, though thou hadst been false
To thy first vow and me; I'd not have had
Thee die so soon; or, if thou hadst affected
That death, I could have drown'd thee with my
tears:

Now they shall never find thee, but be lost
Within thy watery sepulchre.

Capt. L. Take comfort.

Beau. Art dead?

Then here I'll coffin up myself, until
The law unbury me for Marwood's death?
I will not hope for life, mercy shall not save
Him, that hath now a patent for his grave. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in justice Landby's House.

Enter MILLISCENT and GRATIANA.

Mil. 'Tis his command to whom I owe all service,
I should attend you.

Gra. Thou art too diligent:
I prithee leave me.

Mil. I should be unhappy

To be offensive in my duty ; yet
Had I no charge upon me, I should much
Desire to wait.

Gra. On me ?

Mil. I know not why ;
Your sorrow does invite me.

Gra. Thou art too young
To be acquainted with it.

Mil. I know it would not
Become my distance to dispute with you,
At what age we are fittest to receive
Our grief's impression.

Gra. Leave me to myself.

Mil. I must, if you will have it so.

[*Offers to go out.*]

Gra. Methought

I saw him drop a tear.—Come back again:—
What should he mean by this unwillingness
To part ? he looks as he would make me leave
My own misfortune to pity his :—thy name ?

Mil. I am called Milliscent.

Gra. Dost thou put on
That countenance to imitate mine ? or hast
A sorrow of thy own, thou wouldst express by 't ?

Mil. Mine does become my fortune ;
Yet your's does so exactly paint out misery,
That he that wanted of his own, would mourn
To see your picture.

Gra. Mine is above
The common level of affliction.

Mil. Mine
Had no example to be drawn by.—
I would they were akin, so I might make
Your burthen less by mine own suffering.

Gra. I thank thy love.

Mil. And yet I prophesy
There's something would make mine a part of your's,
Were they examin'd.

Gra. Passion makes thee wild now.

Mil. You have encouraged me to boldness, pardon
My ruder language.

Gra. Didst thou ever love ?

Mil. Too soon ; from thence sprung my unhappiness.

Gra. And mine.

Mil. My affliction, riper than my years,
Hath brought me so much sorrow, I do not think
That I shall live to be a man.

Gra. I like thy sad expression, we'll converse,
And mingle stories.

Mil. I shall be too bold.

Gra. We lay aside distinctions if our fates
Make us alike in our misfortunes ; yet
Mine will admit no parallel.—Ha !

Enter justice LANDBY, reading a letter.

We are interrupted : let's withdraw.

And I'll begin.

Mil. You may command ; and when
Your story's done, mine shall maintain the scene.

[*Exeunt.*

Just. L. [reads.]—*To maintain such bliss, I will*

Wish to be transformed still :

Nor will't be a shame in love,

Since I imitate but Jove,

Who from heaven hath stray'd, and in

A thousand figures worse than mine,

Woo'd a virgin : may not I,

Then for thee a servant try ?

Yes, for such a maid as thee,

Vary as many shapes as he :

Rawbone clothes my outward part,

But thy livery my heart.

HAVER !

Ha ! young Haver ?

This letter I found in my daughter's prayerbook ; is this your saint ? how long have they conspir'd thus ? Report gave out, he was gone to travel : it seems he stays here for a wind, and in the mean time would rig up my daughter : he is a gentleman well educated, but his fortune was consumed by a prodigal father ere he was ripe ; which makes him, I suspect, borrow this shape to court my daughter ; little does Rawbone think his servant is his rival ; I find the juggling, and will take order they shall not steal a marriage—

Enter captain LANDBY.

Nephew, I have news for you.

Capt. L. For me, sir ?

Just L. You are a soldier ; there's a duel to be fought this morning, will you see't ?

Capt. L. It does not, sir, become a gentleman To be spectator of a fight, in which He's not engag'd.

Just L. You may behold it, cousin, Without disparagement to your honour ; Rawbone Has challenged master Lodam ; the place Finsbury.

Capt. L. They fight ? a doublet stuff'd with straw, advancing

A bull-rush, were able to fright them both Out o' their senses ; they have not soul enough To skirmish with a field-mouse : they point a duel ! At Hogsdon, to shew fencing upon cream And cake-bread ; murder a quaking custard, Or some such daring enemy.

Just L. Did not Affairs of weight compel me to be absent, I would not miss the sight on't ; for the usurer Hath got his man Jasper t' appear for him, In his apparel.

Capt. L. Jasper ?

Just L. For mirth's sake

You may behold it ; and let me entreat,
At your return, perfect relation
Of both their valours.

Capt. L. You shall, sir.

Just. L. And, coz—

If it be possible, procure them hither
Before they shift ; I much desire to see them.

Capt. L. Promise yourself you shall.

I will defer my conference with Gratiana, and
entertain this recreation. [*Exit.*

Just. L. So ; I have a fancy :

This opportunity will give it birth ;
If all hit right, it may occasion mirth. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter MILLISCENT and GRATIANA.

Gra. Which part of my discourse compels
thee to
This suffering ?

Mil. Your pardon, lady ; I
Did prophesy what now I find ; our stories
Have [a] dependence.

Gra. How, prithee ?

Mil. That Marwood,
Whom you report thus wounded, had a near
Relation to me, and it was my fortune
To come to close his eyes up, and receive
His last breath.

Gra. Ha !

Mil. I know more than Beauford :
And dying, he obliged my love to tell it him
Whene'er we met.

