

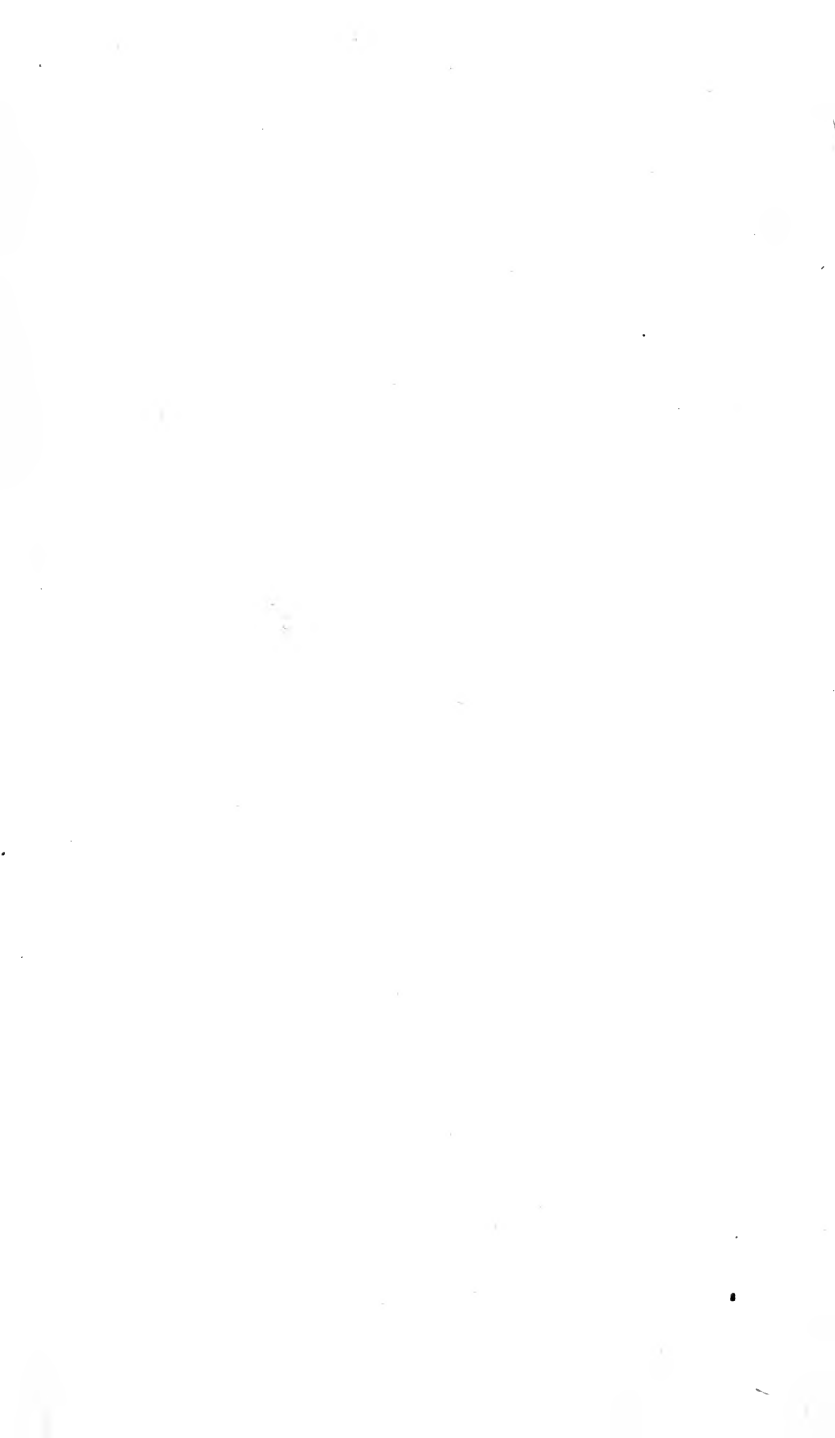
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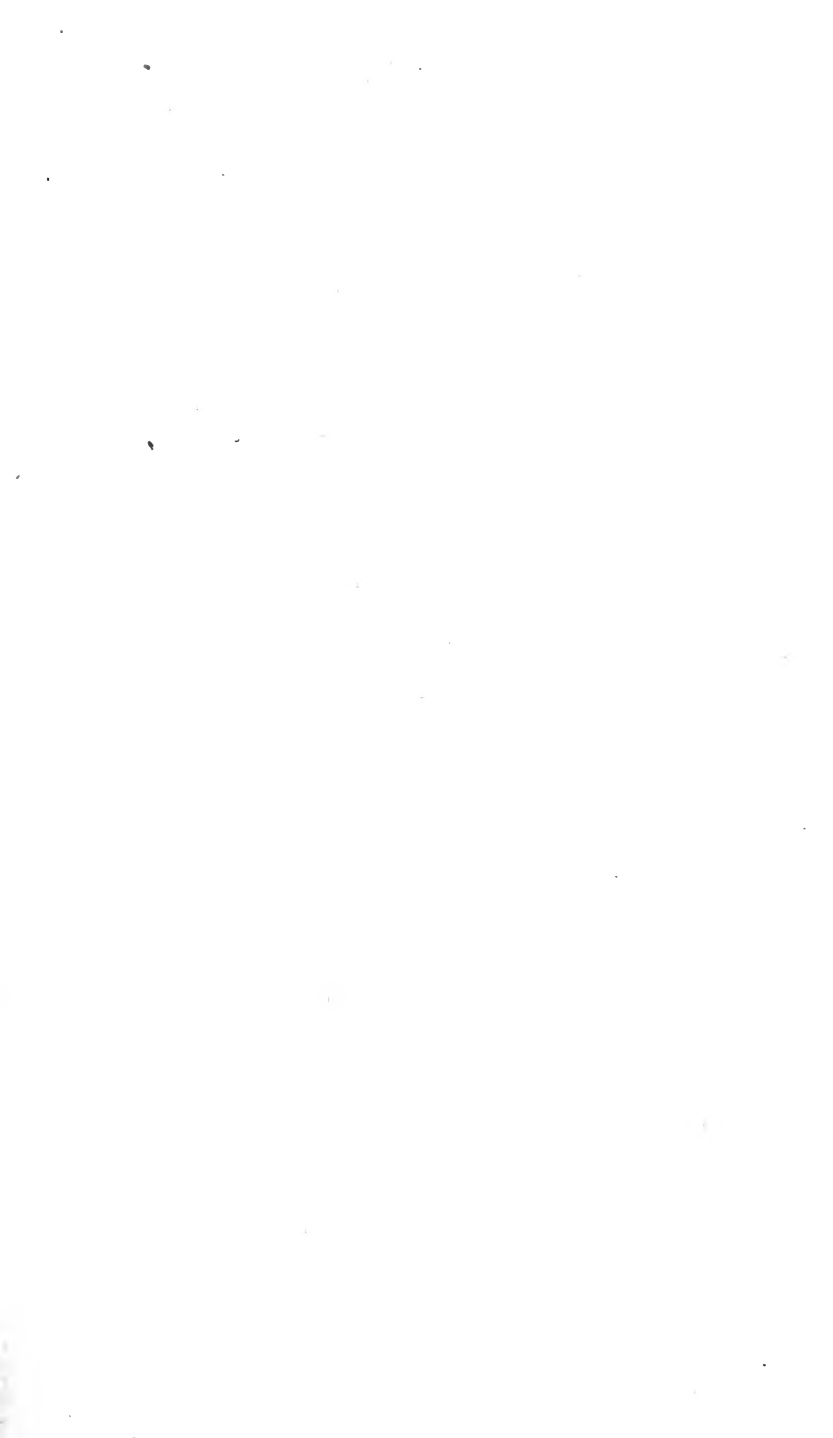


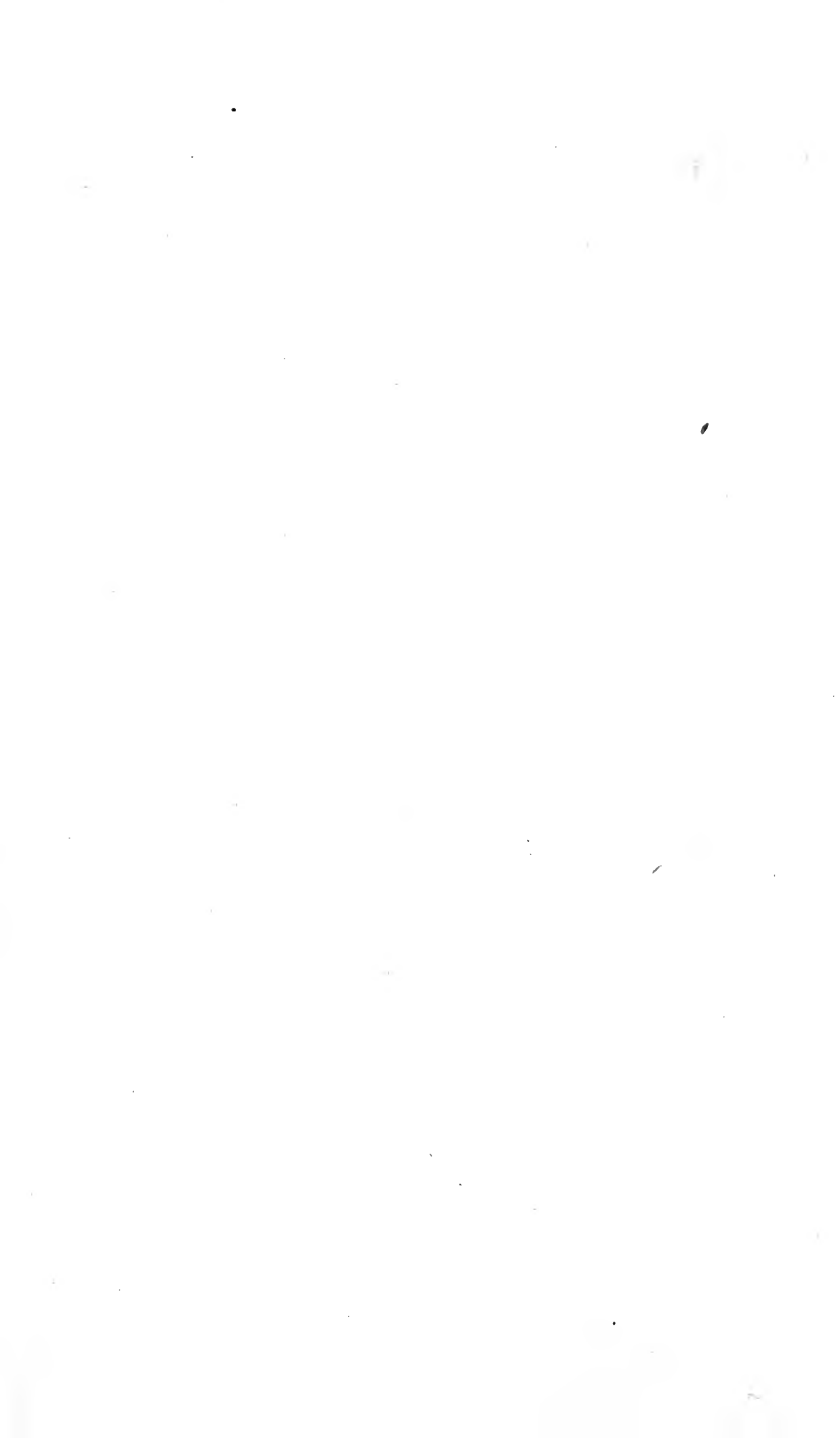
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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS AND POEMS
OF
SHIRLEY.

THE
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. IV.

CONTAINING

THE LADY OF PLEASURE.
THE ROYAL MASTER.
THE DUKE'S MISTRESS.
THE DOUBTFUL HEIR.
ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND.
THE CONSTANT MAID.
THE HUMOROUS COURTIER.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXXIII.

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LONDON :

PRINTED BY W. NICOL, CLEVELAND-ROW, ST. JAMES'S.

THE
LADY OF PLEASURE.

THE LADY OF PLEASURE.] This comedy was licensed in October, 1635, and printed in 1637. The title of the first and only edition is, "*The Lady of Pleasure. A Comedie, as it was Acted by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by James Shirly.*"

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
RICHARD LORD LOVELACE,
OF HURLEY.¹

MY LORD,

I cannot want encouragement to present a poem to your lordship, while you possess so noble a breast, in which so many seeds of honour, to the example and glory of your name obtained, before your years, a happy maturity. This comedy, fortunate in the scene, and one that may challenge a place in the first form of the author's compositions, most humbly addresseth itself to your honour; if it meet your gracious acceptance, and that you repent not to be a patron, your lordship will only crown the imagination, and for ever, by this favour oblige,

My Lord,

The most humble services of your honourer,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

¹ Sir Richard Lovelace was created Lord Lovelace of Hurley in Berkshire, in 1627. The honour became extinct in 1736, on the death of Nevil, the sixth lord.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Thomas Bornwell.

Lord. A-.

Sir William Scentlove,

Master Alexander Kickshaw, } gallants.

Master John Littleworth,

Haircut, a barber.

Master Frederick, nephew to lady Bornwell.

Steward to sir Thomas Bornwell.

Steward to Celestina.

Secretary to Lord.

Servants, &c.

Aretina, sir Thomas Bornwell's lady.

Celestina, a young widow.

Isabella, }

Mariana, } friends of Celestina.

Decoy, a procuress.

Gentlewoman.

SCENE, the Strand.

THE
LADY OF PLEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in sir Thomas Bornwell's House.

Enter lady BORNWELL, and Steward.

Stew. Be patient, madam ; you may have your pleasure.

Lady B. 'Tis that I came to town for. I would not

Endure again the country conversation,
To be the lady of six shires ! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth ; their brains,
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground. To hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse, with whistling
*Sellinger's Round!*¹ To observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks !

How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all in to Whitsun-ales ; and sweat,
Through twenty scarfs and napkins,² till the hobby-horse

¹ *Sellinger's Round* !] This popular tune is mentioned, together with *Pagginton's Pound*, by Broome, and others of our old poets. Both tunes were adapted to country dances.

² For a full account of the *Morris*, &c. see Jonson, vol. ii. p. 50.

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Tire, and the Maid Marian, dissolv'd to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon meat!

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argu-
ment

To make the country life appear so hateful ;
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom ;
While your own will commanded what should
move

Delights, your husband's love and power join'd
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure, and innocent, beloved of all ;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for :
You might be envied ; but malice knew
Not where you dwelt. I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension,
What may succeed your change.

Lady B. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent-bailiff.

Stew. How, madam !

Lady B. Even so, sir.

Stew. I am a gentleman,
Though now your servant.

Lady B. A country gentleman,
By your affection to converse with stubble.
His tenants will advance your wit, and plump it so
With beef and bag-pudding !

Stew. You may say your pleasure,
It becomes not me dispute.

Lady B. Complain to
The lord of the soil, your master.

Stew. You're a woman
Of an ungovern'd passion, and I pity you.

Enter sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now? What's the matter?

Stew. Nothing, sir.

Born. Angry, sweetheart?

Lady B. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things,
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires? against mine own opinion
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return, by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in? changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Lady B. What charge, more than is necessary for
A lady of my birth and education?

Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen great and pow-
erful

I' the state; but with this, lose not you [the] memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employ'd
To serve your vast expenses.

Lady B. Am I then
Brought in the balance? So, sir!

Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obey'd no modest counsel, to affect,
Nay, study ways of pride and costly ceremony:
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures

Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman ;
 Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
 Brought home on engines ; the superfluous plate,
 Antique and novel ; vanities of tires ;
 Fourscore-pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman,
 Banquets for t' other lady aunt, and cousins,
 And perfumes that exceed all : train of servants,
 To stifle us at home, and shew abroad
 More motley than the French or the Venetian,
 About your coach, whose rude postillion
 Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
 And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls ;
 And common cries pursue your ladyship,
 For hindering of their market.

Lady B. Have you done, sir ?

Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe,
 And prodigal embroideries, under which
 Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
 Not shew their own complexions ; your jewels,
 Able to burn out the spectators' eyes,
 And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers :
 Something might here be spar'd, with safety of
 Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
 Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.—
 I could urge something more.

Lady B. Pray do, I like
 Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,
 You would not game so much.

Lady B. A gamester too !

Born. But are not come to that acquaintance yet,³
 Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit.
 You look not through the subtilty of cards,
 And mysteries of dice ; nor can you save
 Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
 And keep your family by the precious income ;

³ *But are not come to that acquaintance yet—*] The old copy reads, "—to that *repentance* yet."

Nor do I wish you should : my poorest servant
 Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
 Purchas'd beneath my honour. You make play
 Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
 Yourself and my estate by it.

Lady B. Good! proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes
 more

Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
 Your meetings call'd THE BALL, to which repair,⁴
 As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants,
 And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
 Of Venus, and small Cupid's high displeasure ;
 'Tis but the Family of Love⁵ translated
 Into more costly sin! There was a PLAY on't,
 And had the poet not been bribed 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 danced on the stage.⁶
 My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
 By any foul act; but the virtuous know,
 'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
 Suspicions of our shame.

Lady B. Have you concluded
 Your lecture?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
 My language may appear to you, it carries
 No other than my fair and just intent
 To your delights, without curb to their modest,
 And noble freedom.

Lady B. I'll not be so tedious
 In my reply; but, without art or elegance,
 Assure you, I keep still my first opinion:

⁴ — to which repair,] Old copy, “to which appear.”

⁵ 'Tis but the Family of Love, &c.] The terrible licentiousness of this fanatic brotherhood is often noticed by the writers of our poet's age. Middleton has a drama with this title.

⁶ See vol. iii. p. 3.

And though you veil your avaricious meaning
 With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
 I find you would intrench and wound the liberty
 I was born with. Were my desires unprivileged
 By example, while my judgment thought 'em fit,
 You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
 And track of every honourable lady
 Authorise me, I take it great injustice
 To have my pleasures circumscribed, and taught me.
 A narrow-minded husband is a thief
 To his own fame, and his preferment too;
 He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world,
 While, from the popular vote and knowledge, men
 Rise to employment in the state.

Born. I have

No great ambition to buy preferment at
 So dear a rate.

Lady B. Nor I to sell my honour,
 By living poor and sparingly; I was not
 Bred in that ebb of fortune, and my fate
 Shall not compel me to it.

Born. I know not,

Madam; but you pursue these ways—

Lady B. What ways?

Born. In the strict sense of honesty, I dare
 Make oath they are innocent.

LADY *Lord B.* Do not divert,
 By busy troubling of your brain, those thoughts
 That should preserve 'em.

Born. How was that?

Lady B. 'Tis English.

Born. But carries some unkind sense.

Enter DECOY.

Dec. Good morrow, my sweet madam.

LADY B. *Lord B.* Decoy! welcome;
 This visit is a favour.

Dec. Alas, sweet madam,

I cannot stay ; I came but to present
My service to your ladyship ; I could not
Pass by your door, but I must take the boldness
To tender my respects.

Lady B. You oblige me, madam ;
But I must not dispense so with your absence.

Dec. Alas, the coach, madam, stays for me at
the door.

Lady B. Thou shalt command mine ; prithee,
sweet Decoy—

Dec. I would wait on you, madam, but I have
many
Visits to make this morning ; I beseech—

Lady B. So you will promise to dine with me.

Dec. I shall
Present a guest.

Lady B. Why, then good morrow, madam.

Dec. A happy day shine on your ladyship !

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Steward.

Lady B. What's your news, sir ?

Stew. Madam, two gentlemen.

Lady B. What gentlemen ? Have they no names ?

Stew. They are,
The gentleman with his own head of hair,
Whom you commended for his horsemanship
In Hyde-park, and becoming [so] the saddle,
The t' other day.

Lady B. What circumstance is this
To know him by ?

Stew. His name's at my tongue's end :—
He lik'd the fashion of your pearl chain, madam ;
And borrow'd it for his jeweller to take
A copy by it.

Born. What cheating gallant's this ? [Aside.

Stew. That never walks without a lady's busk,

And plays with fans — master Alexander Kickshaw, —

I thought I should remember him.

Lady B. What's the other ?

Stew. What an unlucky memory I have !
The gallant that still danceth in the street,
And wears a gross of ribbon in his hat ;
That carries oringado in his pocket,
And sugar-plums, to sweeten his discourse ;
That studies complement, defies all wit
In black, and censures plays that are not bawdy —
Master John Littleworth.

Lady B. They are welcome ; but
Pray entertain them a small time, lest I
Be unprovided.

Born. Did they ask for me ?

Stew. No, sir.

Born. It matters not, they must be welcome.

Lady B. Fie ! how's this hair disorder'd ?
Here's a curl

Straddles most impiously. I must to my closet.

[*Exit.*

Born. Wait on 'em ; my lady will return again.

[*Exit Steward.*

I have to such a height fulfill'd her humour,
All application's dangerous : these gallants
Must be received, or she will fall into
A tempest, and the house be shook with names
Of all her kindred. 'Tis a servitude
I may in time shake off.

Enter KICKSHAW and LITTLEWORTH.

Kick. }
Little. } Save you, sir Thomas !

Born. Save you, gentlemen !

Kick. I kiss your hand.

Born. What day is it abroad ?

Little. The morning rises from your lady's eye :
If she look clear, we take the happy omen
Of a fair day.

Born. She'll instantly appear,
To the discredit of your complement ;
But you express your wit thus.

Kick. And you modesty,
Not to affect the praises of your own.

Born. Leaving this subject, what game's now
on foot ?

What exercise carries the general vote
O' the town, now ? nothing moves without your
knowledge.

Kick. The cocking now has all the noise ; I'll
have

A hundred pieces on one battle.—Oh,
These birds of Mars !

Little. Venus is Mars' bird too.

Kick. Why, and the pretty doves are Venus's,
To shew that kisses draw the chariot.

Little. I am for that skirmish.

Born. When shall we have
More booths and bagpipes upon Bansted downs ?
No mighty race is expected ?—But my lady
Returns !

Re-enter lady BORNWELL.

Lady B. Fair morning to you, gentlemen !
You went not late to bed by your early visit.
You do me honour.

Kick. It becomes our service.

Lady B. What news abroad ? you hold precious
intelligence.

Little. All tongues are so much busy with your
praise,
They have not time to frame other discourse.
Wilt please you, madam, taste a sugar-plum ?

Born. What does the goldsmith think the pearl
is worth

You borrow'd of my lady?

Kick. 'Tis a rich one.

Born. She has many other toys, whose fashion
you

Will like extremely : you have no intention
To buy any of her jewels?

Kick. Understand me—

Born. You had rather sell, perhaps. But, leav-
ing this,

I hope you'll dine with us.

Kick. I came o' purpose.

Lady B. And where were you last night?

Kick. I, madam? where

I slept not ; it had been sin, where so much
Delight and beauty was to keep me waking.
There is a lady, madam, will be worth
Your free society ; my conversation
Ne'er knew so elegant and brave a soul,
With most incomparable flesh and blood :
So spirited ! so courtly ! speaks the languages,
Sings, dances, plays o' the lute to admiration !
Is fair, and paints not ; games too, keeps a table,
And talks most witty satire ; has a wit
Of a clean Mercury—

Little. Is she married?

Kick. No.

Lady B. A virgin?

Kick. Neither.

Little. What ! a widow ? something
Of this wide commendation might have been
Excus'd. This such a prodigy!

Kick. Repent,
Before I name her : she did never see
Yet full sixteen, an age, in the opinion
Of wise men, not contemptible. She has
Mourn'd out her year too for the honest knight

That had compassion of her youth, and died
So timely. Such a widow is not common ;
And now she shines more fresh and tempting
Than any natural virgin.

Lady B. What's her name ?

Kick. She was christen'd Celestina ; by her husband,

The lady Bellamour : this ring was her's.

Born. You borrowed it to copy out the posy.

Kick. Are they not pretty rubies ? 'twas a grace
She was pleas'd to shew me, that I might have one
Made of the [self-] same fashion ; for I love
All pretty forms.

Lady B. And is she glorious ?

Kick. She is full of jewels, madam ; but I am
Most taken with the bravery of her mind,
Although her garments have all grace and ornament.

Lady B. You have been high in praises.

Kick. I come short ;

No flattery can reach her.

Born. Now my lady

Is troubled, as she fear'd to be eclipsed :

This news will cost me somewhat.

[*Aside.*

Lady B. You deserve

Her favour, for this noble character.

Kick. And I possess it, by my stars benevolence.

Lady B. You must bring us acquainted.

Born. I pray do, sir ;

I long to see her too.—Madam, I have
Thought upon't, and corrected my opinion.

Pursue what ways of pleasure your desires

Incline you to, not only with my state,

But with my person ; I will follow you :

I see the folly of my thrift, and will

Repent in sack and prodigality,

To your own heart's content.

Lady B. But do not mock.

Born. Take me to your embraces, gentlemen,
And tutor me.

Little. And will you kiss the ladies ?

Born. And sing and dance. I long to see this
beauty ;

I would fain lose a hundred pounds at dice now.—
Thou shalt have another gown and petticoat
To-morrow ;—will you sell me running-horses ?
We have no Greek wine in the house, I think ;
Pray send one of our footmen to the merchant,
And throw the hogsheads of March-beer into
The kennel, to make room for sack and claret.
What think you to be drunk yet before dinner ?
We will have constant music, and maintain
Them and their fiddles in fantastic liveries :
I'll tune my voice to catches.—I must have
My dining room enlarg'd, to invite ambassadors ;
We'll feast the parish in the fields, and teach
The military men new discipline,
Who shall charge all their [great] artillery
With oranges and lemons, boy, to play
All dinner upon our capons.

Kick. He's exalted !

Born. I will do any thing, to please my lady,
Let that suffice ; and kiss o' the same condition.
I am converted ; do not you dispute,
But patiently allow the miracle.

Lady B. I am glad to hear you, sir, in so good
tune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the painter.

Lady B. I am to sit this morning.

Born. Do,

While I give new directions to my steward.

Kick. With your favour, we'll wait on you.
Sitting's but

A melancholy exercise without
Some company to discourse.

Lady B. It does conclude

A lady's morning work. We rise, make fine,
Sit for our picture, and 'tis time to dine.

Little. Praying's forgot.

Kick. 'Tis out of fashion.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Celestina's House.

Enter CELESTINA and her Steward.

Cel. Fie! what an air this room has!

Stew. 'Tis perfumed.

Cel. With some cheap stuff. Is it your wisdom's thrift

To infect my nostrils thus? or is't to favour
The gout in your worship's hand, you are afraid
To exercise your pen in your account book?
Or do you doubt my credit to discharge
Your bills?

Stew. Madam, I hope you have not found
My duty, with the guilt of sloth or jealousy,
Unapt to your command.

Cel. You can extenuate
Your faults with language, sir; but I expect
To be obey'd. What hangings have we here!

Stew. They are arras, madam.

Cel. Impudence! I know't.

I will have fresher, and more rich; not wrought
With faces that may scandalize a christian,
With Jewish stories stuff'd with corn and camels.²

² The story of Joseph and his Brethren.

You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish,
And make a nursery of monsters here,
To fright the ladies come to visit me.

Stew. Madam, I hope—

Cel. I say I will have other,
Good master steward, of a finer loom ;
Some silk and silver, if your worship please
To let me be at so much cost. I'll have
Stories to fit the seasons of the year,
And change as often as I please.

Stew. You shall, madam.

Cel. I am bound to your consent, forsooth!
And is

My coach brought home ?

Stew. This morning I expect it.

Cel. The inside, as I gave direction,
Of crimson plush ?

Stew. Of crimson camel plush.

Cel. Ten thousand moths consume't ! Shall I
ride through

The streets in penance, wrapt up round in hair
cloth ?

Sell't to an alderman, 'twill serve his wife
To go a feasting to their country-house ;
Or fetch a merchant's nurse-child, and come home
Laden with fruit and cheese-cakes. I despise it !

Stew. The nails adorn it, madam, set in method,
And pretty forms.

Cel. But single gilt, I warrant.

Stew. No, madam.

Cel. Another solecism ! Oh fie !

This fellow will bring me to a consumption
With fretting at his ignorance. Some lady
Had rather never pray, than go to church in't.
The nails not double gilt ! To market with't !
'Twill hackney out to Mile-end, or convey
Your city tumblers, to be drunk with cream
And prunes at Islington.

Stew. Good madam, hear me.

Cel. I'll rather be beholding to my aunt
The countess, for her mourning coach, than be
Disparaged so. Shall any juggling tradesman
Be at charge to shoe his running-horse with gold,³
And shall my coach nails be but single gilt!
How dare these knaves abuse me so?

Stew. Vouchsafe
To hear me speak.

Cel. Is my sedan yet finish'd,
And liveries for my men-mules, according
As I gave charge?

Stew. Yes, madam, it is finish'd,
But without tilting-plumes at the four corners;
The scarlet's pure, but not embroidered.

Cel. What mischief were it to your conscience
Were my coach lined with tissue, and my harness
Cover'd with needle-work? if my sedan
Had all the story of the prodigal
Embroidered with pearl?

Stew. Alas, good madam,
I know 'tis your own cost; I am but your steward,
And would discharge my duty the best way.
You have been pleas'd to hear me; 'tis not for
My profit that I manage your estate,
And save expense, but for your honour, madam.

Cel. How, sir! my honour?

Stew. Though you hear it not,
Men's tongues are liberal in your character,
Since you began to live thus high. I know
Your fame is precious to you.

Cel. I were best
Make you my governor: audacious varlet!

³ — shoe his running-horse with gold.] In the song in *Hyde Park*, "Toby with his golden shoes" is enumerated among the running-horses; the allusion in the text is probably to the same animal, whose successes perhaps had led his owner to distinguish him in so peculiar a way.

How dare you interpose your doating counsel!
 Mind your affairs with more obedience,
 Or I shall ease you of an office, sir.
 Must I be limited to please your honour,
 Or, for the vulgar breath, confine my pleasures?
 I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancy,
 Here, and abroad; my entertainments shall
 Be oftener, and more rich. Who shall control me?
 I live i' the Strand, whither few ladies come
 To live, and purchase, more than fame. I will
 Be hospitable then, and spare no cost
 That may engage all generous report
 To trumpet forth my bounty and my bravery,
 Till the court envy, and remove. I'll have
 My house the academy of wits, who shall
 Exalt [their genius] with rich sack and sturgeon,
 Write panegyrics of my feasts, and praise
 The method of my witty superfluities.
 The horses shall be taught, with frequent waiting
 Upon my gates, to stop in their career
 Toward Charing-cross, spite of the coachman's
 fury;

And not a tilter but shall strike his plume
 When he sails by my window: my balcony
 Shall be the courtier's idol, and more gazed at
 Than all the pageantry at Temple Bar,
 By country clients.

Stew. Sure my lady's mad.

Cei. Take that for your ill manners.

[*Strikes him.*]

Stew. Thank you, madam.—

I would there were less quicksilver in your fingers.

[*Exit.*]

Cel. There's more than simple honesty in a
 servant

Requir'd to his full duty; none should dare
 But with a look, much less a saucy language,
 Check at their mistress' pleasure. I'm resolved

To pay for some delight, my estate will bear it ;
I'll rein it shorter when I please.

Re-enter Steward.

Stew. A gentleman
Desires to speak with your ladyship.

Cel. His name ?

Stew. He says you know him not ; he seems to
be
Of quality.

Cel. Admit him.—

[*Exit Stew.*]

Enter HAIRCUT.

Sir, with me ?

Hair. Madam, I know not how you may receive
This boldness from me ; but my fair intents
Known, will incline you to be charitable.

Cel. No doubt, sir.

Hair. He must live obscurely, madam,
That hath not heard what virtues you possess ;
And I, a poor admirer of your fame,
Am come to kiss your hand.

Cel. That all your business ?

Hair. Though it were worth much travel, I
have more
In my ambition.

Cel. Speak it freely, sir

Hair. You are a widow.

Cel. So !

Hair. And I a bachelor.

Cel. You come a wooing, sir, and would perhaps
Shew me a way to reconcile the two ?

Hair. And bless my stars for such a happiness.

Cel. I like you, sir, the better, that you do not
Wander about, but shoot home to the meaning ;
It is a confidence will make a man

Know sooner what to trust to : but I never
 Saw you before, and I believe you come not
 With hope to find me desperate upon marriage.
 If maids, out of their ignorance of what
 Men are, refuse these offers, widows may,
 Out of their knowledge, be allow'd some coyness :
 And yet I know not how much happiness
 A peremptory answer may deprive me of ;—
 You may be some young lord, and though I see not
 Your footmen and your groom, they may not be
 Far off, in conference with your horse. Please you
 To instruct me with your title, against which
 I would not willingly offend.

Hair. I am

A gentleman ; my name is Haircut, madam.

Cel. Sweet master Haircut ! are you a courtier ?

Hair. Yes.

Cel. I did think so, by your confidence.

Not to detain you, sir, with circumstance,
 I was not so unhappy in my husband,
 But that 'tis possible I may be a wife
 Again ; but I must tell you, he that wins
 My affection, shall deserve me.

Hair. I will hope,

If you can love, I shall not present, madam,
 An object to displease you in my person :
 And when time, and your patience, shall possess
 you

With further knowledge of me, and the truth
 Of my devotion, you will not repent
 The offer of my service.

Cel. You say well.

How long do you imagine you can love, sir ?
 Is it a quotidian, or will it hold
 But every other day ?

Hair. You are pleasant, madam.

Cel. Does it take you with a burning at the first,

Or with a cold fit? for you gentlemen
Have both your summer and your winter service.

Hair. I am ignorant what you mean ; but I shall
never

Be cold in my affection to such beauty.

Cel. And 'twill be somewhat long ere I be warm
in't.

Hair. If you vouchsafe me so much honour,
madam,

That I may wait on you sometimes, I shall not
Despair to see a change.

Cel. But, now I know
Your mind, you shall not need to tell it when
You come again ; I shall remember it.

Hair. You make me fortunate.

Re-enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, your kinswomen,
The lady Novice, and her sister, are
New lighted from their coach.

Cel. I did expect 'em,
They partly are my pupils. I'll attend them.

[*Exit Steward.*

Hair. Madam, I have been too great a trespasser
Upon your patience ; I will take my leave :
You have affairs, and I have some employment
Calls me to court ; I shall present again
A servant to you. [*Exit.*

Cel. Sir, you may present,
But not give fire, I hope.—Now to the ladies.
This recreation's past, the next must be
To read to them some court philosophy. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I

A Room in sir Thomas Bornwell's House.

Enter sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. 'Tis a strange humour I have undertaken,
To dance, and play, and spend, as fast as she does ;
But I am resolv'd : it may do good upon her,
And fright her into thrift. Nay, I'll endeavour
To make her jealous too ; if this do not
Allay her gamboling, she's past a woman,
And only a miracle must tame her.

Enter Steward.

Stew. 'Tis master Frederick, my lady's nephew.

Born. What of him ?

Stew. Is come from the university.

Born. By whose directions ?

Stew. It seems, my lady's.

Born. Let me speak with him
Before he see his aunt. [*exit Stew.*—I do not
like it.—

*Re-enter Steward, with FREDERICK, in his college
dress.*

Master Frederick, welcome ! I expected not
So soon your presence ; what's the hasty cause ?

Fred. These letters, from my tutor, will acquaint
you. [*Gives Born. letters.*

Stew. Welcome home, sweet master Frederick !

Fred. Where's my aunt ?

Stew. She's busy about her painting, in her closet ;
The outlandish man of art is copying out
Her countenance.

Fred. She is sitting for her picture ?

Stew. Yes, sir ; and when 'tis drawn, she will
be hang'd

Next the French cardinal, in the dining room.
But when she hears you are come, she will dismiss
The Belgic gentleman, to entertain
Your worship.

Fred. Change of air has made you witty.

Born. Your tutor gives you a handsome character,
Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure
Commands you from your studies ; but I hope
You have no quarrel to the liberal arts :
Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth. Honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

Fred. I never knew
More sweet and happy hours than I employ'd
Upon my books. I heard
A part of my philosophy, and was so
Delighted with the harmony of nature,
I could have wasted my whole life upon it.

Born. 'Tis pity a rash indulgence should corrupt
So fair a genius ! She's here ; I'll observe. [*Aside.*

*Enter lady BORNWELL, KICKSHAW, and LITTLE-
WORTH.*

Fred. My most loved aunt !

Lady B. Support me, I shall faint.

Little. What ails your ladyship ?

Lady B. Is that Frederick,
In black ?

Kick. Yes, madam ; but the doublet's satin.

Lady B. The boy's undone !

* Here is evidently some omission : but I cannot pretend to supply it.

Fred. Madam, you appear troubled.

Lady B. Have I not cause? Was not I trusted with

Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee Home like a very scholar!

Kick. 'Twas ill done, Howe'er they used him in the university, To send him to his friends thus.

Fred. Why, sir? black, (For 'tis the colour that offends your eye-sight,) Is not, within my reading, any blemish; Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.

Kick. 'Tis coming from the college thus, that makes it

Dishonourable. While you wore it for Your father, it was commendable; or were Your aunt dead, you might mourn, and justify.

Lady B. What luck I did not send him into France!

They would have given him generous education, Taught him another garb, to wear his lock,¹ And shape, as gaudy as the summer; how To dance, and wag his feather à-la-mode, To complement, and cringe; to talk not modestly, Like, *ay forsooth*, and *no forsooth*; to blush, And look so like a chaplain!—There he might Have learn'd a brazen confidence, and observ'd So well the custom of the country, that He might, by this time, have invented fashions For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom; Preserv'd our tailors in their wits, and saved The charge of sending into foreign courts For pride and antic fashions.—Observe In what a posture he does hold his hat now!

Fred. Madam, with your pardon you have practised

¹ See vol. ii. p. 372. *Shape* is used by all our old dramatists, as it is here, in the stage sense of dress, habit, &c.

Another dialect than was taught me when
I was commended to your care and breeding.
I understand not this ; Latin or Greek
Are more familiar to my apprehension :
Logic was not so hard in my first lectures
As your strange language.

Lady B. Some strong waters ; oh !

Little. Comfits will be as comfortable to your
stomach, madam. [*Offers his box.*]

Lady B. I fear he's spoil'd for ever ! he did
name

Logic, and may, for aught I know, be gone
So far to understand it. I did always
Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.—
Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge
The mercer ? or is Latin a fit language
To court a mistress in ?—Master Alexander,
If you have any charity, let me
Commend him to your breeding.—I suspect
I must employ my doctor first, to purge
The university that lies in's head ;
It alters his complexion.

Kick. If you dare
Trust me to serve him—

Lady B. Master Littleworth,
Be you join'd in commission.

Little. I will teach him
Postures and rudiments.

Lady B. I have no patience
To see him in this shape ; it turns my stomach.
When he has cast his academic skin
He shall be your's. I am bound in conscience
To see him bred ; his own state shall maintain
The charge, while he's my ward.—Come hither,
sir.

Fred. What does my aunt mean to do with me ?

Stew. To make you a fine gentleman, and trans-
late you

Out of your learned language, sir, into
The present Goth and Vandal, which is French.

Born. Into what mischief will this humour ebb?
She will undo the boy; I see him ruin'd.
My patience is not manly; but I must
Use stratagem to reduce her: open ways
Give me no hope. [Aside.]

Stew. You shall be obey'd, madam:

[Exeunt all but Fred. and Stew.]

Fred. Master Steward, are you sure we do not
dream?

Was't not my aunt you talk'd to?

Stew. One that loves you
Dear as her life. These clothes do not become
you,

You must have better, sir—

Fred. These are not old.

Stew. More suitable to the town and time; we
keep

No Lent here, nor is't my lady's pleasure you
Should fast from any thing you have a mind to;
Unless it be your learning, which she would have
you

Forget with all convenient speed that may be,
For the credit of your noble family.

The case is alter'd since we lived i' the country;

We do not [now] invite the poor o' the parish

To dinner, keep a table for the tenants;

Our kitchen does not smell of beef; the cellar

Defies the price of malt and hops; the footmen

And coach-drivers may be drunk like gentlemen,

With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays,

With aid of bagpipes, that call'd in the country

To dance, and plough the hall up with their hob-
nails,

Now make my lady merry. We do feed

Like princes, and feast nothing [else] but princes;

And are these robes fit to be seen amongst 'em?

Fred. My lady keeps a court then ! Is sir Thomas Affected with this state and cost ?

Stew. He was not ;
But is converted : and I hope you will not Persist in heresy, but take a course Of riot, to content your friends ; you shall Want nothing, if you can be proud, and spend it For my lady's honour. Here are a hundred Pieces, will serve you till you have new clothes ; I will present you with a nag of mine, Poor tender of my service, please you accept ; My lady's smile more than rewards me for it. I must provide fit servants to attend you, Monsieurs, for horse and foot.

Fred. I shall submit,
If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be ruled ;
My eyes are open'd with this purse already,
And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend it ?

Stew. What else, sir ?

Fred. I'll begin with you : to encourage
You to have still a special care of me,
There is five pieces,—not for your nag.

Stew. No, sir ; I hope it is not.

Fred. Buy a beaver
For thy own block ; I shall be ruled. Who does
Command the wine cellar ?

Stew. Who commands but you, sir ?

Fred. I'll try to drink a health or two, my aunt's,
Or any body's ; and if that foundation
Stagger me not too much, I will commence
In all the arts of London.

Stew. If you find, sir,
The operation of the wine exalt
Your blood to the desire of any female
Delight, I know your aunt will not deny
Any of her chambermaids to practise on ;
She loves you but too well.

Fred. I know not how

I may be for that exercise.—Farewell, Aristotle!
 Prithee commend me to the library
 At Westminster; my bones I bequeath thither,
 And to the learned worms that mean to visit 'em.
 I will compose myself; I begin to think
 I have lost time indeed.—Come, to the wine cellar.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Celestina's House.

Enter CELESTINA, MARIANA, and ISABELLA.

Mar. But shall we not, madam, expose ourselves
 To censure for this freedom?

Cel. Let them answer,
 That dare mistake us. Shall we be so much
 Cowards, to be frightened from our pleasure,
 Because men have malicious tongues, and shew
 What miserable souls they have? No, cousin,
 We hold our life and fortunes upon no
 Man's charity; if they dare shew so little
 Discretion to traduce our fames, we will
 Be guilty of so much wit to laugh at them.

Isab. 'Tis a becoming fortitude.

Cel. My stars
 Are yet kind to me; for, in a happy minute
 Be it spoke, I'm not in love, and men shall never
 Make my heart lean with sighing, nor with tears
 Draw on my eyes the infamy of spectacles.
 'Tis the chief principle to keep your heart
 Under your own obedience; jest, but love not.
 I say my prayers, yet can wear good clothes,
 And only satisfy my tailor for them.
 I will not lose my privilege.

Mar. And yet they say your entertainments are,
Give me your pardon, madam, to proclaim
Yourself a widow, and to get a husband.

Cel. As if a lady of my years, some beauty,
Left by her husband rich, that had mourn'd for him
A twelve month too, could live so obscure i' the
town,

That gallants would not know her, and invite
Themselves, without her chargeable proclama-
tions !

Then we are worse than citizens : no widow
Left wealthy can be thoroughly warm in mourning,
But some one noble blood, or lusty kindred,
Claps in, with his gilt coach, and Flandrian trotters,
And hurries her away to be a countess.

Courtiers have spies, and great ones with large
titles,

Cold in their own estates, would warm themselves
At a rich city bonfire.

Isab. Most true, madam.

Cel. No matter for corruption of the blood :
Some undone courtier made her husband rich,
And this new lord receives it back again.
Admit it were my policy, and that
My entertainments pointed to acquaint me
With many suitors, that I might be safe,
And make the best election, could you blame me ?

Mar. Madam, 'tis wisdom.

Cel. But I should be
In my thoughts miserable, to be fond
Of leaving the sweet freedom I possess,
And court myself into new marriage fetters.
I now observe men's several wits, and windings,
And can laugh at their follies.

Mar. You have given
A most ingenious satisfaction.

Cel. One thing I'll tell you more, and this I
give you

Worthy your imitation, from my practise :
 You see me merry, full of song and dancing,
 Pleasant in language, apt to all delights
 That crown a public meeting ; but you cannot
 Accuse me of being prodigal of my favours
 To any of my guests. I do not summon,
 By any wink, a gentleman to follow me,
 To my withdrawing chamber ; I hear all
 Their pleas in court, nor can they boast abroad,
 And do me justice, after a salute,
 They have much conversation with my lip.
 I hold the kissing of my hand a courtesy,
 And he that loves me, must, upon the strength
 Of that, expect till I renew his favour.
 Some ladies are so expensive in their graces,
 To those that honour them, and so prodigal,
 That in a little time they have nothing but
 The naked sin left to reward their servants ;
 Whereas, a thrift in our rewards will keep
 Men long in their devotion, and preserve
 Ourselves in stock, to encourage those that honour
 us.

Isab. This is an art worthy a lady's practice.

Cel. It takes not from the freedom of our mirth,
 But seems to advance it, when we can possess
 Our pleasures with security of our honour ;
 And, that preserv'd, I welcome all the joys
 My fancy can let in. In this I have given
 The copy of my mind, nor do I blush
 You understand it.

Isab. You have honour'd us.

Enter Celestina's Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Madam, sir William Scentlove's come,
 to wait on you.

Cel. There's one would be a client. — Make
 excuse

For a few minutes.

[*Exit Gentlew.*]

Mar. One that comes a wooing?

Cel. Such a thing he would seem, but in his
guiltiness

Of little land, his expectation is not
So valiant as it might be. He wears [rich] clothes,
And feeds with noblemen; to some, I hear,
No better than a wanton emissary,
Or scout for Venus' wild fowl; which made tame,
He thinks no shame to stand court centinel,
In hope of the reversion.

Mar. I have heard

That some of them are often my lord's tasters,
The first fruits they condition for, and will
Exact as fees, for the promotion.

Cel. Let them agree, there's no account shall lie
For me among their traffic.

Re-enter Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Master Haircut, madam,
Is new come in, to tender you his service.

Cel. Let him discourse a little with sir William.

Mar. What is this gentleman, master Haircut,
madam?

I note him very gallant, and much courted
By gentlemen of quality.

Cel. I know not,

More than a trim gay man; he has some great
office,

Sure, by his confident behaviour:
He would be entertain'd under the title
Of servant to me, and I must confess,
He is the sweetest of all men that visit me.

Isab. How mean you, madam?

Cel. He is full of powder;
He will save much in perfume for my chamber,
Were he but constant here. Give them access.

[*Exit Gentlew.*]

Enter SCENTLOVE and HAIRCUT.

Scent. Madam, the humblest of your servants is
Exalted to a happiness, if you smile
Upon my visit.

Hair. I must beg your charity
Upon my rudeness, madam ; I shall give
That day up lost to any happiness,
When I forget to tender you my service.

Cel. You practise courtship, gentlemen.

Scent. But cannot
Find where with more desert to exercise it.
What lady's this, I pray ?

Cel. A kinswoman
Of mine, sir William.

Scent. I am more her servant.

Cel. You came from court, now, I presume ?

Hair. 'Tis, madam,
The sphere I move in, and my destiny
Was kind to place me there, where I enjoy
All blessings that a mortal can possess,
That lives not in your presence ; and I should
Fix my ambition, when you would vouchsafe
Me so much honour, to accept from me
An humble entertainment there.

Cel. But by
What name shall I be known ? in what degree
Shall I be of kindred to you ?

Hair. How mean you, madam ?

Cel. Perhaps you'll call me sister, I shall take it
A special preferment ; or it may be
I may pass under title of your mistress,
If I seem rich, and fair enough, to engage
Your confidence to own me.

Hair. I would hope—

Cel. But 'tis not come to that yet : you will, sir,
Excuse my mirth.

Hair. Sweet madam !

Cel. Shall I take

Boldness to ask what place you hold in court?
'Tis an uncivil curiosity;

But you'll have mercy to a woman's question.

Hair. My present condition, madam, carries
Honour and profit, though not to be named
With that employment I expect i' the state,
Which shall discharge the first maturity
Upon your knowledge; until then, I beg
You allow a modest silence.

Cel. I am charm'd, sir;
And if you 'scape ambassador, you cannot
Reach a preferment wherein I'm against you.
But where's sir William Scentlove?

Hair. Give him leave
To follow his nose, madam, while he hunts
In view,—he'll soon be at a fault.

Cel. You know him?

Hair. Know Scentlove? not a page but can
decipher him;
The waiting-women know him to a scruple;
He's call'd the blister-maker of the town.

Cel. What's that?

*Hair.*² The laundry ladies can resolve you,
And you may guess: an arrant epicure,
As this day lives, born to a pretty wit,
A knight, [too;] but no gentleman. I must
Be plain to you;—your ladyship may have
Use of this knowledge, but conceal the author.