Gra. You beget wonder in me :
Did he survive his slander ? There is hope
He did recant the injury he did me.

Mil. He did confirm he had enjoy'd your person,
And bad me tell Beauford he left behind
A living witness of the truth he died for ;
Naming a gentlewoman, [one] Cardona,
That bred you in your father's house ; whom, he
Affirm'd, betray'd your body to his lust.

Gra. Cardona!—Piety has forsaken earth :
Was ever woman thus betray'd to sin,
Without her knowledge ?

Mil. Would he had not been
My kinsman ! I begin to fear him.

Gra. Wherein had I offended Marwood,
He should, alive and dead, so persecute
My fame ? Cardona too in the conspiracy !
'Tis time to die then.

Mil. My heart mourns for you
In the assurance of your innocence,
And were I worthy to direct you—

Gra. Has
Malice found out another murderer ?

Mil. Would you be pleas'd to hear me, I could
point
You out a path would bring you no repentance
To walk in, if (as I am confident)
Your goodness fears not what Cardona can
Accuse your honour with ; let her be
Examin'd ; then her knowledge will quit you,
Or make your suffering appear just ; this is
An easy trial ; and, since Marwood had
A stubborn soul, (for though he were my kinsman,
I prefer justice,) and held shame to check
His own report, women have softer natures ;
And things may be so manag'd, if there be
A treason, to enforce confession from her :

Would you please to employ me in this service,
And, though unworthy, be directed by me,
(I beg it from you,) I'll engage my being
You shall find comfort in't.

Gra. Do any thing :
But I am lost already.

Mil. You much honour me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Finsbury.

Enter LODAM and CAMELION.

Lod. Camelion, see an if he be come yet ; bring me word hither.

Cam. I see one lying o' the ground.—

Lod. Is there so? let's steal away before we be discovered, I do not like when men lie perdu ; beside, there may be three or four of a heap, for aught we know : let's back, I say.

Cam. 'Tis a horse.

Lod. Hang him, jade ! I knew it could be nothing else : Is the coast clear, Camelion ?

Cam. I see nothing but five or six—

Lod. Five or six? treachery! an ambush! 'tis valour to run.

Cam. They be windmills.

Lod. And yet thou wouldst persuade me 'twas an ambush for me.

Cam. I ?

Lod. Come, thou wert afraid, an the truth were known ; but be valiant : I have a sword, and if I do draw, it shall—be against my will : [*aside.*]—Is he not come yet ?

Cam. An he were between this and Moorgate, you might scent him.

Lod. If he come, somebody shall smell ill-

knees confess thy rascality, and ask me forgiveness in private, in the presence of mistress Jane, and the twelve companies, which, at thy charge, shall be feasted that day in Moorfields.

Hav. That must not be.

Lod. Then say when thou art dead, thou wert offered conditions for thy life: Cam, thou shalt feed, and feed high, Camelion.—Let me see—Come, 'tis my foolish nature to have compassion o' thee; I know thou art sorry; shalt only confess thyself a rascal under thy hand, then, and stay my intended revenge, which else would have been immortal.

Hav. Let me consider.

Lod. O, ho, Cam!

Capt. L. Both cowards; we shall have no skirmish.

Raw. Now I think on't, what if my man Jasper should be valiant, and kill Lodam—umph? what pickle were I in? worse, worse, he'll run away, I shall be taken and hanged for the conspiracy.—[*pulls Haver by the sleeve.*]—Ah—Jasper, rogue that I was, where were my brains to challenge him—he will not hear—a stubborn knave, he looks as if he meant to kill: ah, Jasper!

Capt. L. I have seen a dog look like him, that has drawn a wicker bottle, rattling about the streets, and leering on both sides where to get a quiet corner to bite his tail off.

Raw. I do imagine myself apprehended already: now the constable is carrying me to Newgate—now, now, I'm at the Sessions-house, in the dock:—now I'm called—not guilty, my lord:—the jury has found the indictment, *billa vera*.—Now, now comes my sentence.

Hav. I am resolv'd, sir.

Raw. Ha!—

Hav. You shall have what acknowledgment this

pen of steel will draw out in your flesh with red ink, and no other, dear master Lodam.

Lod. How?

Capt. L. So, so.

Raw. Now I'm in the cart, riding up Holborn in a two-wheeled chariot, with a guard of halbardiers. *There goes a proper fellow*, says one; good people pray for me: now I am at the three wooden stilts.

Lod. Is this Rawbone the coward?—

Dost hear, thing? consider what thou dost; come, among friends, thy word shall be as good as a note under thy hand, tempt not my fury—Would I were off with asking him forgiveness! [*Aside.*

Raw. Hey! now I feel my toes hang i' the cart; now 'tis drawn away, now, now, now!—I am gone.

[*Turns about.*

Hav. You must shew your fencing.

Lod. Hold: I demand a parley.

Hav. How?

Lod. 'Tis not for your reputation to deal with a gentleman upon unequal terms.

Hav. Where lie the odds?

Capt. L. How's this?

Lod. Examine our bodies:

I take it I am the fairer mark, 'tis a disadvantage: feed till you be as fat as I, and I'll fight with you, as I am a gentleman.

Hav. It shall not serve your turn. [*Strikes him.*

Lod. Hold! murder! murder!

Raw. I'm dead, I'm dead.

Capt. L. Whoreson puff-paste, how he winks and barks!— [*Comes forward.*

How now, gentlemen; master Lodam?

Lod. Captain, [you] should have come but a little sooner, and have seen good sport; by this flesh he came up handsomely to me, a pretty spark, faith, captain.

Hav. How, sir?

Lod. But if you be his friend, run for a surgeon for him, I have hurt him under the short ribs, beside a cut or two i' the shoulder.—Would I were in a miller's sack yonder, though I were ground for't, to be quit of them. [Aside.

Hav. You will not use me thus?

Lod. I were best deliver my sword ere I be compell'd to it—a pretty fellow, and one that will make a soldier; because I see thou hast a spirit, and canst use thy weapon, I'll bestow a dull blade upon thee, squirrel.

Capt. L. Deliver up your weapon!

Lod. In love, in love, captain; he's a spark, on my reputation, and worthy your acquaintance.

Hav. Thou molly-puff! were it not justice to kick thy guts out?

Lod. When I am disarm'd?

Hav. Take it again, you sponge.—

Lod. What, when I have given it thee? 'tis at thy service, an it were a whole cutler's shop: be confident.

Raw. My ague has not left me yet; there's a grudging of the halter still.

Capt. L. Master Rawbone, I repent my opinion of your cowardice; I see you dare fight, and shall report it to my cousin: you shall walk home, (she'll take it as an honour,) and present your prisoner.

Raw. Jasper, let's go home and shift; do not go—honest Jasper.

Hav. You will be prattling, sirrah!—I'll wait upon you, captain.—Master Lodam—

Lod. I will accompany thee; thou art noble, and fit for my conversation; honest master Rawbone—a pox upon you! [Aside.

Capt. L. Nay, you shall wait on your master, with his leave, good Jasper.

Hav. How now, Jasper? [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Beauford's Lodgings.—*Cornets: a table set forth with two tapers; Servants placing yew, bays, and rosemary, &c.*

Enter BEAUFORD.

Beau. Are these the herbs you strew at funerals?

I Ser. Yes, sir.

Beau. 'Tis well; I commend your care,
And thank ye; ye have express'd more duty
In not enquiring wherefore I command
This strange employment, than in ⁶ the very
Act of your obedience: my chamber
Looks like the spring now: have ye not art enough
To make this yew tree grow here, or this bays,
The emblem of our victory in death?
But they present that best when they are wither'd:
Have you been careful that no day break in
At any window? I would dwell in night,
And have no other star-light but these tapers.

I Ser. If any ask to speak with you,
Shall I say, you are abroad?

Beau. No;
To all [that] do enquire with busy face,
Pale, or disturb'd, give free access—

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

What do I differ from the dead? Would not
Some fearful man or woman, seeing me,
Call this a churchyard, and imagine me
Some wakeful apparition 'mong the graves;
That, for some treasures buried in my life,
Walk up and down thus?' buried! no, 'twas
drown'd;

⁶ *than in*] Old copy, *therein*.

⁷ *That, for some treasures buried, &c.*] For this superstitious notion, which was once very general, see *Mass.* vol. iv. p. 539.

I cannot therefore say, it was a chest ;
 Gratiana had ne'er a coffin, I have one
 Spacious enough for both of us ; but the waves
 Will never yield to't, for, it may be, they,
 Soon as the northern wind blows cold upon them,
 Will freeze themselves to marble over her,
 Lest she should want a tomb.—

Enter Park-Keeper.

Thy business.

Keep. He died this morning :
 A friend of his and your's did practise on him
 A little surgery, but in vain ; his last
 Breath did forgive you : but you must expect
 No safety from the law—my service, sir.

Beau. I have left direction that it cannot miss me ;
 And, hadst thou come to apprehend me for't,
 With as much ease thou might'st : I am no states-
 man ;

Officious servants make no suitors wait ;
 My door's unguarded ; 'tis no labyrinth
 I dwell in ; but I thank thy love, there's something
 To reward it : [*gives him money.*]—justice cannot
 put on
 A shape to fright me.

Keep. I am sorry, sir,
 Your resolution carries so much danger. [*Exit.*

Beau. What can life bring to me, that I should
 court it ?

There is a period in nature ; is it not
 Better to die and not be sick ; worn in
 Our bodies, which, in imitation
 Of ghosts, grow lean, as if they would at last
 Be immaterial too ; our bloods turn jelly,
 And freeze in their cold channel ; let me expire
 While I have heat and strength to tug with death
 For victory.

Enter MILLISCENT, behind, and Servants bearing a chest.

Mil. You may disburden there ;
But gently, 'tis a chest of value.—Mistress,
I'll give him notice.—Where is Beauford ?

Beau. Here.

Mil. What place d'ye call this ?

Beau. 'Tis a bridal chamber.

Mil. It presents horror.

Beau. Have you any thing
To say to me ?

Mil. Yes.

Beau. Proceed.

Mil. I come to visit you.

Beau. You are not welcome, then.

Mil. I did suspect it, and have therefore brought
My assurance with me ; I must require
Satisfaction for a kinsman's death,
One Marwood.

Beau. Ha !

Mil. Your valour was not noble ;
It was a coarse reward to kill him for
His friendship : I come not with
A guard of officers to attach your person ;
It were too poor and formal ; the instrument
That sluiced his soul out, I had rather should
Sacrifice to his ashes, and my sword
Shall do't, or your's be guilty of another,
To wait upon his ghost.

Beau. Young man, be not
Too rash ; without the knowledge how our quarrel
Rose, to procure thyself a danger.