Scent. I kiss your fairest hand.

Mar. You make a difference;
Pray reconcile them to an equal whiteness.

Scent. You wound my meaning, lady.

Cel. Nay, sir William
Has the art of complement.

Scent. Madam, you honour me
'Bove my desert of language.

² The old copy gives this speech to Isabella. Celestina is here a pleasant copyist of Sophia in *the Picture*. See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 204.

Cel. Will you please
To enrich me with your knowledge of that gentle-
men?

Scent. Do you not know him, madam?

Cel. What is he?

Scent. A camphire ball; you shall know more
hereafter;

He shall tell you himself, and save my character;
Till then,—you see he's proud.

Cel. One thing, gentlemen,
I observe in your behaviour, which is rare
In two that court one mistress: you preserve
A noble friendship; there's no gum within
Your hearts; you cannot fret, or shew an envy
Of one another's hope; ³ some would not govern
Their passions with that temper!

Scent. The whole world
Shall nor divorce our friendship.—Master Haircut!
Would I had lives to serve him! he is lost
To goodness does not honour him.

Hair. My knight!

Cel. This is right playing at court shuttlecock.
[*Aside.*

Re-enter Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. Madam, there is a gentleman desires
To speak with you, one sir Thomas Bornwell.

Cel. Bornwell?

Gentlew. He says he is a stranger to your lady-
ship.

Scent. I know him.

Hair. Your neighbour, madam.

Scent. Husband to
The lady that so revels in the Strand.

Hair. He has good parts, they say, but cannot help
His lady's bias.

³ ———— "there's no gum within

Your hearts; you cannot fret, &c.] An allusion to
Henry IV. "I have hid Falstaff's horse, and he frets like gumm'd
velvet."

Cel. They have both much fame
 I' the town, for several merits. Pray admit him.
[Exit Gentlew.]
Hair. What comes he for ? [Aside.]

Enter sir THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. Your pardon, noble lady, that I have
 Presum'd, a stranger to your knowledge,—
[Salutes Cel.]

Cel. Sir,
 Your worth was here before you, and your person
 Cannot be here ungrateful.

Born. 'Tis the bounty
 Of your sweet disposition, madam.—Make me
 Your servant, lady, by her fair example,
 To favour me. [*offers to salute Isab. who turns
 from him.*]—I never knew one turn
 Her cheek to a gentleman that came to kiss her,
 But she'd a stinking breath [*aside.*]—Your servant,
 gentlemen.

Will Scentlove, how is't ?

Cel. I am sorry, coz,
 To accuse you ; we in nothing more betray
 Ourselves to censure of ridiculous pride,
 Than answering a fair salute too rudely.
 Oh, it shews ill upon a gentlewoman
 Not to return the modest lip, if she
 Would have the world believe her breath is not
 Offensive.

Born. Madam, I have business
 With you.

Scent. His looks are pleasant.

Cel. With me, sir ?

Born. I hear you have an excellent wit, madam ;
 I see you are fair.

Cel. The first is but report ;
 And do not trust your eye-sight for the last,
 'Cause I presume you're mortal, and may err.

Hair. He is very gamesome.

Born. You have an excellent voice,
(They say you catch'd it from a dying swan,)
[With] which, join'd to the harmony of your lute,
You ravish all mankind.

Cel. Ravish mankind?

Born. With their consent.

Cel. It were the stranger rape ;
But there's the less indictment lies against it :
And there is hope your little honesties
Cannot be much the worse, for men do rather
Believe they had a maidenhead, than put
Themselves to the rack of memory how long
'Tis since they left the burden of their innocence.

Born. Why, you are bitter, madam!

Cel. So is physic ;
I do not know your constitution.

Born. You shall, if't please you, madam.

Cel. You're too hasty,
I must examine what certificate
You have first, to prefer you.

Born. Fine! certificate?

Cel. Under your lady's hand and seal.

Born. Go to ;
I see you are a wag.

Cel. But take heed how
You trust to't.

Born. I can love you in my wedlock,
As well as that young gallant o' the first hair,
Or the knight-bachelor ; and can return
As amorous delight to your soft bosom.

Cel. Your person and your language are both
strangers.

Born. But may be more familiar ; I have those
That dare make affidavit for my body.

Cel. Do you mean your surgeon?

Born. My surgeon, madam?
I know not how you value my abilities,
But I dare undertake as much, to express

My service to your ladyship, and with
As fierce ambition fly to your commands,
As the most valiant of these lay siege to you.

Cel. You dare not, sir.

Born. How, madam ?

Cel. I will justify it.

You dare not marry me ; and I imagine
Some here, should I consent, would fetch a priest
Out of the fire.

Born. I have a wife indeed.

Cel. And there's a statute not repeal'd, I take it.

Born. You're in the right ; I must confess
you've hit,

And bled me in a master vein.

Cel. You think

I took you on the advantage ; use your best
Skill at defence, I'll come up to your valour,
And shew another work you dare not do :
You dare not, sir, be virtuous.

Born. I dare,

By this fair hand I dare ; and ask a pardon,
If my rude words offend your innocence,
Which, in a form so beautiful, would shine
To force a blush in them suspected it,
And from the rest draw wonder.

Hair. I like not

Their secret parley ; shall I interrupt them ?

Isab. By no means, sir.

Scent. Sir Thomas was not wont
To shew so much a courtier.

Mar. He cannot

Be prejudicial to you ; suspect not
Your own deserts so much ; he's married.

Born. I have other business, madam : you keep
music ;

I came to try how you can dance.

Cel. You did ?—I'll try his humour out of breath.

[*Aside.*

Although I boast no cunning, sir, in revels,
If you desire to shew your art that way,
I can wait on you.

Born. You much honour me ;
Nay, all must join to make a harmony.

[*They dance.*

Born. I have nothing now, madam, but to be-
seech,

After a pardon for my boldness, you
Would give occasion to pay my gratitude :
I have a house will be much honoured,
If you vouchsafe your presence ; and a wife
Desires to present herself your servant.
I came with the ambition to invite you,
Deny me not ; your person you shall trust
On fair security.

Cel. Sir, although I use not
This freedom with a stranger, you shall have
No cause to hold me obstinate.

Born. You grace me.
Sir William Scentlove—

Hair. I must take my leave.
You will excuse me, madam ; court attendances—

Cel. By any means.

Born. Ladies, you will vouchsafe
Your company ?

Isab. We wait upon you, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lord A.'s House.—*A dressing Room, with table and looking-glass; HAIRCUT preparing a peruke.*

Lord. [*within.*]—What hour is't?

Hair. 'Bout three o'clock, my lord.

Lord. 'Tis time to rise.

Enter Lord A., in his dressing-gown.

Hair. Your lordship went but late
To bed last night.

Lord. 'Twas early in the morning.

Sec. [*within.*]—Expect awhile; my lord is busy.

Enter Secretary.

Lord. What's the matter?

Sec. Here is a lady

Desires access to you upon some affairs,
She says, may specially concern your lordship.

Lord. A lady? what['s] her name?

Sec. Madam Decoy.

Lord. Decoy? Prithee admit her.— [*Exit Sec.*

Re-enter Secretary, with DECOY.

Have you business, madam,
With me?

Dec. And such, I hope, as will not be
Offensive to your lordship.

Lord. I pray speak it.

Dec. I would desire your lordship's ear more
private.

Lord. Wait i' the next chamber, till I call.
[*exeunt Hair. and Sec.*.]—Now, madam.

Dec. Although I am a stranger to your lordship,
I would not lose a fair occasion offer'd,
To shew how much I honour, and would serve you.

Lord. Please you to give me the particular,
That I may know the extent of my engagement.
I am ignorant by what desert you should
Be encouraged to have care of me.

Dec. My lord,
I will take boldness to be plain ; beside
Your other excellent parts, you have much fame
For your sweet inclination to our sex.

Lord. How do you mean, madam ?

Dec. I' that way your lordship
Hath honourably practis'd upon some
Not to be named. Your noble constancy
To a mistress, hath deserv'd our general vote ;
And I, a part of womankind, have thought
How to express my duty.

Lord. In what, madam ?

Dec. Be not so strange, my lord ; I knew the
beauty
And pleasures of your eyes ; that handsome creature
With whose fair life all your delight took leave,
And to whose memory you have paid too much
Sad tribute.

Lord. What's all this ?

Dec. This : if your lordship
Accept my service, in pure zeal to cure
Your melancholy, I could point where you might
Repair your loss.

Lord. Your ladyship, I conceive,
Doth traffic in flesh merchandize.

Dec. To men
Of honour, like yourself. I am well known
To some in court, and come not with ambition
Now to supplant your officer.

Lord. What is
The Lady of Pleasure you prefer?

Dec. A lady
Of birth and fortune, one upon whose virtue
I may presume, the lady Aretina.

Lord. Wife to sir Thomas Bornwell?

Dec. The same, sir.

Lord. Have you prepared her?

Dec. Not for your lordship, till I have found
your pulse.

I am acquainted with her disposition,
She has a very appliable nature.

Lord. And, madam, when expect you to be
whipp'd

For doing these fine favours?

Dec. How, my lord?

Your lordship does but jest, I hope; you make
A difference between a lady that
Does honourable offices, and one
They call a bawd. Your lordship was not wont
To have such coarse opinion of our practice.

Lord. The lady Aretina is my kinswoman.

Dec. What if she be, my lord? the nearer
blood,

The dearer sympathy.

Lord. I'll have thee carted.

Dec. Your lordship will not so much stain your
honour

And education, to use a woman
Of my quality—

Lord. 'Tis possible you may
Be sent off with an honourable convoy
Of halberdiers.

Dec. Oh, my good lord!

Lord. Your ladyship shall be no protection,
If you but stay three minutes.

Dec. I am gone.—

When next you find rebellion in your blood,
May all within ten mile o' the court turn honest!

[*Exit.*

Lord. I do not find that proneness, since the fair
Bella Maria died; my blood is cold,
Nor is there beauty enough surviving
To heighten me to wantonness.— Who waits?

Re-enter HAIRCUT *and* Secretary.

And what said my lady?

Hair. The silent language of her face, my lord,
Was not so pleasant, as it shew'd upon
Her entrance.

Lord. Would any man that meets
This lady take her for a bawd?

Hair. She does
The trade an honour, credit to the profession.
We may, in time, see baldness, quarter noses,
And rotten legs to take the wall of footcloths.

Lord. I have thought better; call the lady back.—
I will not lose this opportunity.—
Bid her not fear. [*exit Sec.*].—The favour is not
common,

And I'll reward it. I do wonder much
Will Scentlove was not here to-day.

Hair. I heard him say this morning he would
wait
Upon your lordship.—
She is return'd, sir.

Re-enter Secretary, *and* DECOY.

Sec. Madam, be confident, my lord's not angry.

Lord. You return welcome, madam; you are
better
Read in your art, I hope, than to be frighted

With any shape of anger, when you bring
Such news to gentlemen. Madam, you shall
Soon understand how I accept the office.

Dec. You are the first lord, since I studied carriage,

That shew'd such infidelity and fury
Upon so kind a message. Every gentleman
Will shew some breeding; but if one right honourable

Should not have noble blood—

Lord. You shall return
My complement, in a letter, to my lady
Aretina. Favour me with a little patience.—
Shew her that chamber.

Dec. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Dec. and Hair.*—*Secretary seats himself at a table.*

Lord. Write,—*Madam, where your honour is in danger, my love must not be silent.*—

Enter SCENTLOVE and KICKSHAW.

Scentlove and Kickshaw!

Kick. Your lordship's busy.

Lord. Writing a letter;—nay, it shall not bar
Any discourse.

[*Walks alternately to the Sec. and to Scent. and Kick.*

Sec. —*Silent.*

Lord. *Though I be no physician, I may prevent a fever in your blood.*—

And where have you spent the morning's conversation?

Scent. Where you would have given the best
barbary

In your stable, to have met on honourable terms.

Lord. What new beauty? You acquaint yourselves

With none but wonders.

Scent. 'Tis too low,—a miracle.

Lord. It will require a strong faith.

Sec. —*Your blood.*

Lord. *If you be innocent, preserve your fame, lest this Decoy-madam betray it, to your repentance.—*
By what name is she known?

Scent. Ask Alexander;

He knows her.

Kick. Whom?

Scent. The lady Celestina.

Lord. He has a vast knowledge of ladies. 'Las,
poor Alexander!

When dost thou mean thy body shall lie fallow?

Kick. When there is mercy in a petticoat:

I must turn pilgrim for some breath.

Lord. I think

'Twere cooler travel, if you examine it,
Upon the hoof through Spain.

Scent. Through Ethiopia.

Lord. Nay, less laborious to serve a prenticeship
In Peru, and dig gold out of the mine,
Though all the year were dog-days.

Sec. —*To repentance.*

Lord. *In brief, this lady, could you fall from virtue,
within my knowledge will not blush to be a bawd.*

Scent. But hang't, 'tis honourable journey-work;
Thou art famous by it, and thy name's up.

Kick. So, sir!

Let me ask you a question, my dear knight:
Which is less servile, to bring up the pheasant,
And wait, or sit at table uncontrol'd,
And carve to my own appetite?

Scent. No more;
Thou'rt witty, as I am.

Sec. —*A bawd.*

Scent. How's that?

Kick. "Oh,
You are famous by't, and your name's up, sir."

Lord. *Be wise, and reward my caution with timely care of yourself, so I shall not repent to be known your loving kinsman and servant—*

Gentlemen, the lady Celestina,
Is she so rare a thing?

Kick. If you'll have my
Opinion, my lord, I never saw
So sweet, so fair, so rich a piece of nature.

Lord. I'll shew thee a fairer presently, to shame
Thy eyes and judgment; look on that. [*Gives him a miniature.*]—So; I'll subscribe. [*signs his name to the letter.*]

Seal it; I'll excuse your pen for the direction.

Kick. Bella Maria's picture! she was handsome.

Scent. But not to be compared—

Lord. Your patience, gentlemen; I'll return
instantly. [*Exit.*]

Kick. Whither is my lord gone?

Sec. To a lady i' the next chamber.

Scent. What is she?

Sec. You shall pardon me, I am his secretary.

Scent. I was wont to be of his counsel. A new
officer,

And I not know't? I am resolv'd to batter
All other with the praise of Celestina:
I must retain him.

Re-enter Lord A.

Lord. Has not that object
Convinced your erring judgments?

Kick. What! this picture?

Lord. Were but your thoughts as capable as
mine

Of her idea, you would wish no thought
That were not active in her praise, above
All worth and memory of her sex.

Scent. She was fair,

I must confess ; but had your lordship look'd
With eyes more narrow, and some less affection,
Upon her face,—

Kick. I do not love the copies
Of any dead, they make me dream of goblins ;
Give me a living mistress, with but half
The beauty of Celestina. [*returns the miniature.*]—

Come, my lord,
'Tis pity that a lord of so much flesh
Should waste upon a ghost, when they are living
Can give you a more honourable consumption.

Scent. Why, do you mean, my lord, to live an
infidel ?

Do, and see what will come on't ; observe still,
And dote upon your vigils ; build a chamber
Within a rock, a tomb among the worms,
Not far off, where you may, in proof apocryphal,
Court 'em not [to] devour the pretty pile
Of flesh your mistress carried to the grave.
There are no women in the world ; all eyes,
And tongues, and lips, are buried in her coffin !

Lord. Why, do you think yourselves competent
judges
Of beauty, gentlemen ?

Both. What should hinder us ?

Kick. I have seen and tried as many as another,
With a mortal back.

Lord. Your eyes are bribed,
And your hearts chain'd to some desires ; you cannot
Enjoy the freedom of a sense.

Kick. Your lordship
Has a clear eyesight, and can judge and penetrate.

Lord. I can, and give a perfect censure of
Each line and point ; distinguish beauty from
A thousand forms, which your corrupted optics
Would pass for natural.

Scent. I desire no other
Judge should determine us, and if your lordship

Dare venture but your eyes upon this lady,
 I'll stand their justice, and be confident
 You shall give Celestina victory,
 And triumph, o'er all beauties past and living.

Kick. I dare, my lord, venture a suit of clothes,
 You'll be o'ercome.

Lord. You do not know my fort[itude.]

Scent. Nor frailty; you dare not trust yourself
 to see her.

Lord. Think you so, gentlemen? I dare see this
 creature

To make you know your errors, and the difference
 Of her, whose memory is my saint. Not trust
 My senses! I dare see, and speak with her.
 Which holds the best acquaintance to prepare
 My visit to her?

Scent. I will do't, my lord.

Kick. She is a lady free in entertainments.

Lord. I would give this advantage to your cause,
 Bid [her] appear in all the ornaments
 Did ever wait on beauty, all the riches
 Pride can put on, and teach her face more charms
 Than ever poet drest up Venus in;
 Bid her be all the Graces, and the queen
 Of love in one, I'll see her, Scentlove, and
 Bring off my heart, arm'd but [with a] single
 thought

Of one that's dead, without a wound; and when
 I have made your folly prisoner, I'll laugh at you.

Scent. She shall expect you; trust to me for
 knowledge.

Lord. I'm for the present somewhere else en-
 gaged;

Let me hear from you.

[*Exit.*

Scent. So! I am glad he's yet
 So near conversion.

Kick. I am for Aretina.

Scent. No mention of my lord.

Kick. Prepare his lady,
'Tis time he were reduced¹ to the old sport ;
One lord like him more would undo the court.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Bornwell's House.

Enter lady BORNWELL with a letter, and DECOY.

Dec. He is the ornament of your blood, madam ;
I am much bound to his lordship.

Lady B. He gives you
A noble character.

Dec. 'Tis his goodness, madam.

Lady B. I wanted such an engine. My lord has
Done me a courtesy, to disclose her nature ;
I now know one to trust, and will employ her.—

[*Aside.*

Touching, my lord, for reasons which I shall
Offer to your ladyship hereafter, I
Desire you would be silent ; but, to shew
How much I dare be confident in your secrecy,
I pour my bosom forth : I love a gentleman,
On whom there would not need much conjuration
To meet.—Your ear. [*Whispers her.*

Dec. I apprehend you, and I shall
Be happy to be serviceable. I am sorry
Your ladyship did not know me before now :
I have done offices ; and not a few
Of the nobility but have done feats
Within my house, which is convenient
For situation, and artful chambers,
And pretty pictures to provoke the fancy.

¹ reduced] i. e. brought back.

Enter LITTLEWORTH.

Little. Madam, all pleasures languish in your absence.

Lady B. Your pardon a few minutes, sir.—You must

Contrive it thus. [*Walks aside with Dec.*]

Little. I attend, and shall account it Honour to wait on your return.

Lady B. He must not Have the least knowledge of my name or person.

Dec. I have practis'd that already for some great ones,

And dare again, to satisfy you, madam ; I have a thousand ways to do sweet offices.

Little. If this lady Aretina should be honest, I have lost time : she's free as air ; I must Have closer conference, and if I have art, Make her affect me in revenge.

Dec. This evening ?

Leave me to manage things.

Lady B. You will oblige me.

Dec. You shall commend my art, and thank me after. [*Exit.*]

Lady B. I hope the revels are maintain'd within ?

Little. By sir Thomas and his mistress.

Lady B. How ? his mistress ?

Little. The lady Celestina ; I never saw Eyes shoot more amorous interchange.

Lady B. Is't so ?

Little. He wears her favour with more pride—

Lady B. Her favour ?

Little. A feather that he ravish'd from her fan ; And is so full of courtship ! which she smiles on.

Lady B. 'Tis well.

Little. And praises her beyond all poetry.

Lady B. I am glad he has so much wit.

Little. Not jealous! [Aside.

Lady B. This secures me. What would make
other ladies pale
With jealousy, gives but license to my wander-
ings.

Let him now tax me, if he dare; and yet
Her beauty's worth my envy, and I wish
Revenge upon it, not because he loves,
But that it shines above my own. [Aside.

Enter KICKSHAW.

Kick. Dear madam!

Lady B. I have it.—You two gentlemen profess
Much service to me; if I have a way
To employ your wit and secrecy?—

Both. You'll honour us.

Lady B. You gave a high and worthy character
Of Celestina.

Kick. I remember, madam.

Lady B. Do either of you love her?

Kick. Not I, madam.

Little. I would not, if I might.

Lady B. She's now my guest,
And, by a trick, invited by my husband,
To disgrace me.—You, gentlemen, are held
Wits of the town, the consuls that do govern
The senate here, whose jeers are all authentic.
The taverns and the ordinaries are
Made academies, where you come, and all
Your sins and surfeits made the time's example.
Your very nods can quell a theatre,
No speech or poem good without your seal;
You can protect scurrility, and publish,
By your authority believed, no rapture
Ought to have honest meaning.

Kick. Leave our characters.

Little. And name the employment.

Lady B. You must exercise
The strength of both your wits upon this lady,
And talk her into humbleness or anger,
Both which are equal, to my thought. If you
Dare undertake this slight thing for my sake,
My favour shall reward it ; but be faithful,
And seem to let all spring from your own freedom.

Kick. This all! We can defame her ; if you
please,
My friend shall call her whore, or any thing,
And never be endanger'd to a duel.

Lady B. How's that ?

Kick. He can endure a cudgelling, and no man
Will fight after so fair a satisfaction :
But leave us to our art, and do not limit us.

Lady B. They are here ; begin not till I whisper
you.

Enter BORNWELL, CELESTINA, MARIANA, and ISABELLA.

Lady B. *Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser l'importunité de mes affaires, qui m'ont fait offenser, par mon absence, une dame de laquelle j'ai reçu tant d'obligations.*

Cel. *Pardonnez moi, madame ; vous me faites trop d'honneur.*

Lady B. *C'est bien de la douceur de votre naturel, que vous tenez cette langage ; mais j'espère que mon mari n'a pas manqué de vous entretenir en mon absence.*

Cel. *En verité, monsieur nous a fort obligé.*

Lady B. *Il eut trop failli, s'il n'eut taché de tout son pouvoir à vous rendre toutes sortes de services.*

Cel. *C'est de sa bonté qu'il nous a tant favorisé.*

Lady B. *De la vôtre plutôt, madame, que vous fait donner d'interprétation si bénigne à ses efforts.*

Cel. *Je vois bien que la victoire sera toujours à madame, et de langage, et de la courtesie.*

Lady B. *Vraiment, madame, que jamais personne a plus désiré l'honneur de votre compagnie que moi.*

Cel. *Laissons-en, je vous supplie, des complimens, et permettez à votre servante de vous baiser les mains.*

Lady B. *Vous m'obligez trop.*

Born. I have no more patience; let's be merry again

In our own language: madam, our mirth cools.
Our nephew!

Enter FREDERICK intoxicated, and Steward.

Lady B. *Passion of my brain!*

Fred. *Save you, gentlemen! save you, ladies!*

Lady B. *I am undone.*

Fred. *I must salute; no matter at which end I begin.* [*Salutes Cel.*]

Lady B. *There's a complement!*

Cel. *Is this your nephew, madam?*

Lady B. *Je vous prie, madame, d'excuser les habits, et le rude comportement de mon cousin. Il est tout fraîchement venu de l'université, où on l'a tout gâté.*

Cel. *Excusez moi, madame, il est bien accompli.*

Fred. *This language should be French, by the motions of your heads, and the mirth of your faces.*

Lady B. *I am dishonour'd.*

Fred. *'Tis one of the finest tongues for ladies to shew their teeth in: if you'll Latin it, I am for you, or Greek it; my tailor has not put me into French yet. Mille basia, basia mille.*

Cel. *Je ne vous entends pas, monsieur; I understand you not, sir.*

Fred. *Why, so!*

You and I then shall be in charity ;
 For though we should be abusive, we have the
 benefit

Not to understand one another. Where's my aunt ?
 I did hear music somewhere ; and my brains,
 Tuned with a bottle of your capering claret,
 Made haste to shew their dancing.

Little. Please you, madam,

[*Offering his box of sweetmeats to Cel.*

They are very comfortable.

Stew. Alas, madam,

How would you have me help it ? I did use
 All means I could, after he heard the music,
 To make him drunk, in hope so to contain him ;
 But the wine made him lighter, and his head
 Flew hither, ere I miss'd his heels.

Kick. Nay, he

Spoke Latin to the lady.

Lady B. Oh, most unpardonable !

Get him off quickly, and discreetly [too,]
 Or, if I live—

Stew. It is not in my power ; he swears I am
 An absurd sober fellow ; and if you keep
 A servant in his house to cross his humour,
 When the rich sword and belt come home, he'll
 kill him.

Lady B. What shall I do ? Try your skill,
 master Littleworth.

Little. He has ne'er a sword.—Sweet master
 Frederick—

Born. 'Tis pity, madam, such a scion should
 Be lost ; but you are clouded.

Cel. Not I, sir,

I never found myself more clear at heart.

Born. I could play with a feather ; your fan,
 lady.—

Gentlemen, Aretina, ta, ra, ra, ra ! Come, madam.

Fred. Why, my good tutor in election,
You might have been a scholar.

Little. But I thank
My friends, they brought me up a little better.
Give me the town wits, that deliver jests
Clean from the bow, that whistle in the air,
And cleave the pin at twelvescore! Ladies do
But laugh at a gentleman that has any learning;
'Tis sin enough to have your clothes suspected.
Leave us, and I will find a time to instruct you.
Come, here are sugar plums; 'tis a good Frederick.

Fred. Why, is not this my aunt's house in the
Strand?

The noble rendezvous? Who laughs at me?
Go, I will root here if I list, and talk
Of rhetoric, logic, Latin, Greek, or any thing,
And understand 'em too; who says the contrary?
Yet, in a fair way, I contemn all learning,
And will be as ignorant as he, or he,
Or any taffata, satin, scarlet, plush,
Tissue, or cloth o' bodkin gentleman,
Whose manners are most gloriously infected.—
Did you laugh at me, lady?

Cel. Not I, sir;

But if I did shew mirth upon your question,
I hope you would not beat me, little gentleman?

Fred. How! *little gentleman?* you dare not say
These words to my new clothes, and fighting
sword.

Lady B. Nephew Frederick!

Fred. *Little gentleman!*

'Tis an affront both to my blood and person:
I am a gentleman of as tall a birth
As any boast nobility; though my clothes
Smell o' the lamp, my coat is honourable,
Right honourable, full of or and argent.—
A little gentleman!

Born. Coz, you must be patient ;
My lady meant you no dishonour, and
You must remember she's a woman.

Fred. Is she a woman? that's another matter.—
Do you hear? my uncle tells me what you are.

Cel. So, sir.

Fred. You call'd me *little gentleman*.

Cel. I did sir.

Fred. A little pink has made a lusty ship
Strike her top-sail ; the crow may beard the ele-
phant,

A whelp may tame the tiger, spite of all
False decks and murderers ;² and a *little gentleman*
Be hard enough to grapple with your ladyship,
Top and top-gallant.—Will you go drink, uncle,
T' other enchanted bottle? you and I
Will tittle, and talk philosophy.

Born. Come, nephew.—

You will excuse a minute's absence, madam.—
Wait you on us.

Stew. My duty, sir.

[*Exeunt Born. Fred. and Steward.*]

Lady B. Now, gentlemen.

Kick. Madam, I had rather you accuse my lan-
guage

For speaking truth, than virtue suffer in
My further silence ; and it is my wonder
That you, whose noble carriage hath deserv'd
All honour and opinion, should now
Be guilty of ill manners.

Cel. What was that
You told me, sir?

² I have not attempted to correct this speech, as the poet intended perhaps to mark the intoxication of Frederick by the confusion of his ideas. The *false deck* was a slight one raised over the other, as a defence against boarders, and was sometimes blown up in action. *Murderers* are either cannon charged with grape-shot, or a destructive engine of several heavy guns bound together, and discharged at once.

Little. Do you not blush, madam,
To ask that question ?

Cel. You amaze rather
My cheek to paleness. What mean you by this ?
I am not troubled with the hickup, gentlemen,
You should bestow this fright upon me.

Little. Then
Pride and ill memory go together.

Cel. How, sir ?

Kick. The gentleman on whom you exercise[d]
Your thin wit, was a nephew to the lady
Whose guest you are ; and though her modesty
Look calm on the abuse of one so near
Her blood, the affront was impious.

Little. I am asham'd on't.
You an ingenious lady, and well manner'd !
I'll teach a bear as much civility.

Cel. You may be master of the college, sir,
For aught I know.

Little. What college ?

[*Cel.*] Of the bears.

Have you a plot upon me ? Do you possess
Your wits, or know me, gentlemen ?

Re-enter BORNWELL, behind.

Born. How's this ?

Kick. Know you ? yes ; we do know you to an
atom.

Little. Madam, we know what stuff your soul is
made on.

Cel. But do not bark so like a mastiff, pray.—
Sure they are mad.—Let your brains stand awhile,
And settle, gentlemen ; you know not me ;
What am I ?

Little. Thou'rt a puppet, a thing made
Of clothes and painting, and not half so handsome
As that which play'd Susanna in the fair.

Cel. I heard you visited those canvas tragedies,
One of their constant audience, and so taken
With Susan, that you wish'd yourself a rival
With the two wicked elders.

Kick. You think this
Is wit now. Come, you are—

Cel. What, I beseech you?
Your character will be full of salt and satire,
No doubt. What am I?

Kick. Why, you are a woman—

Cel. And that's at least a bow wide of your
knowledge.

Kick. Would be thought handsome, and might
pass i' the country
Upon a market day; but [so] miserably
Forfeit to pride and fashions, that if heaven
Were a new gown, you'd not stay in't a fortnight.

Cel. It must be miserably out of fashion then.
Have I no sin but pride?

Kick. Hast any virtue,
Or but a good face, to excuse that want?

Cel. You prais'd it yesterday.

Kick. That made you proud.

Cel. More pride!

Kick. You need not:—to close up the praise,
I have seen a better countenance in a Sybil.

Cel. When you wore spectacles of sack, mistook
The painted cloth, and kiss'd it for your mistress.

Kick. Let me ask you a question: how much
Have you consum'd in expectation
That I would love you?

Cel. Why, I think as much
As you have paid away in honest debts
This seven year. 'Tis a pretty impudence,
But cannot make me angry.

Little. Is there any
Man that will cast away his limbs upon her?

Kick. You do not sing so well as I imagin'd,

Nor dance; you reel in your coranto, and pinch
 Your petticoat too hard: you've no good ear
 To the music, and incline too much one shoulder,
 As you were dancing on the rope, and falling.
 You speak abominable French, and make
 A curtsy like a dairy-maid.—Not mad! [*Aside.*
Little. Do we not sting her handsomely?

Born. A conspiracy!

Kick. Your state is not so much as 'tis reported,
 When you confer notes, all your husband's debts,
 And your own reconciled; but that's not it
 Will so much spoil your marriage.

Cel. As what, sir?

Let me know all my faults.

Kick. Some men do whisper
 You are not over honest.

Cel. All this shall not
 Move me to more than laughter, and some pity,
 Because you have the shapes of gentlemen;
 And though you have been insolent upon me,
 I will engage no friend to kick or cudgel you,
 To spoil your living and your limbs together:
 I leave that to diseases that attend you,
 And spare my curse, poor silken vermin! and
 Hereafter shall distinguish men from monkees.

Born. Brave soul!—You brace of horse-leeches!
 [*coming forward.*]—I have heard
 Their barbarous language, madam; you are too
 merciful;
 They shall be silent to your tongue; pray punish
 them.

Cel. They are things not worth my character,
 nor mention
 Of any clean breath; so lost in honesty,
 They cannot satisfy for wrongs enough,
 Though they should steal out of the world at
 Tyburn.

Little. We are hang'd already.

Cel. Yet I will talk a little to the pilchards.—
 You two, that have not 'twixt you both the hundred
 Part of a soul, coarse woollen-witted fellows,
 Without a nap, with bodies made for burdens!
 You, that are only stuffings for apparel,
 As you were made but engines for your tailors
 To frame their clothes upon, and get them custom,
 Until men see you move; yet, then you dare not,
 Out of your guilt of being the ignobler beast,
 But give a horse the wall, whom you excel
 Only in dancing of the brawls, because
 The horse was not taught the French way. Your
 two faces,

One fat, like Christmas, t' other lean, like Candle-
 mas,

And prologue to a Lent, both bound together,
 Would figure Janus, and do many cures
 On agues, and the green disease, by frightening;
 But neither can, with all the characters
 And conjuring circles, charm a woman, though
 She'd fourscore years upon her, and but one
 Tooth in her head, to love, or think well of you:
 And I were miserable, to be at cost
 To court such a complexion, as your malice
 Did impudently insinuate. But I waste time,
 And stain my breath in talking to such tadpoles.
 Go home, and wash your tongues in barley-water,
 Drink clean tobacco, be not hot i' the mouth,
 And you may 'scape the beadle; so I leave you
 To shame, and your own garters!—Sir, I must
 Entreat you, for my honour, do not penance them,
 They are not worth your anger. How shall I
 Acquit your lady's silence?

Born. Madam, I

Am sorry to suspect, and dare revenge.

Cel. No cause of mine.

Born. It must become me to attend you home.

Cel. You are noble.—Farewell, mushrooms:

[*Exit with Born.*]

Lady B. Is she gone?

Little. I think we pepper'd her.

Kick. I am glad 'tis over;

But I repent no service for you, madam.—

Enter Servant, with a letter and a jewel, which he delivers to Kickshaw.

To me? from whence?—a jewel! a good preface.
Be happy the conclusion! [*Reads and smiles.*

Lady B. Some love letter.

Little. He has a hundred mistresses: you may
Be charitable, madam, I have none;
He surfeits, and I fall away i' the kidneys.

Kick. I'll meet.— [*Exit Serv.*

'Tis some great lady, questionless, that has
Taken notice, and would satisfy her appetite.

[*Aside.*

Lady B. Now, master Alexander, you look bright
o' the sudden;

Another spirit's in your eye.

Kick. Not mine, madam;

Only a summons to meet a friend.

Lady B. What friend?

Little. By this jewel, I know her not.

Lady B. 'Tis a she-friend. I'll follow, gentle-
men;

We may have a game at cent before you go.

Kick. I shall attend you, madam.

Little. 'Tis our duty. [*Exeunt Kick. and Little.*

Lady B. I blush while I converse with my own
thoughts.

Some strange fate governs me, but I must on;

The ways are cast already, and we thrive

When our sin fears no eye nor perspective. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in Decoy's House.**Enter two men, leading KICKSHAW blinded, and go off suddenly.*

Kick. I am not hurt ; my patience to obey them,
 Not without fear to have my throat cut else,
 Did me a courtesy. Whither have they brought
 me ? *[Pulls off the bandage.*

'Tis devilish dark ; the bottom of a well
 At midnight, with but two stars on the top,
 Were broad day to this darkness. I but think
 How like a whirlwind the rogues caught me up,
 And smothered my eyesight. Let me see,
 These may be spirits, and, for aught I know,
 Have brought me hither over twenty steeples.
 Pray heaven they were not bailiffs ! that's more
 worth

My fear, and this a prison. All my debts
 Reek in my nostril, and my bones begin
 To ache with fear to be made dice ; and yet
 This is too calm and quiet for a prison.—
 What if the riddle prove I am robb'd ? and yet
 I did not feel 'em search me. How now ! music !
[Music within.

Enter DECOY, disguised like an old woman, with a light.

And a light ! What beldam's this ? I cannot pray.—
 What art ?

Dec. A friend. Fear not, young man ; I am
 No spirit.

Kick. Off!

Dec. Despise me not for age,
Or this coarse outside, which I wear not out
Of poverty: thy eyes be witness; 'tis
No cave, or beggar's cell, thou'rt brought to; let
That gold speak here's no want, which thou mayst
spend,

And find a spring to tire even prodigality,
If thou be'st wise. [*Gives him a purse.*]

Kick. The devil was a coiner
From the beginning; yet the gold looks current.

Dec. Thou'rt still in wonder: know, I am mis-
tress of
This house, and of a fortune that shall serve
And feed thee with delights; 'twas I sent for thee;
The jewel and the letter came from me.
It was my art thus to contrive our meeting,
Because I would not trust thee with my fame,
Until I found thee worth a woman's honour.

Kick. Honour and fame! the devil means to
have
A care on's credit. Though she sent for me,
I hope she has another customer
To do the trick withal; I would not turn
Familiar to a witch. [*Aside.*]

Dec. What say'st? Canst thou
Dwell in my arms to-night? shall we change kisses,
And entertain the silent hours with pleasure,
Such as old Time shall be delighted with,
And blame the too swift motion of his wings,
While we embrace?

Kick. Embrace! she has had no teeth
This twenty years, and the next violent cough
Brings up her tongue; it cannot possibly
Be sound at root. I do not think but one
Strong sneeze upon her, and well meant, would
make
Her quarters fall away; one kick would blow

Her up like gunpowder, and loose all her limbs.
 She is so cold, an incubus would not heat her ;
 Her phlegm would quench a furnace, and her breath
 Would damp a musket bullet. [Aside.

Dec. Have you, sir,
 Consider'd ?

Kick. What ?

Dec. My proposition.
 Canst love ?

Kick. I could have done ; whom do you mean ?
 I know you are pleas'd but to make sport.

Dec. Thou art not
 So dull of soul as thou appear'st.

Alex. This is
 But some device ; my grannam has some trick
 in't.—
 Yes, I can love.

Dec. But canst thou affect me ?

Kick. Although to reverence so grave a matron
 Were an ambitious word in me, yet since
 You give me boldness, I do love you.

Dec. Then
 Thou art my own.

Kick. Has she no cloven foot ?

Dec. And I am thine, and all that I command,
 Thy servants ; from this minute thou art happy,
 And fate in thee will crown all my desires.
 I griev'd a proper man should be compell'd
 To bring his body to the common market.
 My wealth shall make thee glorious ; and, the more
 To encourage thee, howe'er this form may fright
 Thy youthful eyes, yet thou wilt find, by light
 Of thy own sense, for other light is banish'd
 My chamber, when our arms tie lovers' knots,
 And kisses seal the welcome of our lips,
 I shall not there affright thee, nor seem old,
 With rivell'd veins ; my skin is smooth and soft
 As ermines, with a spirit to meet thine,

Active, and equal to the queen of love's,
When she did court Adonis.

Kick. This doth more
Confirm she is a devil, and I am
Within his own dominions. I must on,
Or else be torn o' pieces. I have heard
These succubæ must not be cross'd. [*Aside.*]

Dec. We trifle
Too precious time away; I'll shew you a prospect
Of the next chamber, and then out the candle.

Kick. Have you no sack i' the house? I would
go arm'd
Upon this breach.

Dec. It shall not need.

Kick. One word,
Mother; have not you been a cat in your days?

Dec. I am glad you are so merry, sir. You
observe [*Opens a door.*]
That bed?

Kick. A very brave one.

Dec. When you are
Disrobed, you can come thither in the dark.
You shall not stay for me? Come, as you wish
For happiness. [*Exit.*]

Kick. I am preferr'd, if I
Be modest and obey: she cannot have
The heart to do me harm, an she were Hecate,
Herself. I will have a strong faith, and think
I march upon a mistress, the less evil.
If I 'scape fire now, I defy the devil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room in Bornwell's House.**Enter FREDERICK gaily dressed, LITTLEWORTH, and Steward.**Fred.* And how do you like me now ?*Stew.* Most excellent !*Fred.* Your opinion, master Littleworth.*Little.* Your French tailor

Has made you a perfect gentleman ; I may
 Converse now with you, and preserve my credit.
 Do you find no alteration in your body
 With these new clothes ?

Fred. My body alter'd ? No.

Little. You are not yet in fashion then ; that must
 Have a new motion, garb, and posture too,
 Or all your pride is cast away ; it is not
 The cut of your apparel makes a gallant,
 But the geometrical wearing of your clothes.

Stew. Master Littleworth tells you right ; you
 wear your hat

Too like a citizen.

Little. 'Tis like a midwife ;

Place it with best advantage of your hair.
 Is half your feather molted ? This does make
 No shew ; it should spread over, like a canopy ;
 Your hot-rein'd monsieur wears it for a shade,
 And cooler to his back. Your doublet must
 Be more unbutton'd hereabouts ; you'll not
 Be a sloven else, a foul shirt is no blemish ;
 You must be confident, and outface clean linen.
 Your doublet and your breeches must be allow'd
 No private meeting here ; your cloak's too long,
 It reaches to your buttock, and doth smell
 Too much of Spanish gravity ; the fashion
 Is to wear nothing but a cape ; a coat
 May be allow'd a covering for one elbow,

And some, to avoid the trouble, choose to walk
In quерpo, thus.

Stew. Your coat and cloak's a brushing
In Long-lane, Lombard. [Aside.

Fred. But what if it rain ?

Little. Your belt about your shoulder is sufficient
To keep off any storm ; beside, a reed³
But waved discreetly, has so many pores,
It sucks up all the rain that falls about one.
With this defence, when other men have been
Wet to the skin through all their cloaks, I have
Defied a tempest, and walk'd by the taverns
Dry as a bone.

Stew. Because he had no money
To call for wine. [Aside.

Fred. Why, do you walk enchanted ?
Have you such pretty charms in town ? But stay ;
Who must I have to attend me ?

Little. Is not that
Yet thought upon ?

Stew. I have laid out for servants.

Little. They are every where.

Stew. I cannot yet be furnish'd
With such as I would put into his hands.

Fred. Of what condition must they be, and how
Many in number, sir ?

Little. Beside your fencing,
Your singing, dancing, riding, and French master,
Two may serve domestic, to be constant waiters
Upon a gentleman ; a fool, a pimp.

Stew. For these two officers I have enquir'd,
And I am promised a convenient whiskin :
I could save charges, and employ the pie-wench,
That carries her intelligence in whitepots ;
Or 'tis but taking order with the woman
That [trolls] the ballads, she could fit him with

³ ——— beside, a reed, &c.] This is a pleasant description of what our old dramatists call a Plymouth cloak. See a long note on the subject in Massinger, vol. iii. p. 494.

A concubine to any tune ; but I
 Have a design to place a fellow with him
 That has read all sir Pandarus' works ; a Trojan
 That lies conceal'd, and is acquainted with
 Both city and suburbian fripperies,
 Can fetch 'em with a spell at midnight to him,
 And warrant which are for his turn ; can, for
 A need, supply the surgeon too.

Fred. I like thy providence ; such a one deserves
 A livery twice a year.

Stew. It shall not need ; a cast suit of your wor-
 ship's
 Will serve ; he'll find a cloak to cover it,
 Out of his share with those he brings to bed to you.

Fred. But must I call this fellow pimp ?

Little. It is
 Not necessary ; [Tom,] or Jack, or Harry,
 Or what he's known abroad by, will sound better,
 That men may think he is a Christian.

Fred. But hear you, master Littleworth ; is
 there not
 A method, and degrees of title in
 Men of this art ?

Little. According to the honour
 Of men that do employ 'em. An emperor
 May give this office to a duke ; a king
 May have his viceroy to negociate for him ;
 A duke may use a lord ; the lord a knight,
 A knight may trust a gentleman ; and when
 They are abroad, and merry, gentlemen
 May pimp to one another.

Fred. Good, good fellowship !
 But for the fool now, that should wait on me,
 And break me jests ?

Little. A fool is necessary.

Stew. By any means.

Fred. But which of these two servants
 Must now take place ?

Little. That question, master Frederick,
The school of heraldry should conclude upon:
But if my judgment may be heard, the fool
Is your first man; and it is known a point
Of state to have a fool.

Stew. But, sir, the other
Is held the finer servant; his employments
Are full of trust, his person clean and nimble,
And none so soon can leap into preferment,
Where fools are poor.

Little. Not all; there's story for't;
Princes have been no wiser than they should be.
Would any nobleman, that were no fool,
Spend all in hope of the philosopher's stone,
To buy new lordships in another country?
Would knights build colleges, or gentlemen
Of good estates challenge the field, and fight,
Because a whore will not be honest? Come,
Fools are a family over all the world;
We do affect one naturally; indeed
The fool is leiger with us.¹

Stew. Then the pimp
Is extraordinary.

Fred. Do not you fall out
About their places.—Here's my noble aunt!

Enter lady BORNWELL.

Little. How do you like your nephew, madam,
now?

Lady B. Well! turn about, Frederick. Very
well!

Fred. Am I not now a proper gentleman?

¹ ——— leiger with us.] *Leiger*, in the language of diplomacy at this period, meant *resident*. In this sprightly scene, and particularly in this speech, there are several personal allusions, which seem to shew that the censorship of the stage had now somewhat relaxed.

The virtue of rich clothes ! Now could I take
 The wall of Julius Cæsar, [or] affront
 Great Pompey's upper lip, and defy the senate.
 Nay, I can be as proud as your own heart, madam,
 You may take that for your comfort ; I put on
 That virtue with my clothes, and I doubt not
 But in a little time I shall be impudent
 As any page, or player's boy. I am
 Beholding to this gentleman's good discipline ;
 But I shall do him credit in my practice.
 Your steward has some pretty notions too,
 In moral mischief.

Lady B. Your desert in this
 Exceeds all other service, and shall bind me
 Both to acknowledge and reward.

Little. Sweet madam,
 Think me but worth your favour ; I would creep
 Upon my knees to honour you, and for every
 Minute you lend to my reward, I'll pay
 A year of serviceable tribute.

Lady B. You
 Can complement.

Little. Thus still she puts me off ! unless I speak
 The downright word, she'll never understand me.
 A man would think that creeping on one's knees
 Were English to a lady. [Aside.

Enter KICKSHAW.

Kick. How is't, Jack ?—Pleasures attend you,
 madam !

How does my plant of honour ?

Lady B. Who is this ?

Kick. 'Tis Alexander.

Lady B. Rich and glorious !

Little. 'Tis Alexander the Great.

Kick. And my Bucephalus

Waits at the door.

Lady B. Your case is alter'd, sir.

Kick. I cannot help these things, the Fates will have it ;

'Tis not my land does this.

Little. But thou hast a plough
That brings it in.

Lady B. Now he looks brave and lovely.

Fred. Welcome, my gallant Macedonian.

Kick. Madam, you gave your nephew for my pupil,

I read but in a tavern ; if you'll honour us,
The Bear at the bridge foot² shall entertain you.

A drawer is my Ganymede, he shall skink

Brisk nectar to us ; we will only have

A dozen partridge in a dish ; as many pheasants,

Quails, cocks, and godwits shall come marching up

Like the train'd-band ; a fort of sturgeon

Shall give most bold defiance to an army,

And triumph o'er the table.—

Lady B. Sir, it will

But dull the appetite to hear more, and mine

Must be excused. Another time I may be

Your guest.

Kick. 'Tis grown in fashion now with ladies ;

When you please, I'll attend you. Littleworth.—

Come, Frederick.

Fred. We'll have music ; I love noise.

We will out-roar the Thames, and shake the
bridge, boy. [Exit with Kickshaw.

Little. Madam, I kiss your hand ; would you
would think

Of your poor servant ; flesh and blood is frail,
And troublesome to carry, without help.

² *The Bear at the bridge foot*] This tavern is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. The *bridge* meant was, in Shirley's time, called the Strand-bridge ; it crossed (as Pennant says) the Strand, nearly opposite the present Catherine-street, where the collected waters from the high grounds were discharged into the Thames.

Lady B. A coach will easily convey it, or
You may take water at Strand-bridge.

Little. But I
Have taken fire.

Lady B. The Thames will cool [it, sir.]

Little. But never quench my heart ; your charity
Can only do that.

Lady B. I will keep it cold
Of purpose.

Little. Now you bless me, and I dare
Be drunk in expectation. [Exit.

Lady B. I am confident
He knows me not, and I were worse than mad
To be my own betrayer.—Here's my husband.

Enter BORNWELL.

Born. Why, how now, Arétina? What! alone?
The mystery of this solitude? My house
Turn desert o' the sudden! all the gamesters
Blown up! Why is the music put to silence?
Or have their instruments caught a cold, since we
Gave them the last heat? I must know thy ground
Of melancholy.

Lady B. You are merry, as
You came from kissing Celestina.

Born. I
Feel her yet warm upon my lip ; she is
Most excellent company : I did not think
There was that sweetness in her sex. I must
Acknowledge, 'twas thy care to disenchant me
From a dull husband to an active lover.
With such a lady I could spend more years
Than since my birth my glass hath run soft minutes,
And yet be young ; her presence has a spell
To keep off age ; she has an eye would strike
Fire through an adamant.

Lady B. I have heard as much
Bestow'd upon a dull-faced chambermaid,

Whom love and wit would thus commend. True
beauty

Is mock'd when we compare thus, itself being
Above what can be fetch'd to make it lovely ;
Or, could our thoughts reach something to declare
The glories of a face, or body's elegance,
That touches but our sense ; when beauty spreads
Over the soul, and calls up understanding
To look [what] thence is offer'd, and admire.
In both I must acknowledge Celestina
Most excellently fair, fair above all
The beauties I have seen, and one most worthy
Man's love and wonder.