Mil. Make
It not your fear ; I have heard the perfect story,
And ere I fight with thee, shalt see thy error ;
Acknowledge thou hast kill'd a friend : I bring

A perspective to make those things that lie
Remote from sense, familiar to thee ; nay,
Thou shalt confess thou know'st the truth of what
Concerns him, or Gratiana.

Beau. When my soul
Throws off this upper garment, I shall know all.

Mil. Thou shalt not number many minutes ;
know,
'Twas my misfortune to close up the eyes
Of Marwood, whose body I vow'd never
Should to the earth without revenge, or me,
Companion to his grave ; I have therefore brought it
Hither ; 'tis in this house.

Beau. Ha !

Mil. His pale corpse
Shall witness my affection.

Beau. Thou didst promise
To inform me of Gratiana.

Mil. And thus briefly :
Marwood reveal'd at death another witness
Of his truth ; for Cardona he corrupted
To betray Gratiana to him.

Beau. Ha ! Cardona !
Heaven continue her among the living
But half an hour !

Mil. I have sav'd you trouble ;
She waits without ; in your name I procur'd
Her presence, as you had affairs with her :
She's unprepar'd, a little terror will
Enforce her to confess the truth of all things.

Beau. Thou dost direct well.

Mil. Still remember, Beauford,
I am thy enemy, and in this do but
Prepare thy conscience of misdeed to
Meet my just anger.

[*Exit.*

Beau. I am all wonder.

Re-enter MILLISCENT, with CARDONA.

Mil. He's now at opportunity.

Car. Sir, you sent
To speak with me.

Beau. Come nearer ; I hear say
You are a bawd ; tell me how go virgins
I' the sinful market ? Nay, I must know, hell-cat ;
What was the price you took for Gratiana :
Did Marwood come off roundly with his wages ?
Tell me the truth, or by my father's soul,
I'll dig thy heart out.

Car. Help !

Beau. Let me not hear
A syllable that has not reference
To my question—or—

Car. I'll tell you, sir :
Marwood—

Beau. So.

Car. Did viciously affect her :
Won with his gifts and flatteries, I promis'd
My assistance ; but I knew her virtue was not
To be corrupted in a thought.

Beau. Ha !

Car. Therefore——

Beau. What ?—d' ye study ?—

Car. Hold—I would deliver
The rest into your ear, it is too shameful
To express it louder than a whisper.

[*She whispers him.*

Mil. With what unwillingness we discover
things
We are asham'd to own ! Cardona, should'st
Have us'd but half this fear in thy consent,
And thou hadst ne'er been guilty of a sin
Thou art so loth to part with, though it be

A burden to thy soul : how boldly would
Our innocence plead for us ? but she has done.

[*Aside.*

Beau. Then was Gratiana's honour sav'd ?

Car. Untouch'd.

Beau. Where am I lost ? this story is more
killing

Than all my jealousies : oh, Cardona !

Go safe from hence ; but when thou com'st at home,
Lock thyself up, and languish till thou die.

Thou shalt meet Marwood in a gloomy shade ;

Give back his salary.

[*Exit Cardona.*

Mil. Have I made good

My promise ? do you find your error ?

Beau. No : I have found my horror—has the
chaste

And innocent Gratiana drown'd herself ?

What satisfaction can I pay thy ghost ?

Mil. Now do me right, sir.

Beau. She's gone for ever ;

And can the earth still dwell a quiet neighbour

To the rough sea, and not itself be thaw'd

Into a river ? let it melt to waves

From henceforth, that, beside th'inhabitants,

The very Genius of the world may drown,

And not accuse me for her.—Oh, Gratiana !

Mil. Reserve your passion, and remember what
I come for.

Beau. How shall I punish my unjust suspicion ?

Death is too poor a thing to suffer for her :

Some spirit guide me where her body lies

Within her watery urn, although seal'd up

With frost ; my tears are warm, and can dissolve it,

To let in me and my repentance to her :

I would kiss her cold face into life again,

Renew her breath with mine, on her pale lip ;

I do not think, but if some artery

Of mine were open'd, and the crimson flood

Convey'd into her veins, it would agree ;
 And with a gentle gliding, steal itself
 Into her heart, enliven her dead faculties,
 And with a flattery 'tice her soul again
 To dwell in her fair tenement.

Mil. You lose
 Yourself in these wild fancies ; recollect,
 And do me justice.

Beau. I am lost, indeed,
 With fruitless passion : I remember thee
 And thy design again ; I must account
 For Marwood's death, is't not ? Alas ! thou art
 Too young, and canst not fight ; I wish thou wert
 A man of tough and active sinews, for
 Thy own revenge sake ; I would praise thee for
 My death, so I might fall but nobly by thee :
 For I am burden'd with a weight of life—
 Stay, didst not tell me thou hadst brought hither
 The body of young Marwood ?

Mil. Yes.

Beau. Since a mistake, not malice, did procure
 His ill fate, I will but drop one funeral
 Tear upon his wound, and soon finish
 To do thee right.

Mil. You shall.

[Servants bring forward the chest, and exeunt.]

Beau. Does this inclose his corpse ? How little
 room

Do we take up in death, that, living, know
 No bounds ? Here, without murmuring, we can
 Be circumscrib'd ; it is the soul that makes us
 Affect such wanton and irregular paths ;
 When that's gone, we are quiet as the earth,
 And think no more of wandering.—Oh, Marwood !
 Forgive my anger ; thy confession did
 Invite thy ruin from me, yet upon—

[Opens the chest, and discovers Gratiana.]

Memory forsake me, 'tis Gratiana's spirit !—

Hast thou left thy heavenly dwelling
 To call me hence? I was now coming to thee :
 Or but command more haste, and I will count it
 No sin to strike myself, and in the stream
 Of my own blood to imitate how thou
 Didst drown thyself.

Gra. I am living, Beauford.

Beau. I know thou art immortal.

Gra. Living as thou art. [*Rises out of the chest.*]

Beau. Good angels, do not mock mortality.

Gra. I came—

Beau. To call me to my answer how I durst
 Suspect thy chastity ; I'll accuse myself,
 And to thy injur'd innocence give me up
 A willing sacrifice.

Gra. Oh, my Beauford ! now
 I am over-blest for my late sufferings ;
 I have solicited my death with prayers ;
 Now I would live to see my Beauford love me.
 It was thy friend induced me to that letter,
 To find if thy suspicion had destroy'd
 All seeds of love.

Beau. Art thou not dead indeed ?
 May I believe ? her hand is warm—she breathes
 Again—and kisses as she wont to do
 Her Beauford ;—art [thou] Gratiana ? Heaven
 Let me dwell here, until my soul exhale.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mil. One sorrow's cur'd ; [now] Milliscent, be
 gone,
 Thou hast been too long absent from thy own.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Beau. Oh, my joy-ravish'd soul !—but where's
 the youth
 Brought me this blessing ? vanish'd, Gratiana ?
 Where is he ? I would hang about his neck
 To kiss his cheek ; he will not leave me so :
 Gone ? sure it was some angel, was he not,

Or do I dream this happiness? Wilt not thou
Forsake me too?

Gra. Oh, never.

Beau. Within, there!—

Bid the young man return, and quickly, lest
My joy, above the strength of nature's sufferance,
Kill me before I can express my gratitude:
Have ye brought him?

Enter Officers.

1 Offi. Master Beauford, I am sorry we are
commanded to apprehend your person.

Gra. Officers! ha!

1 Offi. You are suspected to have slain a gen-
tleman, one Marwood.

Beau. Have I still my essence; ha?

I had a joy was able to make man
Forget he could be miserable.

2 Offi. Come, sir.

Beau. If e'er extremities did kill, we both
Shall die this very minute.

Gra. You shall not go.

1 Offi. Our authority will force him.

Gra. You're villains, murderers:

Oh, my Beauford!

Beau. Leave me, Gratiana.

Gra. Never; I'll die with thee.

Beau. What can we say unto our misery?
Sav'd in a tempest, that did threaten most,
Arriv'd the harbour, ship and all are lost!

Offi. To the next justice.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in sir John Belfare's House.

Enter BELFARE.

Bel. Whither art fled, Gratiana? that I can
Converse with none to tell me thou art still
A mortal? taken hence by miracle?
Though angels should entice her hence to heaven,
She was so full of piety to her father,
She would first take her leave.

Enter ISAAC and a Physician.

Isaac. There he is, sir: he cannot choose but
talk idly, for he has not slept since the last great
mist.

Phys. Mist?

Isaac. Ay, sir, his daughter, my young mistress,
went away in't, and we can hear no tale nor tidings
of her: to tell you true, I would not disgrace my
old master, but he is little better than mad.

Phys. Unhappy gentleman!

Bel. 'Tis so; he murder'd her;
For he that first would rob her of her honour,
Would not fear afterward to kill Gratiana;
He shall be arraign'd for't,—but where shall we
Get honest men enow to make a jury,
That dare be conscionable when the judge
Looks on, and frowns upon the verdict? men
That will not be corrupted to favour
A great man's evidence, but prefer justice
To ready money? Oh, this age is barren.—

Isaac. You hear how he talks.

Bel. But I have found the way; 'tis but procuring Acquaintance with the foreman of the jury, The sessions' bell weather, he leads the rest Like sheep; when he makes a gap, they follow In huddle, to his sentence.

Isaac. Speak to him, sir.

Phys. God save you, sir John Belfare!

Bel. I am a little serious—do not trouble me.

Phys. Do you not know me?

Bel. I neither know, nor care for you, unless You can be silent.

Phys. I'm your neighbour.

Isaac. Master doctor.—

Bel. Away, fool!

Isaac. No, sir, a physician.

Bel. A physician? can you cure my daughter?

Phys. Ay, sir; where is she?

Bel. Can not you find her out by art? a good Physician should be acquainted with the stars: Prithee, erect a figure, grave astronomer, Shalt have the minute she departed; turn Thy ephemerides a little; I'll lend Thee Ptolemy, and a nest of learned rabbis, To judge by: tell me whether she be alive Or dead, and thou shalt be my doctor; I'll Give thee a round per annum pension, And thou shalt kill me for it.

Phys. He has a strange delirium.

Isaac. Ay, sir.

Phys. A vertigo in's head.

Isaac. In his head?

Bel. What says the raven?

Isaac. He says you have two hard words in your head, sir.

Phys. Have you forgot me, sir? I was but late Familiar to your knowledge.

Bel. Ha?

Your pardon, gentle sir; I know you now;

Impute it to my grief ; it hath almost made me
Forget myself.

Phys. I come to visit you,
And cannot but be sorry to behold
You thus afflicted.

Bel. Doctor, I am sick,
I'm very sick at heart ; loss of my daughter,
I fear, will make me mad ; how long d'ye think
Man's nature's able to resist it ? Can
Your love or art prescribe your friend a cordial ?
No no, you cannot.