Born. Do you speak, Aretina,
This with a pure sense to commend? or is't
The mockery of my praise?

Lady B. Although it shame
Myself, I must be just, and give her all
The excellency of women ; and were I
A man—

Born. What then ?

Lady B. I know not with what loss
I should attempt her love. She is a piece
So angelically moving, I should think
Frailty excus'd to dote upon her form,
And almost virtue to be wicked with her. [*Exit.*

Born. What should this mean? This is no
jealousy,
Or she believes I counterfeit. I feel
Something within me, like a heat, to give
Her cause, would Celestina but consent.
What a frail thing is man ! It is not worth
Our glory to be chaste, while we deny
Mirth and converse with women. He is good
That dares the tempter, yet corrects his blood.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Celestina's House.

Enter CELESTINA, MARIANA, and ISABELLA.

Cel. I have told you all my knowledge : since
he is pleas'd
To invite himself, he shall be entertain'd,
And you shall be my witnesses.

Mar. Who comes with him ?

Cel. Sir William Scentlove, that prepared me for
The honourable encounter. I expect
His lordship every minute.

Enter SCENTLOVE.

Scent. My lord is come.

Cel. He has honour'd me.

Enter Lord A. and HAIRCUT.

Scent. My lord, your periwig is awry.

Lord. You, sir—

[*While Haircut is busy about his hair, Scent-
love goes to Celestina.*]

Scent. You may guess at the gentleman that's
with him.

It is his barber, madam, do you observe ?

An your ladyship want a shaver.

Hair. She is here, sir.

I am betray'd.—Scentlove, your plot. I may
Have opportunity to be revenged. [Exit.

Scent. She in the midst.

Lord. She's fair, I must confess ;
But does she keep this distance out of state ?

Cel. Though I am poor in language to express
 How much your lordship honours me, my heart
 Is rich and proud in such a guest. I shall
 Be out of love with every air abroad,
 And for this grace done my unworthy house,
 Be a fond prisoner, become anchorite,
 And spend my hours in prayer, to reward
 The blessing and the bounty of this presence.

Lord. Though you could turn each place you
 move in to

A temple, rather than a wall should hide
 So rich a beauty from the world, it were
 Less want to lose our piety and your prayer.
 A throne were fitter to present you to
 Our wonder, whence your eyes, more worth than all
 They look on, should chain every heart a prisoner.

Scent. 'Twas pretty well come off.

Lord. By your example
 I shall know how to complement ; in this,
 You more confirm my welcome.

Cel. I shall love
 My lips the better, if their silent language
 Persuade your lordship but to think so truly.

Lord. You make me smile, madam.

Cel. I hope you came not
 With fear that any sadness here should shake
 One blossom from your eye. I should be miserable
 To present any object should displease you.—

Lord. You do not, madam.

Cel. As I should account
 It no less sorrow, if your lordship should
 Lay too severe a censure on my freedom.
 I will not court a prince against his justice,
 Nor bribe him with a smile to think me honest.
 Pardon, my lord, this boldness, and the mirth
 That may flow from me. I believe my father
 Thought of no winding-sheet when he begot me.

Lord. She has a merry soul.—It will become

Me ask your pardon, madam, for my rude
Approach, so much a stranger to your knowledge.

Cel. Not, my lord, so much stranger to my
knowledge ;

Though I have but seen your person afar off,
I am acquainted with your character,
Which I have heard so often, I can speak it.

Lord. You shall do me an honour.

Cel. If your lordship will
Be patient.

Lord. And glad to hear my faults.

Cel. That as your conscience can agree upon
them :

However, if your lordship give me privilege,
I'll tell you what's the opinion of the world

Lord. You cannot please me better.

Cel. You're a lord,

Born with as much nobility as would,
Divided, serve to make ten noblemen,
Without a herald ; but with so much spirit
And height of soul, as well might furnish twenty.
You are learn'd, a thing not compatible now
With native honour ; and are master of
A language that doth chain all ears, and charm
All hearts, where you persuade ; a wit so flowing,
And prudence to correct it, that all men
Believe they only meet in you, which, with
A spacious memory, make up the full wonders :
To these you have [join'd] valour, and upon
A noble cause, know how to use a sword
To honour's best advantage, though you wear
none.

You are as bountiful as the showers that fall
Into the Spring's green bosom ; as you were
Created lord of Fortune, not her steward ;
So constant to the cause in which you make
Yourself an advocate, you dare all dangers ;

And men had rather you should be their friend,
Than justice or the bench bound up together.

Lord. But did you hear all this ?

Cel. And more, my lord.

Lord. Pray let me have it, madam.

Cel. To all these virtues there is added one,—
(Your lordship will remember, when I name it,
I speak but what I gather from the voice
Of others)—it is grown to a full fame
That you have loved a woman.

Lord. But one, madam ?

Cel. Yes, many ; give me leave to smile, my
lord,

I shall not need to interpret in what sense ;
But you have shew'd yourself right honourable,
And, for your love to ladies, have deserv'd,
If their vote might prevail, a marble statue.
I make no comment on the people's text,—
My lord, I should be sorry to offend.

Lord. You cannot, madam ; these are things
we owe

To nature for.

Cel. And honest men will pay
Their debts.

Lord. If they be able, or compound.

Cel. She had a hard heart would be unmerciful,
And not give day to men so promising ;
But you ow'd women nothing.

Lord. Yes, I am
Still in their debt, and I must owe them love,
It was part of my character.

Cel. With your lordship's
Pardon, I only said you had a fame
For loving women ; but of late, men say
You have, against the imperial laws of love,
Restrain'd the active flowings of your blood,
And with a mistress buried all that is

Hop'd for in love's succession, as all beauty
 Had died with her, and left the world benighted!
 In this you more dishonour all our sex
 Than you did grace a part; when every where
 Love tempts your eye to admire a glorious harvest,
 And every where as full blown ears submit
 Their golden heads, the laden trees bow down
 Their willing fruit, and court your amorous tasting.

Lord. I see men would dissect me to a fibre;
 But do you believe this?

Cel. It is my wonder,
 I must confess, a man of nobler earth
 Than goes to vulgar composition,
 (Born and bred high, so unconfined, so rich
 In fortunes, and so read in all that sum
 Up human knowledge, to feed gloriously,
 And live at court, the only sphere wherein
 True beauty moves; nature's most wealthy garden,
 Where every blossom is more worth than all
 The Hesperian fruit by jealous dragon watch'd,
 Where all delights do circle appetite,
 And pleasures multiply by being tasted,)
 Should be so lost with thought of one turn'd
 ashes.

There's nothing left, my lord, that can excuse you,
 Unless you plead, what I am asham'd to prompt
 Your wisdom to?

Lord. What's that?

Cel. That you have play'd
 The surgeon with yourself.

Lord. And am made eunuch?

Cel. It were much pity.

Lord. Trouble not yourself,
 I could convince your fears with demonstration
 That I am man enough, but knew not where,
 Until this meeting, beauty dwelt. The court
 You talk'd of must be where the queen of love is,
 Which moves but with your person; in your eye

Her glory shines, and only at that flame
Her wanton boy doth light his quick'ning torch.

Cel. Nay, now you complement ; I would it did,
My lord, for your own sake.

Lord. You would be kind,
And love me then ?

Cel. My lord, I should be loving
Where I found worth to invite it, and should cherish
A constant man.

Lord. Then you should me, madam.

Cel. But is the ice about your heart fallen off?
Can you return to do what love commands?—
Cupid, thou shalt have instant sacrifice,
And I dare be the priest.

Lord. Your hand, your lip ; [Kisses her.
Now I am proof 'gainst all temptation.

Cel. Your meaning, my good lord ?

Lord. I, that have strength
Against thy voice and beauty, after this
May dare the charms of womankind.—Thou art,
Bella Maria, unprofaned yet ;
This magic has no power upon my blood.—
Farewell, madam ! if you durst be the example
Of chaste as well as fair, you were a brave one.

Cel. I hope your lordship means not this for
earnest :
Be pleas'd to grace a banquet.

Lord. Pardon, madam.—

Will Scentlove, follow ; I must laugh at you.

Cel. My lord, I must beseech you stay, for
honour,
For her whose memory you love best.

Lord. Your pleasure.

Cel. And by that virtue you have now profess'd,
I charge you to believe me too ; I can
Now glory that you have been worth my trial,
Which, I beseech you, pardon. Had not you
So valiantly recover'd in this conflict,

You had been my triumph, without hope of more
 Than my just scorn upon your wanton flame ;
 Nor will I think these noble thoughts grew first
 From melancholy, for some female loss,
 As the fantastic world believes, but from
 Truth, and your love of innocence, which shine
 So bright in the two royal luminaries
 At court, you cannot lose your way to chastity. ³
 Proceed, and speak of me as honour guides you.

[*Exit Lord.*

I am almost tired.—Come, ladies, we'll beguile
 Dull time, and take the air another while. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Bornwell's House.

Enter lady BORNWELL, and a Servant with a purse.

Lady B. But hath sir Thomas lost five hundred
 pounds
 Already?

Serv. And five hundred more he borrow'd.
 The dice are notable devourers, madam ;
 They make no more of pieces than of pebbles,
 But thrust their heaps together, to engender.
Two hundred more the caster! cries this gentleman.
I am with you.—I have that to nothing, sir.
 Again ; 'Tis covered! and the table too,
 With sums that frightened me. Here one sneaks out,
 And with a martyr's patience smiles upon

³ This tribute to the nuptial virtues of Charles and Henrietta was not unmerited. The compliment, though frequent enough on the stage, was not always paid at so small an expense of truth.

His money's executioner, the dice ;
 Commands a pipe of good tobacco, and
 I' the smoke on't vanishes. Another makes
 The bones vault o'er his head, swears that ill-
 throwing

Has put his shoulder out of joint, calls for
 A bone setter. That looks to the box, to bid
 His master send him some more hundred pounds,
 Which lost, he takes tobacco, and-is-quiet.
 Here a strong arm throws in and in, with which
 He brusheth all the table, pays the rooks
 That went their smelts a piece upon his hand,
 Yet swears he has not drawn a stake this seven
 year.

But I was bid make haste ; my master may
 Lose this five hundred pounds ere I come thither.
 [*Exit.*

Lady B. If we both waste so fast, we shall soon
 find

Our state is not immortal. Something in
 His other ways appear not well already.

*Enter sir THOMAS BORNWELL, and Servants, one
 with a purse.*

Born. Ye tortoises, why make you no more
 haste ?

Go pay to the master of the house that money,
 And tell the noble gamesters I have another
 Superfluous thousand pound ; at night I'll visit 'em.
 Do you hear ?

Serv. Yes, and please you.

Born. Do't, ye drudges. [*Exit Serv.*

Ta, ra, ra !—Aretina !

Lady B. You have a pleasant humour, sir.

Born. What ! should a gentleman be sad ?

Lady B. You have lost—

Rorn. A transitory sum ; as good that way
 As another.

Lady B. Do you not vex within for't ?

Born. I had rather lose a thousand more, than
one

Sad thought come near my heart for't. Vex for
trash !

Although it go from other men like drops
Of their life blood, we lose with the alacrity
We drink a cup of sack, or kiss a mistress.
No money is considerable with a gamester ;
They have souls more spacious than kings. Did
two

Gamesters divide the empire of the world,
They'd make one throw for't all, and he that lost
Be no more melancholy than to have play'd for
A morning's draught. Vex a rich soul for dirt !
The quiet of whose every thought is worth
A province.

Lady B. But when dice have consum'd all,
Your patience will not pawn for as much more.

Born. Hang pawning ! sell outright, and the
fear's over.

Lady B. Say you so ? I'll have another coach
to-morrow

If there be rich above ground.

Born. I forgot

To bid the fellow ask my jeweller
Whether the chain of diamonds be made up ;
I will present it to my lady Bellamour,
Fair Celestina.

Lady B. This gown I have worn
Six days already ; it looks dull, I'll give it
My waiting-woman, and have one of cloth
Of gold embroider'd ; shoes and pantables
Will shew well of the same.

Born. I have invited

A covey of ladies, and as many gentlemen
To-morrow, to the Italian ordinary ;
I shall have rarities and regalias

To pay for, madam ; music, wanton songs,
And tunes of silken petticoats to dance to.

Lady B. And to-morrow have I invited half the
court

To dine here. What misfortune 'tis your company
And our's should be divided ! After dinner
I entertain them with a play.

Born. By that time

Your play inclines to the epilogue, shall we
Quit our Italian host; and whirl in coaches
To the Dutch magazine of sauce, the Stillyard,
Where deal, and backrag, and what strange wine
else

They dare but give a name to in the reckoning,
Shall flow into our room, and drown Westphalias,
Tongues, and anchovies, like some little town
Endanger'd by a sluice, through whose fierce ebb
We wade, and wash ourselves, into a boat,
And bid our coachmen drive their leather tenements
By land, while we sail home, with a fresh tide,
To some new rendezvous.

Lady B. If you have not
Pointed the place, pray bring your ladies hither ;
I mean to have a ball to-morrow night,
And a rich banquet for 'em, where we'll dance
Till morning rise, and blush to interrupt us.

Born. Have you no ladies i' the next room, to
advance

A present mirth ? What a dull house you govern !
Farewell ! a wife's no company.—Aretina,
I've summ'd up my estate, and find we may have
A month good yet.

Lady B. What mean you ?

Born. And I'd rather

Be lord one month of pleasures, to the height
And rapture of our senses, than be years
Consuming what we have in foolish temperance.
Live in the dark, and no fame wait upon us !

I will live so, posterity shall stand
At gaze when I am mentioned.

Lady B. A month good!
And what shall be done then?

Born. I'll over sea,
And trail a pike. With watching, marching, lying
In trenches, with enduring cold and hunger,
And taking here and there a musket-shot,
I can earn every week four shillings, madam;
And if the bullets favour me to snatch
Any superfluous limb, when I return,
With good friends, I despair not to be enroll'd
Poor knight of Windsor. For your course, madam,
No doubt you may do well; your friends are great:
Or if your poverty, and their pride, cannot
Agree, you need not trouble much invention,
To find a trade to live by; there are customers.
Farewell, be frolic, madam! If I live,
I will feast all my senses, and not fall
Less than a Phaeton from my throne of pleasure,
Though my estate flame like the world about me.

[*Exit.*

Lady B. 'Tis very pretty!—

Enter DECOY.

Madam Decoy!

Dec. What! melancholy,
After so sweet a night's work? Have not I
Shew'd myself mistress of my art?

Lady B. A lady.

Dec. That title makes the credit of the act
A story higher. You've not seen him yet?
I wonder what he'll say.

Lady B. He's here.

Enter KICKSHAW and FREDERICK.

Kick. Bear up,
My little myrmidon; does not Jack Littleworth
Follow?

Fred. Follow? he fell into the Thames
At landing.

Kick. The devil shall dive for him,
Ere I endanger my silk stockings for him :
Let the watermen alone, they have drags and
engines.

When he has drunk his julep, I shall laugh
To see him come in pickled the next tide.

Fred. He'll never sink, he has such a cork brain.

Kick. Let him be hang'd or drown'd, all's one to
me ;

Yet he deserves to die by water, cannot
Bear his wine credibly.

Fred. Is not this my aunt?

Kick. And another handsome lady; I must
know her. [*Goes up to Decoy.*]

Fred. My blood is rampant too, I must court
somebody ;

As good my aunt as any other body.

Lady B. Where have you been, cousin?

Fred. At the Bear

At the Bridge-foot,¹ where our first health began
To the fair Aretina, whose sweet company
Was wish'd by all. We could not get a lay,
A tumbler, a device, a *bona roba*,
For any money; drawers were grown dull :
We wanted our true firks, and our vagaries.—
When were you in drink, aunt?

¹ *Fred.* *At the Bear, &c.]* The 4to. reads :

“ At the *Bridge*

At the *Bear's* foot.”

Perhaps the text has been needlessly corrected: as the author might design the blunder.

Lady B. How ?

Fred. Do not ladies

Play the good fellows too ? There's no true mirth
Without 'em. I have now such tickling fa cies !
That doctor of the chair of wit has read
A precious lecture, how I should behave
Myself to ladies ; as now, for example.

[*Goes up to lady B.*

Lady B. Would you practise upon me ?

Fred. I first salute you,
You have a soft hand, madam ; are you so
All over ?

Lady B. Nephew !

Fred. Nay, you should but smile.
And then again I kiss you ; and thus draw
Off your white glove, and start, to see your hand
More excellently white : I grace my own
Lip with this touch, and turning gently thus,
Prepare you for my skill in palmistry,
Which, out of curiosity, no lady
But easily applies to : the first line
I look with most ambition to find out,
Is Venus' girdle, a fair semicircle,
Enclosing both the mount of Sol and Saturn ;
If that appear, she's for my turn ; a lady
Whom nature has prepared for the career ;
And, Cupid at my elbow, I put forward :
You have this very line, aunt.

Lady B. The boy's frantic !

Fred. You have a couch or palett ;^{*} I can shut
The chamber door. Enrich a stranger, when
Your nephew's coming into play !

Lady B. No more.

Fred. Are you so coy to your own flesh and blood ?

Kick. Here, take your playfellow ; I talk of sport,
And she would have me marry her.

^{*} couch or palett;] Old copy, *palace*. Just above we have
took for look.

Fred. Here's Littleworth.

Enter LITTLEWORTH, wet.

Why, how now tutor?

Little. I have been fishing.

Fred. And what have you caught?

Little. My belly full of water.

Kick. Ha, ha! Where's thy rapier?

Little. My rapier is drown'd,

And I am little better; I was [held] up by the heels,

And out came a ton of water, beside wine.

Kick. It has made thee sober.

Little. Would you have me drunk

With water?

Lady B. I hope your fire is quench'd by this time.

Fred. It is not now, as when *your worship* walk'd

By all the taverns, Jack, dry as a bone.

Kick. You had store of fish under water, Jack.

Little. It has made a poor John of me.

Fred. I do not think but if we cast an angle into his belly, we might find some pilchards.

Little. And boil'd, by this time.—Dear madam, a bed.

Kick. Carry but the water-spaniel to a grass-plot,

Where he may roll himself; let him but shake his ears twice in the sun, and you may grind him into a posset.

Fred. Come, thou shalt to my bed, Poor pickerel.

Dec. Alas, sweet gentleman!

Little. I have ill luck an I should smell by this time;

I am but new ta'en, I am sure.—*Sweet gentlewoman!*

Dec. Your servant.

Little. Pray do not pluck off my skin;
It is so wet, unless you have good eyes,
You'll hardly know it from a shirt.

Dec. Fear nothing.

[*Exeunt all but Kick. and lady B.*

Lady B. He has sack enough, and I may find
his humour. [Aside.

Kick. And how is't with your ladyship? You
look

Without a sunshine in your face.

Lady B. You are glorious
In mind and habit.

Kick. Ends of gold and silver!

Lady B. Your other clothes were not so rich.
Who was

Your tailor, sir?

Kick. They were made for me long since;
They have known but two bright days upon my
back.

I had a humour, madam, to lay things by;
They will serve two days more: I think I have gold
enough

To go to the mercer. I'll now allow myself
A suit a week, as this, with necessary
Dependants, beaver, silk stockings, garters,
And roses, in their due conformity;
Boots are forbid a clean leg, but to ride in.
My linen every morning comes in new,
The old goes to great bellies.

Lady B. You are charitable.

Kick. I may dine with you sometime, or at the
court,

To meet good company, not for the table.
My clerk o' the kitchen's here, a witty epicure,
A spirit, that, to please me with what's rare,
Can fly a hundred mile a day to market,
And make me lord of fish and fowl. I shall

Forget there is a butcher ; and to make
My footman nimble, he shall feed on nothing
But wings of wild fowl.

Lady B. These ways are costly.

Kick. Therefore I'll have it so ; I have sprung
a mine.

Lady B. You make me wonder, sir, to see this
change

Of fortune : your revenue was not late
So plentiful

Kick. Hang dirty land, and lordships !
I would not change one lodging I have got,
For the Chamber of London.

Lady B. Strange, of such a sudden,
To rise to this estate ! No fortunate hand
At dice could lift you up so, for 'tis since
Last night ; yesterday, you were no such monarch.

Kick. There be more games than dice.

Lady B. It cannot be

A mistress, though your person is worth love ;
None possibly are rich enough to feed
As you have cast the method of your riots.
A princess, after all her jewels, must
Be forced to sell her provinces.

Kick. Now you talk
Of jewels, what do you think of this ?

Lady B. A rich one.

Kick. You'll honour me to wear't ; this other toy
I had from you ; this chain I borrow'd of you,
A friend had it in keeping. [*gives her the jewel
and chain.*]- If your ladyship
Want any sum, you know your friend, and Alex-
ander.

Lady B. Dare you trust my security ?

Kick. There's gold,
I shall have more to-morrow.

Lady B. You astonish me ;
Who can supply these ?

Kick. A dear friend I have.

She promis'd we should meet again i' the morning.

Lady B. Not that I wish to know
More of your happiness than I have already
Heart to congratulate,—be pleas'd to lay
My wonder.

Kick. 'Tis a secret—

Lady B. Which I'll die
Ere I'll betray.

Kick. You have always wish'd me well ;
But you shall swear not to reveal the party.

Lady B. I'll lose the benefit of my tongue.

Kick. Nor be
Afraid at what I say. What think you first
Of an old witch, a strange ill-favour'd hag,
That, for my company last night, has wrought
This cure upon my fortune ? I do sweat
To think upon her name.

Lady B. How, sir ! a witch ?

Kick. I would not fright your ladyship too much
At first, but witches are akin to spirits.
The truth is—Nay, if you look pale already,
I have done.

Lady B. Sir, I beseech you.

Kick. If you have
But courage then to know the truth, I'll tell you
In one word ; my chief friend is—the devil !

Lady B. What devil ? how I tremble !

Kick. Have a heart ;
'Twas a she devil too, a most insatiate,
Abominable devil, with a tail
Thus long.

Lady B. Goodness defend me ! did you see her ?

Kick. No, 'twas i' the dark ; but she appear'd
first to me
I' the likeness of a beldam, and was brought,
I know not how, nor whither, by two goblins,
More hooded than a hawk.

Lady B. But would you venture
Upon a devil?

Kick. Ay, for means.

Lady B. How black
An impudence is this! [*aside.*—But are you sure
It was the devil you enjoy'd?

Kick. Say nothing;
I did the best to please her; but as sure
As you live, 'twas a hell-cat.

Lady B. Do you not quake?

Kick. I found myself [in] the very [room] i' the
morning,
Where two of her familiars had left me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord is come to visit you.

Kick. No words,
As you respect my safety. I have told tales
Out of the devil's school; if it be known,
I lose a friend. 'Tis now about the time
I promis'd her to meet again; at my
Return I'll tell you wonders. Not a word. [*Exit.*

Lady B. 'Tis a false glass; sure I am more
deform'd: [*Looks in her pocket mirror.*
What have I done?—my soul is miserable.

Enter Lord A.

Lord. I sent you a letter, madam.

Lady B. You express'd
Your noble care of me, my lord.

Enter BORNWELL and CELESTINA.

Born. Your lordship
Does me an honour.

Lord. Madam, I am glad

³ *I found myself [in] the very [room] i' the morning,*] This is the best conjecture which I can form of the author's words. The old text is evidently corrupt; it reads,

"I found myself the very same in i' the morning,
Where," &c.

To see you here ; I meant to have kiss'd your hand,
Ere my return to court.

Cel. Sir Thomas has

Prevail'd to bring me, to his trouble, hither.

Lord. You do him grace,

Born. Why, what's the matter, madam ?

Your eyes are tuning Lachrimæ.²

Lady B. As you

Do hope for heaven, withdraw, and give me but
The patience of ten minutes.

Born. Wonderful !

I will not hear you above that proportion.

She talks of heaven !—Come, where must we to
counsel ?

Lady B. You shall conclude me when you
please. [*Exit.*

Born. I follow.

Lord. What alteration is this ? I, that so late
Stood the temptation of her eye and voice,
Boasted a heart 'bove all licentious flame,
At second view turn renegade, and think
I was too superstitious, and full
Of phlegm, not to reward her amorous courtship
With manly freedom.

Cel. I obey you, sir.

Born. I'll wait upon your lordship presently. [*Exit.*

Lord. She could not want a cunning to seem
honest

When I neglected her. I am resolv'd.—
You still look pleasant, madam.

Cel. I have cause,

My lord, the rather for your presence, which
Hath power to charm all trouble in my thoughts.

Lord. I must translate that complement, and owe
All that is cheerful in myself to these
All-quick'ning smiles ; and rather than such bright
Eyes should repent their influence upon me,

² See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 232.

I would release the aspects, and quit the bounty,
Of all the other stars. Did you not think me
A strange and melancholy gentleman,
To use you so unkindly?

Cel. Me, my lord?

Lord. I hope you made no loud complaint; I
would not

Be tried by a jury of ladies.

Cel. For what, my lord?

Lord. I did not meet that noble entertainment
You were late pleas'd to shew me.

Cel. I observ'd

No such defect in your lordship, but a brave
And noble fortitude.

Lord. A noble folly;

I bring repentance for't. I know you have,
Madam, a gentle faith, and will not ruin
What you have built to honour you.

Cel. What's that?

Lord. If you can love, I'll tell your ladyship.

Cel. I have a stubborn soul else.

Lord. You are all

Compos'd of harmony.

Cel. What love do you mean?

Lord. That which doth perfect both; madam,
you have heard

I can be constant, and if you consent
To grace it so, there is a spacious dwelling
Prepar'd within my heart for such a mistress.

Cel. Your mistress, my good lord?

Lord. Why, my good lady,

Your sex doth hold it no dishonour

To become mistress to a noble servant

In the now court Platonic way. Consider

Who 'tis that pleads to you; my birth, and present
Value, can be no stain to your embrace;

But these are shadows when my love appears,
Which shall, in his first miracle, return

Me in my bloom of youth, and thee a virgin ;
When I, within some new Elysium,
Of purpose made and meant for us, shall be
In every thing Adonis, but in his
Contempt of love ; and court thee from a Daphne
Hid in the cold rind of a bashful tree,
With such warm language and delight, till thou
Leap from that bays into the queen of love,
And pay my conquest with composing garlands
Of thy own myrtle for me.

Cel. What's all this ?

Lord. Consent to be my mistress, Celestina,
And we will have it spring-time all the year ;
Upon whose invitations, when we walk,
The winds shall play soft descant to our feet,
And breathe rich odours to re-pure the air :
Green bowers on every side shall tempt our stay,
And violets stoop to have us tread upon 'em.
The red rose shall grow pale, being near thy cheek,
And the white blush, o'ercome with such a forehead.
Here laid, and measuring with ourselves some bank,
A thousand birds shall from the woods repair,
And place themselves so cunningly behind
The leaves of every tree, that while they pay
Us tribute of their songs, thou shalt imagine
The very trees bear music, and sweet voices
Do grow in every arbour. Here can we
Embrace and kiss, tell tales, and kiss again,
And none but heaven our rival.

Cel. When we are

Weary of these, what if we shift our paradise,
And through a grove of tall and even pine,
Descend into a valley, that shall shame
All the delights of Tempe ; upon whose
Green plush the Graces shall be call'd to dance,
To please us, and maintain their fairy revels,
To the harmonious murmurs of a stream
That gently falls upon a rock of pearl.

Here doth the nymph, forsaken Echo, dwell,
 To whom we'll tell the story of our love,
 Till at our surfeit and her want of joy,
 We break her heart with envy. Not far off,
 A grove shall call us to a wanton river,
 To see a dying swan give up the ghost,
 The fishes shooting up their tears in bubbles,
 That they must lose the genius of their waves—
 And such love linsey woolsey, to no purpose.

Lord. You chide me handsomely ; pray tell me
 how

You like this language.

Cel. Good, my lord, forbear.

Lord. You need not fly out of this circle, madam ;
 These widows are so full of circumstance !
 I'll undertake, in this time I have courted
 Your ladyship for the toy, to have broken ten,
 Nay, twenty colts, virgins I mean, and taught 'em
 The amble, or what pace I most affected.

Cel. You're not, my lord, again, the lord I
 thought you ;
 And I must tell you now, you do forget
 Yourself and me.

Lord. You'll not be angry, madam ?

Cel. Nor rude, (though gay men have a privi-
 lege,)

It shall appear :—there is a man ; my lord,
 Within my acquaintance, rich in worldly fortunes,
 But cannot boast any descent of blood,
 Would buy a coat of arms.

Lord. He may, and legs
 Booted and spurr'd, to ride into the country.

Cel. But these will want antiquity, my lord,
 The seal of honour. What's a coat cut out
 But yesterday, to make a man a gentleman ?
 Your family, as old as the first virtue
 That merited an escutcheon, doth owe³

³ i. e. own.

A glorious coat of arms ; if you will sell now
 All that your name doth challenge in that ensign,
 I'll help you to a chapman, that shall pay,
 And pour down wealth enough for't.

Lord. Sell my arms!

I cannot, madam.

Cel. Give but your consent,
 You know not how the state may be inclin'd
 To dispensation ; we may prevail
 Upon the Heralds' Office afterward.

Lord. I'll sooner give these arms to the hang-
 man's axe,

My head, my heart, to twenty executions,
 Than sell one atom from my name.

Cel. Change that,

And answer him would buy my honour from me ;
 Honour, that is not worn upon a flag,
 Or pennon, that, without the owner's dangers,
 An enemy may ravish, and bear from me ;
 But that which grows and withers with my soul,
 Beside the body's stain : think, think, my lord,
 To what you would unworthily betray me,
 If you would not, for price of gold, or pleasure,
 (If that be more your idol,) lose the glory
 And painted honour of your house.—I have done.

Lord. Enough to rectify a satyr's blood.
 Obscure my blushes here.

Enter behind, SCENTLOVE and HAIRCUT.

Hair. Or this, or fight with me ;
 It shall be no exception that I wait
 Upon my lord ; I am a gentleman,
 You maybe less, and be a knight : the office
 I do my lord is honest, sir. How many
 Such you have been guilty of heaven knows.

Scent. 'Tis no fear of your sword, but that I
 would not

Break the good laws establish'd against duels.

Hair. Off with your periwig, and stand bare.

[*Scent. takes off his periwig.*]

Lord. From this

Minute I'll be a servant to your goodness ;
A mistress in the wanton sense is common,
I'll honour you with chaste thoughts, and call you so.

Cel. I'll study to be worth your fair opinion.

Lord. Scentlove, your head was us'd to a covering,
Beside a hat ; when went the hair away ?

Scent. I laid a wager, my lord, with Haircut,
Who thinks I shall catch cold, that I'll stand bare
This half hour.

Hair. Pardon my ambition,
Madam, I told you truth ; I am a gentleman,
And cannot fear that name is drown'd in my
Relation to my lord.

Cel. I dare not think so.

Hair. From henceforth call my service duty,
madam :

That pig's head, that betray'd me to your mirth,
Is doing penance for't.

Scent. Why may not I,
My lord, begin a fashion of no hair ?

Cel. Do you sweat, sir William ?

Scent. Not with store of nightcaps.

Re-enter BORNWELL, and lady BORNWELL, in conversation.

Lady B. Heaven has dissolved the clouds that
hung upon

My eyes, and if you can with mercy meet
A penitent, I throw my own will off,
And now in all things obey your's. My nephew
Send back again to the college, and myself
To what place you'll confine me.

Born. Dearer now

Than ever to my bosom, thou shalt please
Me best to live at thy own choice. I did

But fright thee with a noise of my expenses ;
 The sums are safe, and we have wealth enough,
 If yet we use it nobly. My lord—madam,
 Pray honour [us] to night,

Lady B. I beg your presence,
 And pardon.

Born. I know not how my Aretina
 May be dispos'd to-morrow for the country.

Cel. You must not go before you have done
 Me honour to accept an entertainment
 Where I have power ; on those terms I'm your
 guest.

Born. You grace us, madam.

Lady B. Already
 I feel a cure upon my soul, and promise
 My after life to virtue. Pardon, heaven,
 My shame, yet hid from the world's eye. [*Aside.*]

Enter behind DECOY.

Dec. Sweet madam !

Lady B. Not for the world be seen here ! we
 are lost.
 I'll visit you at home. [*exit Decoy.*]—But not to
 practise
 What she expects : my counsel may recover her.
 [*Aside.*]

Re-enter KICKSHAW.

Kick. Where's madam ?— Pray lend me a little
 money,
 My spirit has deceived me ; Proserpine
 Has broke her word.

Lady B. Do you expect to find
 The devil true to you ?

Kick. Not too loud.

Lady B. I'll voice it
 Louder, to all the world, your horrid sin,

Unless you promise me religiously,
To purge your foul blood by repentance, sir.

Kick. Then I'm undone.

Lady B. Not while I have power
To encourage you to virtue ; I'll endeavour
To find you out some nobler way at court,
To thrive in.

Kick. Do't, and I'll forsake the devil,
And bring my flesh to obedience. You shall steer
me.—

My lord, your servant.

Lord. You are brave again.

Kick. Madam, your pardon.

Born. Your offence requires
Humility.

Kick. Low as my heart.—Sir Thomas,
I'll sup with you, a part of satisfaction.

Born. Our pleasures cool. Music! and when
our ladies
Are tired with active motion, to give
Them rest, in some new rapture to advance
Full mirth, our souls shall leap into a dance.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE
ROYAL MASTER.

THE ROYAL MASTER.] This Play was licensed by the master of the revels in 1638; but it had been acted in Dublin previously to this date, both in the theatre opened there in the year 1635, by Shirley's friend Ogilby, and before his Patron, the Lord Deputy Strafford, in the Castle. There is no prologue in the old quarto; but, among Shirley's Poems will be found one addressed to the "*Irish Gentry*," which I am inclined to assign to this comedy. The title of the quarto (which was published in 1638) is: "*The Royall Master; as it was Acted in the new Theater in Dublin: and before the Right Honorable the Lord Deputie of Ireland, in the Castle. Written by James Shirley,*" with the motto:

—*Fas extera quærere regna.*

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE EARL OF KILDARE,

BARON OF OPHALIE, AND PREMIER EARL OF THE
KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

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; nor was it without justice to your name, to tender the first fruits of my observance to your lordship, whom this island acknowledgeth her first native ornament and top branch of honour. Be pleased now, my most honourable lord, since my affairs in England hasten my departure, and prevent my personal attendance, that something of me may be honoured to wait upon you in my absence; this poem; 'tis new, and never yet personated; but expected with the first, when the English stage shall be recovered from her long silence, and her now languishing scene changed into a welcome return of wits and men. And when, by the favour of the winds and sea, I salute my country again, I shall report a story of the Irish honour, and hold myself not meanly fortunate to have been written and received

The humblest of your lordship's servants,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

King of Naples.

Duke of Florence, suitor to Theodosia.

Montalto, the king's favourite.

Riviero, a nobleman, banished the court, but returned in disguise, as the Duke's secretary, under the name of Philoberto.

Octavio, a young courtier, son of Riviero.

Andrugio, a courtier, and friend to Riviero.

Guido, } attendants on the court, and creatures of
Aloisio, } Montalto.
Alexio, }

Bombo, secretary to Domitilla.

Iacomo, } servants of Simphorosa.
Pietro, }

Courtiers, Petitioners, Servants, Attendants, &c.

Theodosia, the king's sister.

Simphorosa, a noble widow.

Domitilla, her daughter.

Ladies attending Theodosia.

SCENE, Naples, and Simphorosa's Country House.

¹ This list is wanting in the old quarto.

THE
ROYAL MASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Naples.—*The Palace.*

Enter king of Naples, duke of Florence, MONTALTO, OCTAVIO, RIVIERO, ANDRUGIO, GUIDO, ALOISIO, and ALEXIO.

Duke. You are great in all that's good.

King. You shew the bounty
Of your opinion. My extent¹ in all things
Is but to bid you welcome. You had a sister,
The envy of the angels whilst she lived,
Our queen, now made their blest companion ;
Should we exempt those fair deserts dwell in you,
So much we owe her memory.

Duke. Pray, no more.

Riv. We must not be too open, truest friend ;
Thy bosom is my sanctuary.

Andr. When it leaves
To be religious for thy safety, may it,
By an angry flame from heaven, be turn'd to ashes !

Duke. Your nature is too soft ; let not the mention
Of her that was my sister, and your queen,
Beget another sigh ; she was long since blest :

¹ *My extent in all things, &c.]* Unless this word be used in an unusual sense, for *the utmost of my aim, power, &c.* it may be considered as an error of the press for *intent*.

Cesaria is in heaven ; we are met for joys.
 You were not framed to be her monument ;
 Sleep let her ashes in the urn contains them.

King. I have done.

Enter THEODOSIA, and Ladies.

Duke. Your sister.

King. Is all the treasure
 Is left me, sir, but cannot be too rich
 For your acceptance.

Duke. All my wealth is summ'd
 When she does smile upon me ; and her character
 In the full glory, when she's named your sister.—
 Are you not weary of a guest, dear madam ?
 Am I still welcome ?

Theo. Sir, we are
 All honour'd in your presence, and though not high
 To your merit, yet your entertainment is
 As full of love, as nature can express
 To a twin brother ; more, I dare presume
 You shall accuse yourself, if you be less,
 A prince in Naples, by free use of power,
 Than your own Florence.

Duke. Madam, you must be
 Less fair, and powerful in tongue, if you
 Expect I should be still a prince ; and yet
 My ambition will be high, and glorious
 Enough to be receiv'd your grace's servant :
 For whom I should account my age no travel,
 To have my pilgrimage rewarded with
 Your fair eyes, madam, able to create
 Another life and spirit in old nature.

King. How does Montalto like the duke ?

Mont. Sir, Naples cannot study an addition
 Of fame, beyond what this alliance will
 Deserve in future story ; the excess
 Of what is good, nay, excellent in him,
 Would stock a barren province.

King. 'Tis our happiness.

Mont. But 'tis not mine ; for though I thus disguise

My face and tongue, my heart is my own friend,
And cannot wish my ambition supplanted
By any smooth-chinn'd prince alive. [*aside.*]—My lords—

Andr. Look how they flock, and fawn upon his greatness!

These are his creatures, by his power placed
So near about the king, he can hear nothing
Of his great favourite, but what their flattery
And partial tongues convey into his ear.

Riv. Pity so sweet a nature as the king's
Should be abus'd by parasites! but I may
In time dissolve these court mists, that so long
Have hung upon't, and render the king's eyes
Free to distinguish objects, if there be
No witchcraft exercised upon his senses.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you are very pleasant.

Oct. Is it not

Becoming the discretion of a young courtier
To observe times and methods? — And when,
madam,

Are you for this match?

1 *Lady.* What, my lord?

Oct. You would not

Be sad at heart, to sleep with such a bedfellow
As the duke is?

2 *Lady.* How, my lord!

Oct. Provided

Matrimony were not far off; yet, without it,
There are some ladies would excuse their modesty,
And meet and [thank] their fate, at all adventures,
If no worse man would make their husband of
The honourable order of the night-cap.

1 *Lady.* When will you marry, my lord?

Oct. I am young;

Yet, when I am ripe to grapple with a maidenhead,
The lord Montalto, the great court patron,
Will help me to a wife.

2 Lady. You are bound to his lordship.

Oct. And so I am, madam, if you knew all ;
I have many obligations to his honour :
But there is one writ here, whose memory
Will keep my soul awake.

King. Andrugio.—

Gui. I do not like their conference.

Mont. 'Las ! he has no employment in the state ;
He waits like a dull cipher, and I have
My spies upon him ; if I find him busy,
My power with the king shall soon transplant him,
Or force him, like Riviero, his old friend,
But of more brain and faction, to give up
His ghost abroad.

Aloi. 'Twas just, for your own safety.

Mont. This is an honest, easy nobleman,
Allow'd to wear some court formality,
Walk on the terrace, pick his teeth, and stroke,
Upon a festival, some golden sentence
Out of his beard, for which the guard admire him,
And cry him up a statesman : he's sent off,
When he is troublesome, to a phlegmatic clime,
A dull ambassador ! No ; that duke, Guido,
Is all my fear ; but I have contrived something
May rectify my fate.

Duke. How much you honour me !

But you might spare all other entertainments,
And bravery of court : they may affect
My eyes with wonder, and oblige my just
Acknowledgment ; but all their glories met
Into one height, hold no proportion
To inflame my heart, or more express my wel-
come,

Than this your free grace, madam, and those hopes
That bless my imagination, from your favour.

Theo. I am but what my brother's love and
virtue

Will make me ; but there's nothing that can move
With his consent, I shall not fly to obey.

Aloi. * * * *

Mont. I had rather feed upon his heart.—

You promis'd, sir, the duke, to hunt this morning.

King. I had forgot.—Will you be pleas'd to try
The pleasures of [the] forest ?

Duke. I'll attend.

King. Theodosia, you are not for that exercise.—
Guido! [Whispers, and sends Guido off.]

Theo. I wish all pleasures wait upon you !

My heart must covet your return.

Duke. And mine,

To dwell for ever in so fair a bosom.

King. To horse ! the morning wastes.

[Exeunt all but Mont. Andr. Oct. and Riv.]

Mont. Some policy

Must cure this fear ; my bold resolves are fix'd.

I have made some attempts, and courted her,

But she has not understood me ; I must work

By countermine, and scatter into air

His swelling hopes.—Octavio!

[Exit.]

Oct. My good lord.—

[Going, but is prevented by Andrugio.]

Andr. Sir, I present this gentleman to kiss

Your hand ; he's the duke's secretary ;

A Roman born, and has a great ambition

To be known to you, for your father's sake,

With whom he did converse in Rome, and honour,

Till death concluded their acquaintance.

Oct. Sir,

Your love, and knowledge of my father, will

Deserve you should be welcome to his son.

* *Aloi.* ****] I suspect that a few words have been dropped here. It should be recollected that the characters now on the stage are separated in little groups.

Riv. He made me his companion many years ;
No brothers were more chain'd in their affections.
He did impart much of his bosom to me.

Oct. You knew why he left Naples ?

Riv. He did trust me
With the cause, my lord, and every circumstance ;
The king's minority, and Montalto's power,
'Gainst which no innocence could plead in Naples.

Andr. Not too loud, sir ; you may be heard.

Riv. Your pardon.

Oct. Why should truth
Faint at the name of greatness ? This colossus,
Montalto, is but mortal sure ; time has
Forgot to use his wings, or nature is
Unwilling I should grow to write full man,
To take revenge upon that politician,
Our Protean favourite.

Riv. It is my wonder,
The king so strangely should continue this
Affection to Montalto.

Oct. There's some magic in't.

Riv. Dare none complain ?

Andr. His engines are so placed,
None can approach the king's ear ; at which hang
So many flatterers to infect it with
Montalto's praise.

Riv. Pray give me, sir, this boldness :
He that doth lift an axe to strike the root
Of any family, cannot be without
A thought to wound the branches ; you were left,
By computation, but an infant, when
Your father's discontents, and [the strong] faction
Of this Montalto, made him forsake Naples,
Which, added to your mother's death, the guard
And comforts of your life were taken from you.
Having express'd this malice to your father,
A thousand ways he might have sent you to
Another world, and [shaken] off all fear

Of a revenge :—how comes it that you live,
And visit, sir, the palace with this freedom ?

Oct. My lord Andrugio's knowledge of you, sir,
Is my assurance of your faith.

Andr. I'll give
You reasons, at some opportunity,
Not to repent your confidence.

Oct. You have
Supplied my father, in your care of me.
Why I am this great lord's [chief] favourite,
Companion to his pleasures ; I live courted,
His creatures are my honours.³

Riv. I observ'd
Some gestures very loving to your lordship.

Oct. The king himself, for his sake gracing me,
With title of his bed-chamber.

Riv. 'Tis strange !
This news will cool my resolution. [*Aside to Andr.*
Andr. 'Tis truth, he doth engage him to all
favours.

Riv. 'Tis not impossible he may be honest.

Oct. And mean so ; but my soul cannot be bribed
So easily to prostrate my own justice,
And leave my father's ashes unreveng'd ;
Which in my ear groan from beneath the marble,
To keep my thoughts awake.

Andr. We may suspect
This is to catch applause ; a trick to win
Upon the people, who did love Riviero,
And mourn his fate.

³ This short speech is so defective in sense and matter in the old copy, as to excite a reasonable suspicion of its having suffered at the press. Whether the genuine text be now restored may be matter of doubt ; but some change was evidently necessary. It stood thus :

“ *Oct.* You have
Supplied my father in your care of me
I live ; why I am this great lord's favourite,
Courtied, his creatures are my honours,
Companion to his pleasures.”

Oct. However, I have art
 To keep my breast close, and accept his flatteries ;
 Can complement, and with officious bend,
 Thank his high favours ; wear a face of mirth,
 And prattle with the ladies, as if all
 The business I came into the world for
 Were but to talk, and dance, and go a feasting.

Riv. I must presume you want no counsel from
 My lord, who loved your father, how to manage
 Yourself to best advantage of your fame
 And honour : unto both I am a servant.

Andr. My lord Montalto may expect you, sir.

Riv. It is not safe we be observ'd too much.

Oct. My lord, you have begun a favour by
 The acquaintance of this gentleman ; I will
 Hope to salute him often by your means.—
 You shall not meet a heart more prompt to bid
 You welcome, sir.

Riv. You too much grace your servant ;
 I shall present a trouble.

Oct. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt Andr. and Oct.*]

Riv. Montalto's change hath stagger'd me al-
 ready.

These favours may be hearty to Octavio,
 And argument of penitence ; I'll observe,
 And sift his close heart ; if it prove unsound,
 He whets revenge to make the deeper wound.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Symphorosa's Country House.

Enter GUIDO, and BOMBO with a book.

Gui. I would speak with your lady, sir.

Bom. You may.

Gui. Direct me.

Bom. With which of my ladies ?

Gui. With both, or one.

Bom. I serve the daughter.

Gui. I would speak with her.

Bom. She is—I know not where.

Gui. What coxcomb's this ?

Enter IACOMO.

Gui. Dost hear, friend ? I would speak
With my lady Simphorosa.

Iac. This way, and please your lordship.

Gui. Stay; prithee, what fellow's that ?

Iac. A servant of my lady's.

Gui. Is he mad ?

Iac. A little fantastic, but very harmless,
And makes my ladies merry ; my young madam,
Domitilla, calls him her secretary, for sport,
And wonder of his good parts.

Gui. What are they ?

Iac. He can neither write nor read.

Gui. An excellent secretary !

Iac. But he has been much given
To reading, till much poring night and day,
And defying spectacles, made him book blind.
He walks and thinks he is wise, and talks upon
His old stock.

Gui. Prithee, acquaint my lady ; [*exit Iac.*]—
i' the mean time

I'll have more dialogue with him.—Save you, sir !

Bom. Save yourself, sir ; you are, I take't, a
courtier.

Gui. And you, my lady's secretary.

Bom. I am so.

Gui. I hear you are an understanding secretary.

Bom. 'Tis so ; I am : how came you by that
knowledge ?

Gui. We have your fame at court, sir.

Bom. Can you read ?

Gui. I hear you cannot.

Bom. Right.

Gui. Nor write.

Bom. 'Tis true.

Gui. What make you with a book? Ha! this is Euclid.

Bom. Euclid! it may be so.

Gui. Why, these are mathematics.

Bom. I have a chest full of them in my custody;

They were my old lord's, gray when I took charge on 'em,

But now look spruce and young; there's something in them.

Gui. What, in the name of ignorance, dost thou do with them?

Bom. I am excellent at turning over leaves, By which I keep the worms away.

Gui. Most learnedly!

Bom. I learnt it of my lady's chaplain, sir; Men are not always bound to understand Their library.—But, to omit learning, [sir,] Not now consider'd by wise men, what is Your business here, I pray?

Gui. It does concern Yourself; the king has heard of your good parts.

Bom. Sir, as you love me, say you saw me not: I knew I should one time or other be Found out for state employments.—Here's my lady. [Going.]

Enter SIMPHOROSA, and DOMITILLA.

I must obscure myself.

[*Guido converses apart with Simph.*

Dom. Why, how now, secretary! Whither so fast?

Bom. You little think—

Dom. What, prithee ?

Bom. Nor ever would believe—but 'tis not my fault—

If the king come in person, I'll not be seen.

Dom. The king !

Bom. Few words ; there's one, I know him not
Is little better than a spy upon me ;

If you look not to me, I am gone. [Exit.

Dom. So it seems.

Simp. How ? dine to day with us ?