Phys. Sir, be comforted,
We have our manly virtue given us
To exercise in such extremes as these.

Bel. As these ? why, do you know what 'tis to
lose

A daughter ? you converse with men that are
Diseas'd in body ; punish'd with a gout
Or fever : yet some of these are held
The shames of physic ; but to the mind you can
Apply no salutary medicine :
My daughter, sir, my daughter.—

Phys. Was to blame
To leave you so ; lose not your wisdom for
Your daughter's want of piety.

Bel. Speak well
O' the dead, for living she would not be absent
Thus from me ; she was ever dutiful,
Took pleasure in obedience : oh, my child !
But I have strong suspicion by whom
She's made away—Beauford—

Phys. How ?

Bel. He that pretended marriage—he gave her
A wound before.

Phys. Master Beauford's newly
Apprehended for some fact, and carried
'Fore justice Landby ; in my passage hither
I met him guarded.

Bel. Guarded! for what?

Phys. Some did whisper he had kill'd—

Bel. Gratiana.

Oh my girl, my Gratiana!—Isaac, Beauford is taken, 'tis apparent he hath slain my daughter, and shall not I revenge her death? I'll prosecute the law with violence against him; not leave the judge till he pronounce his sentence: then I'll die, and carry Gratiana the news before him. Follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in justice Landby's House.

Enter justice LANDBY and JANE.

Just. L. I expect, Jane, thou wilt reward my care

With thy obedience; he's young and wealthy,
No matter for those idle ceremonies
Of wit and courtship.

Jane. Do I hear my father?

Just. L. He will maintain thee gallant; city
wives

Are fortune's darlings, govern all their husbands,
Variety of pleasure, and apparel,
When some of higher titles are oft feign
To pawn a ladyship: thou shalt have Rawbone.

Jane. Virtue forbid it; you are my father, sir,
And lower than the earth I have a heart
Prostrates itself; I had my being from you,
But, I beseech you, take it not away
Again by your severity.

Just. L. How's this?—I like it well. [Aside.

Jane. You have read many lectures to me, which
My duty hath received, and practised, as

Precepts from heaven ; but never did I hear
 You preach so ill : you heretofore directed
 My study to be careful of my fame,
 Cherish desert, plant my affection on
 Nobleness, which can only be sufficient
 To make it fruitful, and do you counsel now
 To marry a disease ?

Just. L. Good ! my own girl.— [Aside.
 What is't you said ? ha ?

Jane For the man himself
 Is such a poor and miserable thing—

Just. L. But such another word and I take off
 My blessing : how now, Jane ?

Jane. [aside.]—Alas ! I fear
 He is in earnest.—Marry me to my grave,
 To that you shall have my consent ; oh do not
 Enforce me to be guilty of a false
 Vow, both to heaven and angels ; on my knees—

[Kneels.
Just. L. Humble your heart ; rise, and correct
 your sullenness,

I am resolv'd ; would you be sacrificed,
 To an unthrift, that will dice away his skin,
 Rather than want to stake at ordinaries ?
 Consume what I have gather'd, at a breakfast
 Or morning's draught ? and when you have teem'd
 for him,

Turn sempstress to find milk and clouts for babies ?
 Foot stockings to maintain him in the Compter ?
 Or, if this fail, erect a bawdy citadel,
 Well mann'd, which fortified with demi-cannon,
 Tobacco-pipes, may raise you to a fortune,
 Together with the trade.

Jane. Oh, my cruel stars !

Just. L. Star me no stars, I'll have my will.

Jane. One minute
 Hath ruin'd all my hope ; Milliscent
 Was cruel thus to mock me.

[Aside.

Enter HAVER and RAWBONE, disguised as before; captain LANDBY, LODAM, and CAMELION.

Capt. L. Uncle— [*Capt. and Just. whisper.*

Raw. Jasper, what case am I in?

Hav. Be wise, and keep your counsel, is not all for your honour?

Lod. Lady, I hope by this time you are able to distinguish a difference between Rawbone and myself.

Jane. I find little.

Capt. L. You shall do nobly, sir. [*Aside to Just. L.*

Just. L. Master Rawbone, the only man in my wishes:

My nephew gives you valiant, your merit
O'erjoys me, and to shew how much I value
Your worth, my daughter's yours, I'll see you
Married this morning, ere we part; receive him
Into your bosom, Jane, or lose me ever.

Jane. I obey, sir:—Will my father cozen himself?
[*Aside.*

Hav. Ha, do I dream?

Raw. Dream, quotha? this is a pretty dream.

[*Aside.*

Just. L. Master Lodam, I hope you'll not repine at his fortune.

Raw. But Rawbone will pine, and repine, if this be not a dream. [*Aside.*

Lod. I allow it, and will dine with you.

Cam. And I.

Raw. Jasper! no? will nobody know me?

Just. L. Let's lose no time, I have no quiet till I call him son.

Raw. Master justice, do me right;
You do not know who I am—I am—

Just. L. An ass, sir, are you not? what make you prattling?

Raw. Sir—

Noble captain, a word, I am—

Capt. L. A coxcomb.—

Your man is saucy, sir. [to *Haver*.

Raw. Then I am asleep.

Capt. L. I forget Gratiana.

Just. L. Cousin, you shall supply my place at church, while I prepare for your return, some guests we must have—nay, nay, haste, the morn grows old, we'll ha't a Wedding-day.

Hav. Here's a blessing beyond hope.

Raw. Sure I am asleep, I will e'en walk with them till my dream be out.

[*Exeunt capt. L. Haver, and Jane, followed by Rawbone and Camelion.*

Enter BEAUFORD, Officers, MARWOOD *disguised*, Park-Keeper, and GRATIANA.

Just. L. Master Beauford, welcome, and Gratiana.

Beau. You will repent your courtesy, I am Presented an offender to you.

Off. Yes, and please your worship, he is accus'd.

Gra. Sir, you have charity, believe them not; They do conspire to take away his life.

Keep. May it please you understand he has kill'd

A gentleman, one Marwood, in our park; I found him wounded mortally, though before He died, he did confess—

Beau. Urge it no farther, I'll save the trouble of examination, And yield myself up guilty.

Gra. For heaven's sake Believe him not; he is an enemy To his own life.—Dear Beauford, what d'ye mean

To cast yourself away? you are more unmerciful
 Than those that do accuse you, than the law
 Itself; for at the worst that can but find
 You guilty at the last, too soon for me
 To be divided from you.

Beau. Oh, Gratiana! I call heaven to witness;
 Though my misfortune made me think before
 My life a tedious and painful trouble,
 My very soul a luggage, and too heavy
 For me to carry, now I wish to live,
 To live for thy sake, till my hair were silver'd
 With age; to live till thou wouldst have me die,
 And wert weary of me; for I never
 Could by the service of one life reward
 Enough thy love, nor by the suffering
 The punishment of age and time, do penance
 Sufficient for my injury; but my fate
 Hurries me from thee; then accept my death
 A satisfaction for that sin I could not
 Redeem alive; I cannot but confess
 The accusation.

Enter BELFARE and ISAAC.

Bel. Justice, justice! I will have justice:
 Ha, Gratiana!

Gra. Oh, my dear father——

Bel. Art alive! oh my joy! it grows
 Too mighty for me, I must weep a little
 To save my heart.

Isaac. My young mistress alive! [*Exit.*

Gra. If ever you lov'd Gratiana, plead for
 Beauford,
 He's been abused by a villain, all's discover'd,
 We have renew'd hearts, and now, I fear, I shall
 Lose him again, accused here for the death
 Of Marwood, that was cause of all our suffering.

Bel. I have not wept enough for joy, Gratiana,

That thou'rt alive yet—I understand nothing
Beside this comfort.

Gra. Dear sir, recollect,
And second me.

Just. L. The fact confess'd, all hope
Will be a pardon, sir, may be procur'd :
Sir John—you're come in a sad time.

Gra. What is the worst you charge him with ?

Keep. He has slain a gentleman.

Just. L. No common trespass.

Gra. He has done justice.

Just. L. How ?

Gra. A public benefit to his country in't.

Just. L. Killing a man ? her sorrow overthrows
Her reason.

Gra. Hear me, Marwood was a villain,
A rebel unto virtue, a profaner
Of friendship's sacred laws, a murderer
Of virgin chastity, against whose malice
Not innocence could hope protection ;
But, like a bird grip'd by an eagle's talon,
It groaning dies.

What punishment can you inflict on him,
That, in contempt of nature, and religion,
Enforces breach of love, of holy vows ?

Sets them at war whose hearts were married
In a full congregation of angels ?

I know you will not say but such deserve
To die ; yet Marwood being dead, you reach
Your fury to his heart that did this benefit !

Beau. Oh, Gratiana ! if I may not live
To enjoy thee here, I would thou hadst been dead
Indeed, for in a little time we should

Have met each other in another world :

But since I go before thee, I will carry

Thy praise along ; and if my soul forget not

What it hath lov'd, when it convers'd with men,

I will so talk of thee among the blest,

That they shall be in love with thee, and descend
 In holy shapes, to woo thee to come thither,
 And be of their society ; do not veil thy beauty
 With such a shower ; keep this soft rain
 To water some more lost and barren garden,
 Lest you destroy the spring, which nature made
 To be a wonder in thy cheek.

Just. L. Where is Marwood's body ?

Mar. [*throwing off his disguise.*]—Here, sir.

Omnes. Alive !

Mil. Ha ! Marwood ?

Mar. Alive, as glad to see thee, as thou art
 To know thy self acquitted for my death ;
 Which I of purpose, by this honest friend,
 To whose cure I owe my life, made you believe,
 T' increase our joy at meeting : for you, lady,
 You are a woman—yet you might have been
 Less violent in your pleading, do not engage
 Me past respects of mine, or your own honour.

Gra. Mine is above thy malice ; I have a breast
 Impenetrable, 'gainst which, thou fondly aiming,
 Thy arrows but recoil into thy bosom,
 And leave a wound.

Beau. Friend, we have found thy error.

Mar. Let it be mine, we have had storms already.

Gra. Tell me, injurious man, for in this presence
 You must acquit the honour you accus'd,
 Discharge thy poison here, inhuman traitor !

Beau. Thou wilt ask her forgiveness, she's all
 chastity.

Mar. Why do you tempt me thus ?

Bel. It was ill done, sir.

Just. L. Accuse her to her face.

Mar. So, so ; you see I am silent still.

Gra. You are too full of guilt to excuse your
 treachery.

Mar. Then farewell, all respects, and hear me tell

This bold and insolent woman, that so late
Made triumph in my death.

Mil. Oh, sir, proceed not,
You do not declare yourself of generous birth,
Thus openly to accuse a gentlewoman,
Were it a truth.

Gra. He may throw soil at heaven,
And as soon stain it.