Gui. Such is his royal pleasure.
He is now hunting with the duke, whom he
Intends to make your guest too.

Simp. My lord, I am not used to entertainments,
Nor is my house fit for so great a presence.
To avoid a storm, they might [perchance] obey
Necessity, and take it for some shelter ;
But in so calm a day—

Gui. Madam, although
You please to undervalue what's your own,
The king despairs not you will bid him welcome.
You have no narrow dwelling, and he knows
Your heart is spacious, like your fortunes, madam.
Princes do honour, when they come upon
Their subjects' invitation ; but they love,
Where they invite themselves.

Simp. My duty is to
Meet that interpretation, though the news
Come unexpected ; now it will, my lord,
Become me to be thrifty of the minutes ;
Their persons being so near : you will excuse,
If so short summons do expect my care
To entertain them. My good lord, you have ho-
nour'd me.

Gui. 'Tis service I am bound to. [Exit *Simp.*

Dom. Pray, my lord,
In your opinion, what should move the king
To invite himself our guest, and bring the duke

Along with him? he us'd not to retire
From hunting with this ceremony.

Gui. Princes

Are like the winds, and not to be examin'd
Where they will breathe their favours.

Dom. 'Tis confess'd

An honour to us, and I hope you'll pardon
A woman's curiosity.

Gui. Shall I

Deliver my opinion? While the king,
In entertainment of the duke, is shewing
The pleasures and the glories of his kingdom,
He cannot hide that which his Naples boasteth
Her greatest ornament, your beauty, madam.

Dom. I thank your lordship; I may now believe
The court's removing hither: yet this language
Might do you service to some other lady,
And I release it willingly; your complements
I know, mylord, are [not] much worse for wearing.

Gui. You rather will believe yourself worth
praise

Than hear it; though we call it modesty,
It grows from something like a woman's pride;
But it becomes you: madam, I take leave;
My service to your noble lady mother. [Exit.

Dom. Mine shall attend your lordship.

Re-enter SIMPHOROSA.

Simp. Now, Domjtilla!—

Is my lord gone?

Dom. Yes, madam.

Simp. I expected not

These guests to-day; they'll take us unprepar'd.

Dom. Not with our hearts to serve them; and
their goodness

Will excuse other want.

Simp. I know not, daughter;

But I could wish rather to enjoy ourselves,

Not for the cost—those thoughts are still beneath me.

Dom. You have [no] cause to fear, I hope?
You're troubled.

Simp. For thy sake, Domitilla.

Dom. Mine, dear madam!

Simp. It was for thee I chose this quiet life,
Upon thy father's death, and left the court:
Thou art all my care, sole heir to all my fortunes,
Which I should see unwillingly bestow'd
On some gay prodigal.

Dom. I cannot reach
Your meaning.

Simp. By some hasty marriage.

Dom. You would have me live a virgin; a less
fortune
Would serve me for a nun.

Simp. 'Tis not my thought.
Thou'rt young and fair [, Domitilla]; and though
I do not

Suspect thy mind, thus far bred up to virtue,
I would not have it tempted; but reserv'd
For a most noble choice, wherein should meet
My care and thy obedience.

Dom. You are my mother,
And have so far, by your example, taught me,
I shall not need the precepts of your virtue:
And let no thought of me take from your cheer-
fulness

To entertain the king; we owe him duty,
And that charm will not hurt us.

Simp. This does please me.

Dom. It shall be still my study.

Simp. I must see
How they prepare; things may want method else.
[Exit *Simp.*]

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. I kiss your fair hand, madam Domitilla ;
The king and duke, and all the jolly hunters,
With appetites as fierce as their own hounds,
Will be here presently.

Dom. I hope they will not
Devour us, my good lord.

Oct. But I would sit and feast, and feed mine
eyes
With Domitilla's beauty.

Dom. So, my lord!
Here was a gentleman, you could not choose
But meet him, spake your dialect : I have
Forgot his name, but he was some great lord.

Oct. [*Great lord!*] Fie! what an ignorance you
live in,
Not to be perfect in a great lord's name !
There are few ladies live with us but know
The very pages. Leave this darkness, madam,
And shine in your own sphere, where every star
Hath his due adoration.

Dom. Where ?

Oct. The court.
Confine such beauty to a country-house !
Live among hinds, and thick-skinn'd fellows, that
Make faces, and will hop a furlong back
To find the t'other leg they threw away,
To shew their reverence ! with things that squat,
When they should make a curtesy ! To court,
madam,
And live not thus, for shame ! the second part
Of a fond anchorite. We can distinguish
Of beauty there, and wonder without spectacles ;
Write volumes of your praise, and tell the world
How envious diamonds, 'cause they could not
Reach to the lustre of your eyes, dissolv'd

To angry tears! the roses droop, and gathering
 Their leaves together, seem to chide their blushes,
 That they must yield your cheek the victory!
 The lilies, when they are censur'd for comparing
 With your more clear and native purity,
 Want white to do their penance in!—

Dom. So, so!

Have you done now, my young poetic lord?

Oct. There will be no end, madam, of your
 praises.

Dom. And to no end you have spent all this
 breath.

Allow all this were wit, that some did think us
 The creatures they commend, (and those whom love
 Hath curs'd into idolatry and verse,
 May perhaps do so,) ⁴ we do know ourselves
 That we are no such things.

Oct. Is't possible?

Dom. And laugh at your chimeras.

Oct. You are the wiser.

Dom. If this be your court practice, let me dwell
 With truth and plain simplicity.

Oct. If I

Might have my choice, I would live with you,
 madam,

A neighbour to this innocence. Your mother—

Re-enter SIMPHOROSA.

[*Simp.*] The king is come already.

*Enter King, Duke, MONTALTO, GUIDO, ALOISIO,
 and ALEXIO.*

King. Madam, though you are
 So unkind as not to see the court sometime,
 The court is come to visit you.

⁴ *May perhaps do so,*] The old copy reads, "May perhaps
 die so." It is impossible not to notice the feeling, gay good
 humour, and poetic excellence of this little dialogue.

Simp. You have
Humbled yourself too much, to do us honour.

King. The duke of Florence.

Simp. 'Tis a blessing that
My roof can boast so great a guest.

King. Her daughter,
Worth your salute.

Duke. She is worth a world.—My lord,
What is that lady's name?

Mont. In this you most
Appear a stranger [,sir] : she is the glory
Of Naples, for her person and her virtues,
That dwell in this obscure place, like the shrine
Of some great saint to which devotion
From several parts brings, daily, men like pilgrims.

Duke. Her name?

Mont. She is wit, beauty, chastity, and all
That can make woman lovely to man's soul.
So far from the capacity of ill,
That virtues in all other of her sex,
Like stains, but set off her perfection :
And when is named all goodness in her titles,^s
The ornament, nay, glory of them all,
Is Domitilla, sir.

Duke. You speak her high ;
And I may guess, by your description,
My lord, this lady hath another name—
She is your mistress.

Mont. Not mine ; she was created for some
prince,
And can, beside her virtues, bring a fortune
Worth his embrace.

Duke. What charms are in her looks !

Mont. Are you there, duke ? This meeting was
my project ;

^s *And when is named all goodness in her titles,]* Meaning, perhaps, (for the expression is somewhat obscure) when all the titles or qualities of goodness are enumerated, &c.

Things may succeed to my ambition,
If I do noose your highness.

[*Aside.*

Simp. Please your majesty—

King. All things must please here.

Duke. I follow, sir.

Simp. This is a grace I ever must be proud of.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter BOMBO with a book, and IACOMO.

Bom. Have they almost dined? Stay, stay a little.

Iac. The last course is o' the table;

Why do not you wait?

Bom. That were a way indeed

To be discover'd! No, the king shall pardon me;
He has not seen me yet, for all his cunning.

Iac. Whom do you mean?

Bom. The king. Thou art ignorant;

I'll tell thee after dinner: i' the mean time,

Direct a wand'ring bottle of wine this way,

And let me alone; though I appear not in't,

I may have a humour to make a masque, if they

Stay supper.

Iac. Thou make a masque!

Bom. I do not say I'll write one, for I have not
My writing tongue, though I could once have read:

But I can give, if need be, the design,

Make work among the deal boards, and perhaps

Can teach them as good language as another

Of competent ignorance. Things go not now

By learning; * I have read, 'tis but to bring

* *Things go not now by learning;*] I had occasion to observe in the Life of Jonson, (p. ccxxxi.) how greatly these Entertainments

Some pretty impossibilities, for anti-masques,
 A little sense and wit disposed with thrift,
 With here and there monsters to make them laugh :
 For the grand business, to have Mercury,
 Or Venus' dandiprat, to usher in
 Some of the gods, that are good fellows, dancing,
 Or goddesses ; and now and then a song,
 To fill a gap :—a thousand crowns, perhaps,
 For him that made it, and there's all the wit !

Iac. In what ?

Bom. In getting of the money.

Iac. You are witty, signior Bombo. To advance
 The muse, I'll fetch [the] bottle, that you talk'd of.

Bom. If there be a superfluous pheasant, it
 Will quell my hunger for a time. I hear
 Intelligence of an olio ; if any
 Such things may be recover'd from the courtiers,
 That have keen appetites upon hunting dinners,
 You shall not need to enquire much after me,
 I shall be hereabouts. [*exit Iacomo, and re-enters
 with a flask.*]—Why, thou hast wings !

Iac. A bottle of rich wine.

Bom. Thou wert always honest.

Iac. There's asking for my lady's secretary

Bom. I knew't ; I am not here.

Do they enquire already ? Come, I'll pledge thee.
[*Drinks.*]

What wilt thou say, if somebody be sent for
 To court ?

Iac. I'll drink somebody's health. [*Drinks.*]

Bom. Thou'rt a good fellow, and this courtesy
 Shall be remember'd.

[*Within.*] Iacomo !

Iac. I am call'd.

fell off after he ceased to write for the court. This could not have escaped our poet. There are evidently some personal allusions in this speech, which must be shared between Inigo Jones and the court-poet of the day.

Bom. Leave, leave your wicker, friend ; we'll
 drink a cup [*Exit Iac.*
 When thou art gone.—'Tis very excellent wine.
 And now I have a stomach like an edge-tool ;
 But no good comes of idleness : 'tother cup, [*Drinks.*
 The bottle grows light-headed. How now, friend !
 No dish of meat appear ? nothing to shew
 The kitchen and the wine cellar are friends ?
 I would the cook were roasted !—Honest Iacomo,

*Re-enter IACOMO with a dish of meat, and PIETRO
 with a flask.*

I was thinking of a brace of cocks just as you came.

Iac. I have retriev'd a covey of partridge for thee.

Piet. And a cup of Greek wine. Here's to thee.

[*Drinks.*

Bom. I understand Greek wine ; I'll lose no
 time.

[*Drinks.*

Iac. What's this ? a book ?

Bom. No ; 'tis my learned trencher,

[*Lays the meat on the cover of the book.*

Which scholars sometimes eat ; Euclid they call it.

In my opinion, this wing and leg

Is worth all bodies mathematical.

Now let's dispute in Greek ; to the king's health !

[*Drinks.*

Piet. To me ? I'll pledge.

[*Drinks.*

Iac. It shall go round.

[*Drinks.*

Bom. And why do you think, my friend,
 The king came hither with the duke ?

Piet. To dine.

Bom. Thy brains are in thy guts ; you shall
 hear more.

What's this ?

Iac. Potatoe, bully.

Bom. A cup of wine to clear the passage.

[*drinks.*]—So ;

Here is, as they say, Latin ; here is Greek,

And here's, for aught I know, an Hebrew root,
Most learnedly met together.

Iac. He'll be drunk presently.

Bom. Bottle, in battle 'ray! present! give fire!

[Drinks.

So! as you were. [sets down the flask.]—Have they
good stomachs, Iacomo?

How feeds the king?

Iac. He was very pleasant with your lady;
But the duke feeds upon her looks.

Bom. My lady's health,
My lady, little Domitilla's health. [Drinks.

Piet. Well said;
About! about!

Bom. I am about another,
To our reverend lady, Simphorosa. [drinks.]—So,
so!

This wine, they say, will make us see things double;
Here is but one leg visible.—Well, for this favour,
Gentlemen, if I be forced to live in court,
I'll make you all, in time.

Who can write or read among you?

Both. None, none; we scorn it.

Bom. You shall have all preferment; trust to me,
And mark my steps. Here's to the courteous
drinker! [Drinks.

Now do I find a noble constitution in me; now
Could I leap—would thou wert any living lady
In my way now!

Iac. Away! the lords are risen.

Bom. The lords do rise and fall.

Piet. He's paid;² the king will come this way.

[Exeunt Piet. and Iac.

Bom. Every man go his own way; I will not see
The king for all this.—

Enter GUIDO, ALOISIO, and ALEXIO.

Friend.—

² *He's paid;*] i. e. he is quite drunk.

Gui. This is the lady's secretary; pray, my lords,

Be acquainted with him.

Bom. Do you hear?

No body say he saw me: I will not

Be seen yet.

[*He reels in.*]

Gui. Though he be made a spectacle: but leave him.

'Twas a handsome entertainment o' the sudden.

Aloi. A pretty hunting dinner; but did you not observe with what intention³ the duke shot eyes on Domitilla?

Alex. And the king

Applied all his discourse to her. I know not; He has made no vow against a second marriage, But if he choose at home, and look at beauty—

Gui. She is a very pretty talking lady.

Alex. Very ingenious.

Aloi. And, with your favour, though she be no court lady,

She wants no confidence.

Alex. What if the duke be taken with her?

Gui. Let him

Be taken a-bed with her; 'tis my opinion My lord Montalto will not die for grief on't.

Aloi. They are here.

Enter Duke, and MONTALTO.

Mont. Your grace is sad; excuse My diligence to wait on you. I could wish, If it made no intrusion on your thoughts, I had [an] opportunity to express What might not be unworthy of your patience.

Duke. To me?

³ *Observe with what intention*] i. e. intensity, of observation; the old sense of the word.

Enter King, leading in DOMITILLA.

Mont. The king.—

This way leads to the garden ;⁴ let me have
The honour to attend you.

[*Exeunt duke and Montalto.*]

King. Where's the duke ?

Gui. He took that way to the garden, sir,
With the lord Montalto.

King. You may remove a little.— [*Exit Gui.*]
You have no fear to trust yourself with me ?

Dom. I cannot, sir, forget you are the king,
And, in a wilderness, could have no thought
With the least prejudice upon your virtue.

King. You have the greater innocence at home.
My intents are fair enough, and you may stand
The danger of a question ; pray, how old are you ?

Dom. Although it be not held a welcome com-
plement
To our sex, my duty bids me not dispute ;
I am fifteen, my mother says.

King. And are
You not in love ?

Dom. I must not charge myself
With so much ignorance to answer, that
I understand not what it means ; I know
The word, but never could apply the sense,
Or find it in a passion more than ordinary.

King. Cupid hath lost his quiver then : he could
not
Be arm'd, and let you 'scape, whose sole captivity
Would be more glory than the conquest made,
As poet's feign, upon the gods.

Dom. 'Tis language
With which you are pleas'd to mock your humble
handmaid.

⁴ *This way leads to the garden ;]* The quarto reads, " This way, Ladies, to the garden."

King. But this assures him blind.

Dom. He would deserve
To lose his eyes indeed, if he should aim
A shaft at me.

King. Madam, you have a heart.

Dom. To which no other
Flame can approach, than what shall light it to
Obedience of your will, and my good mother's.

King. Obedience to my will! What if it were
My will that you should love?

Dom. Sir, I do love.

King. Love, with the warm affection of a mis-
tress,

One I'll present a servant? Why that blush?
The words are not immodest; there did want
No blood upon your cheek to make it lovely:
Or does it flow in silence, to express
That which your virgin language would not be
So soon held guilty of—consent?

Dom. To what?

King. To love, by my direction, a man,
Whose worth consider'd, shall deserve you too,
And in the noblest way invite your freedom,
Until the holy priests declare your hearts
Are knit into one blessing. There's no harm
In this?

Dom. Most royal sir, I know not with
What words to say, you honour me. How can
One so unworthy as poor Domitilla,
Be entertain'd within your thoughts and care,
In this high nature?

King. Though your mother have
Made both her person and yourself a stranger
To court, I have had eyes upon your virtues,
Which, waited on by a most ample fortune,
I have studied to advance, if you'll accept
A husband of my choice: what say you, madam?

Dom. I have a mother, sir,

King. She shall think it fortunate

'Bove expectation. You have not vow'd yourself
To a cold nunnery?

Dom. Not I, sir.

King. When
I shall declare how precious he is
To my own bosom.

Dom. Royal sir, this language
Must needs prepare a welcome; I should think
My heart unlike another woman's, not
To obey a charm so powerful as your praise;
But when you are consider'd as my king,
Duty takes off the merit of my will,
And humble[s] every thought beneath obedience.

King. His name is—

Dom. Pardon, I beseech you, sir;
Conceal it yet.—What gentle spirit walks
Upon my blood?—I dare not look upon him;
My hopes—my fears.—[*aside.*]—It is enough,
great sir,
That you have one within your thought, you would
Commend to Domitilla, one you love,
And precious to your bosom. Sure you blest him
With such a character?

King. It was too short.

Dom. My heart is a false prophet;—[*aside.*]—
'Tis a fate
Too good and great for Domitilla.

King. Well,
His name shall be reserv'd; but when it opens
Itself to your knowledge, you will honour it,
And thank me, Domitilla. I' the mean time,
Let the opinion you have of me
Live in your trust; and make room in your heart
To meet the husband I shall bring. [*Exit.*]

Dom. Why may not this be meant by his own
person?⁵

⁵ *Why may not this be meant by his own person?* i. e. of his own person. In this sense the word perpetually occurs in our old writers.

More wonders have been read in story. I
 Find thick, but amorous tremblings in my heart.
 He's king—why not? Love has done stranger
 things,
 And can lead captiye the proud heart of kings.
[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Same.—A Garden.

Enter Duke, and MONTALTO.

Duke. Here none can reach our voice ; be free
 and clear.

Mont. First let me kiss your hand, on which I
 swear
 To speak all truth ; 'tis justice to your person,
 Your merit, and my faith ; next, though the secret
 May both concern and benefit your knowledge,
 I shall desire your pardon.

Duke. You prepare me
 For wonder : if it be an act of friendship
 To me, it will become me to reward it ;
 Not thanks, nor pardon.

Mont. But all truths meet not
 With charitable ears ; there is a descant
 That pleases not sometimes, though the best art
 Present it, if our sense be indispos'd
 To patience and calm hearing.

Duke. Do not doubt me.

Mont. 'Twill not become me so much as in
 thought
 To enquire how long, or with what firm devotion
 You [do] affect the princess Theodosia ;
 But Naples is more conscious, than to doubt
 You bring a welcome treaty in your person,
 And every voice and heart is busy with
 The expectation of your marriage ;
 Whilst every eye, bright with your flame, is able

To light a torch to Hymen : virgins have
 No other care than with what flowers, sweet
 As your own name, to adorn the smiling altars.

Duke. You promis'd, sir, a secret.

Mont. It will come

'Too fast upon your knowledge. Have you never
 Look'd from the prospect of your palace window,
 When some fair sky courted your eye to read
 The beauties of a day ; the glorious sun
 Enriching so the bosom of the earth,
 That trees and flowers appear'd but like so much
 Enamel upon gold ; the wanton birds,
 And every creature but the drudging ant,
 Despising providence,⁶ and at play ; and all
 That world you measure with your eye, so gay
 And proud, as winter were no more to shake
 His icy locks upon them, but the breath
 Of gentle zephyr to perfume their growth,
 And walk eternally upon the spring !
 When, from a coast you see not, comes a cloud
 Creeping as overladen with a storm,
 Dark as the womb of night, and with her wings
 Surprising all the glories you beheld,
 Leaves not your frightened eyes a light to see
 The ruins of that flattering day?

Duke. This language
 Carries both mystery and horror. Pray,
 My lord, convey your meaning to my knowledge.

Mont. I shall ; I had in vain prepar'd you thus else.
 Pardon again the story : Theodosia,
 More beautiful than the day I figured by her,
 Is quite o'ercast, and looks through an eclipse
 Upon your love ; she has no heart but what
 Another is possess'd of.

Duke. Ha !

Mont. I know

⁶ *Despising providence,*] If this be correct, as I presume it is, it must mean, neglecting, throwing away all prudential care and foresight.

It cannot but afflict your thoughts, that all
 Your expectation, ripe, and courted to
 The enjoying such a treasure as she is,
 Must finish in embracing of a shadow ;
 Invited to a fable, not a bride,
 That should with joy dwell in your princely arms :
 For Theodosia, without sacrilege,
 Cannot be your's ; she is contracted.

Duke. How !

The king of Naples must not, sir, engage
 Florence to such a mockery.

Mont. 'Tis my duty

To clear his honour in't ; he has a pure
 Intent to make his sister your's : her close,
 Though honourable love's design'd without
 His knowledge, and you will but waste your rage
 Upon her destiny, which will bury her
 In her own ruins, if your anger make
 The king her enemy.

Duke. I do not find

My heart in any disposition
 To break, at hearing of this news ; but wish it
 Truth, to prepare room for another guest ;
 The fairer Domitilla is here sainted. [Aside.

Mont. Your excellency—

Duke. Must not be thus affronted,
 Montalto, and return with this dishonour.
 Was there no cheaper person to be made
 Ridiculous in Naples ?

Mont. Calm your blood.

I know you must resent it ; but let not
 Your passion make the world believe you should
 Despair to find one apter to your bosom :
 The richest beauty in the world your birth
 And fortune must deserve, and I should curse
 My forward duty to your grace—

Duke. No more,

I have consider'd better ; and although

Your love may merit thanks, yet this intelligence
Will not concern my faith ; this cannot be, sir.

Mont. My honour is engaged, then, to convince
you,

Though with the hazard of my life and fortunes ;
Both which must now depend upon your mercy :
Your breath shall make them bleed or live.

Duke. What means

Montalto ?

Mont. To translate the power of all
My stars, and make you lord of my whole fate.
Theodosia's heart, sir, should be mine, by free
Gift of herself, who has been pleas'd to take
My vows in the exchange, which now may boast
Some time and growth ; which could not be a sin
Against your love, with which all that can spring
From me deserves no name : nor dare I take
Boldness to call her mine, who am a thing
Lighter than air in balance with your grace,
If you but chide the ambition ; and could render,
Though I commit a rape on my own life,
All that her love hath promis'd me.

Duke. 'Tis strange !

Mont. But she,—let me take freedom to be plain,—

Duke. Is not to be reduced, you'll say.

Mont. Sir, women

Love not with that safeguard upon their passion.

Duke. She has a wise art to dissemble then.

Mont. 'Tis fear it should arrive at the king's
knowledge,

In whose displeasure she is lost, and not
A will to mock your grace ; for whom there is
Another wound within her mind,—that she
Should wear a smiling summer in her brow,
Yet frost within her heart ; in which, unhappily,
She comes too near the nature of the adamant,
Hard to your grace, whom she attracts. But love,
Your wisdom knows, is in the volume of

Our fate decreed, whose periods, when they are
By time made known, greatness on earth, that
means

To play the tyrant with us, may have strength
To punish, not reverse.

Duke. I am confirm'd,
And prosper in my thoughts.

[*Aside.*

Mont. It takes.

[*Aside.*

Duke. My lord,
You have express'd an act of confidence,
Which I must not betray; though to my loss,
It is some happiness to know this early.
We may be expected; you shall find me, sir,
A prince, but no usurper.

Mont. I am your creature.

The king.—We build upon your piety,
Until some little time may call our loves
Out of this silence.

*Enter King, SIMPHOROSA, DOMITILLA, GUIDO,
ALOISIO, and ALEXIO.*

King. You understand me, madam?

Simp. And am honour'd.

Duke. Her eyes beget new wonder; I shall be
Observ'd. [*Aside.*

King. Come, now to horse.

Duke. I shall attend.—

Your entertainment has obliged us, madam.

Simp. It was not worth such guests;
But prayers and duty must supply.

King. Now, madam,
You are a great part of my care; depend
Upon me for a husband.

Dom. Is't not plain?

[*Aside.*

Duke. Madam, another guest must take his
leave,

That here would choose his palace.

Dom. You are gracious,
And but encourage more to honour you.

Mont. I'll creep, and kiss thy altar, Love, allow
Him flame, and knit more charms upon her brow.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Naples.—*A Part of the Palace.*

Enter Duke, and RIVIERO.

Duke. 'Tis thy old quarrel 'gainst Montalto
makes thee
Incredulous : I dare believe he loves
Theodosia.

Riv. 'Tis not that I question, sir ;
But that part which concerns her love to him,
Sounds like a plot upon your nature, to
Secure his own ambition.

Duke. Why ? the princess
May love ; as great a heart has been made stoop.

Riv. Your grace should else in vain court her
yourself ;
And late your highness thought she met your
person,
A fair design of love, with all the soft
Behaviour of a princess.

Duke. But 'tis not
Impossible a lady should dissemble.

Riv. Allow her but the honour she was born
with,
And she'll not stain her blood so much.

Duke. But love
Must be obey'd, and prepossession

Of hearts is a shrewd ¹ thing to wrestle with.
 I make it my own case ; and if I loved
 Another lady better than the princess,
 As every man's not proof against all beauty,
 I think I should be constant too ; it would
 Be something to remove me.

Riv. Then the king ?

Duke. He knows not ; and I have bound myself
 in honour

Not to betray [them ;] if they be decreed
 To make a marriage, a soft destiny
 Attend their loves !

Riv. There is some mystery.

But will you rest, and take for granted she
 Does love Montalto ? If it be a truth,
 You're in the same condition when she
 Confirms it.

Duke. 'Tis not good to be busy
 In search of these unwelcome certainties ;
 There's hope while things are clouded in suspicion.

Riv. But so your jealousy may wound her ho-
 nour,

Which you may cure by knowledge.

Duke. I will think on't ;

Mean time, let this dwell in that honest silence
 You have profess'd ; there is another secret
 May follow.

Riv. You must challenge my whole bosom ;
 And I am confident your highness will
 Steer all your resolutions by honour,
 Which in a prince is sacred.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the lord
 Montalto is coming up.

¹ ——— prepossession

[Of hearts is a shrewd thing to wrestle with.] The quarto reads,
 " a lewd thing," &c.

Duke. Then try your art
Upon him, and inform yourself; I'll take
My time to appear.

[Retires.

Riv. I obey.—

Enter MONTALTO.

My honour'd lord.

Mont. Most noble Philoberto! where is the duke?

Riv. If you'll but excuse a few minutes—

Mont. 'Tis

My duty to attend.

Riv. How is it with the princess, my good lord?

Mont. The princess? she is in health.—Why
this to me?

He is of inward counsel with the duke;

I must be resolute.

[Aside.

Riv. I ask, because

His grace intends a present visit to her;

And was but now in mention of your lordship,

To bear him company.

Mont. I like not that.—

[Aside.

He knows he may command my services.

Riv. He will deserve your love. Pray, my lord,
tell me,

And let us be plain-breasted; you enjoy

The king, as I, but with less stock of merit,

The favour of his excellence; how affect you

The present state of things? will't be a match?

There is loud expectation in the world,

And after all, my master's fond to have it

Proceed; to these, I am of opinion

There's no retreating now without dishonour;

Yet, as I am Philoberto, I much pity

He should, through any wound to your affection,

Perfect his love.

Mont. He has told you, then, the secret?

And, not to wastemore language, I collect,

From what you have express'd, he does resolve
To destroy me; Montalto must be trod on.

Riv. Not so, my lord.

Mont. Yes; and my heart the ascent
To his hymeneal altar, which must be
Made crimson with the blood of a true lover.
His will be obey'd. Theodosia shall see,
To advance her, Montalto will go smiling
To his sacrifice; and after many prayers,
That she may live the darling of his heart,
I'll change my acquaintance of this world, to be
At peace in my own ashes.

Riv. You will not

Commit a violence upon yourself?

Mont. I shall not need; the thought of her will
kill me

With as much silence as I go to sleep;
I only shall bleed inward, and my life
Remove itself like a fair apparition,
That vanishes to the eye, and with less noise
Than a calm summer's evening: but when I
Am dead, 'tis not impossible some may
Report Theodosia was but ravish'd from me;
Fear of a brother's anger, and the trick
Of politic states, that marry to knit power,
Not hearts, did force her to Herare's^a arms;
Whilst I, torn from the branch where I once grew,
Travel, I know not whither, in the air.

Riv. I begin

To think him worth some pity.

[*Aside.*

Mont. Into what

Vain thing would the severer apprehension
Of grief transform us? Coward! let the duke

^a ——— to Herare's arms;] So the quarto, with the exception of the apostrophe. Whether the poet meant to give the duke of Florence this strange name, or, as is more probably the case, it be a corruption of the press, the reader must determine.

Move with all amorous haste to his delight,
 And glory in the hope of his fair bride,
 Mine by the gift of heaven, and hearts ; but all
 My flowers grow dully on their stalks, and wither !
 Let her gay paranympths, with rosy chaplets,
 Which will take all their colour from her blush,
 Attend on Theodosia to the temple,
 While, as they go, no rude wind shall be heard,
 But so much breath of heaven as gently may,
 Lifting their loose hair up, whisper my wrong
 To every virgin's ear ! let them be married,
 Knit hands, and plight a ceremonious faith !
 Let all the triumphs waste,³ let them be wasted,
 And night itself bribed with a thousand forms
 Of mirth and revels, till the night, grown faint
 And pale with watching,
 Invite to bed ; yet there he shall enjoy
 But Theodosia's body, and not that
 As his fair thoughts expect, perhaps, the conquest
 Of one whom he loved better. [Exit.

Re-enter Duke.

Riv. How was that ?

Duke. Now, shall I trust him ? If my sense mis-
 take not,

Theodosia may not be a virgin.

Riv. 'Twas

His bold conclusion.

Duke. Where is now the honour
 You talk of ? Durst Montalto charge her with
 This stain, without his conscience to assure it ?

Riv. Yes, and to me this renders him the more
 To be suspected ; and I am so far

³ *Let all the triumphs waste, &c.]* I lament to say, that all which follows of this beautiful speech is involved in hopeless error and obscurity. Much has been corrupted at the press, much lost or shuffled out of its place ; and though some partial aids might be supplied, yet, in so desperate a case, it seemed more prudent to leave the whole as it stands in the old copy.

From thinking she affects Montalto, that
 I am convinced he loves her not. Can he
 Have any noble thought of Theodosia,
 That dares traduce her honour? think on that.
 And can revenge in any lover be
 A reason to wound a lady's fame? It tastes
 Of rank injustice, and some other end,
 Time will discover; and yet your grace is bound
 To have his accusation confirm'd,
 Or hunt this spotted panther⁴ to his ruin,
 Whose breath is only sweet to poison virtue.

Duke. What I resolve enquire not. [Exit.

Riv. I see through
 Montalto's soul, and have been so long tame
 In my own sufferings; but this will make
 Him ripe for punishment.—Andrugio and
 My son!

Enter ANDRUGIO, and OCTAVIO.

Oct. I cannot with the wings of duty
 Fly swift enough, to prostrate my obedience,
 And welcome from a long-supposed death
 My honour'd father.

Riv. Then I must appear so.

Andr. And let me give a son up to your blessing,
 Worthy your best prayers and embrace; 'twas time
 To bring you acquainted, he had else this night
 Contriv'd Montalto's tragedy at a banquet,
 For your revenge; his active thoughts I could not
 Counsel to longer patience.

Riv. Thou hast but
 Prevented me, Octavio; I was weary
 Of my concealment.

Oct. But my joys are wild,
 And will, I fear, transport me.

Riv. My best friend,
 And my own spirited boy! fear not Montalto;

⁴ ——— panther - - - whose breath is only sweet, &c.] See a note on this popular fable. Jonson, vol. ii. p. 351.

He's now upon a precipice, his fate
 Stoops with the glorious burden of his pride.
 Things may be worth our counsel ; we shall see
 This prodigy, that would be held a star,
 And did so fright us with his streaming hair,
 Drop like a comet, and be lost i' the air. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter MONTALTO and THEODOSIA.

Mont. Is't possible the day should be so old,
 And not a visit from the duke ?

Theo. While he
 Enjoys health, I shall easily forgive
 A little ceremony.

Mont. And a lover !
 Your grace must chide him ; other men may have
 Excuse for their neglect of time, but he
 That loves deserves no pardon.

Theo. Judge with charity,
 My lord ; the case may be your own. You would
 Think her a cruel mistress that should doom
 Your life to exile, for not payment of
 One ceremonious visit.

Mont. Not where such
 Perfection were to engage my service, madam ;
 Pardon the bold comparison, death were not
 Enough to punish that rude thought could start from
 Your bright idea, or converse with praters
 That did not first concern your excellence :
 I would not be ambitious of a blessing,
 But from reflex of your's.

Theo. You would express
 A most officious servant to that lady
 Were honour'd in your thought ; but the duke of
 Florence
 And I shall make no such severe conditions.

Mont. If he do love you, madam, that will teach
him

Above what ceremony prescribes to honour you.

Theo. *If he do love!*

Mont. Your grace's pardon; I
Speak from an honest freedom, taken from
The assurance of your goodness, that know better
How to distinguish truth. I am not judge
Of his breast, madam.

Theo. I suppose you are not.

Mont. And yet being a man, another may
Conclude his passions are but such as have
Been read in human nature.

Theo. What infer you
From hence, my lord?

Mont. Nothing, but that a prince
May be no saint in love.

Theo. How's that?

Mont. 'Twas in my fear I should displease.

Theo. Your will?

Mont. Not for the empire of the world; I shall
Repent I live, with your suspicion
Upon my humbled soul.

Theo. Pray, sir, be free,
Touching the duke; I must know all. What is it
Makes him no saint?

Mont. Madam, he is not dead;
And in his life I see no miracles.

Theo. You talk'd of love.

Mont. No miracles of love;
He loves as other men, that have profess'd
Devotion to a mistress; but—

Theo. What? speak,
I charge thee, by the memory of what
Thou dost affect most.

Mont. Though it wound myself,
Be arm'd, and hear it. How I blush within me,
To tell your highness Florence has transplanted
His heart, and all his active thoughts are placed—

Theo. On whom ?

Mont. On Domitilla.

Theo. Ha !

Mont. I did

Observe them, madam, at her mother's house,
Where we were lately feasted after hunting,
How strangely he was taken ; how his eyes
Did wanton with her face, and on her hair
Tie many golden knots, to keep Love chain'd.
But these are but suspicions ; he since
Confess'd to me, in hope to win me to
Negociate his affair, how, at first sight,
He took in desperate flames, and that she rules
The intelligence of his soul. I hear the king
Hath sent for her to court, which must give,
 madam,

A dangerous opportunity to actuate
His ends, with your dishonour. I was unwilling
To speak this knowledge of his hasty change,
But all my bonds of piety and faith
Would have been forfeit to a long[er] silence.

Theo. Shall I be thus affronted ?

Mont. We see princes,
Whom we call gods on earth, in the affairs
Of love turn men again.

Theo. For Domitilla !—

Mont. That's the dishonour, madam, and infects
My brain to think on't ; and as much beneath
Your grace in all the ornaments of soul
And person, as she is in blood, if my
Impartial thoughts may take so bold commission
To judge between your beauties.

Theo. Is it possible ?

Mont. It is too certain, madam ; I should be
A villain to accuse the duke unjustly,
Or bring but shadows of a truth ; for though
He be unworthy of your love, that dares
Thus value your perfections below
That phantom Domitilla, let not passion

Make you too rash in managing a cause
On which depends your fame; compared to which,
Ten thousand lives, added to mine, were nothing.
Observe him at next visit.

Theo. I'll study thanks, sir.

Mont. You pay me with a blessing, if my name
But live within your memory. [Exit.

Theo. This troubles me.

Enter King, and GUIDO.

King. Are they both come to court?

Gui. And in those lodgings were prepared.

King. 'Tis well;

And came they cheerfully?

Gui. Yes, sir; but something
I might discern^s like trouble, and by starts,
In Domitilla; but they are pleas'd with their
Remove, and wait all your commands.

King. So! leave us.— [Exit Guido.
Theodosia, what's the matter? art not well?

Theo. Where is the duke?

King. I thought to have met him here.

Theo. Is Domitilla come to court?

King. She is,

By my command, to wait on thee.

Theo. To rival me! [Exit.

King. How's that?

I meant her [for] a wife for good Montalto,
As the reward of his just services;
He knows it not, as he is ignorant
For whom I have prepar'd her. *Rival! Strange!*
I must know more of this. She is in nature
Too apprehensive; for although, in love,
Suspicion to men a torment be,
There is no fiend to women's jealousy. [Exit.

^s I might discern] The old copy reads, "I nigh discern."

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter DOMITILLA, and BOMBO.

Bom. You may do what you will, madam ; put me

Into fine clothes, and make an ass of me ;
But should you wrap me in a lion's skin--

Dom. You have ears that will betray what beast you are.

Bom. Pray, madam, tell me, in six words of sense,

What shall I do here ? I'll not see the king,
Though he have cunningly devis'd this trick,
Only to bring me hither, and betray me
To offices ; make me at least an idol.

Dom. What's that ?

Bom. An idol in the country, I have read, [*'s*]
A thing we call a worshipful, a right worshipful,
Descended from the house of the Factotums ;
Lord of the soil, and cock of his own dunghill.

Dom. You may be out of fear ; you cannot read,
Nor set your name to a warrant.

Bom. All that's nothing ;
Ignorance every day comes into fashion ;
And no mean statesmen now, when they do write
Their names, do, for their honours, so contrive it,
You can hardly know a nobleman from a mark.⁶

⁶ *You can hardly know a noble-man from a mark.*] Bombo's meaning is better than his quibble, which is poor enough. Nothing, in fact, can be more uncouth than the attempts made by many of the nobility and gentry of the poet's days to scrawl their names. Some of them differ in nothing from *marks*, but in the appearance of being elaborated with more illiterate perseverance.

Dom. If you be an enemy to all preferment,
Your best way is to leave the world, and turn
Lay friar.

Bom No,
I find no such thing in my constitution.
Every man is not bound to be religious ;
Men of my bulk and bearing should not fast so.
I am not given by nature to drink water,
Or lie without a shirt ; I have corns, madam,
And I would make less conscience to undo
My shoemaker, than walk on wooden pantables.
I will endure to serve you still, and dwell here,
So you conceal me from the king :—'tis not
That I do owe his majesty ill will ;
I could endure him too, upon condition
He would make nothing of me.

Dom. Why, he shall
Make nothing of thee, take my word ; or, if
Thou hast a mind, I'll pray him make thee less.

Bom. No, I would be a middling Christian ;
But what will you do herè yourself? you'll be
In [love.]

Dom. With whom, dost think ?

Bom. And cast away
Yourself upon some pageant, one whose wit
Must be beholding to another's wool,
To keep it warm ; one that can dance, and sing,
And wag his feather, an artificial calf carrier ;
A youth that's sew'd together by his taylor,
And taken o' pieces by his surgeon.

Dom. Why, how now, secretary ?

Bom. I could say more.

Dom. Is this wit natural ?

Bom. You were best say
I got it here at court. Pray heaven I do not
Lose what I brought ! I had a wholesome wit
I' the country, ask the parish and the parson,
For I kept company with those that read,

And learn[’d] wit by the ear : if any slip from me,
As where there is a plenty some will out,
Here are so many wit catchers, a lost maidenhead
Is sooner found, and set upon the shoulders
Of the right owner.

Dom. I prithee tell me, Bombo,
And tell me truth, do not you think yourself,
After all this, a fool?

Bom. A fool ! your servant, madam.

Dom. I’ll speak, thou mayst be the king’s fool.

Bom. I thank you ;

I tell you, I’ll not see the king, or, if—
Yes, I look like a fool !—I could be angry,
But then you’d say I were a fool indeed.

Dom. Be not so passionate.

Bom. Would I had been a fool !

I would I had ! for my own sake I wish it !
I should not have been tempted hither then,
By which I have endangered my good parts
To state employment : but I’ll be wise enough.
He has not seen me yet, nor shall not, if
There be a witch in Naples, or a mist
That will be bought for money, to walk the court
in :

But take your course ; an I were at home again—

Dom. What then ?

Bom. I would live in the cellar, the wine cellar.

Dom. ’Tis your humility.

Bom. There, were some fortification to be made
Against the court invasions, countermines
Of sand and sack ; a man might thrust himself
Among the bottles, and defy the world ;
Be drunk, and not be call’d out of his sleep
To go ambassador.

Enter SIMPHOROSA.

Dom. Do so ; fear not :

Have a strong faith, and thou mayst die i' the
country,

For all this. Here's my mother ; let your care
Be now, that none may interrupt us.

Bom. I will do any thing but see the king.

Dom. With pardon, madam, you seem full of
thought. [Exit.]

Simp. I am studying, Domitilla, why the king
Should send for us to court.

Dom. Mother, you cannot
Mention the king in any act of his
That is not glorious, and like himself ;
He is the great example of a king,
But richer in his soul than state.

Simp. But why
To us this favour? to call us from those
Cold and obscure shades of a [long] retirement,
To plant us here, near his own beams?

Dom. He has
Some meaning in't.

Simp. It is yet dark to me.

Dom. We shall not stain his court ; his sister's but
A lady of more distinction of birth ;
Yet all that have been princes, came not to
Their state by a descent. The heralds know
Some were not born to purple and to sceptres,
That have been queens. Virtue has raised some ;
And beauty has had many charms to rule
The heart of kings.

Simp. What's all this, Domitilla ?
I hope you are not dreaming of a queen.
Such wild interpretation of the king's
Favour to us, cannot be made without
The forfeit[ure] of wits and duties, which
Should teach us to contain our thoughts in their
Own sphere, and not to point them upon objects
Above our level.

Dom. I betray myself.—

[*Aside.*

When I said beauty had a power to charm
A king, it might acquit me from suspicion
Of any hope to apply them so ambitiously :
You'll grant it just to love the king ?

Simp. Our duties.

Dom. And he may, where he please, place his
affection ?

Simp. Leave that to her it may concern.

Dom. And she

That's mark'd for so great honour, should be mad
To quarrel with her kind fate ?

Simp. What's all this
To thee ?

Dom. To me ? why, mother, is't not possible
A lady, not much fairer than myself,
May be a queen ? Great princes [sure] have eyes
Like other men ; and I should sin against
What heaven and nature have bestow'd on me,
Should my fate smile, to think my face would be
The bar to such preferment.

Simp. Leaving this,
Which is but mirth, I know ; since we are fall'n
Into discourse of love, what would you answer
To lord Montalto, if he came a wooing,
And recommended by the king ?

Dom. I would
E'en recommend him to the king again.

Simp. Is not his favourite worth your love, if he
Descend to be your servant ?

Dom. As a servant,
He may be entertain'd ; and were I queen,
Perhaps he should be favourite to both ;
And I would smile upon his services,
In imitation of the king, while he
Preserv'd his modest duty, and his distance.

Simp. My daughter is transported !—Sure you are
No queen [yet,] Domitilla ?

Dom. 'Tis a truth ;
Nor is Montalto yet my favourite.

Simp. I hope she's not so miserable to affect
The king, by whose directions I prepare
Her for Montalto. [Aside.

Re-enter BOMBO.

Bom. A sprig of the nobility, call'd Octavio,
Desires access.

Dom. Admit him.

Simp. I must let
This passion cool, and leave her. [Exit.

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. Welcome to court! why, so! this sphere
becomes you,
Or rather it takes ornament from you.
Now, Domitilla shines indeed! your presence
Doth throw new beams about the palace, madam ;
Before, we look'd as we had lost our genius.

Dom. You came not from the king with any
message?

Oct. I made this haste to tender my own service.

Dom. You have no other suit to me?

Oct. Yes, madam.

Dom. Speak it.

Oct. And I'll not wander much about : shall I
Be admitted a young lover?

Dom. Men must not love till they be one-and-
twenty ;

They will be mad before they come to age else.

Oct. This law was ne'er decreed i' the parlia-
ment

Of Cupid ; such a statute would undo
Many sweet virgins like yourself : yet if
You'll promise to stay for me, I shall think it
A happy expectation. We are both

Young ; we may choose each other Valentine,
And couple, as we grow more ripe, hereafter.

Dom. I'll ask you but one question, my lord ;
What would you give to be the king of Naples ?

Oct. I dare not think so ambitiously.

Dom. 'Tis modest.

What if I cannot love under a prince ?

Oct. Can he be less, whom you will make [so]
happy

To boast, in the possession of your fair
Person, a thousand provinces ! Those eyes
Are able to create another Indies ;
All the delights that dwell in blessed Tempe
Divinely bud and blossom in your cheek ;
The treasure of Arabia's in your breath.
Nor Thebes alone, as to Amphion's lute,
Stoops to the heavenly magic of your voice,
But all the world.

Dom. No more of this ; these praises
Are made for children, and will make truth blush ;
They may fill up where nature is defective :
And were I queen of Naples, I should punish
Such flattery ; but you are young, and may
Outgrow this vanity.

Oct. You are merciful !

Dom. I shall be ever so to you, Octavio ;
Let this encourage you to think I love you
In the first place of those which are born subjects ;
If you will answer my respects, forbear
To question further.

Oct. I shall wait sometime,
And kiss your hand.

Dom. And if my power may
Prevail to do you favour with the king ;
Make your address.

Oct. Has not the court transform'd her ?

[*Aside, and exit.*

Dom. Methinks I move upon a state already !

And yet 'tis not the glory of his title
Affects my hope so much ; his person's lovely,
And both together make the charm. I do
Expect his royal presence ; how shall I
Behave my looks¹ when he declares himself?

Re-enter IACOMO.

Iac. Madam.

Dom. Admit not every lord to trouble me ;
I will take physic, but I'll be observ'd ;
You may frame some excuse to ladies too,
That press their visit.

Iac. 'Tis the duke—

Dom. The duke?

Iac. Of Florence.

Dom. Princes must not be neglected ;
That name gives him access. Say, I attend.

[*Exit Iac.*]

Enter Duke.

Duke. The acknowledgments I owe your favours,
madam,
Late your rude guest, brings me to kiss your hand.

Dom. Your excellence is pleas'd to interpret
fairly
Of our intents.

Duke. And till occasion ripen
My whole discharge for your fair entertainment,
Madam, be pleas'd to wear these diamonds,
Which, of themselves, betray their want of lustre,
And come with an ambition to recover
Flame from your smile.

¹ ————— *how shall I*

Behave my looks] i. e. *fashion, manage* them. This sense of the word, though now obsolete, was sufficiently familiar in our poet's days. It is found in Spenser and Shakspeare ; and Cole, as Mr. Malone observes, in his Dictionary, 1679, " renders *behave by tracto,*" which he subsequently interprets, to *govern, or manage.*

Dom. It can be no dishonour
To take these from a prince.—

Re-enter IACOMO, whispers DOMITILLA, and exit.

The king! With wings
I'll haste to meet him. [Exit.

Duke. Gone! and so abruptly!
Her business might allow her breath to thank me
For my rich present; but I'll follow her:
I would not meet the king here. If she prove
Gentle, my heart I consecrate to love. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING, and DOMITILLA.

King. My pretty Domitilla, now you are
My guest, 'tis fit, whom I have made my charge,
Should live within my eyes; welcome once more
To court!

Dom. You are bounty, sir, itself, and bind
A virgin's prayers.

King. What, art thou yet prepar'd
To hear his name I would declare thy husband?

Enter Duke.

Duke. The king!

King. The duke [here]! this confirms it. [Aside.

Duke. Unlucky fate! he has spied me.

King. Thou shalt have
A little patience, while the duke and I
Change some discourse in private.

Dom. I obey.

[*Exit.*

Duke. She is sent off; I hope the king is not
In love with her himself.

King. Now, my lord; what,
Alone? I see you can address yourself
To a handsome lady.

Duke. He has prevented me.— [Aside.
Where I receive [a] favour, I shall never
Want heart to acknowledge [it.]

King. That rule binds all.

Duke. It does, but with distinction, to pay—

King. But with distinction to pay
First-love to those that best deserve it from us.

Duke. 'Tis justice, sir.

King. This granted; there's another,
Whom, though you can forget, my sister, sir,
Deserves to be remember'd.

Duke. You are jealous
That I visit this lady.

King. That were only
To doubt. I must be plain; Florence has not
Been kind to Naples, to reward us with
Affront for love, and Theodosia must not
Be any prince's mockery.

Duke. I can
Take boldness too, and tell you, sir, it were
More for her honour, she would mock no prince.
I am not lost to Florence yet, though I
Be Naples' guest; and I must tell him, here
I came to meet with fair and princely treaties
Of love, not to be made the tale of Italy,
The ground of scurril pasquils; or the mirth
Of any lady, who shall pre-engage
Her heart to another's bosom, and then sneak
Off, like a tame despised property,
When her ends are advanced.

King. I understand not
This passion, yet it points upon something
That may be dangerous to conclude. Theodosia

Is Naples' sister, and I must not see
Her lost to honour, though my kingdom bleed
To rescue her.

Duke. Now *you* are passionate :
'Tis I must be repair'd ; my name is wounded,
And my affection betray'd. Your sister,
That looks like a fair star within Love's sky,
Is fall'n, and by the scattering of her fires,
Declares she has alliance with the earth,
Not heavenly nature.

King. Are my senses perfect ?
Be clearer, sir ; teach me to understand
This prodigy. You do not scorn our sister ?

Duke. Not I ; as she has title to your blood,
She merits all ambition ; she is a princess ;
Yet, no stain to her —, ¹ we are parallels,
Equal, but never made to meet.

King. How's this ?

Duke. Truth is my witness, I did mean [to bring]
No ceremonious love, until I found
Her heart was given from me, though your power
Contract our bodies.

King. Stay, and be advis'd ;
And if your doubts, by some malicious tongue
Fram'd to abuse my sister and yourself,
Have rais'd this mutiny in your thoughts, I have
A power to cure all.

Duke. Sir, you cannot.

King. Not
To court thee for her husband, wert possess'd
Of all o'er which our eagle shakes his wings,
But to set right her honour ;—and, ere I challenge
Thee by thy birth, by all thy hopes and right
To fame, to tell me what seditious breath

¹ *Yet, no stain to her —*] In the old copy, *her* is followed by *invention*, of which nothing, I fear, can be made. Whether the word be a gratuitous insertion, or a corruption of *station*, *extraction*, &c. it is fruitless to guess, and impossible to decide : the verse is complete, both as to rhythm and metre, without it.

Has poison'd her,—hear what my sister sends
 By me, so late, time is not old in minutes,
 The word's yet warm with her own breath. *Pray tell*
The duke, says she, although I know not from
What root his discontents grow, to devote him
To Domitilla,—

Duke. How! does she know that? [*Aside.*

King. *Whose beauty has more spell upon his*
fancy;

I did contract my heart, when I thought his
Had been no stranger to his tongue; and can
Not find within it since, what should divert
His princely thoughts from my first innocence:
Yet such is my stern fate, I must still love him;
And though he frame his heart to unkind distance,
It hath embracing virtue upon mine,
And with his own remove, draws my soul after him.
If he forget I am a princess, pray
Let Naples do so too; for my revenge
Shall be in prayers, that he may find my wrong
But teach him soft repentance, and more faith.

Duke. All this must not betray my freedom, sir.

King. You'll not accuse our sister of dishonour?

Duke. I would not grieve you, sir, to hear what I
 Could say; and press me not, for your own peace:
 [The] fames [of princes] must be gently touch'd.

King. As thou art Florence, speak.

Duke. I shall displease;

Yet I but tell her brother, that doth press me:
 Lucrece was chaste after the rape; but where
 The blood consents, there needs no ravisher. [*Exit.*

King. I do grow faint with wonder. Here's enough
 To blast [all] apprehension, and shoot
 A quaking through the valiant soul of man.
 My sister's blood [']s accus'd; and her fair name,
 Late chaste as trembling snow, whose fleeces clothe
 Our Alpine hills, sweet as the rose's spirit,
 Or violet's cheek, on which the morning leaves

A tear at parting, now begins to wither,
 As it would haste to death and be forgotten.
 This Florence is a prince that does accuse her ;
 And such men give not faith to every murmur,
 Or slight intelligence, that wounds a lady
 In her dear honour. But she is my sister,
 Think of that too ; credit not all, but ask
 Of thy own veins what guilty flowings there
 May tempt thee to believe this accusation.

Enter THEODOSIA.

'Tis she.—Thou'rt come, Theodosia, to my wishes.

Theo. What does distract you, sir ?

King. I have done your message to the duke,
 and find

He does love Domitilla.

Theo. Her he shall meet
 And marry in Elysium.

King. What mean you ?

Theo. I have shook off my tameness ; do not
 hinder

My just revenge.

I'll turn their triumphs into death.

King. There is a question of more consequence
 Thou must resolve ; it does concern thee more
 Than thy own life.

Theo. You fright me.

King. Are you honest ?

Theo. Honest !

King. I could have us'd the name of chaste,
 Or virgin ; but they carry the same sense.
 Put off thy wonder, Theodosia,
 And answer me, by both our parents' ashes,
 Which now are frighted in the urn, and scarce
 Contain'd beneath their marble, while their fame
 Bleeds in my wounded honour ; art thou still
 My sister, without stain upon thy chastity ?
 Tell me, and answer truth, for both our lives—

Nay, nay, there is no time for thy amaze.
Hast thou not lost thyself, and been enjoy'd?—
I blush to name the way.

Theo. Never.

King. Again!

Theo. By all the good we hope for, I am innocent
As your own wishes!

King. Thou'rt my virtuous sister!

Theo. But by your love, and all that bound
[you] to

Be just, now let me know my strange accuser.

King. Thou shalt know that hereafter; let thy
thoughts

Live in their own peace, and dispute not mine.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter DOMITILLA.

Dom. Not speak to me! he frown'd too; sure I
have not

Displeas'd him? Wherefore stays the princess?

Theo. Shew spirit now, or never.—Domitilla,
The greatest part of my affliction!

Let my revenge begin here.

[*Aside.*]

Dom. Your grace does honour your unworthy
servant;

And if I might beseech one favour more,

'Tis but to know what has displeas'd the king.

Theo. Must you be of counsel with his passions?
What hath advanced you to this boldness?

Dom. Pardon;

Why does your grace put on those angry looks?

I never did offend you in a thought.

Theo. Cunning dissembler! yes, and 'tis thy
death

Must satisfy; yet, ere I give thee punishment,
Tell me what impudence advanced thy thoughts
So high in our dishonour? Was there none
In your own form of blood, fit for your love,

But you must flatter your proud hopes with one
 So much above your birth? Though he in frailty
 Consent to make thee great, dar'st thou accept it,
 And with my shame, aspire to be his equal?
 Disclaim these hopes, and swear never to love him.

Dom. Madam—

Theo. Do; or with this I will secure my fears,
 And stand the malice of all other fate.

[*Draws a dagger.*

Dom. Hear me.

[*Kneels.*

Theo. Be brief!

Dom. I know not by what genius prompted,
 madam,

To live or die, more happily, I have no
 Fear of your rage, which is so far from making
 Me sin against my love, it has enlarg'd
 My heart, which trembles not to be love's martyr:
 I can forgive your hand too, if you promise
 To tell the king how willing I die for him.

Theo. The king! Thou lov'st the duke.

Dom. He's not concern'd

In my affection; I have no thought
 Of any prince alive, but your own brother;
 Such an example of love's folly have
 My stars decreed me! yet if pride and duty
 May in one action meet, and be good friends,
 Both shall assist my last breath, which shall offer
 Humbly the king, and his affairs to heaven.
 This he will pardon, shall he know it done
 By me, more fit to die than live for him.

Theo. Alas, poor Domitilla!—she is wounded
 As deep as I.—Rise, and forgive my jealousy.
 I cannot promise thee to be my sister,
 But I will love thee like one: let us call
 A counsel of our thoughts, and mingle sorrows;
 Yet when we have done all, and tired our breath,
 There is no cure for love, but love or death.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter King, with MONTALTO.

King. How will Montalto counsel me? I am Wild with the repetition.

Mont. The duke Lay such a black aspersion on your sister! 'Tis blasphemy to honour! but as soon He may pollute the sun-beams, or defile The dew of heaven ere it approach the earth; Make us believe the rocks of ice do flame, And may endanger the north star. My wonder Will make me reasonless; it throws a poison On your whole family; a stain so deep And so prodigious, all the blood within His dukedom would not purge it. Could he find no Excuse for his revolt to Domitilla, But blasting the sweet princess?

King. Domitilla! Whom, I must tell you, I already have Prepar'd to be thy bride, as an addition To the reward I owe thy services.

Mont. Prepar'd for me? you are too bountiful. In you I kneel both to my king and father: But my aspiring will be satisfied To be your servant still; in your grace I Enjoy the bride my heart affects. Let me Grow old with duties here, and not translate My affection, till my weary soul throw off The burden of my dust.

King. No more; in this One act I'll build a monument of my love To thee, and my revenge upon the duke. Thou instantly shalt marry Domitilla; Her beauty, blood, and fortune will deserve thee.

Mont. I am your creature; but how this may inflame The duke—

King. 'Tis meant so.

Mont. But your sister's fame
Were worth[y] your first care ; this may be done
With more access of joy when she is righted.
You have been pleas'd to hear my counsel, sir,
And not repented.

King. What wouldst thou advise me ?

Mont. The duke is young, and apt to err. You
cannot

Preserve your hospitable laws, to affront
Him openly ; nor will it be thought prudence
To let loose these suspicions to the descant
Of people's tongues : the air is dangerous.
Let me search the duke's bosom, for the spring
Of this dishonour.

King. How ?

Mont. Mistake me not ;
Philoberto is his secret counsellor,
And the receiver of his thoughts. Leave me
To manage this great work, I have a way
To every angle of his heart ; mean time,
Be pleas'd to keep your person but retired ;
A silent discontent will fright him more,
And arm us with full knowledge.

King. Wise Montalto !

I like thy honest counsel, and obey it ;
But lose no time.

[*Exit.*

Mont. It never was more precious ;
My essence is concern'd, and every minute
Brings a fresh siege against Montalto's life.
There's none but Philoberto conscious
To my last accusation of the princess ;
Then he must be remov'd : delays are fatal ;
I'll poison him to-night, I have the way :
This done, the duke may follow, or be bribed
With Domitilla's person, to quit Naples.

Enter GUIDO, ALOISIO, and ALEXIO.

Gui. My honour'd lord.

Mont. Guido, Aloisio,—

Why make I this distinction?—you're but one,
To your Montalto have one heart and faith.—
Your love and diligence must now be active.

Gui. You have deserv'd us.

Alex. Lord of our fortunes.

Gui. We are your creatures,
Bound by all law and conscience of the court
To serve your ends.

Mont. It is but to wait close,
And [to] contrive excuses, if the duke
Desire access to the king.

Gui. This all!

Mont. Be careful
None of his train nor faction be admitted,
In special Philoberto; if he appear,
Present my service and desire to speak with him.
This is no mighty province, gentlemen,
To waste you much; yet this neglected, will
Destroy my tall fate, in whose fall you must
Stoop, and be stricken dead with the large ruins.

Gui. Kill us not first by your suspicion.
We look upon you as our destiny;
Prosper, as we are faithful.

Mont. You divide me.

[*Exit.*

Alex. There is much trouble in his face; how-
e'er,

Let us be firm. Is not this Philoberto?

Enter RIVIERO.

Riv. My honour'd lords.

Gui. We are proud to be your servants.

[*Riv.*] I am your's.

Where is the lord Montalto?

Aloi. New gone from us, and desires to speak with you,

And is gone either to your lodging or the duke's.

Riv. I have some affairs with the king, and, those dispatch'd,

I'll wait upon him.

Gui. We are confident

You will excuse us; we receiv'd command

That none should interrupt him.

Riv. I come from the duke.

Aloi. His excellence will conster it our duties.

Riv. This was not wont.

Alex. We dare not, sir, dispute our master's pleasure.

Gui. Perhaps his confessor is with him.

Riv. *Perhaps!* there is some cunning—[*aside.*]

Nay, prefer

The business of the soul. I may presume

He has no long catalogue to account for.

Gui. You have not been of counsel with his conscience.

We do not use to limit his devotions.

Riv. 'Tis pious; and you three, by computation

Montalto's knaves, here placed to keep away

Discoveries: in spite of all your subtilties

The king shall know my mind, and understand

The history of your patron's and your service:

Let time speak your reward in your own chronicles.

Aloi. You[']ll not forget my lord Montalto has Desire to speak with you?

Riv. 'Tis all my business.

Be careful of your watch, and look about you,

Some weasel may get in else.

[*Exit.*]

Gui. Does he jeer us?

Alex. Let him; his embassy is not perform'd.

Re-enter Duke and MONTALTO.

Mont. You do amaze my understanding, sir,

To require I should justify a tale
Made to the blemish of so chaste a lady.

Duke. Did not your lordship [then] tell such
a story

To Philoberto, in my lodgings?

Mont. I dare his malice to affirm't; and 'tis not
Done like yourself, to sully with one breath
Two fames.

Duke. Shall I not credit my own ears?

Mont. Dear sir, collect yourself, and let not passion
To Domitilla, whom you may possess
Hereafter, make you so unjust.

Duke. Dear Machiavel!

This will not do; the king shall know your strata-
gems.

Mont. Go threaten babes! this would exalt my
rage;

But I remember you're a guest to Naples:
Nor would I grieve the genius of my country,
To place my own revenge above her honour.

Duke. Poor shadow!

Mont. Now.—

[*Draws a dagger at the duke's back.*

'Twill not be safe.—You know your charge.

[*Aside to Gui. &c. and exit.*

Gui. We are proud to see your excellence in
health.

Duke. Where is the king?

Aloi. A little busy, sir.

[*Duke.*] * * * *

Alex. Not yet, I think:—He is at his prayers.

Duke. I'll add to his litany.

Gui. It will not need:

I think his ghostly father can direct him,
With whom he is in private.

Duke. I know not

How to interpret this; I want Philoberto.

[*Aside, and exit.*

Enter OCTAVIO.

Oct. Your grace's servant.—
He looks displeas'd.

Gui. My lord Octavio.

Oct. Your servant, lords.

Gui. You met the duke?

Oct. His face shew'd discontent.

Aloi. We sum our fortunes in Montalto's smile,
By whose commands we have denied the duke
Access to the king.

Oct. You have done well; it much
Concerns my lord; his, [your's] and all our fate,
Depends upon't. Continue still your care
And circumspection, and while I am within,
Let none be admitted. [*Exit.*

Gui. Let us alone.

A spirit may have the device to enter;
But if he have so much body as a gnat,
I'll know his errand. Who's this? oh, it is
My lady Domitilla's secretary.

Enter BOMBO, gaily dressed.

Bom. Here are so many tricks, and turns, and
doors
I' these court lodgings, I have lost myself.

Gui. Master secretary.

Bom. 'Twas you betray'd me to the king, and
caus'd
My ladies to be sent for, with more cunning
To bring me hither; but all's one; he has
Not seen me yet, nor shall not.—
Which is my way out of this labyrinth?

Aloi. Why are you so unwilling the king should
see you?

Gui. Or to live in court? Methinks this habit,
Becomes you now.—Does it not, my lord?

Alex. He looks like a true hero.

Bom. You are beside the story, sir. I did read
once

That Hero had no [hair on th'] upper lip;
She was a lady of Leander's lake.¹

Gui. A wit?

There's a new word, now, for the Hellespont!
He'll make a subtle courtier.

Bom. It has undone me.

Aloi. Undone thee! how?

Bom. I know not whether it be my wit or clothes,
Or disposition of the place, or all
Together, but I am sure I am in love;
I find it by the losing of my stomach:
I am most strangely in love.

Gui. With whom?

Bom. I know not.

Aloi. Can you not guess?

Bom. I hope 'tis with myself; for I did vow,
When my first mistress died, which was—

Gui. What?

Bom. A dairy-maid that we had i' the country,
To love no living woman 'bove an hour.
She was the very cream of all her sex;
Oft have we churn'd together.

Gui. And drunk healths
In buttermilk.

Aloi. But do you hope you are
In love with yourself, sir?

Bom. Marry do I, sir.

Is that so wonderful at court?

Gui. You are pleasant.

¹ *She was a lady of Leander's lake.*] A lady of the lake was one of the innumerable cant terms for a courtesan. I have attempted to correct Bombo's speech, perhaps unnecessarily; for his learning and wit together frequently confound his meaning.

Aloi. Let's be rid of him.

Gui. Come, you shall now speak with the king,
And he shall knight thee; more honours may
follow.

Bom. You shall excuse me; put your honours
Upon somebody else.

Gui. Do you not know what 'tis?

Bom. I have not read of late.

Aloi. But you are much given to hearing.
What is honour?

Bom. Honour a bubble is, that is soon broke;
A glow-worm, seeming fire, but has no smoke.

Aloi. There's fire and water.

[*Gui.*] And smoke for air.

Bom. A painted sun-beam, piece of gilded chaff,
And he that trusts, leans to a broken staff.

Gui. You should have reconciled the four ele-
ments
To the conceit; there was fire, air, water—
Where's the earth?

Bom. Oh, he that leans to a broken staff
Shall find that presently.

Re-enter King, reading a paper, and OCTAVIO.

Gui. The king!

Bom. King, by your leave, I vanish! [*Exit.*

King. This paper contains wonder; 'tis not pos-
sible.

Oct. Upon my life, sir, Philoberto can
Demonstrate these.

King. The devil has not art
To abuse us so. This will require some counsel.—

Re-enter MONTALTO.

He's here.—Montalto!—Leave us. [*Exe. Lords.*

Mont. Sir, your pleasure?

King. Is all in thee. Hast met with Philoberto?

Mont. Not yet.

King. No matter ; I have thought upon't,
And do conclude it best to let things pass
Yet in a dream. Noise and enquiry² may
Awake suspicion upon innocence.

Mont. You cannot think her guilty, sir?

King. I am not
Without some fears ; I have collected things
Since we conferr'd, that stagger my good thoughts—

Mont. Of her you cannot, sir ; unthink again
Whatever would betray her to your jealousy :
A virgin's monument cannot be more chaste
I' the temple.

King. Yes, yes ; we may be all cozen'd,
And therefore let her pass among things desperate ;
Yet, were I certain she were spotted thus,
As 'tis but a young leprosy upon her,
I could wish heartily my sister timely
Married ;—not to the duke, that would betray us,
But to some one, I know not, who could love
Us both so well, as [to] be that rare friend,
And save our honours.

Mont. Do you then suspect her ?

King. Oh, the duke's character had a powerful
sense ;³
And who knows but she may be lost by one
Not fit to make her reparation ?—
Could any nobleman be found in Naples
To bind her wound up, by so great an act
Of secrecy and marriage ;—but some wind
May listen and convey, I know not whither,

² Noise and enquiry.] The 4to. reads, "Choice and enquiry." If the reader prefers "Chase and enquiry," the sense will still support him.

³ Oh, the duke's character had a powerful sense ;] If this be the genuine reading, (and in a copy so deplorably depraved at the press as this, suspicion is very justifiable,) the meaning is sufficiently obscure. The insinuation probably is, that the duke is remarkable (strongly characterized) for judgment ; and therefore not likely to be imposed upon. See p. 156.

What my sad breath has scatter'd in the air.—
Thy master has no servant that dares take
One sorrow from him.

Mont. You are, sir, provided
Of more than that can rise to, in my service.

King. Canst thou be so compassionate, to lose
Thy hopes of richer beauty, for my sake ?
Dar'st thou, with all this knowledge, hide her stain,
And marry her ?

Mont. My duty to your majesty
Shall marry me to death. Let not this trouble
The quiet of your heart ; I'll take Theodosia,
And think upon her as she had the whiteness
Of my good angel.

King. Thou'rt a miracle !
Teach me but which way I may reward this love.
Till now I had no poverty ; thy worth
Will make me everlastingly in debt.
What shall I say ?

Mont. Great sir, no more ; your favours
Flow from a bounty which hath only heaven
Above it.

King. They are all trifles. Let me see ;
Is nothing in thy power to make thee find
My gratitude ? How barren are we ! Wealth ?
Honour ?—

Mont. There's nothing good or great you have not
Freely possess'd me with. Your favours would,
So mighty have they fallen upon me, rather
Express a storm, and I had sunk beneath
The welcome violence, had not your love,
From whence they flow'd, enabled me to strength
And manly bearing.

King. I was improvident
To reserve nothing ;—or it was a fault
In thee to be so prodigal of merit
In thy past services. Canst thou think of nothing,
Worth my addition ?

Mont. Nothing, sir.

King. I have it,

And thank my better genius, I have it!
Such a reward, Montalto, that I dare
Be modest, yet pronounce, never did prince
Exceed it to his friend.

Mont. Sir, you amaze me,
And shame my want of merit.

King. In the title,
Let kings peruse the benefit, and study
An imitation to their best-lov'd creatures,
They're great as fortune can invent: I'll teach thee
A way, Montalto, to know all thy friends
And enemies.

Mont. That were a precious knowledge,
Were it in nature. With your highness' pardon,
The hearts of men [sir,] are not to be measur'd
With what we reach the stars, or fathom seas:
Oh, he that's active in a state, has more
Chain'd to him by the power and strength of office,
Than genuine respect; and 'tis not worth
Or person, but the fortunes of a statesman,
That sometimes men adore.

King. 'Tis true, and therefore
I am proud in this, that I can teach thee look
Into men's souls, to know 'em fit for scorn,
Or thy embraces.

Mont. How may this be done, sir?

King. Almost i' the twinkling of an eye too.

Mont. Strange!

King. I[ll] seem to frown upon thee.

Mont. How, sir?

King. Dost apprehend me? I will counterfeit
That I am displeas'd with thee;—do not mistake
me;—

And have it voiced about the court thou art
Confin'd. Dost mark? at this will all thy enemies,
Whose hearts thou canst not see, (their tongues
before,

By thy great power silenced,) join in faction,
 Complain, discover their whole stock of malice ;
 Tickling their spleens, that thou art out of favour,
 Whom I shall hear and smile at : then, all those,
 Whose honest souls deserve thee, will rise up,
 The champions of thy fame, o' the other side,
 And be so many orators, to make
 Thy faith and honour shine. When this [is] done,
 The scene is chang'd : I send for thee ; thou
 comest,

With a most glorious train ; and then I'll smile,
 Take thee again i' the sight of all, discover
 'Twas but a trick : thy friends keep still thy bosom,
 And thou in triumph shoot'st a scorn, with mine,
 To strike all envy dumb. Is't not a rare one ?
 I cannot do enough for thee, Montalto.

Mont. You have found out a way, I must confess ;
 But, with your pardon, I shall be more able
 To do you service in the other ignorance,
 Than [run] a desperate hazard in this knowledge.
 Some hold it sin, and capital enough,
 To have the prince's favour, which, once lost,
 [Al]though but in suspicion, they may rage,
 And, like a torrent, rise to o'erwhelm nature.

King. These shall not wound thee.

Mont. And how other judges
 May wrest the actions of a man, employ'd,
 Though ne'er so faithful, to his king and state—

King. I am confident of thy justice, and decree
 Thy triumph in't ; thy goodness thus conspicuous,
 Renders thee loved, and fit for Theodosia,
 When she is brightest. The sun never smiled
 More cheerful[ly] upon [the] teeming earth,
 Than I, to find thee perfect ;—for I do
 But seem displeas'd. Come, I will have it so ;
 If thou dost love me, no dispute, but let me
 Pursue my fancy, meant to do thee honour.—
 Who waits ?—

Re-enter GUIDO, ALOISIO, and ALEXIO.

Now it begins.—

Attend my lord Montalto to his chamber,
Where our will is he be confin'd until
Our pleasure further known.

Gui. How's this?

Alex. }
Aloi. } Confin'd!

King. No ceremony, sir; when that is done,
We ease you of the trouble, too, of waiting.—
You know the way, my lords, to your own lodgings,
From whence, on peril of our anger, stir not
Until we send for you.—Octavio.

[*Exeunt King and Oct.*

Gui. Do we not dream?

Mont. Something would creep
Like a dead sleep upon me. I am in
A labyrinth; but hence with coward fear!
I know the worst; grim death can but translate
Me hence, and there's an end of death and fate.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Naples.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMPHOROSA, THEODOSIA, and DOMITILLA.

Theo. Be comforted and counsell'd, Domitilla;
I have my part in love's affliction.

Simp. This
I fear'd; I must acquaint the king.—

Enter IACOMO.

Where is your fellow Bombo?—
His mirth might now be seasonable.

Iac. He's gone, madam.

Simp. Gone! whither?

Iac. Back to the country house. He heard of my lord Montalto's disgrace; and the fear of his supplying the place of a favourite, sent him away this morning with all his moveables. The country, he says, is wholesome, where he will die without fear or wit, when his time comes. He durst not stay to see the king.

Simp. Would we had still been strangers to the court!—

Leave us. [*exit Iac.*]—My daughter is much bound to your grace.

Dom. Is it the king you speak of? pray be careful You speak all goodness of him; he deserves it, And will, when I am dead.

Simp. I'll lose no time. [*Exit.*

Theo. I wish it prosper.

Dom. I dare not say the king dissembles with me, That were a fault beyond my love; but sure Something he said that made my heart believe He did not mean me for another; and Montalto, whose reward I must be thought, Is now confin'd, and under his displeasure.

Theo. He will have more care of his honour, than To place thee so unworthily. Montalto Has play'd the cunning traitor with our loves, If I may trust the noble Philoberto, That told me the whole story of his falsehood, Which I before suspected.

Dom. And if he should despise me, as 'tis justice, Will heaven be angry if I love him still? Or will the king call it a treason in me? If he do, I can willingly die for it, And with my last words, pray he may live happy. But why am I this trouble to your grace? My story is not worth one of your minutes. Dear madam, pardon me, and teach me how

To make my time more happy, spent in something
That may concern your highness ; you do love too.

Re-enter IACOMO.

Iac. Madam, the duke of Florence.

Theo. How ! the duke ?

Dom. Why does he visit me ?—Madam, indeed
You may believe I love him not.

Theo. Admit him,

I prithee, and conceal me, Domitilla ;

I know he comes a wooing to thy beauty :

I prithee let me hear the second part. [*Retires.*]

Dom. I shall, against my own desires, obey you.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The ambition of my eyes cannot be
thought

Immodest, if they ever wish to dwell here ;

They have found their light again. Let no mis-
fortune

Be a second cause to bury me in darkness.

Dom. Your grace's pardon, if my haste to attend
The king and his commands made me appear
Rude, when I left your excellence.

Duke. This does more
Than satisfy.

Dom. I know not how I may
Stand guilty in your thoughts, by keeping a
Rich carcanet.

Duke. You honour'd me to accept it.

Dom. But with a blush I must remember too,
I did not thank you ; there was want of time
Or manners ; I must leave it to your mercy,
And would, by any duty to your grace,
Expiate my error.

Duke. Madam, it is not worth
The mention of this gratitude ; your breath

Makes the oblation rich, and me, who am
 Encourag'd by your virtue, to present you
 With something of more value, than a world
 Of these poor empty glories. I dare give you—
 My heart, madam.

Dom. Bless your grace from such a meaning!

Duke. Can you be cruel to it?

Dom. I ne'er had

The confidence to look upon a wound,
 And such a bleeding object as your heart
 Would fright my senses.

Duke. You are more ingenious
 Than not to understand that I mean love :
 I love you, madam, best of all your sex.

Dom. You cannot, sir ; you dare not.

Duke. How !

Dom. You dare not be so wicked, I am sure,
 When you remember what you are, a prince.

Duke. Is it a sin for princes to love, madam ?

Dom. Or, if you could dispense with so much
 passion,

To love me, and durst give me what I tremble
 To think you promise, that, that very act,
 In which you most advance affection to me,
 Would make me think you love me not.

Duke. Be clearer.

Dom. How should I think his courtship worth
 my trust,

And meet him with a real change of hearts,
 Who, in his very first attempt of love,
 Would blast my honour, and betray me to
 A shame, black as the tongue of infamy?

Duke. Would I ?

Dom. And more ; for you, in this,
 Would tempt me to an act, by which I should
 Not only wound myself to death of honour,
 But make me guilty of another's blood,
 And kill an innocent lady, whose least tear

Is worth a thousand lives of perjur'd men,
That make a scorn of virtue.

Duke. What lady?

Dom. Have you forgot the princess, sir?

Duke. The princess!

Dom. In that name you will find yourself again,
Lost in a mist of passions. Oh, think
The fames and hopes of two rich countries are
Engag'd upon your faith. Your highness' pardon,
I find some blushes chide my too much boldness;
And by a nearer view now of your goodness,
I see my error, to believe you meant
Other than trial of me, or could fall
To any thought beneath your birth and honour.

Duke. But if Theodosia be made another's,
By her own gift, and I at large, with what
Justice may I be thought then to address
My passions hither?

Dom. If the princess, which
I must not think, give your heart back again,
And that you could quit all your ties with honour,
My thoughts are all resign'd to the king's will;
He must dispose of me, by my own vow,
Without his free consent, never to marry. [*Exit.*

Duke. The king! there 'tis; I thought she was
his mistress.

It is not possible the princess now
Can pardon my neglect; Montalto's practice
Upon me, and his poisoning of her virtue,
Will not excuse my shame. I dare not see
Whom I have injur'd, Theodosia;
I am resolv'd, this night I'll steal from Naples.

Re-enter THEODOSIA.

Theo. Nay, do not hide your face, my lord; it
will
Appear as fresh and lovely to my eyes,

As when it first presented me your smiles.
I am Theodosia still.

Duke. But I have been—

Theo. Abus'd ; time will discover, to the ruin
Of his own name, and glory of our loves,
Montalto's practice to divide our souls.

Duke. You cannot be so merciful, or else
This sweetness is put on to enlarge my guilt,
When we are both compar'd. Dare you believe
I can repent, and be reveng'd ?

Theo. On whom ?

Duke. Upon myself, for suffering my eyes
To wander from this sweetness.

Theo. You outdo
The satisfaction, if your grace can find
Me grow again within your heart, where first
My love desired to plant.

Duke. Oh, let me drown
My blushes in this overflow of charity ;
But there's an act that justice calls me to,
Before I can be worthy of this peace.
Montalto has play'd the villain, now I find it,
And from his treacherous heart my sword must
force
A bloody satisfaction for thy honour,
Poison'd by him.

Theo. Stay that revenge ; shame has
Already sunk him.

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Sir, the king desires
Some conference with your grace,—and with you,
madam.

Theo. I shall attend you, sir ; we shall present
Together, thus, no object to displease him.

Duke. Though I shall blush to see him, I'll
wait on you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter King, RIVIERO, ANDRUGIO, and Petitioners, who deliver their petitions to the king, and exeunt.

King. Good heaven! upon what human bosom
shall

We, that are made your substitutes on earth,
Place secure confidence? And yet there may
Be malice in complaints: the flourishing oak,
For his extent of branches, stature, growth,
The darling and the idol of the wood,
Whose awful nod the under trees adore,
Shook by a tempest, and thrown down, must needs
Submit his curled head, and full grown limbs,
To every common axe; be patient, while
The torture's put to every joint, the saws
And engines making, with their very noise,
The forests groan and tremble; but not one,
When it was in its strength and state, revil'd it,
Whom poverty of soul, and envy, sends
To gather sticks from the tree's wish'd-for ruin,
The great man's emblem! I did love Montalto,
And would not have him lost, if justice would
Consent, and be a little of his side;
But here are the two plummetts weigh him down:
His impious practice on the duke, and base
Aspersions on our sister, that defame
Our whole blood, is a loud, loud accusation.

Riv. His conscience dares not, sir, deny't.

King. And you

Speak here the tragic story of Riviero,
Whose honest soul, for not complying with
His power and ends, chose, in a discontent,
To make himself an exile; yet, pursued,
And, by the practice of Montalto, poison'd
At Rome.

Andr. This letter, sent to Alvarez,
Whose treacherous physic purg'd his soul away,
Is too much testimony.

King. 'Tis his character.—

Enter OCTAVIO.

Octavio, you come for justice too.

Oct. It were a vain breath to desire it, sir ;
Your thoughts are still so conscious of virtue,
They will prevent petition.

King. Come nearer.

Riv. The king is troubled.

Andr. Where he loved, to find
So much ingratitude.

King. Andrugio.

Riv. Things are not yet mature for my discovery.

King. You observe?— Away!— [*Exit Andr.*
We may be just, Philoberto,
Yet not destroy another attribute,
Which shews whose representative we are,
Mercy becomes a king ; too much can be
But thought a sin on the right hand ; we are
Resolv'd.—

Re-enter SIMPHOROSA.

Madam, you are welcome.

Riv. I begin
To fear there is some spell upon the king.
If, after this, Montalto shall prevail,
Let innocence be stranger to the world,
And heaven be afraid to punish vice.

King. Remove
For a few minutes.

Riv. I obey.

King. You tell me wonders, madam ; 'las ! poor
lady, [*Exit.*

I shall then have enough to reconcile.

She was too hasty to interpret me

Her lover.

Simp. If you, sir, apply no cure,
The fond impression may, I fear, endanger
Her sense and life. I urged Montalto's suit,¹
By your command, before his change of fortune ;
But she took no delight to hear him named.

King. No, no, nor I. Good heaven, how I am
troubled,

How to repair this pretty piece of innocence,
Whom I have brought into a waking dream
Of passion ! something I must do. Pray tell me,
But tell me truth, I charge thee by thy duty
To me, to Naples, and to heaven ; or, if
There be in woman's faith, or thy religion,
Any thing else to make it up a full
And perfect conjuration—

Simp. You fright me :

Without these, not a thought within my heart
But you have power to summon.

King. Tell me then,
Is Domitilla virtuous ?

Simp. How, sir ?

King. Is she exceeding virtuous ? Is she most
Divinely chaste ? Can she do more than blush
At wanton sounds ? Will she be very angry
At an immodest offer, and be frightened
To hear it nam'd ? Tell me, does she pray,
And weep, and would be torn upon the rack,
Ere she consent to stain one virgin thought ?
Or dares she more than Lucrece, kill herself,
To save her honour, or do something more
Miraculously than all this to preserve
Her white name to posterity ?

Simp. I know not

¹ I urged Montalto's suit,] Old copy, " I urged *Montalto*,
sir."

How to reply to these particulars ;
 But if your meaning be to have me speak
 Truth of her modest and pure thoughts, she is
 All that [a] mother can beseech of heaven
 To bless a child with ; of so chaste a soul,
 And virtuous simplicity—

King. No more ;

I do believe ; and will find out a way
 To make her satisfaction ; 'tis just.—
 Say I desire her presence.

Simp. Now you bless us ;

A widow's prayers and tears for this great bounty.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter RIVIERO.

Riv. Your sister and the duke, sir.

King. There's new trouble.

Riv. Never so lovingly united.

The pleasant language of their eyes and gestures
 Doth speak their hearts at peace.

King. That would rejoice me. [*Exit Riv.*

Re-enter Duke and THEODOSIA.

Theo. Take us to your love :
 All jealousies are banish'd, and we both
 Breathe from one soul.

King. My wonder and my joy.

Duke. Your pardon.

King. Take my bosom.

Theo. The misfortune

Kept us at distance was your creature's act.

King. The clouds are now remov'd.

Re-enter RIVIERO.

Riv. Lord Montalto, sir.

King. Let music speak

His dear approach ; we sent for him.

Riv. How's this ?

King. Let me entreat you to obscure your persons
Awhile. [Exeunt Duke and Theodosia.

Loud music.—Enter GUIDO, ALOISIO, ALEXIO, AN-
DRUGIO, OCTAVIO, and MONTALTO.

King. My lord, you're welcome to us, very wel-
come ;

We have kept our word, and find you have not lost
Your confidence. What a brave armour is
An innocent soul ! How like a rock it bids
Defiance to a storm, against whose ribs
The insolent waves but dash themselves in pieces,
And fall and hide their heads in passionate foam !
How would a guilty person tremble now,
Look pale, and with his eyes chain'd to the ground,
Betray his fear of justice !

Mont. Where should honour
Shine with his pure and native lustre, but
Where there is such a king, so good, so great,
The example and reward ? He must be, [sir,]
A rebel twice to virtue, that can live
To be convinced of a dishonour near
Such an instructive goodness.

King. Where be all
His fierce accusers ? Call them to his presence,
Whom all their envies would destroy.

Riv. So, so ;
The king is charm'd. [Aside.

Oct. They are gone ; upon the first
News of my lord's return they vanish'd, sir.

Mont. So may all treason fly the brow of inno-
cence !

King. 'Tis well said ; but they shall not fly their
names.

Read there. Just to our thoughts, they apprehended
Thee lost in our displeasure—Where's our sis-
ter ?—

And now they came to be reveng'd, Montalto,
Upon our favours.

Gui. Right, and please your grace.

King. There's something may concern your
want of grace.—

Andrugio, Philoberto. [*Gives them papers.*]

Mont. We are undone, Guido, and I see more
Engines are levell'd at my fate.

Riv. The king
Would have your lordship peruse this.

Andr. And these.

[*They give the papers to Montalto, who
reads them.*]

Riv. That you may know your friends and ene-
mies.

Mont. Lost! lost for ever!

Riv. Sir, you know

You have obliged the princess Theodosia,
And the duke, to you, and you may presume
To use their favours; they are here.

Re-enter Duke and THEODOSIA.

Mont. 'Twere better
For me they had no being. I did never
Expect this, to accuse me for the death
Of Riviero; but I must obey
This fatal revolution.

[*Kneels.*]

King. Why does
Montalto kneel?

Mont. I dare not ask your pardon;
Only I beg you would put on a brow
Rough as the cause you have to make it frown,
And that may strike me dead without more tor-
ment.

King. Ingrateful man! am I rewarded thus,
Not only with my faith abus'd and subjects,
But wounding all our honours?

Theo. Let him find
Your mercy, sir, for his offence to me.

Re-enter SIMPHOROSA and DOMITILLA.

King. I must not, dare not pardon ; 'twere a sin
In me, of violence to heaven and justice.

Mont. You have been a ROYAL MASTER.

King. Take him hence,
His life will draw a scorn upon the kingdom :
Expect the censure of our laws.—You, gentlemen,
We only banish from the court.

Gui. }
Aloi. } You are merciful.
Alex. }

King. Pray, and be honest.

Riv. That last will be the greatest penance to
them.

King. My passion would be strong, but here is
one
Come to divert the stream.—How is it with
My pretty Domitilla? you and I
May change some words in private.

[*Takes Dom. aside.*]

Oct. The king is just, and 'tis within your
silence
To make Montalto nothing.

Riv. He will sink
Apace, without that weight upon him ; malice
Shall have no share in my revenge.

King. And since Montalto is become incapable,
I will not marry thee, that's a thing too common ;
But thou shalt be my mistress, a preferment
Above my first intention. Be wise,
And entertain it. Oh the days and nights
We'll spend together !

Oct. The king is very pleasant
With Domitilla.

King. Come, kiss me, Domitilla, kiss me now,
Before all these : what needs this modesty ?
Come, let us take in one another's soul.

Dom. Are you the king of Naples ?

King. So they call me ;
And if there be a power within that name
It shall be thine, to make thee glorious
And great ; above our queen there is no title
Like unto that our heat and blood creates—
A mistress, Domitilla.

Dom. Are you, sir,
In earnest ?

King. Do but thou consent, and I
Will give thee such a proof, in my embraces,
Of the delight ;—they will not follow us—
I'll tell thee more i' the bed-chamber.

Dom. I dare
Not understand this language. Can the king
Be impious ? How was my opinion cozen'd !
Sin hath deform'd his very shape, his voice
Hath now no harmony.

King. This is but to draw
More courtship from me.

Dom. Pardon, I beseech you,
I have found my error.

King. Will she yield ?

[*Aside.*

Dom. I did
Consent too soon to my captivity,
Though modesty would not allow me strength
To tell you so ; but you have, sir, by what
My fond thoughts never did expect, reliev'd me,
To make me know myself ; and now preserving
That duty which I owe you as my king,
I call love back again, and can look on
Your lusts with a becoming scorn.

King. You can ?

Dom. Yes ; and were Naples, Rome, and all
the wealth

Of Italy laid down, the great temptation,
Thus I would spurn their glories.

King. Come, this is but the trick of all your sex ;
We know you can dissemble appetite,
As if you were not flesh and blood.

Duke. Sir, give
Me leave to go, while I have power to pray for you.
Where was I lost ? is there no friend to goodness ?
Have I contracted such a leprous form,
That I have lost all men's defence and charity ?

Oct. Madam, your innocence doth raise in me,
Though young, a willing champion ; and with
My safe obedience to the king, I dare,
Arm'd with the witness of her cause, defy
The greatest soldier in the world.

King. How's this ?

Oct. Sir, in a noble cause ; if you, to whom,
In the first place, truth flies, as to an altar,
Wave her religious defence, I dare die for her.

King. You ! so brave ? to prison with him !—
We will correct your sauciness.

Oct. You will grace
My first act, sir, and get me fame, by suffering
For so much sweetness.

Dom. Let not your displeasure
Great sir, fall upon him ; revenge what you
Call disobedience, here.

King. You owe much to
His confidence ; nor is there any punishment
Beyond your love and liking of his boldness ;
You two should make a marriage with your follies.

Oct. Let Domitilla make Octavio
So blest.

Dom. My lord, you now deserve I should
Be your's, whom, with the hazard of the king's
Anger, and your own life, you have defended.
There is a spring of honour here, and to it,
In the presence of the king, his court, and heaven,

I dare now give my heart ; nor is't without
My duty to a promise.

Oct. Now you make
Octavio happy.

King. 'Tis to my desires,
And I dare wish you joys. Forgive this practice ;
—Nay, pretty Domitilla, I did this
But to divert more happily thy thoughts
Of me, who have not paid yet the full tribute
To my Cesaria's dust. Again let me
Congratulate thy choice in young Octavio,
Whose birth and forward virtue will dèserve thee.—
Brother and sister, love, and wish them happiness.

Theo. May all joys spring within their hearts !

Duke. I must
Present this gentleman, to be more known to you.

Oct. I hope you are no enemy to this blessing ?

Simp. I add, what doth become a most glad
mother,

Be happy in your loves.

King. Riviero !

Riv. I live again, by your acknowledgment.

Duke. Sir, you may trust my testimony ; Alvarez'
Letter is now an argument of his safety,
Who is yet living to encrease the guilt
Of false Montalto.

King. Welcome ; 'tis thy life
That hath revers'd Montalto's doom, whose sentence
Now shall be only banishment. Our hearts
Are full and sprightly ; nothing wants but to
Perfect, with holy ceremony, what
Your hearts have seal'd. Mirth in each bosom
flows ;

Distraction never had so sweet a close. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE,

AS IT WAS SPOKEN TO THE LORD DEPUTY ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, AT NIGHT, BY WAY OF VOTE, CONGRATULATING THE NEW YEAR.

*Our Poet doth forget his play.¹
There is something he would pay,
Due to your greatness, and the day
Which, by a revolution of the sphere,
Is proud to open the new year.
And having look'd on you, hath hid his face,
And chang'd his robe with stars to grace
And light you, going to bed, so wait
With trembling lustre on your state.*

*Shine brighter yet! you're not the same
Clear lamps you were; shine like the name
Of him I bow to; while a flame
Active, and burning here with pure desires,
Shall equal the best borrow'd fires.
May health, the bosom's friend, stream through
your blood,
And know no ebb of the chaste flood;
And though time shift, and years renew,
May yet the Spring be still in you!*

*May she, whom heaven hath sweetly graced,
And in your noble bosom placed,
Whose heart by only your's embraced,*

¹ This Epilogue is printed in the collection of Shirley's Poems, with the following title: "To the never enough Honoured E. of St. on New-yeares day at night, after other entertainment," and begins thus:

"Sir, give me leave to court your stay,
There is something I must pay,
Due to your greatness," &c.

*Hath made one true and holy Gordian, prove
Fruitful in children, as in love !
And may this fair top-branch, whose early bloom
Doth promise all the fruit can come
To virtue, and your name be blest,
And live a story to the rest !
All honour with your fame encrease,
In your bosom dwell soft peace,
And justice, the true root of these !
Wealth be the worst, and outside of your fate ;
And may not heaven your life translate,
Till for your ROYAL MASTER, and this isle,
Your deeds have fill'd a chronicle !
In all that's great and good, be bold,
And every year be copy of the old,*

THE
DUKE'S MISTRESS.

THE DUKE'S MISTRESS.] This tragedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, January 18, 1635-6, and was performed before the court at St. James's on the 22d of February following, as appears from sir H. Herbert's memoranda. The title of the quarto, printed in 1638, is: "*The Dukes Mistris, As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, At the private House in Drury-Lane. Written by Iames Shirly.*"

PROLOGUE.

*So various are the palates of our age,
That nothing is presented on the stage,
Though ne'er so square, and apted to the laws
Of poesy, that can win full applause.
This likes a story, that a cunning plot ;
This wit, that lines ; here one, he knows not what.
But, after all this looking several ways,
We do observe the general guests to plays
Meet in opinion of two strains, that please,
Satire and wantonness ; the last of these,
Though old, if in new dressing it appear,
Will move a smile from all,—but shall not here.
Our author hath no guilt of scurril scenes.¹—
For satire, they do know best what it means,
That dare apply ; and if a poet's pen,
Aiming at general errors, note the men,
'Tis not his fault : the safest cure is, they
That purge their bosoms, may see any play.—
But here we quit your fear of satire too,
And with these disadvantages, to you
Thus humbly bow :—two such helps ta'en away,²
What hope is there many will like the play ?
But, good or bad, have patience but two hours ;
The poet's credit is at stake with our's.*

¹ — scurril scenes.—] The old copy reads, “ scurril friends.” Two lines below, for “ note the men,” we have “ not men.”

² — two such helps] Old copy, “ to such helps.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Dionisio Farnese, *duke of Parma.*

Leontio, *his kinsman, and favourite.*

Valerio, }
Silvio, } *courtiers.*
Ascanio, }
Strozzi, }

Pallante, *a captain.*

Bentivolio, *a noble gentleman, betrothed to Ardelia.*

Horatio, *his friend.*

*Courtiers, Officers, Servants, Attendants, Guards,
&c.*

Euphemia, *duchess of Parma.*

Ardelia, *the DUKE'S MISTRESS.*

Aurelia, }
Macrina, } *ladies attending on the duchess.*

Fiametta, *an ill-favoured attendant on Ardelia.*

Scolopendra, *a gorgon.*

SCENE, Parma.

¹ Not given in the old copy.

THE
DUKE'S MISTRESS

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Part of the Palace.

Enter SILVIO and VALERIO.

Sil. We are like to have a brave and jolly time
on't.

Val. The court looks now as't should be. After
such

A tempest, what should follow but a calm,
And sun-beams? Where's the duchess?—
And yet, as the case stands, we can scarce give her
That title; all her glory is eclips'd;
She's i' the west. Poor gentlewoman, I can
But pity her; I mean Euphemia.

Sil. I dare not speak.

Val. Thou mayst speak any thing
That's courtly, and in fashion.

Sil. But the duke—

Val. Is duke, and heaven preserve him! Let him
have

His humour, and his mistresses, what are we
The worse? nay, let's consider like wise men,
We are the better for't; it gives us liberty,
And matter for our dutiful imitation.

Sil. But she's his duchess.

Val. What then?

Sil. A lady of

A flowing sweetness, and, but in his eyes,
Can want no beauty: how her nature may,
Thus cruelly affronted, keep that soft
And noble temper—

Val. Take heed, and be wise;
We are, or should be, courtiers. If it please
The duke, for reasons best known to himself,
To have more wives, I say 'tis fit he have 'em;
I make it my own case.

Sil. Thou art not married.

Val. No,

I dare not, for that reason, 'cause I hold it
Unfit my conscience should be limited.
But we are private men; and, though the laws
Have power on us, the state, and dukedom may
Suffer, if he that is the soul of all,
I mean the duke, should waste his life with one,
One melancholy wife. Come, let me tell thee,
Since he has chosen one that he thinks fairer,
'Tis happy for his first to keep her head on.

Sil. Couldst thou have thought so cruel? 'Las,
Euphemia!

Val. No, [Silvio,] thou art deceiv'd; if I were duke,
'Tis ten to one I'd have no wife at all.

Sil. How!

Val. Not of mine own, while any of my subjects
Had those I could affect, whom I would have
Presented by their husbands; they should do
Themselves that courtesy: none would deny,
Considering what may follow.

Sil. Besides horns.

Val. Right; if the toy be gamesome, the hus-
band's made

For ever.

Sil. Cuckold.

Val. And his wife a great one ;
 Horns [are] excuse for all.
Sil. The old mind still !
Val. I know my constitution.—

Enter LEONTIO.

His countenance wears some sore of discontent ;
 Does he not appear cloudy ?

Sil. Let's speak to him.

Val. My lord ! my lord !—Not answer ?

Sil. He does not hear.—My noblest lord !

Val. If I did think he were proud now of a sudden,
 I would not ask him how he does, to save
 His life. I'll speak once more.—My worthiest
 lord !

Leontio !

Leo. Ha !

Val. I have wakened him.