Mar. Sirrah boy, who made you
So peremptory?—He would be whipp'd.

Mil. With what? I am not arm'd,
You see, but your big language would not fright
My youth, were it befriended with a sword;
You should find then I would dare to prove it
A falsehood on your person.

Just. L. How now, Milliscent?

Mar. Hath my love made me thus ridiculous,
Beauford, that [thou] wil[t] suffer such a boy
To affront me? then, against all the world
I rise an enemy, and defy his valour
Dares justify Gratiana virtuous.

Re-enter ISAAC with CARDONA.

Isaac. Believe your eyes.

Car. My daughter alive?
Oh, my dear heart!

Mar. You are come opportunely,
Cardona; speak the truth, as thou wouldst not
Eat my poniard; is not Gratiana
A sinful woman?

Car. What means Marwood, ha?

Bel. I am in a labyrinth.

Car. Hold! I confess—
You never did enjoy Gratiana.

Mar. Ha!

Car. Let not our shame be public, sir, you shall
Have the whole truth; oh, that my tears were able

To wash my sin away.—won with your promises,
I did, in hope to make myself a fortune,
And get a husband for my child, with much
Black oratory, woo my daughter to
Supply Gratiana's bed, whom, with that
Circumstance, you enjoy'd, that you believed
It was the virgin you desired.

Bel. Is't possible?

Mar. I am all a confusion; where's this daughter?

Car. She, with the fear (as I conceive) of her
Dishonour, taking a few jewels with her,
Went from me, I know not whither, by this time
Dead, if not more unhappy in her fortune.

Mar. Into how many sins hath lust engaged me?
Is there a hope you can forgive, and you,
And she whom I have most dishonour'd:
I never had a conscience till now,
To be griev'd for her; I will hide myself
From all the world.

Mil. Stay, sir.— [*Whispers Marwood.*

Gra. You hear this, Beauford, father—

Beau. This she confess'd to me, though I conceal'd

From thee the error: Marwood dead, their shame
Would not have given my life advantage; now
We have o'ercome the malice of our fate,
I hope you'll call me son.

Bel. Both my loved children.

Just. L. I congratulate your joy.

Mar. Beauford, gentlemen,
This is a woman; Lucibel, your daughter,
The too much injured maid: oh, pardon me!
Welcome both to my knowledge, and my heart.

Car. Oh my child.

Just. L. My servant prove a woman!

Bel. You'll marry her?

Mar. It shall begin my recompense:
Lead you to church, we'll find the priest more work.

Just. L. He has done some already, for by this time
I have a daughter married to young Haver,
That walk'd in Rawbone's livery,—they're return'd.

*Re-enter captain LANDBY, HAVER, JANE, LODAM,
RAWBONE and CAMELION.*

Hav. Father, your pardon, though you meant
me not
Your son, yet I must call your daughter wife:
Here I resign my citizen.

[*Pulls off his citizen's gown.*]

Bel. Young Haver!

Just. L. My blessing on you both!
I meant it so: a letter took off this
Disguise before: nay, here are more couples
Enow to play at barley-break.¹

Raw. Master Lodam, you and I are in hell.

Lod. How?

Hav. You and I are friends.

Lod. I knew by instinct I had no quarrel to thee;
Art thou Rawbone?

Raw. I am not drunk.

Lod. No, but thou art disguis'd shrewdly.

Raw. I will not believe I am awake:
This is not possible.

Beau. Leave off to wonder, captain.

Capt. L. Sure this is a dream.

Raw. As sure as you are there, captain; alas!
we do but walk and talk in our sleep all this while.

Bel. Away, away!

Lod. Ay, to dinner, bullies.

Raw. Do you hear, gentlemen, before you go,
does no body know me, who am I? who am I?

Just. L. You are master Rawbone, sir, that

¹ *Enow to play at barley-break.*] See Massinger, vol. i. p. 103.

would have married my daughter, that is now wife, I take, to this gentleman, your seeming servant.

Raw. Dream on, dream on. Jasper, make much o' the wench, now thou hast got her: am not I finely gull'd?

Hav. I think so.

Raw. Dream on together, a good jest, i' faith; he thinks all this is true, now.

Capt. L. Are not you then awake, sir?

Raw. No, marry am I not, sir.

Capt. L. What d'ye think o' that, sir?

[*Kicks him.*

Raw. That, sir? now do I dream that I am kick'd.

Capt. L. You do not feel it, then?

[*Kicks him again.*

Raw. Kick, kick your hearts out.

Lod. Say you so? let my foot be in too, then.

[*Kicks him.*

Raw. Sure I shall cry out in my sleep—what a long night 'tis!

Bel. Set on.

Capt. L. Ay, we may come back, and take him napping.

Beau. Come, Gratiana,
My soul's best half, let's tie the sacred knot,
So long deferr'd. Never did two lovers
Meet in so little time so many changes:
Our WEDDING-DAY is come, the sorrow's past
Shall give our present joy more heavenly taste.

[*Exeunt all but Rawbone, who comes forward and speaks the*

EPILOGUE.

Gentlemen; pray be favourable to wake a fool dormant amongst ye; I have been kick'd, and kick'd to that purpose; may be, they knock'd at the wrong

door, my brains are asleep in the garret. I must appeal from their feet to your hands; there is no way but one; you must clap me, and clap me soundly; d'ye hear, I shall hardly come to myself else.

Oh, since my case, without you, desperate stands, Wake me with the loud music of your hands. [Exit.

END OF VOL. I.

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