Leo. Valerio and Silvio !

I am your servants.

Val. Not that we grudge our duties to your
 lordship,

Or breath, for, without flattery, I dare
 Be hoarse with praising and with praying for you ;
 But we would willingly have your lordship take
 Notice, when we express our hearts to serve you.

Leo. Your pardon, gentlemen ; I am confident
 You have more virtue than to let me suffer
 In your opinions.

Sil. You look sad.

Leo. Not I.

Val. And talk as you had but started from a dream.
 I dare not be too bold to enquire the cause,
 But your face will teach others melancholy.

Sil. Now, in this general mirth, it must appear
 The greater wonder to behold your trouble.

Leo. I shall betray myself ; keep in, my passions.
[*Aside.*

Sil. There's something in't more than we apprehend.

Val. What should distract the freedom of your soul ?

Kinsman, and only favourite, to the duke,
The people's love too, and these seldom meet ;
The minion of the soldiers, who honour you
Most infinitely for your valour, and your bounty.

Leo. Flatter not, gentlemen.

Val. I'll be your hind, first.

Eclipse not, sir, the glories of your mind
With this strange melancholy. I would not, for
My hopes, the duke should see this dulness ; he
May, with unhappy jealousy, interpret—

Leo. What jealousy ?

Val. I know not.

Leo. Is my heart
Transparent ?

[*Aside.*

Val. Now joy revels in the court,
By his command, and his example too ;
Do not affront his pleasure. I am bold,
But 'tis my zeal, that would not have you suffer ;
And you may give it pardon.

Leo. I must thank
Thy love, Valerio ; thy heart does speak
A noble friendship. You shall witness, gentlemen,
I will be very pleasant.—Keep, keep in,
Ye rebel thoughts, and take some other time
To shew your wildness. [*Aside.*

Sil. Observ'd you that ?

Val. Shall I be bold to ask your lordship a
question ?

Leo. Any thing.

Val. You will pardon the folly on't ?

Leo. What is't ? be clear with me.

Val. Are you not
In love, my lord?

Leo. In love?

Val. I have shrewd conjectures.

Leo. From what?

Val. From these dull symptoms. If you be—

Leo. What then?

Val. Let me be your physician: 'tis a woman,
I must presume?

Leo. What does a man love else?

Val. There be those men are in love with their
own clothes,

Their wits, their follies, their estates, themselves;
But if you love a woman, let me advise you.

Sil. Hear him, my lord; his practice on that sex
Has made him learn'd.

Val. Something I have observ'd,
After a hundred mistresses; I had been dull else.
But to the point.

Leo. How would you [,sir,] advise me?

Val. I would not counsel you not to love at all,
As some that are all satire 'gainst the sex;
Love me a handsome lady, but so love her,
That still your heart find room for a fresh beauty,
For twenty, for a thousand.

Leo. Is inconstancy
So easy, and so pardonable?

Val. Why do you shift
Your shirt? the linen's fine, but not so clean
And sweet after a journey; 'tis a justice
To change; and a security: a woman
Is tyrant, where she finds a dotage. Love,
But wisely, to delight our hearts, not ruin them
With too severe impression.

Leo. Prithee tell me,
What do men most desire, that are in love?

Val. In this wise love, I mean? Why, my lord,
they

Desire to enjoy their mistresses; what else
Can be expected? and 'tis necessary,
In my opinion.

Leo. Hadst thou been woman,
Thou would'st not have been cruel.

Val. Troth, my lord,
I know not how the sex might have corrupted me :
But had I been Adonis, without question
My lady Venus should have had no cause
To accuse my bashfulness ; I should have left
The forest, to have hunted—

Leo. I believe it.

Val. But I must be content.

Sil. Nothing will much
Trouble thy head, Valerio.

Val. I do not vex myself with much enquiry
What men do in the Indies, or what trade
The great Turk's on, nor what his design is ;
Nor does the state at home much trouble me.
After the wars I enjoy my limbs, and can
Boast some activity, until some woman
In kindness take me down. Be rul'd by me ;
Employ your spring and youth upon those joys
They are fit for ; beget a new Elysium :
Under some pleasing shade let's lie and laugh,
Our temples crown'd with roses ; with the choice,
And richest blood of grapes quicken our veins ;
Some fair-cheek'd boys skinking our swelling cups,
And we, with jovial souls, shooting them round,
At each man's lip a mistress.

Sil. I did look
For this before.

Val. They in this bower
Shall with their songs and music charm our ears,
And nimbly dance, their bright hair loosely spread ;
Nor shall they more their amorous beauties hide,
Than those contended for the Golden Ball.

Leo. Thou would'st imagine many fine devices ;

But, after all these pleasures, as there is
 A limit, and a period set, what will
 Succeed these raptures, when they are past enjoying,
 But leave so many stings upon our thoughts ?

Val. We will not think of that ; or, if we do,
 We'll venture upon Fortune's courtesy.

Leo. Thou art resolute, Valerio ; if e'er sorrow
 Lay siege to me, I'll wish thee my companion.

Val. I am your humble creature, and shall be
 Honour'd in your commands.

Enter ASCANIO.

Asc. My lord, the duke
 Ask'd for you. [*Asc. whispers with Val. and Sil.*

Leo. I'll attend.—Whither in haste ?

Val. We are commanded to attend Ardelia.

Sil. It is his pleasure we should wait upon her
 To his presence.

Leo. Ardelia ? [*Exeunt all but Leo.*
 It will become you ; and, but that his highness
 Exacts my person, I should be a part
 Of her attendance ; but not serve her with
 Half the devotion I would pay Euphemia,
 The too much injured duchess, now a stranger
 To the duke's bosom, while another sits,
 And rules his heart : but this prepares my hap-
 piness.

My hopes grow from her misery, which may
 Incline Euphemia to pity me.
 I must use art.

Enter EUPHEMIA and MACRINA.

Mac. Good madam, have more comfort.

Leo. Is not that she ? her habit, like her fortune,
 Most black and ominous. Here's a change of state !
 No noise of waiters, and officious troops

Of courtiers flutter here. Where are the train
 Of ladies, with more blossom than the spring,
 Ambitious to present their duties to her?
 Where be those jewels, whose proud blaze did use
 To vie with sun-beams, and strike gazers blind?
 All gone behind a cloud! How she observes
 The statues,¹ which, more soft than Dionisio,
 Seem to incline their marble heads, and sweat
 In the compassion of her injury;
 My heart is labouring for breath, and yet
 I dare not speak to her; the duke has spies
 Upon her, and his anger carries ruin.

Enter Courtiers, who pass by neglectfully.

Euph. Sure I should know this place.

Mac. 'Tis the court, madam.

Euph. And those were courtiers that pass'd by?

Mac. They were.

Euph. Some of them serv'd me once; but now
 the duke

Has discharg'd all. Why dost not thou forsake me?

Mac. I serv'd you, madam, for yourself, and
 cannot

Think on you with less reverence, for your change
 Of fortune.

Euph. Is not that Leontio?

Mac. It is, madam.

Euph. Does he decline me too? Though I am
 miserable,

My grief would not infect him; but he must
 Compose himself to please the duke, whose creature
 He has been always.

Leo. I will speak to her,

Though death in the duke's eye threatens to kill me.
 Great mistress—

¹ the statues,] Old copy, "the structures:" perhaps the genuine word was *sculptures*. The reader must decide.

Euph. You do not well, Leontio, to insult
Upon my misery; Dionisio's frown
May make your field as barren.

Leo. By all virtue,
And by yourself, the mistress, I have not
One thought so irreligious in my soul.
I weep for your misfortune, and shall study
All humble ways to serve you.

Euph. You have been noble.

Leo. Your titles are all sacred still with me;
The duke's neglect cannot unprince you here.
Oh, let not hasty sorrow boast a triumph
Over so great a mind; let not that beauty
Wither with apprehension of your wrong,
That may be soon repented, and the storm,
That cowardly would shake that comliest building,
Make for your happiness. Some lament your fate,

Enter behind STROZZI.

Whose looks speak mirth. Be confident, the duke
Will chide the unlawful flame, that, like [a] rude
And wand'ring meteor, led him from your virtues,
With so much danger, to embrace Ardelia.

Stroz. The duke shall know your complements.
[*Exit.*

Euph. No more, lest, for your charity to me,
For I must call it so, you ruin now
Your favour with the duke. Farewell, Leontio;
Yet I would pray one favour from you.

Leo. Me?

My life's your servant.

Eup. If you hear the duke
Speak of me,—as I fear he never will,
But in displeasure,—tell him I will think it
No cruelty to take this poor life from me,
Rather than let me draw a wretched breath
With general scorn. Let him command me dead,

And I forgive him otherwise. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Euph. and Mac.*

Leo. That close shew'd something like a will to
be

Revenged ; her breast heav'd up, and fell again,
While both her eyes shot a contention upward,
As they would seem to put just heaven in mind
How much she suffers. If grief thus become her,
What magic will not love put on ? I must
Stifle my passion.—

Enter PALLANTE.

Pallante, welcome ! You are well met in court ;
Where dost thou live, Pallante ?

Pall. Every where ;

Yet no where to any purpose ; we are out
Of use, and, like our engines, are laid by
To gather dust : the court I have not skill in,
I want the trick of flattery, my lord ;
I cannot bow to scarlet and gold-lace ;
Embroidery is not an idol for my worship ;
Give me the wars again.

Leo. But yet remember,
We fight for peace, the end of war.

Pall. I never did, my lord.

Leo. What ?

Pall. Fight for peace ; I fought for pay, and
honour ;

Peace will undo us.

Leo. 'Tis the corruption of our peace, that men,
Glorious in spirit and desert, are not
Encourag'd.

Pall. The fault's somewhere.

Leo. I presume
Thou art not of so tyrannous a nature,
But thou couldst be content to wear rich clothes,

Feed high, and want no fortune, without venturing
To buy them at the price of blood ?

Pall. I could.

Leo. And I'll engage thou shalt. Be this the
prologue. [*Offers him money.*]

Pall. Not I ; keep, keep your money.

Leo. You do not scorn my bounty ?

Pall. You may guess

That fortune has not doted much upon me ;
And yet I must refuse it.

Leo. Your reason, pray ?

Pall. Why, ten to one I shall spend it.

Leo. So 'tis meant.

Pall. 'Twill make me gay awhile, but I shall
pawn

My robes, and put on these again.

Leo. Thou shalt not,

While I have fortune to preserve thee otherwise.

Pall. I say, out of my love to you, I must not.

I never yet took money upon charity :

I earn'd it in the war, and I'll deserve't

In peace ; of you I cannot ; 'tis my misery

To be unserviceable.

Leo. Is that your scruple ?

But that I know thy humour, I should think

This cunning ; but you shall not, sir, despair ;

I shall find ways to have [it] mention'd

In your accounts, for merits, doubt not ; [*Pall.*
takes the money.]—I

Will give you occasion to deserve more.

Pall. On those

Conditions I'll take more, and think the better

Of my own life, honour'd by your employments.

Leo. The duke !

*Enter Duke, conversing with STROZZI ; followed by
ASCANIO, and other Attendants.*

Duke. Ha ! Leontio ?

Stroz. If I have any brains, he shew'd a passion
Did not become him to your duchess, sir.

Duke. Presumes he on his blood, above our
favour?

Dares he but in a thought control our pleasure?
No more, we'll take no knowledge.—Oh, my lord,
You absent yourself too much; though we confess
Our state must owe much to your care, we would
not

Your offices should waste you with employments:
Preserve your health, I pray—

Leo. I never did
Enjoy it more than when I studied service,
And duties to your grace.

Duke. Music! the minutes
Are sad i' the absence of Ardelia,
And move too slow; quicken their pace with lutes
And voices.

Music, and SONG within.

Duke. No more, we will be music of ourselves,
And spare your arts; thought of Ardelia
Should strike a harmony through every heart.
What brow looks sad, when we command delight?
We shall account that man a traitor to us,
That wears one sullen cloud upon his face;
I'll read his soul in't, and, by our bright mistress,
Than which the world contains no richer beauty,
Punish his daring sin.

Leo. He will deserve it,
Great sir, that shall offend with the least sadness;
Or, were it so possess'd, yet your command,
That stretches to the soul, would make it smile,
And force a bravery. Severe old age
Shall lay aside his sullen gravity,
And revel like a youth; the froward matrons,
For this day, shall repent their years and coldness

Of blood, and wish again their tempting beauties,
To dance like wanton lovers.

Duke. My Leontio,
In this thou dost present our bosom to thee.—
What's he?

Leo. A gentleman that has deserv'd,
For service in your late wars, sir; a captain.

Duke. He may turn courtier now; we have no
use
Of noise, we can march here without a drum:
I hope we are not in arrears to him.
He haunts us for no pay?

Leo. Your bounty, beside that, hath won their
hearts.

Duke. Why has he no better clothes? this is a day
Of triumph.

Pall. I beseech your highness' pardon,
I have drunk your health in better clothes.—Despise
My christian buff! this is the fruits of peace.—
I'll wait on you again. [*Aside to Leo. and exit.*]

Duke. Where's my Ardelia?—
How at the name my spirits leap within me,
And the amorous winds do catch it from my lips
To sweeten the air! Heaven at the sound
Looks clear and lovely, and the earth puts on
A spring to welcome it.—Speak, Leontio,
Strozzi, gentlemen. But she appears,

Enter ARDELIA, VALERIO, and SILVIO.

For whom the world shall wear eternal shine,
Brightest Ardelia, queen of love, and me!

Ard. The only honour my ambition climbs to,
Is to be held your highness' humblest handmaid.

Duke. Call me thy servant.—What new charms
her looks
Do throw upon my soul!

Sil. How the duke gazes!

Duke. There is some strange divinity within her,
Is there not, Valerio?

Val. I am not read so far yet as divinity;
Mine is but human learning.

Duke. Speak again,
And at thy lips the quires shall hang, to learn
New tunes, and the dull spheres but coldly imitate;
I am transform'd with my excess of rapture.
Frown, frown, Ardelia, I shall forget
I am mortal else; and when thou hast thrown down
Thy servant, with one smile exalt again
His heart to heaven, and with a kiss breathe in me
Another soul fit for thy love: but all
My language is too cold, and we waste time.—
Lead on, there's something of more ceremony
Expects our presence; Italy is barren
Of what we wish, to entertain Ardelia.

Leo. May all the pleasures thought can reach
attend you! [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Part of the Palace.

Enter BENTIVOLIO and HORATIO.

Hor. Be counsell'd yet, without being too ambitious
To buy a dear repentance.

Bent. Now we are
Arrived at court?—shame to our resolution!—
I prithee do not tempt me to such cowardice,
Horatio, I must see her; she'll not blast us:
She was lovely when our eyes saluted last,
And at my farewell, many innocent tears

Witness'd her sorrow, clear as April weeps
 Into the bosom of the spring. Not see
 Ardelia?

Hor. You have travell'd since, and she,
 Wanting no beauty, was not over willing
 To languish in your absence. How I pity thee!
 But that I would not too much vex your folly,
 Dost think there's faith in any woman's eyes?
 She wept at parting, a strong obligation!
 When they can thread their tears, and make a chain
 Of water, let me wear one o' their bracelets.
 I will convince thy madness in six words:
 Admit she said she loved you, and, to your thinking,
 Vowed it, (for you say you were contracted,)
 All this is nothing.

Bent. No?

Hor. Not this; although
 You had been married, and i' the sheets together,
 And chaffer'd earnest for a boy, 'tis nothing;
 It binds not.

Bent. How?

Hor. Not with a thousand witnesses.

Bent. How? not bind her?

Hor. Nor any woman living, that's possess'd
 With a wand'ring spirit. Clap her in a dungeon,
 [And] pile three castles on her, yet she shall
 Break prison when she has but the least mind to't;
 She'll work through a steel mine, to meet a friend
 That she likes better; with more ease throw up
 A quarry of marble, than a mole shall dust.
 They work with spirits, man, and can do wonders,
 Specially a handsome woman, from whose false
 And sly temptations all my wits defend me!
 There were some dealing with an elvish female,
 That had but a coarse face, or say but half a one;
 Rheumatic¹ eyes, with no more sight than could

¹ Rheumatic eyes,] The 4to reads, "Emnaticke eyes," which I do not understand.

Distinguish well man from a horse or bear,
 To keep her from mistake in procreation ;
 A nose of many fashions, and as many
 Water-works in them ; lips of honest hide,
 And made to last ; teeth of a Moor's complexion ;
 A chin, without all controversy, good
 To go a fishing with, a witch's beard on't ;
 With twenty other commendations : such a
 Thing were no mischief, and a man might trust
 Her with no scruple in his conscience.

Bent. This is plain madness.

Hor. You may call it so ;
 But I'll be bound to travel further with
 This night-mare, than the finest flesh and blood
 You court, and call your mistress. Why, the devil,
 With all his art and malice, will ne'er cuckold
 me ;

An I should leave her in hell, and go a journey,
 I should be sure at my return to find her
 Safe, and untouch'd, sound of her wind and limbs :
 A fair and handsome woman would not 'scape so.
 You have my opinion now, and 'twere less evil
 To practise it. You mind not my instructions.

Bent. Not I.

Hor. These lectures have I read to the city
 With the same success ; that gentlemen might live
 honest,

And men have luck to father their own children,
 But 'twill not be. You are resolv'd to try it ?

Bent. Am I engaged thus far, to fall back now ?

Hor. Remember where you are yet.

Bent. I am i' the court.

Hor. Where you expect to complement with the
 duke's—

Bent. What ?

Hor. What do you think ? The duke is married,
 They say, although he love Ardelia,
 And without question, in these parts may want

No intelligence of your purpose, and your person ;
And there's no doubt but if he find you quail-
catching,

He has power enough to cool your blood and her's,
Should she remember what has pass'd between you.
In that respect, be caution'd ; do not work
A double ruin, to soothe one vain humour ;
Eyes will beget an appetite of more nearness,
And how that may succeed, 'tis better fear
Than prove

Bent. I prithee fright me not with shadows.

Hor. You are then for the substance?—I'll not
leave you.

Bent. I'll see her, did the duke proclaim it death.

Hor. I had rather see the cow with the five legs,
And all the monsters in the market, than
Be troubled with the spectacle. But on!—
Stay—yet.

Will you but see her? will her face content you
Afar off, without multiplying twinkles,
Ridiculous sighs, or cross'd arms pinion'd thus,
As the knight-templars legs are, wholly buried,
Like tailors'? No dejected looks, as you had
Your father alive again, to send you out
To sea, with pension to maintain you in biscuit,
Poor John, and half a livery, which should be
Part of your governor, to read moral virtue
And lenten lectures to you? Or, if she frown,
As much as say, *My friend, I am not for you ;*
The duke's the better gentleman, and shall pay for't ;
Will you return then, with a handsome patience,
And wisely love, where no man else will rival you,
A witch, or some old woman?

Bent. I prithee leave

Thy phrenzy ; thou shalt witness I'll be temperate.

Enter VALERIO.

Who's this? signior Valerio?

Val. Bentivolio!

Welcome to Parma,² and the court.

Bent. My friend, sir.

Val. You both divide me.

Bent. Then I am no stranger,

In confidence of that friendship we both seal'd
In travel.

Val. What affairs brought you to Parma?

Bent. Being at large, I had curiosity
To observe what might improve my knowledge here,
With some taste of your court.

Val. And I am happy

I have some power to serve your wish, nor could you
Arrive to see it shine with more delight ;
It is compos'd of revels now, all air.
Let me present you to the duke.

Bent. I shall be
Honour'd to kiss his hand.

Val. Shalt see his mistress,
The fair Ardelia ; the duke's no saint,
I may tell thee.

Hor. Pray, sir, with your favour,
Cannot the court furnish a gentleman,
An need be, with an ugly face or two ?
Such as would turn your stomach, would content
My fancy best.

Val. What means your friend ?

Bent. A humour
He plays withal.

Val. He would not play with such
A woman, would he ?

Hor. Yes ; if the place be not
Too barren, to afford me one ill-favour'd
Enough.

Val. Ne'er fear it ; they are common here

² *Welcome to Parma,*] The old copy has *Pavia* here, and in two or three subsequent speeches ; but as the duke is called *Farnese*, the word should evidently be *Parma*, which indeed occurs towards the end.

As crows, and something of a hue, by moonshine.
 Promise to keep your wits, and I'll present you.

Hor. I have a lease, sir, of my brains, and dare
 Encounter with an army out of Lapland.¹ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Music, and a Song in dialogue, within; during which, enter the Duke, ARDELIA, FIAMETTA, LEONTIO, STROZZI, ASCANIO, SILVIO, and Ladies.

Duke. How likes Ardelia this?

Ard. If it affect

Your highness' ear, duty hath so compos'd
 My will to obedience, I must praise the music;
 And wish no other object to that sense,
 Unless you please to express more harmony
 By some commands from your own voice, that will
 Challenge my more religious attention.

Duke. What charm is in her language! cease
 all other!

(But discord to her accents.) What a sweet
 And winning soul she has! Is it not pity
 She should be less than duchess? far above
 Euphemia in beauty, and rare softness
 Of nature, I could wonder; gaze for ever:
 But I expose my passion too much
 To censure;—yet who dares dispute our will?
 Leontio, look upon Ardelia,
 And tell me—

Leo. What, sir?

Duke. Canst see nothing there?

Leo. I see a spacious field of beauty, sir.

¹ an army out of Lapland.] i. e. of witches.

Duke. 'Tis poor, and short of her perfection.
 Bear her this other jewel ; I will have her
 Shine like a volume of bright constellations,
 Till all the world turn her idolater.
 When did Euphemia look thus ?

Leo. Never, sir.

Duke. Be judge thyself, Leontio ; if my duchess
 Loved me, could she deny her Dionisio
 This happiness ? but she has a stubborn soul,
 She has, and shall repent it.

Leo. Sir, remember
 She is a princess.

Duke. You were best remember her ;
 Perhaps she'll take it kindly.

Leo. Sir, I hope
 You have more assurance of my faith to you,
 Than to interpret—

Duke. Nothing. Come, all's well ;
 Name her no more. Howe'er she has displeas'd
 Us, you can violate no duty still
 To love her.

Leo. I, sir ?

Duke. This infects delight ;
 Let's dance, my sweet Ardelia. [They dance.

Leo. The duke's jealous,
 Or I'm betray'd. [Aside.

Duke. Leontio, Silvio, Strozzi,
 The ladies blush for you ; they have breath'd too
 much.

*During the dance, enter VALERIO, BENTIVOLIO, and
 HORATIO.*

Val. Sir, here are gentlemen desire the grace
 To kiss your highness' hand.

Duke. Ardelia,
 Supply our duchess' absence.

Val. It is
 The duke's desire, by his example, you

Extend your fair hand to a pair of strangers,
Ambitious of the honour.

Ard. Bentivolio!

'Tis he! How my heart trembles, as my frame
Would fall to pieces. [*aside.*]—Do you know that
gentleman?

Val. Yes, madam.

Ard. Let him attend me in my lodgings;
It will be worth your friendship to conduct him.

Val. I shall.

Duke. Your countenance changes; I observ'd
Your eyes upon that stranger.

Ard. He renews¹

The memory of a brother I loved dearly,
That died at sea; I ne'er saw two so like.

Duke. For representing one so near Ardelia,
Receive another welcome; and what favours
Your thoughts can study from our court, possess
them.

Bent. You oblige my humblest services.—How
now?

How dost like this? [*Aside to Hor.*

Hor. Why, scurvily; you flatter
Yourself into destruction.—I see
The arrow will pierce thy heart; decline it yet.

Bent. Still frantically opposing?

Hor. I have done.

Be mad; I'll give my brain to somewhat else.—
Sir, I would see a physnomy; though it look
As big as the four winds, I have courtship for it,
And would not be blown off with an hurricano;²
Yet trust me, I'll be honest.

¹ *He renews, &c.*] The 4to. reads, "he *renewes*:" perhaps the word meant was *revives*.

² This alludes to the ridiculous pictures of storms, with which many of our old books of voyages and travels are illustrated and beautified; namely, several swelled cheeks clubbed together, and puffing with great violence.

Val. I believe you.

Hor. Only to please my eye.

Val. What think you of

That devil's landscape? you observ'd not her.

[*Pointing to Fiam.*

Notwithstanding her complexion, she is a lady
Useful at court, to set off other faces,
Especially the duke's mistress, whom, for that,
And something else, his grace has recommended
To be her companion. Will she serve [your] turn?
Did you ever see a more excellent wall-eye?

Hor. Ay, marry, sir.

Val. Nay, let me prepare [her for] you.—
Madam, do you observe that gentleman,
The staring stranger? he has business to you,
An you will bid it welcome.

Fia. Does he know me?

Val. He enquir'd for you,
By all descriptions, and, I guess, he may
Be worth your favour.

Fia. Mine?

Val. If ever man
Were an idolater, he is your's. I'll bring him
To your lodgings, madam, if you please.

Fia. You'll honour me.

Duke. Again

To our revels; there's no life without being active.

Val. Not now; you shall have opportunity;
And I have commission to inform you something.
Away, here's like to be a storm.

Enter EUPHEMIA.

Bent. What's she?

Val. Euphemia.

Stroz. Your duchess, sir.

Duke. How dares she interrupt us?

Leo. A guard about my heart, I am undone else;
Each look and motion in her grief present.

Such a commanding sweetness, if I observe
With the same eyes, I shall betray myself. [*Aside.*

Euph. I come not, sir, with rudeness of my language

Or person, to offend your mirth, although
The nature of my sorrow is so wild,
It may infect weak minds, and such as have not
Some proof in their own bosoms; but to make
One, and my last suit, which, when you have heard,
It may appear so reasonable, and proportion'd
To what your thoughts allow me, that you will
Find easily a consent to make it fortunate,
And me in the prevailing. [*Ard. offers to depart.*

Duke. Do not move,
Ardelia; I am full protection here.

Euph. There's something, sir, in my request, to
make
Her happy too.

Ard. I dare not hear the duchess; her looks
wound me.

Duke. Speak your promising wishes.

Euph. Although I know not for what guilt in me,
Of more than my obedience, and some less
Beauty than dwells upon Ardelia's cheek,
You have exiled me from your love, and bosom;
And worse than one condemn'd by force of laws
For sin against your bed, have sentenced me
To wander, with disgrace carv'd in my brow,
The fable of a duchess, and your anger:
My desires are, you would have so much charity,
Though you have made me an outlaw by your doom,
Not to compel me, after all my shames,
To be a murderer.

Duke. Treason! our guard!

Euph. You shall not trouble, sir, your fears; I
bring [not]
The least black thought against your person;
heaven

Avert so foul a sin ! the danger all
 Doth threaten me, and my life ; which I thus
 Most humbly beg may not be forced through blood
[Kneels.

By my own hands, urged by your heavy wrongs
 To such a desperate mutiny, which you may
 Prevent, by your revenge of law upon me ;
 To which, and your displeasure, I would yield
 My life your welcome sacrifice. I'll praise
 Your mercy for my death, and bless the stroke
 Divides my sad soul from me.

Duke. This your project ?

Leo. Did you hear the duchess' suit ?

Ard. No ; but I'll beg

It may be granted.—Do not, sir, deny
 Your duchess her desires, so just and reasonable.

Leo. How's this ? She'll pray [him] to be rid on
 her.

Audacious woman ! [Aside.

Euph. Let me rise with horror.

Duke. Ardelia knows not what Euphemia ask'd.

Leo. She'll appear cunning.

Ard. I am confident

She hath propounded nothing ill becoming.

Leo. Nothing, a very trifle ! wearied with
 Her injuries, she only begs the duke
 Would be so kind to order, with as much
 Conveniency as he please, her head to be
 Chopp'd off, that's all ; and you were charitable,
 To join so modestly in the advancement
 Of her desires.

Ard. Defend it heaven !—

Madam, your pardon ; I imagin'd not
 You aim'd such cruelty upon your yourself.

Euph. Proud and dissembling woman ! at such
 impudence

I take my spirit to me, and no more
 Will put my breath to the expense of prayer,

To be short-liv'd. I will desire to live,
 To see heaven drop down justice with such loud
 And public noise of my revenge on thee,
 And thy adulterate arts, as the world, naming
 But once Ardelia, shall be palsy-struck.
 I feel a new and fiery soul within me,
 Apt to disperse my rage, which fear, and my
 Religion, would have stifled.—Oh my fate!

Duke. She raves; to prison with her! we are
 not safe

While she enjoys the freedom of our air.—
 Stay, my good genius, she carries yet
 The title of our duchess.—'Tis our pleasure,
 Leontio, she be your prisoner;
 But see her narrowly confin'd, till we
 Determine what shall follow. In what we
 Limit you not, make your own reason guide;
 But on your life secure her.

Leo. Your commands

In all things I obey.—Most blest occasion! [*Aside.*

Duke. Fool! thou dost entertain what must undo
 thee,

And make you both ripe for eternal absence;
 Hug Juno in the clouds, and court her smiles;
 Though she consent not, 'tis enough, you'll stand
 Suspected, and expos'd to equal danger.

You shall not lose your air to plead for death,
 Thus we'll secure Ardelia. [*Aside.*

Euph. I hear,

And with all cheerfulness, resign my will
 To imprisonment or death. Forgive the wildness
 And fury of my language; I repent
 My wish upon Ardelia; may she live
 To do so too, and you to be possess'd
 Of all joys earth and heaven can bless your heart
 with!

May danger never in a dream affright you!
 And, if you think I live too long, 'tis possible,

Before you send death to conclude my sufferings,
Some thoughts of you may wither my poor heart,
And make your path smooth, to what most you
joy in.

Be not a tyrant, when I'm dead, upon
My fame, although you wish me not alive :
Yet say, I was Euphemia ! let that stick
Upon my tomb, if you will grace my shade
With so much cost ; in that name is supplied
Enough to tell the world for whom I died.

Duke. We hear too much ; away with her !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace.—A Garden.

Enter BENTIVOLIO, VALERIO, and HORATIO.

Bent. I have given a treasure to your bosom, sir.

Val. You shall not, friend, repent it ; and this act
Of so much confidence, new binds my faith to
you.—

Contracted to Ardelia ! I may chance
Make use of this. Your pilgrimage ends here.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Hor. Do you know what you have done ?

Bent. I have told him what
Concern'd Ardelia, and myself ; thou wouldst
Suspect, and chide my credulous nature. Come,
I'll trust him with my life.

Hor. That's done already.

He has a secret, much good do him with it,
Should have burnt a passage through my heart,
and left

It ashes, ere it had wander'd from me thus :
And if you never did before, pray now,

He may be honest to you ; 'tis too late
 To find compunction for it : pray, and heartily,
 He may be dumb.

Re-enter VALERIO, with ARDELIA.

Val. Signior Bentivolio.—

[*Exeunt Ard. and Bent.*

So, so, that's over. Now I will conduct you
 To your precious saint, unless your blood turn
 coward,

Hor. Oh, never fear it, sir.

Val. But would you did

First tell me, and discharge me of some wonder ;—
 You have an humour of the newest fashion
 I e'er yet saw, and how the court may follow't,
 I know not ;—how long have you been possess'd,
 sir ?

Hor. Possess'd ? What devil do you mean ?

Val. With these

Ill-favour'd, deform'd women ? You're bewitch'd
 sure !

Hor. Thou dost not know the fiends I have con-
 vers'd with.

Val. I have no ambition to be acquainted
 With any goblins, further than their knowledge
 Might make me understand the ground of your
 Enchantment.

Hor. Oh, a world ; legions ! legions !

Val. Of what ?

Hor. Of handsome women.

Val. They the cause of this ?

Hor. Their false and perjur'd natures ; I ne'er
 met with

One handsome face that made a conscience of me.

Val. And do you think to find
 More faith in those that look all o'er like devils ?

Hor. 'Tis possible they may have souls, who
 knows ?

Howe'er, in my revenge I'll love, and dote on
 them,

And justify they are the sex's glory.

Val. I have enough.

Re-enter ARDELIA and BENTIVOLIO.

They are return'd : this way, sir, to your fairy.

[*Exeunt Hor. and Val.*

Ard. My dearest Bentivolio, why dost stand
 At so much gaze and distance, as thou wouldst
 Teach love unkindness ? Can these outward forms
 Disguise me from thy knowledge ? Let's salute :
 My lips retain their softness ; and unless
 Thy love be changed, our breath may meet, and we
 Convey the hearty meaning of our souls,
 As we once did.

Bent. You're very brave, Ardelia.

Ard. But have no pride without you ; these are
 no

Glories, compared to what I wear within,
 To see thee safe, whom my fears gave up lost.
 And after so much absence, do I live
 To embrace my Bentivolio ?

Bent. You would have me
 Believe I am welcome hither, fair Ardelia—
 Pardon, I know not yet what other name
 To call you by, and if I wrong your titles,
 Be gentle to my ignorance ; this hand
 You gave me once, when no ambition frightened
 The troth we vow'd, our chaste simplicity,
 Durst kiss without a shame, or fear to be
 Divorced by greatness : tell me, sweet Ardelia,
 When I did court thy virgin faith, and paid
 An innocent tribute to thy most chaste lip ;
 When we had spent the day with our discourse,
 And night came rudely in to part us, what
 Were then thy usual dreams ? How many visions

Were let into thy sleep, thou shouldst be great,
Torn from my bosom, to enrich thyself,
And a duke's arms? and that a time should come,
When I, the promised master of this wealth,
Should thus present myself a beggar to thee,
And count thy smiles a charity?

Ard. What means
My Bentivolio by this passionate language?

Bent. I do confess I was compell'd to be
An exile from thee, in obedience to
My father, who would trust me to the seas,
Or any land, ere leave me to this shipwreck;
For so his anger sinn'd against thy beauty,
Whilst the idol gold graced not thy fairer temple.
Yet, when we plighted hearts, Ardelia,
I tied with mine an everlasting contract,
And did expect at my return to have found
Thine spotless.

Ard. 'Tis the same.

Bent. The same to me?
What makes you here then? Do not, do not flatter
Thy guilt so much. Is not this Parma's court?
Ardelia's court, indeed, for she rules here,
The lady paramount, whilst the duke himself
Bows like a subject.

Ard. Be not, sir, too credulous,
And with too apprehensive thoughts do injury
To that which you should cherish; the duke is—

Bent. You'll say, none of your subject.—He's a
prince,
Prince of your province, writes Ardelia his;
'Tis ravish'd all from me, and I am become
A stranger to my own; nay, stand and see
My treasure rifled, all my wealth ta'en from me,
And dare not question the injurious power
That revels in my glory. But canst think
I will be cold for ever? that all seeds
Of man lie dead within me, and my soul,

Sunk in my phlegm, will never rise to form
Some just revenge? think there are then no furies!

Ard. You come to threaten, not to love; and
having
Already, by long absence, made a fault,
To quit yourself, would lay a stain on me;
'Tis not well done.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The duke. [*Exit.*

Bent. The duke?

Ard. 'Tis possible
He may not fear your anger.

Bent. I'll squat, then,
Behind this hedge; this garden hath quiet shades;
I hope you'll not betray me?

Ard. This the form
Of your revenge! [*Bent. retires.*

Enter Duke.

Duke. My fair Ardelia,
Excuse me, if I press upon thy private
Walks; love gives a boldness to mean spirits;
But in a prince's breast 'tis much more active,
And fears no imputation. What doth fright
Thy countenance? I hope, Ardelia,
My presence brings no horror?

Ard. Sir, much comfort.
Whether it were my fancy, or a truth,
I know not—

Duke. What's the matter?

Ard. You have no satyrs
Within this ground? do any haunt this garden?

Duke. Satyrs?

Ard. As I have read them character'd,
So one appear'd, or I imagin'd so,

And as you enter'd, hid himself; they are
Half men—

Duke. Half beasts.

Ard. With goats' horns in their forehead :
The thought on't troubles me.

Duke. The effect only
Of melancholy thoughts; no such things are
In nature; yet I'll search, and—strange apprehension!

Ard. 'Twas more than shape, sure; it did talk
to me,

And threaten me, for your sake.

Duke. How! for mine?

I'll have the trees and arbors all torn up.
Devils lurk here! the earth shall not secure them.

Ard. He said he loved me, and accused my heart
Of perjury, as we had been contracted.

Duke. More strange! my guard!

Ard. Stay, sir; before you go,
Let me beseech your justice, in defence
Of my much injur'd honour! As you are
A prince, I do beseech you speak all truth;
For let him be the devil, I'll not have
My innocence abused. I know not from
What fame, or fond opinion voiced of me;
By some that had more thought to serve your will
Than virtue, I was made believe you loved me;
Which, though my force resisted, by some practices

You gain'd my person hither, and in court
Command my stay.

Duke. *Entreat*, my best Ardelia.

Ard. You may, sir, smooth your cause; but I
can fetch

A witness from my bosom, to convince
The truth I urge: yet let me not be lost
To gratitude; my soul bids me acknowledge
Never was subject to a prince more bound

For free and bounteous¹ graces, than Ardelia
To your highness ; and with many lives to waste
In service for them, I were still in debt to you.

Duke. 'Tis in thy power to satisfy for all,
And leave me ten times more obliged to thee.

Ard. Let me, for this time, beg an answer from
you :

Although I am not ignorant what price
Your wild blood would exact, speak in the ear
Of silent heaven, have you obtained so much
As one stoop to your wanton avarice,
One bend to please your inflamed appetite ?

Duke. Not any yet ; the more unkind Ardelia.

Ard. Speak clearly, by the honour of a prince.

Duke. By better hopes, I swear, and by thyself.

Ard. You do me, sir, but justice ; I will study
To pay my humblest duty, and I'll tell,
When next I see the satyr—

Duke. To discharge
Those fears, I'll presently destroy this garden,
And not leave shelter for a bird.

Ard. Your pardon.

To what would my imagination lead me ?
I see all was but melancholy ; here was nothing.

Duke. Fruits of a troubled fancy. Come, be
pleasant,

And tell me when you will redeem your cruelty.
It may incline you somewhat, to remember
By what soft ways I have pursued your love,
How nobly I would serve you.

Ard. Love, your grace
Knows, never was compell'd.

Duke. But love should find
Compassion to the wound it makes ; I bleed,
And court thy gentle pity to my sufferings.
All princes are not of so calm a temper ;

¹ Old copy, *beauteous*.

Think of it, my Ardelia, and reward
The modest expectations of a heart,
That, in thy absence, withers: but I'll leave thee
To chide thy cruel thoughts, and, till our lips
Salute again, flatter myself with hope
Thy nature will be wise, and kind to love,
Where 'tis so fairly courted. [Exit.

Bent. [coming forward]—Is he gone?
With what acknowledgment of my fault, Ardelia,
Shall I beseech thy pardon? I am lost
In wonder of thy innocence; 'twere just
I should suspect the truth of my own bosom:
Thou hast too rich a goodness.

Ard. Now you flatter.
I knew no way o' the sudden to convince you,
But by the duke's confession. I am yet
Preserv'd, my Bentivolio; but with what
Danger of being lost to thee and honour,
I shall remain here, may concern our jealousy.

Bent. Together with the knowledge of thy
virtue,
Like balsam pour'd into my ear, I took
A poison from the duke. I find he loves thee
With a black purpose, and within his language
Was something worth our fear indeed; it will
Require our study, and much art, Ardelia.

Ard. Let's
Retire into my chamber, and mature
Some course for both our safeties.

Bent. I attend you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace

Enter VALERIO, HORATIO, and FIAMETTA.

Val. I will not stay three minutes; I'll but step
Aside for distillation. I leave you
 The pleasure of your eyes. [*Exit.*

Hor. Well, go thy ways.

Fia. Do you not mock me, sir? shall I believe
 A gentleman of your neat and elegant making
 Can stoop to such a creature as I am?

Hor. Will you have me swear?

Fia. By no means.

Hor. Then I will not;

But I will give it thee under my hand.

Read that. [*Gives her a paper.*

Fia. What's this?

Hor. Something to shew I hate all handsome
 women.

Fia. Is't a song?

Hor. It may be, with a voice, and tune put to't;
 I'll read it. [*Takes it and reads.*]

*Re-enter VALERIO, with AURELIA and MACRINA,
 veiled.*

Val. I am come again, sir, and choose, rather than
 To afflict you with expectation,
 To bring my company along: you may
 Salute them, if you please.

Hor. They are not welcome.

Val. Will you believe me now? [*Aside to Aur.*

Aur. If we may trust our eyes.

* What was here read were probably the verses printed among Shirley's Poems, with the title, "One that loved none but deformed women."

Hor. Ladies, you must excuse me ; I affect
No vulgar beauties ; give me a complexion
Cannot be match'd again in twenty kingdoms.
You have eyes, and nose, and lips, and other parts
Proportion'd.

Aur. Sure the gentleman's distracted.

Hor. No, I am recovered, I thank my stars,
To know, and heartily abhor such faces.—
What come they hither for ? Do you know them,
madam ?

Fia. I had no purpose they should be my guests
At this time : they're court ladies, I confess.—
Signior Valerio, this was your plot.

Val. My pure intention, madam, to do you
Service. I knew they were not for his palate ;
These will inflame his appetite to you,
And set you off, mere foils to you ; do they
Look as they were ambitious to be
Compared with you ?

Fia. Noble sir, although
I have not beauty, like these ladies—

Hor. How ?

You have not beauty ? take heed, do not shew
Yourself unthankful to wise nature, do not.
They have not wealth enough in all their bodies
To purchase such a nose.

Mac. Ha ! ha !

Hor. *Ha ! ha !* good madam Kickshaw,
That laugh to shew how many teeth you have.

Val. Be not uncivil, sir.

Hor. Why does that fairy grin then ?
I'll justify there is more worth and beauty,
Consider'd wisely, and as it preserves
Man in his wits and sense, than can be read
I' the volume of their flattering generations.—
Good madam, look a squint a little more.
So ; keep but that cast with your eyes, and tell me
Whose sight is best ? her's, that can see at once

More several ways than there are points i' the
compass,

Or their's, that looks but point-blank ?

Mac. A new way

To commend the eyes.

Hor. You think your forehead pleases,
Whose top, with frizled and curl'd hair beset,
Appears like a white cliff, with reeds upon't ;
Your nose, which, like an isthmus, parts two seas—

Aur. Seas ? you mean eyes again.

Val. What of their nose ?

Hor. Will be in danger, with continual beating
Of waves, to wash the paint off, and in time
May fall, and put you to the charge of building
A silver bridge for praides to pass over.

Mac. We'll bar your commendations.

Hor. It shall not need.

I do not melt my wits to verse upon
Such subjects. Here's an instrument to smell with,
Tough as an elephant's trunk, and will hold water.

Val. It has a comely length, and is well studded
With gems of price ; the goldsmith would bid
money for't.

Aur. Is he not mad ?

Hor. I can assure you no ;

And by this token, I would rather be
Condemn'd to the gallies, than be once in love
With either of your physnomies.

Mac. Is't possible ?

Hor. You may put your whole faith upon't.

Val. Do you believe him,
Madam ?

Aur. Methinks this is the prettiest mirth.—
You have a mighty wit, could you be angry ;
I love you for't.

Mac. His humour takes me infinitely.

Hor. It does ! and you do love me for't ?

Mac. Most strangely.

Hor. I would you did, and heartily.

Mac. What?

Hor. Love me.

Mac. So well, I could be happy in thy wife.

Hor. Could fate make me so miserable, if I did not

In less than a se'nnight break thy heart, thou shouldst
Cuckold me at my own peril.

Val. This lady has

A mighty estate.

Hor. 'Tis all the fault she has;

Would she had none! Had she no house, nor
clothes,

Nor means to feed, yet I would sooner marry,
Observe, this naked savage, than embrace
The fairest woman of the earth, with power
To make me lord of Italy. I should always
Enjoy my health.

Val. Her very face would keep
Your body soluble.

Hor. No fears compel me
To be a prisoner to my dining-room;
I might hawk, hunt, and travel to both Indies.

Aur. Give any doctor leave to give her physic.

Mac. Or change of air.

Val. Save much in your own diet,
Which else would call for ambergris, and roots,
And stirring cullices.

Aur. You might allow her
To visit masques and plays.

Val. And the bordellos;
I think she would be honest.

Hor. And that's more
Than any christian conscience dare assure
By oath on your behalf.—To be short, ladies,
Howe'er you may interpret it my humour,
Mine's a Platonic love; give me the soul,
I care not what coarse flesh and blood enshrine it;

Preserve your beauties, this will fear no blasting.—
I beg you call me servant. [*To Fiam.*

Aur. Did you hear him?

Fia. You must acknowledge, then, I am your
mistress.

Hor. I'll wear your periwig for my plume, and boast
More honour in't, than to be minion
To all the ladies of the court. Dear mistress,
If you can love a man, jeer them a little.

Fia. Fair ladies, will you in, and taste a banquet?
Be not discountenanced that this gentleman
Is merry with your beauties; the spring lasts
Not all the year: when nature, that commands
Our regiment, shall say, *Faces about*,
We may be in fashion; no controlling destiny.
Passion! who curl'd your hair? here wanteth
powder. —

Who is your mercer, madam? I would know
What your cheek stands you in a week in taffeta?¹
Your face at distance shews like spotted ermine.

Hor. Or like a dish of white broth, strew'd with
currants.

Fia. Right, servant! that was a more proper
simile. —

Discretion should have put more ceruse here;
Your fucus was ill made.—Do you not lie
In a mask all night, madam?

Val. Thou dost in a vizard,
I will be sworn. How the rude gypsy triumphs!

Hor. Enough; they now begin to swell, and sweat.
Let's leave them. [*Exeunt Hor. and Fia.*

Val. What a Hecate was this!
Will you not be revenged?

¹ *In taffeta?*] i. e. for patches. This absurd practice continued longer in fashion than any other of our national follies on record. It was put out of countenance by the exquisite humour of Addison; but did not finally disappear till the middle of the last century.

Aur. Yes, if we knew
By what convenient stratagem.

Val. I have it.

There is another creature of my acquaintance,
If you have faith, more monstrous than this beldam ;
I will possess her with this gentleman's humour,
And screw her up to be this witch's rival.

What think you of that ?

Aur. Will it not make her mad ?

Mac. I would go a pilgrimage to see't, 'twill be
A mirth beyond the bears.

Aur. Lose no time then.

Val. I'll fit him with a female fury, such
As the devil with a pitchfork will not touch.—

Come, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LEONTIO and EUPHEMIA.

Leo. Have comfort, madam ;
I prophesy your sufferings are short-lived.

Euph. You mean I shall die shortly.

Leo. We shall find

Less want of all the stars ; the aged world
May spare their light while 'tis possess'd of your's,
Which, once extinguish'd, let those golden fires
Quite burn themselves to ashes, in whose heap
Day may be lost, and frighted heaven wear black
Before the general doom. Have bolder thoughts,
And bid us all live in your only safety.

Euph. Let not your fancy mock the lost Euphe-
mia.

Leo. Let not the apprehension of your sorrow
Destroy your hope. Should the duke never wake
His senses, steep'd in his adulterate lethargy,
You cannot want protection ; nor your will

To be revenged, an arm to punish his
Contempt of so much beauty.

Euph. How, my lord?

Leo. What Scythian can behold an outrage
done

Upon these eyes, and not melt his rough nature
In soft compassion to attend your tears? [*Weeps.*

Euph. My lord, I know not with what words to
thank

Your feeling of my sufferings. I will now
Believe I am not lost to all the world;
You are noble, and I must be confident
These streams flow from your charity.

Leo. Do not injure
The unvalued wealth of your own honour, madam:
Let poor deserts be worth our charity;
All sacrifice of grief for you is justice,
And duty to the altar of your merit.
These drops are pale, and poorly speak my heart,
Which should dissolve into a purple flood,
And drown this little island in your service:
Name some employment, that you may believe
With what true soul I honour you. Oh, madam,
If you could read the volume of my heart,
You would find such a story of you there!

Euph. Of me?

Leo. 'Tis that keeps me alive. I have no use
Of memory or reason, but in both
To exercise devotion to your excellence.

Euph. My lord, I understand you not.

Leo. You are
More apprehensive, if you would but think so.
In vain I still suppress my dark thoughts, madam,
Which, in their mutiny to be reveal'd,
Have left a heap of ruins worth your pity.
Oh, do not hide that beauty should repair
What my love to it hath decay'd within me;
For I must say, I love, although you kill

My ambition with a frown, and with one angry
Light'ning shot from your eye, turn me to ashes.

Euph. Good heaven!

Leo. I know what you will urge against me.
You shall not need to arm your passion ;
I will accuse myself how much I have
Forgot the distance of one place[d] beneath you,
And wounded my obedience ; that I am
False to the duke, the trust impos'd upon me,
And to his favours, which have made me shine
A star, on whom the other emulous lights
Look pale, and waste their envies. I confess
I have not, in the stock of my desert,
Enough to call one bounteous smile upon me ;
My whole life is not worth your liberal patience
Of one, one minute spent in prayer to serve it.
Yet, after all, wish'd destiny commands
The poor Leontio to love Euphemia.

Euph. What do I hear? Consider, sir, again.

Leo. I have had contentions with my blood, and
forced

Nature retire, and tremble with the guilt
Of her proud thoughts, seeking to make escape
Through some ungentle breach, made by our con-
flict ;—

But no prevailing against love and fate,
Which both decree me lost, without your mercy.
Oh, bid me live, who, but in your acceptance,
Shall groan away my breath, and wither till
I turn my own sad monument.

Euph. No more.—

Is't possible new miseries should o'ertake
Euphemia?—Oh, my lord, with what offence
Have I deserv'd, after my weight of sorrow,
Your wounds upon my honour? Call again.
Your noble thoughts, and let me not reply
To your unjust desires. If I must answer them,
Take my most fix'd resolve : ere I consent
To wrong Dionisio—

Leo. Stay.

Euph. May I be blasted!

Though with contempt he look upon me now,
His blood may clear, and he return to challenge
Euphemia's piety. Our vow was made
For life, my lord, and heaven shall sooner fall,
And mixing with the elements, make new chaos,
Than all man's violence and wrath upon me,
Betray one thought to break it.

Leo. Lose not all

Your peace at once; vouchsafe I may wait on you.

Euph. I know my prison.

Leo. Let me hope, in this,

Enter PALLANTE.

My pardon seal'd.—Pallante!

Pall. My good lord.

Leo. Your humble creature, madam. Though
the duke

Confine your person, think upon your prisoner.

[*Exeunt Euph. and Pall.*

Our vow was made for life. 'Twas so. How swift
An apprehension love has! But he's duke.
Conscience be waking, I shall launch into
A sea of blood else. Steer my desperate soul,
Diviner goodness!—

Re-enter PALLANTE.

How I start at shadows!

Love, take me to thy arms,² and prosper me.—
Pallante, thou art faithful?

Pall. To you, my lord;

May I be ever else condemn'd to an hospital.

Leo. And dar'st assist to make me happy?

Pall. Yes,

Though with the hazard of my throat-cutting;

² *Love, take me to thy arms,]* Old copy, *charms.*

I hope, sir, you suspect not? Name an action,
Though it look ne'er so ghastly, see how much
I'll tremble at it.

Leo. In thy ear.

[*Whispers him.*]

Pall. Once more—

Tough service i' the beginning! may I not think
on't?

Leo. Yes.

Pall. And ask myself a question, ere I answer?

Leo. You may.

Pall. At first dash, kill the duke! no less
To begin withal? How now, Leontio?
Was there no other life but this, for saving
Of mine so often? He has trusted me—
To whom shall I turn traitor? [*aside.*]—Pray, my
my lord,

Are you in earnest? Would you have this done?

Leo. Ask one, whom tyranny hath chain'd to
the oar,

For ever forfeited to slavery,
Whether he would not file off his own bondage,
And in the blood of him that owns the galley,
Swim to his freedom?

Pall. Do you apprehend it
So necessary? Why, I'll do my poor endeavour;
Nay, 'tis but modest:—if't concern your lordship
In that degree, I'll do't. You will have some
Convenient care of me, when 'tis dispatch'd?—
He scorn'd my valiant buff, I thought upon't.
You are the next in blood, when Dionisio
Visits the worms.

Leo. Thou giv'st me a new life; with the same
care
I'll cherish thee, Pallante.

Pall. An you do not,
It is not the first conscience hath been cast
Away in a great man's service. Cheer your heart,
sir.

Leo. It is not mine, Pallante ; I have lost
The use and sway ; 'tis to another's gown,
And I have but the ruins of my own. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace ; music within.

Enter HORATIO and FIAMETTA, dancing a coranto.

Hor. So, so !
Now let's relieve our lungs awhile ; they'll tire.—
I never met with such a dancing devil.
My destinies take me to your charge !—'Twill give
Us breath, if the musicians exercise
Their voice upon the song I made. Come, sit.

Fia. You shall command me, servant. Now
the song.

SONG within.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The lady Aurelia, madam, and Macrina,
Are come again to visit you.

Fia. I am not
In tune for their discourse. Say, I am busy.

Hor. By no means ; she has a plot upon me.

Fia. Then I'll meet them.

Hor. Do not fear but I am fortified. [Exit *Fia.*
Here were a purchase now, and pension with
A mistress ! many a proper man's profession ;
Nature meant she should pay for't, and maintain
A man in fiddlers, fools, and running-horses.
Here were no fear of any lord's return
From tennis ; no suspicion at home,
To force her to a politic pilgrimage,

To try the virtue of some well ; no kinsman,
 With looks to keep the flesh in awe ; no children,
 To cry, and fright the house, *their mother's smother'd!*

Re-enter FIAMETTA, with AURELIA and MACRINA.

They are here.

Mac. I wonder at Valerio's stay.

Aur. He will not be long absent ; never fear, madam.

Hor. Ladies, I have no power to bid you welcome ;

Or, if I had, you would scarce thank me for't.
 You know my mind already.

Enter SCOLOPENDRA, led by VALERIO.

Aur. See, he's come,
 And his bear with him.

Val. Signior, you see
 What care I have to provide for you ; there is
 Not such another dapple-mare i' the dukedom.
 Unless this face content you, you may stay
 Till the Cretan lady go to bull again,
 Or Afric have more choice of monsters for you.

Hor. I am ravish'd.

Fia. How's that, servant ? Ha ! a rival ?

Hor. Pray, what's her name ?

Val. Her name is Scolopendra.

Hor. Scolopendra ! I have read of her. What
 kin is she

To the serpent with a hundred legs ?

Val. I know not,
 But she is cousin-german to the salamander ;
 She was a cook-maid once, so inured to fire,
 And tough, the flames of hell will hardly scorch her.

Hor. An admirable dragon ! Can she speak ?

Will she not spit fire, if I should salute her?

I'll venture.

[Kisses her.]

Val. He has [a] preservative
Against the odour of her lungs.

Aur. He had need
Of fortification for his eyes.

Hor. Not all
The spices in Arabia are like
Her breath!

Val. Oh, sir, believe't; right Styx, most pure
Avernus!

Sco. Sir, I did never see a gentleman
Whom I did wish more heartily my husband.

Val. To beget scorpions on her.

Hor. Thank thee, my precious Scolopendra!
but

I have a kind of fear thou wilt be inconstant.
Shall no man get thee from me? Here's a face
Is worth my jealousy, and who looks upon't
But with my eyes, will be as mad as I am.

Sco. The needle's not more constant to the north.

Hor. But for all that, the needle's wavering;
I would be certain.

Fia. They conspired to wrong me;
I fear he's taken with her more deformity.—

[Aside.]

Will you forsake me, servant?

Hor. Hum! stand off,
And give my eyes play; further yet: your shadows
Are yet too near; my judgment is confounded.—
Consider one thing with another, they are both
Such matchless toads, I know not which to choose.—
You have an excellent eye; but there's a pearl
In her's, no goldsmith knows the value on't.

Fia. Observe the colours in my eye.

Hor. You're right, madam;
As many, and more bright than those i' the rain-
bow,

Delightful as the parrot's plume ; but then
Her forehead—

Val. So like a promontory, or—

Hor. A field of honeysuckles and poppy-flowers,
Embroidered with daisies, and emboss'd
With yellow warts, which, like to mole-hills,
swell.—

Val. Where many emmets hunt, and sport
themselves

I' the sun, till to her hair, a quickset hedge,
I' the evening they retire.

Hor. But 'twixt her eyes

You may discern a forest ; some higher timber
Is so well grown, that, fashion'd on the top
With scissars, and cut pointed like a pyramid,
The world will take her for an unicorn.

Aur. Good beetle-brows !

Sco. Sir, you must be my champion.

Val. Examine but this nose.

Sco. I have a toter.³

Val. Which placed with symmetry, is like a
fountain

I' the middle of her face, distilling rheum,
And at two spouts doth water all her garden.

Hor. But here's one soft as 'twere compos'd of
wax.

Aur. A nose of wax ! .

Mac. It will melt presently.

Hor. Not stubborn, but submits to any shape
She'll put upon't, round, flat ; when she is pleas'd,
She can extend, and hang it with such art
Over her mouth, that when she gapes into

³ *Sco.* *I have a toter.*] It is not easy to say what this means. Probably, a long and outstanding nose ; in allusion to what were once called *toting-horns* : instruments similar to those which now fill our streets with such melody in the hands of the news-boys. Horatio's description of the *nose of wax*, which follows, is in good measure taken from a well known epigram in the Anthology, which has been frequently translated.

The sun, and shews her teeth, you will imagine
 You see a perfect dial in her chaps,
 To tell you what o'clock 'tis ; then her lips—

Val. I see not so much red there as will make
 A dominical letter. Look upon these cheeks.

Sco. I never painted, sir.

Val. Here's red enough.

Hor. Which hideously dispos'd, and mix'd with
 black,

The ground of her complexion, will mortify
 The most unnatural concupiscence,
 While her cheeks represent in curious landscape,
 Gomorrah, and her sister Sodom burning.

Val. That comparison was home.

Hor. But she has a breath,
 A more preservative than mithridate.

Val. But with one kiss she will preserve you
 from

The infection, and with stronger force repel
 The poison of the air.

Sco. I thank you, sir ;
 I have a strong breath indeed.

Val. When she is mov'd,
 She'll kill you with her phlegm, fourscore point-
 blank ;

The innocent part of it will stain a marble.—
 Let me alone to commend thee.

Fia. She carries not destruction like my tongue,
 Employ'd upon thy enemies, Horatio.

The bells rung backwards, or the mandrake's cry,
 Wolves howling at the moon, the screech-owl's
 dirge,

The hyen's voice, the groans of parting souls,
 Added to these, what is in nature killing
 To the ear, is not more fatal than my tongue,
 When it is bent on mischief. Shall I blast
 This witch, to begin withal ?

Sco. Blast me ?

Val. Belch backwards,
And then she's a dead woman.

Sco. I'll tear your snakes.

Fia. Mine, Hecate?

Val. Well said, Scolopendra!

Hor. They will not skirmish?

Val. The devils will run at tilt.

Aur. Madam, suffer this?

Fia. Compare with me?

Val. *Sa, sa, sa!* Now sound a point of war.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the duke.

Val. His grace has spoil'd the duel,
And we must sound retreat. [*Exeunt all but Fia.*

*Enter Duke, SILVIO, and ASCANIO, followed by
VALERIO, who falls in with the rest.*

Duke. We trusted to your art, about Ardelia;
She makes no haste to our delight.

Fia. An't please
Your highness, I have had a strange hand with her;
And I must tell you, she was pretty coming
Until the stranger came.

Duke. What stranger?

Fia. Signior Bentivolio.

Nay, I know nothing by them,⁴ but he has
A most prevailing tongue upon a gentlewoman.

Duke. My fears! have I advanced him to sup-
plant me?

Val. Bentivolio! so gracious with the duke?

Sil. He's courted, next Ardelia.

Asc. 'Tis for her

We may imagine the duke graces him.

Val. Oh, there is no such instrument, believe it,

⁴ *Nay, I know nothing by them,]* See p. 128.

As a court-lady, to advance a gentleman,
Or any masculine business ; they are sticklers.

Enter BENTIVOLIO.

Duke. No more.—Signior Bentivolio.

Fia. Where's Horatio ?

Val. He was afraid you might kill one another,
And so he's gone to hang himself.

Fia. Better all

Thy generation were executed !

But I must to my charge.

[*Exit.*

Bent. Your highness pours
Such infinite graces on me, I shall want
Life to express my pious duties, though
Time should assure me ages.

Duke. Thank Ardelia ;

Or, if you would express your gratitude
To me, employ your wit and tongue, to gain
That lady to our close embrace. You have
A powerful language ; be it your first service.
We do not place this confidence on all.

Bent. You mean Ardelia ?

Enter STROZZI.

Duke. That fair one.—Strozzi.

[*Takes him aside.*

Val. Well, signior Bentivolio, my quondam
Friend and fellow traveller, you owe
To me a part of your court exaltation ;
And lest you should forget, as few great men
Are guilty of good memories, I mean
To pay myself

[*Aside.*

Bent. I must not appear troubled.

[*Aside.*

Val. I congratulate your favour with the duke,
And think it not the least of my own happiness
That I was a poor instrument—

Bent. You honour'd me,
And shall command my services. How sped
My friend Horatio ?

Val. He gave me thanks.
I have fitted him ; you miss'd excellent sport.

Bent. I shall have time to enquire, and thank
you for
The story. You know how to excuse me, friend,
If some engagements force me hence. [*Exit.*

Val. Why, so !
He has the trick already ; full of business,
Court agitations ; he is yet scarce warm,
How will he use us when his pride boils over ?
A nod will be a grace, while we stand bare,
And thank him for the ruffling of his countenance,
And discomposing his court face, that's bound
Upon some state affairs : 'tis very well.

Duke. Give him access ; thou hast shew'd dili-
gence,
And trust me to reward it.

Stroz. 'Tis my duty, sir. [*Exit Strozzi.*

Val. I have some intelligence will be worth your
hearing too.

Duke. Speak, signior Valerio.

Val. Do you know the gentleman
Whom you have graced so lately ?

Duke. Signior Bentivolio ?

Val. That's his name ; but do you know his
nature,
Or his business in these parts ?

Duke. Prithee instruct me.

Val. You do but warm a serpent in your bosom.
In short, he loves your mistress.

Duke. He does ?

Val. More, is contracted,
And they both practise cunning. I have search'd
His heart.—Your ear.— [*Whispers the duke.*

Sil. The duke seems moved.

Asc. Most strangely !

Re-enter STROZZI, with PALLANTE.

Duke. Expect awhile.

Stroz. Humbly your grace's pleasure.

Val. Your highness shall not waste a passion ;
I am of counsel with his thoughts, and will
Present him ripe to your just anger ; trust me
To manage things awhile.

Duke. Honest Valerio.

Val. Keep your face smooth, lest he interpret,
sir,

I have betray'd him, ere his head be ready
For the execution. It were necessary
I should examine her pulse too.

Duke. Ardelia's ?

Val. I'll creep into her soul, to bring you all
The best intelligence.

Duke. Precious Valerio !

Endear me by this service ; thou hast my heart.

Val. My duty shall preserve it.

Duke. Strozzi.

Stroz. This is the gentleman, an't please
Your highness, can discover most strange things.

Pall. To your private ear.

Enter ARDELIA.

Duke. Ardelia ! my best health,
Dear as my soul, I cannot be long absent.

[*Exit with Pall.*]

Val. So ; how shall I begin now ?—
Madam, I have a suit to you.

Ard. To me,
Noble Valerio ? be confident,
For your own worth, if any power of mine
Can serve your wish, you shall not find me slow
To exercise it.

Val. Yes, 'tis in your power.

Ard. Presume 'tis finish'd then.

Val. In your free power,
Without the duke, or other to confirm it :
You are flesh and blood.

Ard. What mean you ?

Val. No other than I say, nor wish it other.
A woman is a partner in the frailty
Of human nature, and knows how to excuse
The errors of our blood ; and yet you shall
Have cause to give me thanks, when you consider
My sense, and your own state. What do you think
Of me ?

Ard. For what ?

Val. For what you please to call it.
My person's not contemptible ; though I be
No duke, I can behave myself to please,
Where I am accepted.

Ard. What's your purpose, signior ?

Val. You cannot, sure, be ignorant of my mean-
ing.
There's not a girl of seven years old, but will
Expound it readily ; here we suck this language
And our milk together. I could have used
More circumstance, have praised you into folly,
And when I had put out both your eyes with meta-
phors,
Led you to my desires, and to your pillow ;
But 'twas about :—I could have said I loved you,
Look'd sad, and squeez'd my eyes, have sigh'd,
perhaps,
And sworn myself quite over breath, that I
Thought you a saint, and my heart suffer'd more
Than the Ten Persecutions. Hang't ! time's precious.
I take the nearest way, which your discretion
Will like me for ; yet I can love you too,
And would for thy embrace forget as much

Goodness, and tempt as many mischiefs as
Another man. I hope you understand me?

Ard. I am lost, and see a black conspiracy.

Val. You shall see me naked: I have no con-
spiracies,

Carry no private engines more than nature
Arm'd me withal. Be wise, and do not tremble.

Ard. How dare you be thus insolent? Though
my person

Move you to no regard, you shall find one
Will teach you manners.

Val. You would mean the duke now.

Ard. Has that name no more reverence owing
to it?

Val. Yes; I desire no better judge; he'll hear
Us both, and equally determine all.

Let's to his highness straight.

Ard. What means this rudeness?

Val. You are the duke's game-royal, or else
should be;

The mistress of his thoughts, whose nod does make
Us tremble; and in time may be the duchess,
Unless your sweetheart, Bentivolio,
Snap you before him.

Ard. Ha!

Val. What fine nets you walk in!

You are no juggler! there has pass'd no contract
Betwixt you and the gallant! no! and while
The honest easy duke, (whose spirit raise not,)
Doats on that face, humbled beneath a subject,
You have no private meetings, change no kisses,
Nor hot careers! Alas! he's but a stranger,
Whom you respect but for the bare resemblance
Of a dead brother; there's no flame in you
But what lights you to charity!—I waste breath.
The duke is yet that tame thing you have left him,
His soul in a dream; let not your folly

And peevish opposition to receive
 Me to your arms wake him into a tempest :
 The lightning cannot move more nimbly than
 His rage to both your deaths ; your Ganymede
 Will find the duke's revenge in his hot blood,
 When his heart, weeping the last drop, shall have
 No pity wait upon them, that durst feed
 The rival to a prince. Though common men,
 For want of power, and courage to revenge,
 Neglect their shame, wild princes, that know all
 things

Beneath their feet but heaven, obey no fate,
 And, but to be revenged, will hazard that.

Ard. I am undone for ever.

Val. Not so, madam ;

You shall lead destiny in cords of silk,
 And it shall follow tame, and to your pleasure.
 The duke knows nothing yet ; you shall seal up
 My lip to eternal silence of your love,
 If I may but enjoy you ; you shall rule
 With the same sway his bosom, and possess
 Your wealth in Bentivolio too. I'm but
 A friend, or rather servant, that shall be
 Proud of your smile, and now and then admitted
 To kiss you when the curtain's drawn, and so forth.

Ard. Who placed me on this precipice ?—Sir,
 hear me ;

'Tis vain to ask how you derived the knowledge
 Of what I thought conceal'd ; you are a gentleman—

Val. That does appear by my desires.

Ard. Have yet

Some mercy [,sir,] on a distressed maid ?

Val. Maid!

Thank you for that ; I would you were indeed !
 Virginity is wiser than men take it for,
 And therefore we distinguish :—

There's one virginity in the wedge, or bullion,
 As we may say, this we call lunar maidenhead ;

And there's another in the coin ; the gold
Is not less gold for the impression :
Your maidenhead is current in this sense,
And in this maiden-sense you may give milk.

Ard. By all the goodness that I wish were in you,
Not Bentivolio, whom you think I most
Affect, hath more of me than virgin knowledge ;
Nor hath the duke, with all his flatteries,
Wrong'd my first state, although, I must confess,
He every day expects my fall from virtue.
Do not you more, sir, than the devil could,
Taking advantage of my wretched fortune,
Betray me to a shame will kill us both,
In fame and soul.

Val. In fame ! who shall reveal it ?
And t' other may repent.

Ard. Sir, can you kill me ?

Val. No, no, I shall not hurt thee ; women are
not kill'd

That way I mean to skirmish. Come, you may
Save all with little study, and less hazard.
What is the toy we talk'd of ! either resolve,
Or the duke knows all, and perhaps more. [*Going.*]

Ard. Stay, sir.

Val. Yes, yes, madam, I can stay, and be till
To-morrow for the sport ; I am not so hot,
But I can bathe and cool myself.

Ard. Can you
Be just hereafter, if to buy my own,
And my friend's safety at so dear a value ?—

Val. I'll cut my tongue out ere reveal ;—my
tongue !

All my concupiscence, and the cause, I will
Submit to thy own carving : fear not me.
I hate a blab worse than an honest woman.
Why, so ! this wisdom is becoming thee.
No blubbering ; kiss me, and be confident.
A pretty rogue ! To-morrow shall we meet ?

Ard. Woe is me! to-morrow.

Val. No, thou shalt laugh to-morrow ;
I'll come to thy own lodgings, that's but reason.
Farewell ; another kiss. Be comforted,
And safe ; the duke knows nothing ; all shall live,
And we'll be very loving, mighty merry.

Ard. I must do something to prevent this devil.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Val. Why, so ! this bargain was well made, and
timely.

Enter LEONTIO.

Leo. I have no peace within me, till I hear
How bold Pallante thrives. Oh love, upon
What desperate actions dost thou engage us,
With scorn of opposition, like a fire,
Which, till it turn all that its flame can meet with
Into itself, expires not ! Fair Euphemia !
Bright in thy sorrows, on whom every tear
Sits like a wealthy diamond, and inherits
A starry lustre from the eye that shed it,
The duke must die. — [*seeing Val.*] — Have I be-
tray'd myself? [*Draws a poniard.*]

Val. Hold, [hold,] my lord ! you know me ?

Leo. For Valerio ;

But must have back¹ that secret ; 'twas not meant
So early for thy knowledge : from thy bosom
I'll tear, or drown it in thy blood, past search
Of dangerous intelligence. [*Offers to strike him.*]

Val. Hold, my lord !

You shall not need. [I] think, my lord, I know
The world, and how to keep a secret too,
Though treason be contain'd in't. I am not
So holy as you take me, my good lord :
For some ends of my own, I wish the duke
In another world as heartily as your lordship,

¹ *But must have back*] Old copy, "hand back."

And will assist to his conveyance thither,
 Though I be quarter'd for't ; that's fair and friendly.
 You love Euphemia ; why, 'tis not amiss :
 I love Ardelia ;—I trust you, my lord—
 You're for the wife, I for the concubine :
 How could the duke's being in heaven hurt me
 now?

You are his kinsman, were his favourite—

Leo. How's that ?

Val. Oh, sir, there is a gentleman, my rival,
 One Bentivolio, got a round above you
 In favour—

Leo. He shall die.

Val. No, let him live
 A little while, to kill his highness first,
 And take your own time then to turn the ladder.

Enter BENTIVOLIO.

Leo. Thou talk'st a mystery.

Val. It shall be clear.

Be advis'd, and second me.—My honour'd friend,
 You and my lord be more familiar.

Leo. Sir, I shall serve you.

Bent. Make me happy,
 My lord, by your commands.

Val. Ardelia,
 Your mistress, is in health.—Nay, be not stirr'd,
 I have done you a courtesy, by acquainting
 My lord how things stand, and, in troth, he pities
 you.

We have had a counsel merely concern'd you,
 And the poor gentlewoman, whom the duke has not
 Yet lured to fist.

Bent. I know not how to thank you.

Val. He's next heir to the dukedom, and has
 power,
 When his grace dies—imagine—a sweet soul,—
 May I perish in my hopes, if his eyes did not

Melt when I told thy story, and how much
The innocent lady suffer'd.

Bent. I am bound
Much to his goodness.

Leo. Sir, I would do more
Than pity your just cause.

Val. Nay, we have cast it ;
And so much above blood and state has virtue
Impression in his heart, he can forget,
And think the duke a dead man.

Bent. Excellent lord !

Leo. I am ashamed ; and, trust me, have applied
What my poor learning could effect, to cool
His riotous blood ; but he's incorrigible,
And now more desperately bent than ever.

Bent. To violate her ?

Leo. I blush to say't ; nor will
Your person be long safe.

Val. Well interpos'd— [*Aside to Leo.*

Bent. He shines on me with bounteous smiles.

Leo. They are dangerous,
And but engage you to a greater ruin.
You stand discover'd.

Val. That's my wonder, sir.
Do you think your friend Horatio has not wrong'd
you ?

In's drink, perhaps ? — Some men [,sir,] are such
sponges,
A child may squeeze their soul out.

Bent. You fright my senses ; I do now suspect :
The duke's command toward Ardelia
Confirms it.

Val. Wisdom must prevent.—
I know thou hast a daring spirit ;—we
Are friends—'tis clearly our opinion
You should, by steel or poison—you conceive me—
For your own safety, and your wife's, I call her so,
Whose life and honour lies a bleeding ;—'tis

Nothing to me ;—my lord, I told you, is
Next heir, and cannot but in conscience pardon
you.

Leo. 'Twere pity thou shouldst suffer more.

Bent. But dare

Your lordship mean this ?

Leo. Be confirm'd.

Bent. Your counsels

Have met a spirit apt, in my revenge,
To fly upon the world. I hope I shall
Be construed, in his death, to have done your lord-
ship

No great discourtesy, being next heir.

Val. 'Tis to be understood.

Leo. The dukedom, made

Mine by his death, is nothing to the crown
Of fair Ardelia's love, in whose free bosom
My pardon and best wishes shall soon plant thee,
Past the divorce of tyrants.

Bent. I am new

Create, and build my hopes upon your honour.

[*Exit.*

Leo. They are secured.—Dost think he's firm,
and daring ?

Val. If he kill not the duke, I'll cut his throat ;
He shall not 'scape howe'er, if I have brains :
I must have all his venison to myself,
I'll spare nor haunch nor umbles.—Oh, my lord,
Be confident, if he meet the duke, and time,
Though it cost him a day's journey, he'll go
thorough him ;

'Tis his own cause. He was wound up discreetly.

You do not by this time repent your secret ?

I can be wicked upon good occasion ;

The devil shall not part us now.

Leo. Be constant,

And meet the truest friend.

Val. Meet at a wench,
Till then your humble servant.

[*Exit.*

Leo. My fate smiles ;
Conscience steers not ambition by what's good ;
Who looks at crowns or lust must smile at blood.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.—Ardelia's Apartments.

Enter ARDELIA and FIAMETTA.

Fia. He will no longer be put off with ceremony ;
You must consent this night to his embrace,
Or take what follows, madam.

Ard. I am lost,
And every minute's fill'd with new despairs.
It is in your power to persuade him yet.

Fia. I have said too much already.

Ard. Say I am not
In health ; poor refuge !

Fia. Not in health ! the duke
Shall give you physic. There be ladies, no
Dispraise to your beauty, would be sick o' purpose,
To have the duke their doctor.

Ard. What can cure
My sick fate ? Oh, my heart ! Poor Bentivolio,
On what high-going waves do we two sail,
Without a star or pilot to direct
Our reeling bark ! Valerio, too, expects
A black reward for silence. He is here

Enter VALERIO.

Already!—Do not leave me, Fiametta,
I charge thee, by thy duty to his highness.

Fia. Why, what's the matter?

Val. Let me pay a duty
To her white hand, whom the duke only honours.
You look not with a cheerful countenance, madam.

Ard. I am not well, my lord.

Val. I am excellent at
Restoring health. Send off Tisiphone;
I would not have her picture i' the room
When we are at generation.

Ard. She's commanded
To stay here.

Val. How! commanded? Madam, I have
Commission to impart some private meanings
From his highness to this lady.

Fia. And I have
Order, this my lady have no such conference,
But I must be a witness.

Val. You will not
Contest, I hope, and dispute my authority?—
What an officious fury 'tis!—How shall I
Be rid on her?—Madam, you see this ring,
A friend of your's, signior Horatio,
Desires another meeting, by this token.

[*Whispers with Fia.*

Fia. Where is my noble servant?

Val. But you must
Express your love in making haste. I knew,
Although, for mirth, I flatter'd Scolopendra,
That you would carry him; but lose no time.

Fia. Lend me thy wings, sweet Love, to fly to
him!

[*Exit.*

Val. Fly to the devil, he wants a companion.

I'll shut the door after your beldamship,
And trust myself with [the] key.

Ard. You do not mean

To play the ravisher, my lord ?

Val. As if

You meant to put me to't ! I have your promise ;
And where consents meet in the act of love,
The pleasures multiply to infinite.

Ard. Infinite horror ! yet, my lord, be a man.

Val. You shall not doubt that, madam, if you
will

Apply yourself discreetly. We lose time ;
Although I be no duke, I can present thee
With all the pleasures appetite can wish for
Within Love's empire : when you know me,
 madam,

You will repent this tedious ignorance,
And not exchange my person, to clasp with
The greatest prince alive, christian or infidel,
(Though I commend myself,) I have those ways
To please a lady.

Ard. Ways to please the devil !

Val. You will not be coy now ?

Ard. My lord, I know,

At least I hope, howe'er you speak a language
Rather to fright than court a woman's thoughts,
(Not yet acquainted with her own dishonour)
You have some love within your heart ?

Val. Canst thou

Suspect it ? wilt thou see my heart ?

Give me a fortnight's warning, and let me
But all that while possess thy love, and those
Delights I'll prompt thee too, I'll wish to live
No longer, get what surgeon thou wilt

To cut me to a skeleton. Not love thee !

Ard. Then by that love, my lord, I must desire
you,

At this time, to defer your expectation,
And leave my chamber.

Val. Quit the chamber, madam?

Ard. If not for love of me, for your own safety;
There is danger in your stay, for every minute
I do expect a visit from the duke.

Val. This is some trick; you shall not fright me,
lady;

I must have that I came for.

Ard. Meet it here.— [Shews a pistol.

Licentious devil! I shall do a benefit
To the world, in thus removing such a traitor
To man, and woman's honour. You shall carry
No tales to his highness.—If thou hast a soul,
Pray; 'tis my charity to let thee live
Two minutes longer.

Val. Madam! Ardelia!

You will not use me thus?

Ard. Will you pray, sir?

Val. Alas! I have forgot; I have not pray'd
This twenty years at least. I am willing, madam,
To obey, and quit the chamber. Pardon me,
My ghost may, in revenge else, do you a mischief,
And betray Bentivolio to the duke;
But if you let me live, I will be dumb.
Madam, consider a wild flesh and blood,
And give me leave to spend my rest of life
Only in thinking out some fit repentance;
For I will never speak, if you suspect me.—

[Knocking at the door.

The duke is come already! I am undone!

Mercy, and some concealment!

[Goes behind the hangings.

Bent. [within.]—Ardelia! [Opens the door.

Alone? I heard another voice. With whom
Were you in dialogue? and the door so fast!

Ard. It is but your suspicion.

Bent. This dissembling
I like not.

Ard. If he know who 'tis, I shall
Inflame his jealousy. [*aside.*]—Dear heart, appear
Less troubled ; do not throw such busy eyes
About the room ; I'll whisper't in thy ear,—
The duke—

Bent. Where ?

Ard. There, obscured behind the hangings,
Upon thy entrance.

Bent. Guilt has made him fearful.
Oh, I am lost, and thou art now not worth
My glorious rescue.

Ard. Softly. By all goodness,
He has not injur'd me ; and if you durst
But trust our private conference, I'll die
Rather than bring thee ruins of my honour.

Bent. If thou be'st yet white, my own arm
secures thee
From all his lust hereafter.

[*He wounds Val. behind the hangings.*]

Val. Oh!
I am murder'd.

Ard. What have you done ?

Bent. Nothing but kill'd the duke.
You shall with me.

Ard. Whither ?

Bent. No matter where,
So we escape the infection of this air.

[*Exeunt.—Val. falls into the stage.*]

Val. I am caught in my own toils ; by the same
engine
I rais'd to the duke's death I fall myself.
The mystery of fate ! I am rewarded ;
And that which was the rank part of my life,
My blood, is met withal ; and 'tis my wonder
My veins should run so clear a red, wherein
So much black sin was wont to bathe itself.

I would look up, and beg, with my best strength
 Of voice and heart, forgiveness ; but heaven's just :
 Thus death pays treason, and blood quencheth lust.
 [Dies.]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LEONTIO, and walks about melancholy.

[*A cry within.*] Treason ! treason !

Leo. Although I love and wish the act of treason,
 The noise yet comes too near me.

Enter STROZZI.

Stroz. Oh, my lord,
 The duke is kill'd !

Leo. The duke ! by what black murderer ?

Stroz. That gives the state another wound ; we
 cannot

Suspect who was the traitor, to revenge it :
 But whosoe'er was guilty of this parricide,
 Is still within the court ; the deed's so fresh,
 He cannot be far off.

Leo. Shut up the gates,
 And plant a strong guard round about the palace ;
 Let none go forth, on pain of death. The devil
 Shall not obscure him here with his black wings ;
 Though he rob hell to cover us with darkness,
 We'll find him under twenty fogs, and drag him
 To his just torment.

Stroz. You're his pious successor. [Exit.]

Leo. 'Tis done, and my ambition's satisfied.—
 Contain, my heart ! but to which bold assassinate,

Pallante, or Bentivolio, must I owe
'This bloody service?

Enter PALLANTE.

Pall. I have done't, my lord.

Leo. Softly; thou art my brave and glorious
villain.

Pall. There have been better titles, sir, bestow'd
On men of my desert; the killing of
My lawful prince hath been esteem'd an act
'Bove the reward of villain: though I know
I am one, and a monstrous villain too,
I would not be call'd so.

Leo. Thou shalt divide
Titles with me. Dost think I'll not reward it?
Thou art sad.

Pall. I am a little melancholy
After my work.

Leo. Dost thou repent thy service?

Pall. Were he alive, I'd kill him again, for you.
'Tis not his death that haunts my conscience,
But the condition and state he died in,
That troubles me.

Leo. What state? or what condition?

Pall. When I had taught him to believe he was
not
Long liv'd, and that your lordship had, by me,
Sent him a writ of ease,—for I'll make short—

Leo. Didst thou discover me?

Pall. Why not? I was
To take an order he should ne'er reveal it.—
Upon the mention of your name, my lord,
He fetch'd a sigh, I thought would have prevented
My execution on his heart, as if
That were a greater wound than death upon him;
But I, whose resolute soul was deaf to his prayer,

Bathed in as many tears as would have wrought
 A marble to compassion, bid him choose
 The humour he would die in, and collect
 Some thoughts to wait upon him to eternity ;
 And what do you think he made his choice ?

Leo. I know not.

Pall. To die an honest man. No wish to part
 The world with fair Ardelia in his arms,
 And give his ghost up in a wanton kiss ;
 But, with a thousand groans, calling upon
 Euphemia to forgive him, to whose virtue
 His soul was going forth, to meet, and seal
 To it, a new and everlasting marriage.
 Nay, he had so much charity to forgive
 You, sir, and me, and would have pray'd for us,
 But that I sent the message to his bosom
 That made him quiet, and so left his highness.
 Had he died obstinate in his sins, the wanton
 Lascivious duke he liv'd, I would not blush for't.

Leo. Why, dost relent for this ?

Pall. I find some mutiny
 In my conscience. Pray, my lord, tell me,
 Do not you wish it were undone ?

Leo. Thou hast
 The tremblings of an infant ; it exalts
 My thoughts to another heaven. Pallante, thou
 Must not leave here, but make Leontio owe
 His perfect blessing to thy act. Go to
 Euphemia, and, with thy best art, drop
 This news into her ear.

[*Within.*] Away with them !

Leo. What tumult's that ?

Enter Officers, with BENTIVOLIO and ARDELIA.

1 Offi. My lord, we have found the traitor ;
 He does confess he kill'd the duke.

Pall. How's that?

Leo. He kill'd the duke? 'tis Bentivolio!

Bent. I did, my lord; you shall not trouble much Examination; with this hand I sacrificed Farneze, and you ought to call my act Pious, and thank me for removing such A tyrant, whose perfidions breath, had heaven Been longer patient, would have blasted Parma.

Leo. And in the confidence of this service done, You [do] present yourself to be rewarded?

Bent. I meant not to have troubled you for that, Had not their force compell'd us back.

Leo. Come nearer.

Ard. I wonder at this noise of the duke's death; Valerio's tragedy is all that we Are guilty of, which yet I have conceal'd From Bentivolio. [*Aside.*

Leo. Had you no aid To this great execution? did you do't Alone?

Bent. Alone; and 'tis my glory that No hand can boast his fatal wound but mine; And if you dare be just, my lord,—

Leo. Be confident.— There is some mystery in this, Pallante. Both could not kill the duke; he does accuse Himself.

Pall. I am all wonder, my good lord.

Leo. You are sure 'tis done?

Bent. Now you dishonour me. Do you know blood-royal when you see't? you may Believe that crimson evidence. [*shewing his sword.*]

—I hope Your lordship will remember.

Leo. Fear it not; But for a time you must be prisoner, To satisfy a little form. Upon My life no danger shall approach thee; trust

My honour ; though I frown, and call thee traitor,
I will study thy preserving next my own.—

[*Aside to Bent.*

Is not this strange, Pallante, that he'll take
The guilt upon himself?—If both have kill'd him,
No fear but he is dead.—This fool, Pallante,
Shall quickly, by his death, secure thy fate.
Put on a cunning face, mean time, and narrowly
Observe the full behaviour of the court,
But 'specially insinuate with the greatest,
And as they talk of me, declare my passion,
And with what horror I received the death
Of our good duke ; my pious zeal to appease
That blessed spirit with his murderer's blood :
In care to their own heads, they will proclaim
Me duke. I'll to Euphemia, and by some
Strong art make her my own.

Pall. Your grace is prudent.

[*Exit.*

Leo. Away to the prison with them !

Ard. Let me bear

Him company, my lord.

Leo. You shall not doubt it,
Good madam mischief, and repent together,
As you are like to bleed ; and with full torture
Howl out your wretched lives for the duke's murder.

Ard. You are deceived, my lord ; we will not die
For that offence.

Leo. You will not ? glorious strumpet.

Ard. You're a most
Uncivil lord ; thy birth had not more innocence
To justify thy mother.

Bent. I'll be modest,
And say, this is not honourable.

Leo. So, sir ;
You will have time to talk at your arraignment.—
Away with them !—Now to Euphemia.

[*Exit, followed by Officers, with Ard. and Bent.*

SCENE III.

*The Palace.**Enter* HORATIO *and* FIAMETTA.*Fia.* Did you not send for me, and by this token?*Hor.* Follow me not, unless thou wilt swear to imitate

What I shall lead thee to, by my example ;
 For, rather than not be rid of thee, at next
 Convenient river I will drown myself,
 And think I go a martyrdom by water.
 Cannot a gentleman be merry with you,
 But you will make him mad?

Fia. I'll never leave thee ;
 I will petition to the duke, and plead
 A contract.

Hor. Thou'lt be damn'd then.*Fia.* What care I.

Hor. So ! I should have a blessing in this fiend,
 This child of darkness once removed !—I send for
 thee ?

And by a token ? I would sooner send
 For the hangman, and pay him double fees
 To strangle me. What I endured before,
 Think 'twas a penance for some mighty sins
 I had committed, and be quiet now.

Fia. Did you not love me then ?

Hor. Love thee ? Consider
 What thou hast said, and hang thyself immediately.
 I'll sooner dote upon a mare,—dost hear me ?—
 A mare, with fourscore and nineteen diseases,
 And she the greatest, to make up a hundred,
 Than harbour one such monstrous thought. Thou
 art

A thing,—no cat, that comes of a good kind,
 Will keep thee company;—and yet thou look'st
 So like a miserable o'ergrown vermin,
 Now I think better on't, it is my wonder
 Thou'rt not devour'd quick. Leave me yet.

Fia. Not I, sir;

I know you love me still; all this is but
 To try my constancy.

Hor. Art thou so ignorant,
 Or impudent, or both? Let me entreat thee
 But to have something of a beast about thee,
 Thy senses in some measure: look but how
 I frown upon thee! for thy safety therefore,
 If thou hast no desire to save my credit
 Abroad, tame thy concupiscence; we draw
 All the spectators but to laugh, and wonder at's,
 And I shall be the greater prodigy
 For talking so long with thee. Wilt be ruled,
 And trudge from whence thou cam'st, good honest
 brute?

My humour's out of breath, and I have done.
 [By] all that's ugly in thy face, or what's
 Unseen deformity, I am now in earnest,
 And therefore do not tempt me.

Fia. My dear signior,
 To what?

Hor. Why, after all, to beat thee, if
 Thou leav'st me not the sooner.

Fia. Are not you
 My servant?

Hor. But in passion I forget things—
 And if my mistress want discretion,
 I shall (in my pure zeal to have her wise)
 Beat some into her, most abominably
 Beat her, and make deformity [so] swell,
 She shall not get into her chamber door. [*Aside.*
 I'll bruise and make thee up into a ball,
 And boys shall kick thee home; dost thou not fear
 me?

Fia. I'll endure any thing from thee ; my love
Shall think no pain a suffering. Come, kiss me
But once, and I will die thy patient martyr.

Hor. She would be kill'd, to have me hang for
her ;

Was ever such an impudence in woman ?
You that are handsome, ladies, I do ask
Forgiveness, and believe it possible
You may be less vexatious to men.—
Dost hear ? to tell thee truth, for it will out
By some or other, you must here discharge
Your dotage, for it is but two hours since
I was married.

Fia. Married ? to whom ?

Hor. To the t'other

Wild bear that courted me, to Scolopendra ;
She met [me] i' the nick, and we clapt up ;
And you know 'tis not conscience to abuse
Our honest wedlock.

Fia. I shall run mad.

Hor. Would thou wouldst run into the sea, and
see

If I would go a fishing for thee !

Fia. Furies,

Rise in my brain, and help me to revenge !

Hor. I am afraid she'll beat me now.

Fia. False man !

I have not breath enough to rail, and curse
Thy apostasy. How couldst thou use me thus ?
But seek some sudden way to be divorc'd,
Or one shall die.

Hor. Would thou wert buried quick !

Fia. But are

You married ? tell me, sweet Horatio ;
And must I wear a willow garland for thee ?

Hor. Wear a halter.

Fia. It is not possible thou canst be so
Unkind to me.

Hor. You may believe it, madam.

Fia. Yet I must love thee till I die, and you
May keep me alive, with now and then some
favour ;

It wants no precedent : we may kiss, I hope,
And thus walk arm in arm ; I would deny
Thee nothing.

Hor. Do not ravish me, good madam.

[*A noise within.*

The people hoot already.—None to rescue me !—

Enter Officers, with BENTIVOLIO and ARDELIA.

Is not this Bentivolio under guard,
And his fair mistress pinion'd ?—How now, friend,
Whither are you bound with such a convoy ?

1 Off. To prison ; they are traitors.

Hor. Traitors !

Ard. Do not believe them.

1 Off. They have kill'd the duke.

Fia. How's that ?

1 Off. Do you know him, sir ?

Fia. Dear madam, are you prisoner too ?

Hor. Take me along ;

Better be hang'd, than haunted with that goblin.

1 Off. Another of the conspiracy ; disarm him.

Hor. Let me but speak a word to this old
damsel.

1 Off. She's of the plot too.

Fia. I ? I defy him ;

I know him not.

Hor. I hope you will not leave me in distress,
Love ! mistress ! lady-bird !

Fia. I defy all traitors.

Away with them ! The duke kill'd ! Out upon
them !

That fellow always had a hanging countenance.

Bless me ! defend me !

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Tis well treason will
Make her forsake me yet.

Bent. Dost know on what
Danger thou dost engage thyself?

Hor. Although
I die for company, 'tis worth it.—Gentlemen,
You know not how you have relieved me.—Madam,
I did expect you'd bring him into mischief;
I am perfect in your sex now.—Come, to prison!

Ard. You may repent your malice, sir.

Hor. And you
May be a saint. Away with us!—Come, friend,
Women have made me weary of the world,
And hanging is a help. We might have lived,
If you had ta'en my counsel: nay, I'll share with
you,
I have not lost all my good fellowship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duke disguised, with EUPHEMIA.

Euph. My sorrows I forgive you all; this blessing
Has overpaid my heart; and though it crack
With weight of this so unexpected happiness,
I shall die more than satisfied.

Duke. Euphemia,
Thou art too merciful, and my repentance
Is yet too feeble, and too short a wonder.
Sure thou dost flatter me: if not, heaven suffered
My fall with holy cunning, to let thee
Shine the world's great example of forgiveness.

Euph. But wherefore does your grace come thus
disguised

Being yourself, and mine again? What needs
This cloud upon your person? truth did never
Shame the professor.

Duke. Though I live to thee,
The world do think me dead, Euphemia.
Leontio, whom I loved, and trusted most,
Design'd my everlasting farewell from thee;
But he that should have been my executioner,
Without disordering this poor heap of nature,
Gave me another life, and growth to virtue—
Pallante, blest good man.

Euph. Leontio's creature!

Duke. That honest soldier; after, by his counsel,
I put this shape on, while to my false kinsman
He gives relation of my death. This key
He lent for my access to thy sad chamber.
I hope he is return'd.

LEONTIO opens the door, and enters.

It is Leontio!

My heart o' the sudden trembles with the fear
Of a near danger; I am unarm'd, too,
For our defence.—Madam, you are not wise,
And merit not this providence, to dote
Upon a shadow, your dead husband, when
Leontio lives, with more ambition to
Succeed him in your love, than this fair dukedom.

Leo. What fellow's this, that pleads my cause?
'tis some [one]

Pallante has appointed to prepare her.

Duke. With pardon, you deserve him not; and
were I

Leontio—My good lord!

Leo. Spare your dull rhetoric, sir.

Duke. That I could snatch
His sword! I dare not call for help, or leave them;
She may be lost within a pair of minutes.—
My heart! my brain! [*Aside.*

Leo. Madam, you said your vow
Was made for life ; Farneze's death hath cancell'd
That obligation, and in midst of tears,
Fate smiles upon you, if you dare look up,
And meet it with a will to be made happy.
He courts you now has power to kill all sorrow
From these fair eyes ; be just to your kind fortune,
And dress your face with your first beauty, madam,
It may become the change. Why weep you still ?

Euph. I weep for you, my lord.

Leo. For me ?

Euph. Because

You cannot for yourself. Pray tell me, sir,
Is the duke dead in earnest ? You have not
A mourning face ; but great heirs seldom die
With sudden grief, or weeping for their father,
Or kinsmen's funeral. I pray, how died he ?
Although he were not kind to take his leave,
I would pay my obsequy of tears upon
His herse, and weep a prayer to his cold dust.

Leo. That may be time enough.

Euph. How I desire

To kiss his lip again ! oh, shew me yet
Where's the pale ruins of my dead lord ? Stay,
He shall have half my soul, which in a soft¹
And silent breath I will convey, to warm
And quicken his stiff bosom.

Leo. Madam, what's

All this to my reward ?

Euph. Reward ! for what ?

Leo. My love ; which, for your sake, (and let me
tell you,

Not without some encouragement from you,
To give your heart more freedom to meet mine,)
Hath sent the duke to heaven.

¹ *He shall have half my soul, which in a soft]* The old copy reads, "where's a soft," &c.

Euph. Thou art a murderer.—
Treason!

Duke. Treason!

Leo. Who was that?

Duke. Some echo

Within the chamber; nothing else, my lord.

Leo. Is not the duke's ghost hovering hereabout?
It has a clamour like his voice. Ha! but
I can take order for your silence; use
That tongue again with the least accent to
Affright the air, and I'll dismiss thy soul,
To wait upon thy husband's angry shade.

[*Draws his sword.*

Duke. Horror! What can preserve us but a
miracle? [Aside.

Leo. Yet I'll not so much favour you; 'tis [a] death,
Perhaps, you have ambition to.

Duke. One word,
My gracious lord; it has been my trade to deal
With women: with your pardon, you do practise
Too tame a courtship for her nature; use
The opportunity, and force her to
Your pleasures. Away with sword, and buckle
with her;

Leave me to keep the door, I have been used to't;
She'll thank you when 'tis done. Lose no time in talk.

Leo. Ha! do thy office.

[*Gives the duke his sword.*

Duke. Would your lordship know me?
You shall. What think you of this officer?—

[*Pulls off his disguise.*

False to thy blood, thy honour, and thy prince!
You're caught, my precious kinsman, and I live,
With my own hand, to be revenged upon thee.

Leo. Ha! then through her I will receive my
'mends.

I did suspect that voice. Had not my confidence
Of thy most certain death betray'd me thus,

I would have made sure work. Some fate direct
His sword through both our hearts.

Duke. No; treason! treason!

Enter PALLANTE, STROZZI, SILVIO, and ASCANIO,
with a guard; they wound LEONTIO.

Leo. So!

Let me employ the short breath that remains,
To tell you I engaged Pallante to
The duke's death, with full hope to satisfy
Lust and ambition; but he juggled with me:
And so has Bentivolio, though he be
With his Ardelia in prison, for
Acknowledging himself your murderer,
To which Valerio and myself inflamed him.

Duke. Valerio traitor too!

Sil. Sir, he is slain;

His wounded body found in Ardelia's chamber.

Duke. Ardelia! This dark mischief shall be
clear'd.—

Strozzi, command Bentivolio and Ardelia
Be instantly brought hither.

Stroz. I shall, sir.

Duke. Most ingrateful Leonato!¹ [*Exit.*

Leo. I know I am not worth your charity;
And yet, my lord, your cruelty upon
Euphemia, and some license I took from
The example of your wanton blood, was ground
Of these misfortunes. It seems you're reconciled;
Be worth her love hereafter.—Thou wert just,
Pallante; be still faithful to thy prince.
I beg your general pardon.

Duke. We forgive thee.

Leo. Heaven is a great way off, and I shall be

¹ *Most ingrateful Leonato!*] Our old dramatists were careless about their names, and Shirley particularly so. Here, and once in a former scene, Leontio is called Leonato; the rhythm is adapted to the variation in this place, so that it must be retained.

Ten thousand years in travel ; yet 'twere happy,
 If I may find a lodging there at last,
 Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.
 It cannot stay. Farewell ; again forgive me. [*Dies.*]

Pall. He is dead.

Eup. I pity him.

Re-enter STROZZI.

Stroz. The prisoners wait.

Duke. Admit them.—

[*Exit Stroz.*]

Enter BENTIVOLIO, ARDELIA, and HORATIO.

Was your life so great a burthen,
 That you, upon the rumour of our murder,
 Would take the act upon you, though you had
 Promis'd to be the traitor ? Or did you
 Envy another man should own the glory
 And title of our bloody executioner ?

Bent. I but confess'd the guilt I then believ'd.

Duke. This is a mystery.

Ard. I can best clear it.

Sil. 'Tis my wonder how
 Valerio was slain.

Bent. That I must answer ;
 Although my sword then promis'd to another
 Revenge, yet in the wound he met a justice
 I now repent not. [*Walks aside with the duke.*]

Euph. What's that gentleman ?

Hor. I am one, madam, that do court my friend
 here

So well, that though he be in fair election
 To lose his head, or to be strangled,
 Had rather take such as I find with him,
 Than live to be tormented with a woman.

Euph. What woman ?

Hor. Any woman, without difference.
 I have heard your grace has a good fame ; and though
 It does become your subjects to believe it,

I was not born here, madam ; and I've had
Such ill luck with your sex, it does not bind
My faith : 'tis possible there may be good,
Both fair and honest women, but they were never
Under my acquaintance ; no, nor yet ill favoured,
In whom I only look'd to find a soul,
But lost my labour. This is all truth, madam.

Eup. His humour makes me smile.

Duke. Enough ; not only
Our pardon for Valerio's death, I give
Thee back Ardelia : she was my mistress ;
But I return her pure as thy own wishes.

Bent This grace is mighty, sir.

Duke. We'll see you married ;
And what our person and Euphemia's
Can add to grace you.

Ard. You have already blest us ;
And heaven shower joys upon you.

Duke. The next thing is to honour thee, Pal-
lante ;
Thou sav'dst my life, and didst new marry me ;
Thy faith is not rewarded.

Pall. 'Twas my duty.

Hor. What, is all well again ? and is she honest ?

Bent. Most innocent.

Hor. Then she's too good for thee.
Come, the truth is, and now I'll speak my consci-
ence,

If there be few good women in the world,
The fault risse first from one of our own sex,
By flattery, in falsehood to deceive them ;
And so the punishment does but descend
To us in justice.

Ard. That's some charity.

Duke. Come, my Euphemia ; this second knot
Shall be as firm as destiny ; nor shall
Whatever was to our chaste vow a shame,
In my life's after story have a name. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY HORATIO.

Gentlemen and ladies, if I have transgressed in any language against handsome faces, I hope you will forgive me ; and imagine I have but played the part, which was most against my genius of any that ever I acted in my life. To speak truth, who is so simple to dote upon witches and hell-cats ? Venus deliver us ! the poet stands listening behind the arras, to hear what will become of his play :— under the rose, if you will seem to like it, I'll put a trick upon him ;

*For though he hear when you applaud, I'll say
Your hands did seal my pardon, not the play.*

THE
DOUBTFUL HEIR.

THE DOUBTFUL HEIR.] This "Tragi-Comedy" was first performed in the Dublin theatre, under the title of ROSANIA, OR LOVE'S VICTORY, as appears by the Prologue printed among the author's *Poems*, (p. 148,) and which is here given, together with that prefixed to the old copy, which was spoken when the play was afterwards brought out at the Globe. In 1640, it was licensed under the name of *Rosania*; and in 1652, Shirley published it, with five others, in 8vo. with the following title: *The Doubtful Heir, a Tragi-comedie, as it was Acted in the private House in Black-Friers, Written by James Shirley. Never printed before.*"

Langbaine observes, that the queen's courting Rosania under the disguise of a page, and the king surprising them, resembles a story in the *English Adventures*, Part III. between king Henry, Isabella, and Horatio.

TO THE
MOST WORTHILY HONOURED
SIR EDMUND BOWIER.

SIR,

MANY years are vanished, and a period, not only of the Scene, but more considerable revolutions have passed, since I had the happiness to be first known to you. I read excellent characters of you when you writ but a small letter, and though my observations, like seeds, were not cherished (by the fault of time) to a maturity, yet they begat in me such great respect to your person, then budding with honour and expectation, that now, after so long absence, I find them not extinguished; and howsoever at the first complexion I may appear bold in this hasty interruption, yet your candour will be so far in my defence, that I have presumed thus, rather to let you know I can still honour you, than unsatisfy myself, by neglecting the first opportunity of presenting my service. Sir, it is a piece, which perhaps you have seen in the active representment; the estimation it gained from thence, will be short of that grace it shall derive from your acceptance, by which you will shew, how still you dare retain your nobleness, and by renewing your smile upon me, encourage me to write myself

your humble Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN IN THE DUBLIN THEATRE.¹

ROSANIA? *methinks I hear one say,
What's that? 'Tis a strange title to a play.
One asks his friend who late from travel came,
What 'tis? supposing it some country's name;
Who, rather than acknowledge ignorance,
Perhaps says, 'tis some pretty town in France
Or Italy, and wittily discloses,
'Twas call'd Rosania, for the store of roses.
A witty comment:—others, that have seen,
And fashionably observ'd the English scene,
Say, (but with less hope to be understood)
Such titles unto plays are now the mood,
Aglaura, Claricilla,—names that may
(Being ladies) grace, and bring guests to the play.
To save this charge of wit, that you might know
Something i' the title, which you need not owe
To another's understanding, you may see,
In honest English there, LOVE'S VICTORY.
Love maids do feel; but warm in their first teens,
And married once, they know what t' other means.
Fear not the war, the victory is your's,
The battle will be ended in two hours.
Wounds will be given and receiv'd, yet need
You fear no sigh or tear, whoever bleed;
You see, but can take in no shot; you are
So far from danger in this amorous war,
Not the least rude uncivil language shall
Approach your ear, or make one cheek look pale:
The worst that can befall at this new play
Is, we shall suffer, if we lose the day;
For if you should traduce this poet's pen,
He'll be revenged, and never write again.*

¹ See Shirley's *Poems*, 1646, p. 148.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE GLOBE.¹

*All that the Prologue comes for is to say,²
Our author did not calculate this play
For this meridian ; the Bankside, he knows,
Is far more skilful at the ebbs and flows
Of water, than of wit ; he did not mean
For the elevation of your poles, this scene.
No shews, no dance,³ and, what you most delight in,
Grave understanders, here's no target-fighting
Upon the stage, all work for cutlers barr'd ;
No bawdry, nor no ballads ; this goes hard ;
But language clean ;⁴ and, what affects you not,
Without impossibilities the plot :
No clown, no squibs, no devil in't. Oh, now,
You squirrels that want nuts, what will you do ?
Pray do not crack the benches, and we may
Hereafter fit your palates with a play :
But you that can contract yourselves, and sit
As you were now in the Black-friars pit,
And will not deaf us with lewd noise and⁵ tongues,
Because we have no heart to break our lungs,
Will pardon our vast stage,⁶ and not disgrace
This play, meant for your persons, not the place.*

¹ This Prologue is also printed in Shirley's Poems, (p. 154,) with some slight variations, and with the following title: *A Prologue at the Globe to his Comedy call'd the Doubtful Heire, which should have been presented at the Black-Friers.*

² "Gentlemen, I am only sent to say," Poems.

³ "frisk" *ib.*

⁴ "The wit is clean," *ib.*

⁵ "or" *ib.*

⁶ "scene," *ib.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ferdinand, *king of Murcia.*

Leonario, *prince of Arragon.*

Rodriguez, }
Ernesto, } *noblemen attending on the court.*
Leandro, }

Alfonso, *father to Rosania.*

Captain.

Four Citizens.

Courtier.

Officers.

Soldiers.

Keeper of a prison.

Olivia, *supposed queen of Murcia.*

Rosania, *Alfonso's daughter.*

Violinda.

Attendants, Ladies, Gentlemen, &c.

SCENE, Murcia.

THE
DOUBTFUL HEIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter RODRIGUEZ and ERNESTO.

Rod. This turn was not expected ; prince Leonario
Is much perplex'd.

Ern. I cannot blame his highness ;
So near an expectation of a blessing,
To be thus cross'd.

Rod. The day of marriage set,
With the applausive vote of both the kingdoms,
By an unlook'd for war, to be put off,
Would vex a royal spleen.

Ern. 'Tis but deferr'd.

Rod. I do not like the hope of it.

Ern. I pity
The princely lover, worthy (without blemish
To the excelling virtues of the queen)
Of as much goodness as her sex contains ;
So noble in his nature, active, bountiful,
Discreet, and valiant, if we may believe
What his young fame proffers to every knowledge.

Rod. This character is not flattery ; and yet
The queen our mistress is not lost in this
Just praise of him.

Ern. I have no thought so impious ;
 My duty never taught me to commend,
 But to obey. Her virgin sweetness makes me
 Her just admirer ; but when I observe
 Her prudent manage of the state, a strength
 Would become many years ; her pious laws,
 But that without example, made to advance
 Her sex's chastity, I forget all
 Beside worth praise, though every least of her
 Desert would ask a volume.—'Tis his Excellence.

Enter behind, LEONARIO and Captain.

Rod. There's one not sorry for these wars.

Ern. 'Tis his
 Profession ; soldiers batten in a tempest.

Rod. And he deserves employment ; yet I think
 He'll never purchase with his pay.

Leo. Be confident ;
 Your worth will plead alone ; the queen expects me.

[*Exit Leo.*

Capt. Your highness' humble creature. — So,
 there's hope yet,
 After a time of ease and surfeit, we
 May cure ourselves, by letting others blood.—
 My noble lords.

Ern. 'Morrow, captain ; you look blithe and
 bright.

Capt. I'll put my sword to scouring, that shall
 shine.

Thank heaven my prayers are heard !

Rod. What prayers ?

Capt. That honest men may cut knaves' throats,
 and bid

Defiance to the hangman : musk and civet
 Have too long stifled us ; there's no recovery
 Without the smell of gunpowder.

Ern. But, captain—

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis he! we must not lose him.

2 *Cit.* He has credit

With the lords, it seems.

1 *Cit.* He has spied us.

Capt. My honest friends, welcome to court.—

My lords,

Pray grace these honest gentlemen; they will
Deserve to kiss your hands.

1 *Cit.* Our business

Is to you, captain.

Capt. Do you think what these brace
Of baboons come for?

Rod. Not I.

Capt. By this day,
For money, moneys that I owe them.

Ern. Is't possible?

Capt. I have moved your suit, gentlemen.

1 *Cit.* What suit?

Capt. Touching the masque, which you two, in
the name

Of the whole city, offered to present
At the town charges, to congratulate
The queen's intended marriage. I know
This egg was long a hatching, and expected,
But that your heads could not agree, they being
Of several sizes, some upon the shoulders
Of your long-winded officers, whose purse
Was made of the leather with their conscience.

1 *Cit.* Does he talk to us of a masque?

2 *Cit.* Good captain, put your masque off, and
give us

The money that you owe us.

Capt. Was't not meant nobly?—

But you, my good lords, know how much
The queen and prince are sorry, that so rare

A precedent of their duty should not be
 Upon record: this villainous war distracts
 All civil mirth; but you will be remembered.

1 *Cit.* We know not what you mean; we have
 no antics

In agitation: if your captainship
 Will pay your debts, so! there is law, and courses
 To be taken [yet], and you will find that justice
 Can deal, sir, with the sword as well as balance.

Capt. The puppies talk philosophy! Nay, then,
 I must be plain;—would I could 'tice them to
 A little treason! they'll ne'er hang for felony.—

[*Aside.*

Why, whither do you think I am going, now?

1 *Cit.* We care not whither, so you pay us first.

Capt. Let their own fathers swing, so they have
 money.

2 *Cit.* May be you are going to the wars.

Capt. Yes, mongrels,

To fight for your camlet faces, while you stay
 At home, and catch the cramp with telling money;
 Putting your guts to pension every day,
 And roots, until the wind cry out against you,
 And, with your belching backwards, stifle men
 That walk the street, until the air be purg'd.
 Must we eat bullets without butter, whelps?

Have our throats cut, or, drop like sheep by the
 hundred,

O' the rot, to buy your peace, you boding screech-
 owls?

And have your consciences so coarse a nap,
 To ask money of us?

1 *Cit.* You had the conscience
 To take up our commodities.

Capt. Reason good;
 Should I go naked, leeches?

2 *Cit.* No; but there is reason
 That you should pay, good captain, for your warmth.

Capt. Pay you? for what? for clothes! Such things as these

Your tribe is bound to keep us.

1 *Cit.* How?

Capt. Yes, and desire us to accept your wares,
To recompense our sufferings: 'tis we,
'Tis we that keep your worships warm and living,
By marching, fasting, fighting, and a thousand
Dangers, you o'ergrown moths! you that love gold,
And will not take an angel sent from heaven,
Unless you weigh him; you that spend the day
In looking o'er your debt-book, and at night
Can lap and lecher in your feather beds,
Then snort, and dream of fourscore in the hundred:
Afraid of nothing but the gout; or, what
Is a more just reward for your hard hearts,
The stone, which puts you to the charge of physic,
To make you piss out your last usurer's gallon;
Or, of a surgeon, to cut you for
The pebbles, which (if you survive incision)
You keep in penny boxes, like dear relics,
And shew your friends, when you intend to visit
them,

And beg a dinner.

Ern. Let not passion

Make you too much abuse their quality;
The city does contain brave fellows, captain,
As generous, as bountiful, discreet,
And valiant too, as any boast themselves
In court or camp.

Capt. I grant you, my good lord,
And honour all the noble souls within it;
But these are walking sicknesses, not citizens:
Two such prodigious things, with crooked consciences,

Though young, yet old in usury—

2 *Cit.* All this, captain,

Will not pay us our money, which we must
Have, or petition for, to your disgrace.

Capt. Well, since there is no remedy, will you
take

These two noblemen's words for what I owe you ?

1 *Cit.* With all our hearts.

Rod. That bargain is to make.

Ern. Good captain, at this time you may excuse
us.

Capt. Why, do your lordships think I'd let you
suffer ?

Come, you're my honourable friends ; pass, pass
Your word, I'll pay the money ; hang them, dot-
trels !

I'll not be beholding to them.

Rod. We had rather

You should, good captain.

Capt. No ?—Come hither, capons,
Will money content you ? shall I walk the street
Without a headach with your bawling for
The debt, when I have paid you ?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis but reason.

Capt. I'll fetch you money presently.—You may
follow,

If you please, but these noblemen shall see,
And witness what I pay you : I'll not trust
Your memorandums.

1 *Cit.* With all our hearts, sir.

2 *Cit.* We desire no more.

Capt. I'll wait on you again.

[*Exeunt Capt. and Citizens.*

Enter LEANDRO, reading a paper.

Rod. *Fortune de la guerre.*—
My lord Leandro !—What paper's that
He so intentively peruses ?

Lean. I like it, and could willingly allow

The change ; the queen grows mighty in her spirit,
And this match with the prince would swell her
state

Too much.—My lords.

Rod. We are your's.

Lean. See

What dangerous papers have been scattered,
To wound the title of our royal mistress ;
My servant brought me this : our enemy,
Who calls himself prince Ferdinand, would fain
Have us believe him cousin to the queen,
She an usurper of his crown.

Ern. We all know him dead.

Rod. I'm sure I did attend his funeral.

Lean. I think I waited too.

Ern. This paper says he was convey'd away,
And so escap'd his uncle's cruelty,
To whose protection he was left an infant ;
He dying, we translated our obedience
To his daughter, now our queen.

Rod. Here's an impostor !

Lean. Heaven aid the innocent ! say I ; he has
Valentia's aid, and comes not to invite,
But force a resignation. I wish things
Were calm again.

Ern. Prince Leonario, if she prosper not,
Is like to be a loser too.

Lean. For him

It matters not ; we have more to think on now,
Than love and complement.

Rod. I thought he would be general
'Gainst this pretended Ferdinand.

Lean. What else ?

Her sweetheart, that gives Cupid in his crest.
Alas ! there needs no art, nor strength of war,
To advance her cause ; justice will fight for her
I' the clouds ; and victory, sent from heaven, with-
out

Her soldiers' sweat, will gloriously descend
To crown his head with laurel.

Ern. May it prove so!

Lean. I could say things would stagger your
belief;

But I forgot the queen sent for me. To
You both a servant.

[*Exit.*

Ern. I do not like my lord Leandro's winding;
He has been faithful.

Rod. Always honourable.—
The queen.

*Enter OLIVIA, LEONARIO, Captain, LEANDRO, VIO-
LINDA, Attendants, Ladies, and Gentlemen.*

Leo. I take this as the greatest honour, madam,
You could confer. My name is young in war;
But my affection to your royal person,
Arm'd with the virtue of your cause, shall make me
Do something worth your name.

Oliv. 'Twas your request;
Nor could we place our chief command but where
'Tis equall'd with your interest in us,
And your own merit.

Leo. Sure my stars did mean
This way to make you know how much my heart
Dares in your service; and if Ferdinand,
For so he calls himself, possess a soul
Above the vulgar making, we shall spare
The blood of many, and conclude the war
In single opposition.

Lean. With your highness' pardon,
It not becomes you should engage your person,
And so great a cause so dangerously;
It will be too much honour to the impostor,
And, in the supposition of the world,
A strength to his pretence, to bring your birth
So low, to humble both yourself and fortunes

To his unworthy level ; a thing grown
Up in the night, a meteor hanging in
The air prodigiously, fed with vapour and
Black influence, ambitious to deceive
The world, and challenge kindred with the stars :
It is too great a venture, sir.

Ern. Since there must be a war,
Let the armies meet in battle ; there's more hope
After the worst to reinforce, and prosper,
Than when the kingdom's put upon one stake,
And one man's chance to assure it.

Oliv. I allow
Your counsel, lords ; but have more argument
Convincing me, not to run such a hazard
Of what must make Olivia rich hereafter.
A kingdom's loss may be repair'd ; but your
Life, made a sacrifice to tyrant war,
May find a welcome to the other shades,
But no tears can invite you back, to share
Or grief or joy with me : I'll have no duel.

Leo. 'Tis a command, and my obedience
Shall meet it, though, I fear, 'twill be a sin
To be too careful of myself ; but I
Shall still remember [that] I am your soldier ;
And, this consider'd, shall not make me rash,
But wisely teach me to deserve this title,
Which lives but in your honour.

Oliv. I'll pray for you ;
And not so much for what concerns the state,
As what your merit hath already gain'd
Upon my heart.

Rod. Blessings upon them both !
A curse upon these wars, that spoil their mirth !

Oliv. My lord Leandro.

Leo. There's your commission, captain ; I sup-
pose

You have found ways to empty your exchequer.

Capt. My bags are not brimful, my lord ; I have
Defalk'd, and made an ebb for wine and women,

And other things that keep poor men alive,
To do their country service.

Leo. Please you walk

With this gentleman, captain; he shall pay you
Five hundred pieces, that I owe you.

Capt. Me? your grace owes me nothing.

Leo. I could not pay the debt in better time, sir.

Capt. Umph!

I'll take the money, and allow the miracle.

[*Exeunt Capt. and Gent.*]

Ern. Did you observe the prince's nobleness
Although the act become him, yet the manner
Takes me especially. Heaven preserve the captain
From being mad!

Leo. I prosper in your vote.

But shall I, madam,—if that power, which crowns
With victory, guides me with fair success
In this your war, and triumph smile upon us,—
Shall I, at my return, have that reward
My soul, next heaven, affects? Shall no delay
(Colder than frost to lover's blood) afflict
My expectation of our marriage?
Although to doubt this be a sin, yet where
The ambition is so just, I shall but right
My heart, to have it oft assur'd; nor can
It make your eye less rich in smiles, when 'tis
Only my love encourages me to make
The busy harmless question.

Oliv. It does please me;

Nor can you ask so often, as I have
A cheerfulness to answer, that I love you;
And have propounded nothing dearer to me,
Than that which perfects chaste affection,
And chains two hearts: the priest with sadness will
Expect you safe again; but from this war
When you return, he shall not in his register
Of lovers find one with more wing hath met
The bosom of her friend, than glad Olivia,
To make one soul with you.

Leo. I have enough ;
 And thirst for action in the field, from whence
 I will bring harvest home, or leave myself,
 Happy, in life or death, to do you service:

[*Exe. Oliv. Leo. Lean. Ladies, and Attendants.*]

Rod. Well, I'm afraid if Hymen should set up
 His tapers now, they would not last to light
 His priest, at their return, to say his office.

Ern. Hope fairly.

Rod. I allow his spirit ; but
 The prince hath not been practised in the school
 Of war, where stratagems prevail above
 All personal resolution.

Ern. He cannot want fit counsel to direct
 His early valour ; besides, Ferdinand,
 By computation as young as he,

*Re-enter Captain, followed by two Citizens, and
 a Soldier.*

May poize the scale.—See, the captain.

1 Cit. We always thought you noble ; and we
 hope
 You will take no offence, that our occasions
 Prevail'd above our modesty.

Capt. I know
 You two are very modest. Well, I'm glad
 I'm furnish'd for you.—My good lords, I must
 Intreat you to be witnesses of what money
 I pay these gentlemen, that have trusted me.

2 Cit. And will again ; command our shops.

Capt. No, sit there, and starve,
 Or, if you like it better, take a swing
 At your own sign-post.

Ern. Good words, captain.

Capt. They expect good money, and both good
 are too much.

1 Cit. We always loved you.

2 Cit. And do so still, most virtuously.

Capt. It does appear.

1 *Cit.* And you shall find us ready—

Capt. I'll make but one fair motion; it will be
Sufficient trial of your honesty :

I have five hundred pounds, you saw me tell it ;
Faith, make it up a thousand 'twixt you both,
Till I come back ; you will be aldermen—

1 *Cit.* Ne'er a whit the sooner.

2 *Cit.* Alas, sir, if it were at another time—

1 *Cit.* Hereafter, upon good occasion, you shall
find—

Capt. You both i' the pillory,
For selling copper lace by a wrong name.¹
Well, there's no remedy ; I'll keep my word ;
The money's ready for you.

1 *Cit.* You are noble, captain.

2 *Cit.* May you kill
All the queen's enemies.

Capt. You would not scape then,
That cozen her liege people every day.

2 *Cit.* This payment, captain, will come most
seasonably.

1 *Cit.* And do us as much good, as you had
given us
The sum twice told, another time.

Capt. Before
These noblemen, have you such [urgent] want
As you profess ? You have no wives nor children.

1 *Cit.* I protest, upon my credit, I am to pay
This day two hundred pound, or be endanger'd
To an arrest.

2 *Cit.* And I must go to prison,
If, before sun-set—

Capt. Then 'twill do you a pleasure ?

Both Cit. Above expression.

Capt. Here's twelve-pence apiece for you. [*gives*
them the money.]—You are fit men
To serve the queen.

¹ ——— For selling copper lace by a wrong name.] See Mas-
singer, vol. iii. p. 505.

Both Cit. How, captain?

Capt. Why, in the wars; choose either pike or musket,

You shall have that favour.

Both Cit. We are both undone.

Ern. } Ha! ha! but will you use them so?
Rod. }

Capt. Have they not ready money?—Why do you stare?

No thanks for my protection!

Both Cit. Protection?

Capt. Did you not protest you should to prison else?

Why, you unthankful sons of false-light!—Sergeant,

Take them to their rendezvous.

1 Cit. Captain, a word; we are content—

Capt. I'm glad on't; why do you stay then?

1 Cit. To abate half our money.

2 Cit. All, all, good captain,—he shall have all, —rather

Than be sent a soldiering. Do you know what 'tis?

'Tis no Artillery Garden, where you come off

With *As you were.*

[*To 1 Cit.*

Rod. This was his project.

Capt. Umph!

You will forgive me both your debts?

2 Cit. And pray

Heaven to forgive you too.

Capt. My lords, bear witness:

These two would bribe me to abuse the queen,

And the present service; is this less than treason?

Both Cit. Oh!

Ern. Nay, nay, captain.

Capt. There are not two more able men i' the army,

I mean for bulk: ram me into a cannon,

If you shall buy yourselves with your estates,

From this employment. I'll not cozen you,
Your money is good debt still; you may live,
And ask me for't again, and I may pay you.

Rod. But shall they serve indeed?

Capt. That's at their peril,
When they come to the field; but go they shall,
An they were my cousin-germans.

Both Cit. Good, my lord, speak for us.

Capt. You do not know, my lords, but a little
suffering
May save their souls, and teach them, if they come
Off with a quarter of their limbs, compassion
To other men, that venture their lives for them:
Their consciences are tough, and must be suppld.
When they shall fast, and march ten months in
armour,
Sometimes through rivers, sometimes over moun-
tains,
And not have straw at night, to keep their breech
From growing to the earth; in storms, in heats;
When they have felt the softness of a trench
Thigh deep in water, and their dung to fatten it;
When they shall see no meat within a month,
But chew their match, like liquorice, and digest
The bark of trees, like sallads in the summer;
When they shall live to think there's no such thing
In nature as a shirt,¹ and wonder why
A tailor was created; when they have
As much in ready shot within their flesh,
As would set up a plumber, or repair
A church with lead; beside ten thousand more
Afflictions, which they are sure to find,
They may have christianity, and not put
A soldier to the payment of his debts.

Rod. 'Tis a mad captain! Come, my lord, let's
leave him. [Exeunt *Rod.* and *Ern.*

¹ *In nature as a shirt,*] The old copy reads, "as a *thirst*;"
but this they were likely to be too well acquainted with.

Capt. You shall have time and place to send for money,
 Or make your wills. Set on ; who knows but you
 Hereafter may be honest, and prove captains ?
 You may have preferment in the wars for money ;
 And so, my gentle creditors, march on. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter LEANDRO, with letters.

Lean. The hope and care of many years are in
 One day destroy'd. Hath heaven no stroke in war,
 Or is old Providence asleep ? Leonario
 Is coming home with victory, and brings
 Young Ferdinand, whom I expected to
 Salute a king, his prisoner ; and the queen,
 With her new conqueror, glorious in the spoils,
 By putting out this light, will mix their beams,
 And burn our eyes out with their shine : there is
 No talk but of this triumph ; and the people,
 Whom I, by art and secret murmurs, had
 Made doubtful, at the first noise of this conquest,
 As they had borrow'd souls from fear and folly,
 Adore the rising star ; and, in the praise
 Of him and his great fate, wonder that heaven
 Should hold a sun, and he so bright. Nor with
 This flattery content ; but they condemn
 (As low as all their sins shall one day them)
 Him whom the chance of war hath made a pri-
 soner.

There is no trust to policy or time ;
 The things of state are whirl'd by destiny
 To meet their period ; art cannot repair them.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the queen hath sent for you :
She is going forth to meet the prince, and hath
Commanded none be wanting to attend,
With all the state that may become her, to
Congratulate the triumph now brought home.

[*Exit.*

Lean. I shall obey.—I must attend this glory ;
It is not safe to wear a brow but what
The queen's example first forms into smiles.
I here contract my knowledge, and seclude
My wishes, since they prosper not. I am
Her chancellor : As great offices, and high
Employments, do expose us to most danger,
They oft teach those possess them a state wisdom ;
And by inherent virtues of the place,
Our fear to lose makes us secure ourselves
By art more often, than by conscience :
But I may be endangered to suspicion—
I like not things—but I delay attendance. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Captain, and 1. and 2. Citizens, dressed,
the one as a Lieutenant, the other as an Ancient,
followed by Soldiers.

Capt. Lieutenant !

1 *Cit.* Captain.

Capt. Ancient, what think you of the wars now ?

2 *Cit.* We are come off with honour.

1 *Cit.* And our limbs, captain.

Capt. Is that all ? Who made you a lieutenant ?

And you ancient? these titles were not born with
you;

You did not wear these buffs and feathers in
The memory of man; when you received
The binding twelve-pence, it was otherwise.

2 *Cit.* But you receiv'd, if you remember, cap-
tain,

Beside what we released in honest debt,
Sums for this great instalment; we have paid,
I take it, for our names.

Capt. And it became you.

Now you are gentlemen, my comrades of honour,
And I dare walk, and drink at taverns with you:
Your oaths become you now, and your splay feet;
You look'd before like maggots, city worms;
I have made you both brave fellows, fellows to
knights;

You may be squires to ladies too.

2 *Cit.* I think so.

Capt. We are all now of a trade,
For Mars is master of our company;
Our shop is the field, resolution our stock,
Honour our purchase, and fire and sword the tools
We work withal.

1 *Cit.* But now the wars are done,
I think we may shut up our shop;—
There is no more pay, is there?

Capt. Pox upon you!

I see your souls bleat after profit still;
A bullet in the right place would have knock'd out
This humour of getting money. But fear not,
Though you come off with
More limbs than you deserve, you shall have pay.

2 *Cit.* Shall we, and not be troubled to fight
for't?

Capt. Yes, 'twill be necessary you fight; you will
Have your throats cut else, and be sent off like
sheep.

Do not fear payment ; here be mandrakes, that
Will roar, and cudgel you to your heart's content ;
You shall not walk the streets, now you are officers,
Without a quarrel : pay enough.

1 *Cit.* A man

Had as good be no lieutenant, as be beaten
When he comes home ; what think you, ancient ?

2 *Cit.* For my part, I can endure beating as well
As another, if that be all.

Capt. Will you to your shops again ?

2 *Cit.* I have no mind to worsted stockings again,
And shoes that shine,¹ I would wear colours still.

Capt. Well said, ancient. Come, I'll take your
fears off ;

Do not confess you are a lieutenant, or you
An ancient, and no man will quarrel with you ;
You shall be as secure as chrisom children.²

1 *Cit.* Shall we ? They shall rack me, ere I will
confess

I am a lieutenant, or ever saw the wars.

2 *Cit.* Or I an ancient. I'll take't upon my
death,

I never was a soldier in my life.

Capt. 'Tis well done. Now, because I love you,
And see you have an itch after honour, so
It may come without blows, let me advise you.—
You have moneys at command.

1 *Cit.* And good debts too.

Capt. You shall both turn courtiers.

2 *Cit.* Shall we ?

Capt. I say't ; for if my [skill in] physnomy
Deceive me not, you two are born to be—

Both Cit. What ?

¹ — shoes that shine,] See Massinger, vol. iv. p. 161.

² — as secure as chrisom children.] Johnson says chrisom children are those that die within the month. It may be so ; but our old writers apply the expression to a child just christened.

Capt. Coxcombs. I will help to make you too ;
 You shall presently kiss the queen's hand.
 You have moneys, you say? You shall never turn
 To your vomit of small wares. I have friends
 At court ; you may in time be great ; and when
 I come with a petition to your honours,
 For moneys in arrear, or knocking out
 Some rascal's brains, such as you were, when you
 wore

A girt under your chops, you two may stand
 Between me and the gallows.

2 Cit. Hang us if we do not.

Capt. You shall buy places presently. But stay ;
 Have you a mind to be officers to the queen
 In ordinary, or extraordinary?

2 Cit. Extraordinary, by all means.

1 Cit. We scorn

To be ordinary courtiers.

Capt. I commend

Your judgment ; that will be more chargeable.

But—

2 Cit. Hang it, we'll find money enough ; but I
 Resolve to be extraordinary.

Capt. I'll bring you to a court-merchant pre-
 sently ;

You will get infinite estates.

Both Cit. Ah ha! captain.

Capt. And so command the ladies, if you be
 bountiful.

Both Cit. Ah ha! boy.

Capt. For I know you do love wenches ;—
 You will have all the business, and the country
 Come tumbling in upon you like the tide,
 After a month. You must keep twenty men
 Between you, night and day to tell your money.
 Oh ! 'tis unknown what will become of you,
 If you be ruled, and take this course. Had I
 Moneys like you, I would be—

1 *Cit.* Come, we will lend thee moneys too hereafter.

Capt. Will you? Come on, no more lieutenant now,
Nor ancient.

2 *Cit.* Do you think we long to be beaten?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Prison.

Enter FERDINAND, and ROSANIA disguised like a page.

Ros. Pray do not grieve for me; I have a heart
That can, for your sake, suffer more; and when
The tyranny of your fate calls me to die,
I can as willingly resign my breath,
As go to sleep.

Ferd. Can I hear this, Rosania,
Without a fresh wound? That thy love to me
Should be so ill rewarded! thou hast engaged
Thyself too much already; 'tis within
Thy will yet to be safe; reveal thyself,
Throw off the cloud that doth eclipse that bright-
ness,

And they will court thy person, and be proud,
With all becoming honour, to receive thee;
No fear shall rob thy cheek of her chaste blood.
Oh, leave me to my own stars, and expect,
Whate'er become of wretched Ferdinand,
A happy fate.

Ros. Your counsel is unkind.
This language would become your charity
To a stranger, but my interest is more
In thee than thus with words to be sent off;

Our vows have made us one ; nor can the names
 Of father, country, or what can be dear
 In nature, bribe one thought to wish myself
 In heaven without thy company ; it were poor
 then

To leave thee here. Then, by thy faith I charge
 thee,

By this, the first and last seal of our love,

[*Kisses him.*

By all our promises, when we did flatter
 Ourselves, and in our fancy took the world
 O' pieces, and collected what did like
 Us best, to make us a new paradise ;
 By that, the noblest ornament of thy soul,
 Thy honour, I conjure thee, let me still
 Be undiscovered. What will it avail
 To leave me, whom thou lovest, and walk alone,
 Sad pilgrim, to another world ? We will
 Converse in soul, and shoot like stars, whose beams
 Are twisted, and make bright the sullen groves
 Of lovers as we pass.

Ferd. These are but dreams

Of happiness. Be wise, [be wise,] Rosania ;
 Thy love is not a friend to make thee miserable ;
 Society in death, where we affect,
 But multiplies our grief. Live thou, oh live !
 And if thou hast a tear, when I am dead,
 But drop it to my memory, it shall,
 More precious than embalming, dwell upon me,
 And keep my ashes pure ; my spirit shall,
 At the same instant, in some innocent shape,
 Descend upon that earth thou hast bedew'd,
 And kissing the bright tribute of thy eye,
 Shall after wait like thy good angel on thee.
 There will be none to speak of Ferdinand
 Without disdain, if thou diest too. Oh, live
 A little, to defend me, or, at least,
 To say I was no traitor to thy love ;

And lay the shame on death, and my false stars,
That would not let me live to be a king.

Ros. Oh, Ferdinand,
Thou dost not love me now.

Ferd. Not love Rosania!
If wooing thee to live will not assure thee,
Command me then to die, and spare the cruelty
Of the fair queen. Not love Rosania!
If thou wilt but delight to see me bleed,
I will at such a narrow passage let
Out life, it shall be many hours in ebbing,
And my soul, bathing in the crimson stream,
Take pleasure to be drown'd. I have small time
To love, and be alive; but I will carry
So true a faith to woman hence, as shall
Make poor the world, when I am gone to tell
The story yonder.—We are interrupted.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. You must prepare yourself for present
trial;

I have command to attend you to the judges.
That gentleman, and all that did adhere
To your conspiracy, are, by the queen's
Most gracious mercy, pardoned.

Ferd. In that word
Thou hast brought me more than life.—I shall
betray,
And with my too much joy, undo thee again.
Heaven does command thee live.—I must obey
This summons; I shall see thee again, Tiberio,
Before I die.

Ros. I'll wait upon you, sir;
The queen will not deny me that poor office.
I know not how to leave you.

Ferd. Death and I

Shall meet, and be made friends ; but when we
part,
The world shall find thy story in my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*A Court of Justice.*¹

Enter ERNESTO, RODRIGUEZ, LEANDRO, and OLIVIA supported by LEONARIO ; Officers with FERDINAND, followed by ROSANIA ; Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards, &c. LEONARIO and OLIVIA take their seats ; FERDINAND is placed at the bar.

Oliv. Is that the prisoner, at the bar ?

Leo. He that pretended himself Ferdinand,
Your uncle's son.

Oliv. Proceed to his arraignment. — My lord
Leandro,
You know our pleasure.

Lean. Although the queen, in her own royal
power,
And without violating sacred justice, where
Treason comes to invade her and her crown
With open war, need not insist upon
The forms and circumstance of law, but use
Her sword in present execution ;
Yet, such is the sweet temper of her blood,
And calmness of her nature, though provok'd
Into a storm, unto the greatest offender
She shuts up no defence, willing to give
A satisfaction to the world how much

¹ The old copy has no distinction of Scenes, but the following stage-direction occurs in this place: "*Enter Officers with Bar, Table, Stools,—then Ernesto, Rodriguez, Leandro, Queen, supported by Leonario, Ferdinand, Rosania, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Guard, who set Ferdinand to the Bar.*"

She doth delight in mercy.—Ferdinand,
 For so thou dost pretend thyself, thou art
 Indicted of high treason to her majesty,
 In that thou hast usurp'd relation to
 Her blood ; and, under name of being her kinsman,
 Not only hast contriv'd to blast her honour
 With neighbour princes, but hast gather'd arms
 To wound the precious bosom of her country,
 And tear the crown, which heaven, and just suc-
 cession,

Hath placed upon her royal head. What canst
 Thou answer to this treason ?

Ferd. Boldly thus :

As I was never with the height of all
 My expectation, and the aid of friends,
 Transported one degree above myself,
 So must not Ferdinand, though his stars have
 frown'd,

And the great eye of Providence seem[']d to slumber,
 While your force thus compell'd, and brought me
 hither

With mockery of my fate, to be arraign'd
 For being a prince, have any thought beneath
 The title I was born to : yet I'll not call
 This cruelty in you, nor in the queen ;
 (If I may name her so, without injustice
 To my own right ;) a kingdom is a garland
 Worth all contention ; and where right seals not
 The true possession, nature is forgotten,
 And blood thought cheap to assure it. There is
 something

Within that excellent figure, that restrains
 A passion here, that else would forth like lightning.
 'Tis not your shape, which yet hath so much
 sweetness,

Some pale religious hermit might suspect
 You are the blessed saint he pray'd to ; no,
 The magic's in our nature and our blood ;

For both our veins, full of one precious purple,
Strike harmony in their motion. I am Ferdinand,
And you the fair Olivia, brothers' children.

Leo. What insolence is this ?

Oliv. Oh, my lord, let him
Be free to plead ; for if it be no dream,
His cause will want an orator. By my blood,
He does talk bravely.

Rod. These are flourishes.

Ern. Speak to the treason you are charg'd with,
and
Confess a guilt.

Leo. He justifies himself.

Ferd. If it be treason to be born a prince,
To have my father's royal blood move here ;
If it be treason, in my infancy
To have escaped, by divine providence,
When my poor life should have been sacrificed
To please a cruel uncle, whose ambition
Surpris'd my crown, and after made Olivia,
His daughter, queen ; if it be treason to
Have been a stranger thus long from my country,
Bred up with silence of my name and birth,
And not till now mature, to own myself
Before a sunbeam ; if it be treason,
After so long a banishment, to weep
A tear of joy upon my country's bosom,
And call her mine, my just inheritance,
Unless you stain my blood with bastardy ;
If it be treason, still to love this earth,
That knew so many of my race her kings,
Though late unkindly arm'd to kill her sovereign,
As if the effusion of my blood were left
To make her fertile ; if to love Olivia,
My nearest pledge of blood, although her power
Hath chain'd her prince, and made her lord her
prisoner,
Who sits with expectation to hear

That sentence that must make the golden wreath
Secure upon her brow, by blasting mine ;
If this be treason, I am guilty :—Ferdinand,
Your king, 's become a traitor, and must die
A black, and most inglorious death.

Ern. You offer

At some defence, but come not home. By what
Engine were you translated hence, or whither
Convey'd ? There was some trust deceiv'd, when
you

Were carried forth to be preserv'd, and much
Care taken since in bringing of you up,
And giving secret fire to this ambition.

Ferd. There wants no testimony here, of what
Concerns the story of my birth and infancy,
If one dare speak, and be an honest lord.

Lean. How's that ?

Ferd. Whose love and art secured me from all
tyranny,

Though here my funeral was believ'd ; while I,
Sent to an honourable friend, his kinsman,
Grew safely to the knowledge of myself
At last, till fortune of the war betray'd me
To this captivity.

Lean. I blush at thee,
Young man, whose fate hath made thee desperate,
And car'st not what man's blood thou draw'st along
In thy black stream, or what man's faith thou mak'st
As hateful as thy crimes.

Ern. That confederate,
Sure has some name ; declare him, that he may
Thank you for his reward, and lose his head for't.

Oliv. We always see that men in such high
nature,

Deform'd and guilty, want not specious shapes
To gain their practice, friendship, and compassion ;
But he shall feel the punishment.—Do you smile ?

Ferd. A woman's anger is but worth it, madam ;

And, if I may have freedom, I must say,
 Not in contempt of what you seem, nor help'd
 By overcharge of passion, which but makes
 A fruitless noise, I have a sense of what
 I am to lose, a life ; but I am so fortified
 With valiant thoughts and innocence, I shall,
 When my last breath is giving up, to lose
 Itself i' the air, be so remote from fear,
 That I will cast my face into one smile,
 Which shall, when I am dead, acquit all trembling,
 And be a story to the world how free
 From paleness Ferdinand took leave of earth.

Ros. Alas ! my lord, you forget me, that can
 Part with such courage. |

Ferd. I forget, indeed ;
 I thought of death with honour, but my love
 Hath found a way to chide me. O, my boy,
 I can weep now.

Leo. A sudden change ! he weeps.

Oliv. What boy is that ?

Ferd. I prithee take thyself away.

Oliv. Your spirit
 Does melt, it seems, and you begin to think
 A life is worth preserving, though with infamy.

Ferd. Goodness, thy aid again, and tell this great
 Proud woman, I have a spirit scorns her pity.—
 Come hither, boy, and let me kiss thee ; thus,
 At parting with a good and pretty servant,
 I can, without my honour stain'd, shed tears :
 I took thee from thy friends to make thee mine ;
 Is it not truth, boy ?

Ros. Yes, my lord.

Ferd. And meant, when I was king, to make
 thee great ;
 And shall I not, when I can live no longer,
 To cherish thee, at farewell drop a tear ?
 That I could weep my soul upon thee !—But
 You are too slow, methinks ; I am so far

From dread, I think your forms too tedious.
I expect my sentence.

Oliv. Let it stay awhile.—

What secret flame is this? Honour protect me!--
Your grace's fair excuse. [to *Leo.*]—For you, I shall
Return again. [Exit.]

Ferd. And I, with better guard,
After my silence in the grave, to meet
And plead this cause.

Ern. He is distracted sure;
His person I could pity, but his insolence
Wants an example. What if we proceed
To sentence?

Leo. I suppose the queen will clear
Your duties in't.

Lean. But I'll acquaint her. [Exit.]

Rod. My lord Leandro's gone.

Ern. His censure will
Be one with our's.

Ferd. Yet shall I publish who
Thou art? I shall not die with a calm soul,
And leave thee in this cloud.

Re-enter OLIVIA and LEANDRO.

Ros. By no means, sir.—The queen.

Oliv. Whose service is so forward to our state,
That when our pleasure is known not to proceed,
They dare be officious in his sentence? Are
We queen, or do we move by your protection?

Ern. Madam, the prince—

Oliv. My lord, you have a queen.
I not suspect his wisdom, sir; but he
Hath no commission here to be a judge.
You were best circumscribe our regal power,
And by yourselves condemn, or pardon all,
And we sign to your will! The offence, which you
Call treason, strikes at us, and we release it.

Let me but see one curl in any brow :
Attend the prisoner hither. [*Ferd. is brought to the state.*]—Kiss our hand.—

Are you so merciless, to think this man
Fit for a scaffold?—You shall, sir, be near us ;
And if, in this confusion of your fortunes,
You can find gratitude and love, despair not.
These men, that now oppose, may find your title
Clear to the kingdom too.—Be, sir, collected,
And let us use your arm.

[*Descends from the state, and exit, supported by Ferd.*

Ros. What change is here !

Lean. What think you of this, lords ?

Rod. I dare not think.

Leo. Affronted thus ? Oh my vex'd heart ! [*Exit.*

Ros. I'll follow still ; and if this be no dream,
We have scaped a brook, to meet a greater stream.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Palace.—A Garden.

Enter ERNESTO and RODRIGUEZ.

Ern. Though I believed her passionate, and like
A sea, tempestuous in her anger, I
Never thought she would marry him.

Rod. She's the queen.

But with what honour she could quit the prince,
Who (without treason) did deserve her too,
Comes not within my reach.

Ern. If you consider,
He has been valiant for her to great purpose,

And brought a prisoner home, to mount his gennet ;
It was a pretty service !

Rod. How does he bear it ?

Ern. He's here, you may enquire it.

Enter LEONARIO with letters, and a Servant.

Leo. Beswift and faithful.—Arragon bleeds here ;
Nothing but war can right my cause and honour.

Serv. Expect an army great as your own thoughts,
To cut the way to your revenge. [Exit.

Leo. My lords
Rodriguez and Ernesto.

Rod. } Your grace's servants.
Ern. }

Leo. A man may take the benefit of this garden
Without a court offence. You have had the day
Of triumph, and the queen already teeming,
To bless the kingdom with an heir ; and yet
You see I walk like a poor neighbour prince,
And have my heart still.

Rod. I am glad you bear it so.

Leo. Nor have I a meaning
To run myself into despair, or strangle
My better hopes, out of pure melancholy,
I praise the influence of my stars ! there is
A fire in Cupid's quiver, that will scorch
Through armour ; and what's woman's flesh and
blood

To make resistance ? Though I did not dance
Upon the marriage night, I wish'd her joys
I' the morning.

Ern. Her heart shewed [that] she was pleas'd
With what she had done ; she was as active as
The air, before she went to bed.

Rod. But I
Observ'd a declination in the king ;
And as the night approach'd, which should have more
Enlarged his mirth, he grew more melancholy.

Leo. Strange! and [with] such a bride, that took him from

So great a loss, to place him in her bosom!
But he was mark'd for the queen's thoughts, and I,
By destiny, to bring this pair of pigeons
Together. I expect no more reward;
The willow garland crowns me;—but the prince
Is here still. [*Lays his hand on his breast.*]

Ern. Your highness hath a noble temper.

Rod. Howe'er he seem to cover it, his soul
Hath a deep apprehension of the affront.
Let's leave him, our discourse maybe displeasing.—
We are servants to your grace.

[*Exeunt Rod. and Ern.*]

Leo. You have honoured me.—

Think I am tame still: let the inconstant queen
Secure her thoughts, and glory in my silence;
This heart is labouring a revenge.

Enter Captain.

Captain, what news? the court is merry still?

Capt. Not altogether so merry as 'twas hoped for.

Leo. Can there be an eclipse already?

Capt. I have not read the almanack for this year,
But by my court astronomy, I find
Our sun and moon [,sir,] are in no conjunction;
They take their fit by turns; the king was cold,
And full of phlegm last night; and they that wait
Near both, report the queen this morning look'd
As she had wept.

Leo. O, tears of joy.

Capt. Of anger rather, if you saw her sullenness.
She frowns on every man; she turn'd away
One of her servants but this morning, for
Presenting her with verses, that did praise
The king, and wish her fruitful. Her own page
Was whipp'd, for saying the king lay with the
queen,

And might, for aught he knew, get her with child Ere morning.

Leo. Thou art humorous.

Capt. And so are they.

Leo. This begins well; and what Do people talk abroad of me and my Affront?

Capt. Why, they say they are sorry for you, Especially the women.

Leo. Thou art pleasant.

Capt. Some that are chief in counsel, privately Suspect it but a trick of state, and that You had discovered underhand the queen Was not—

Leo. Leave this mirth; let me endow thy care For my intelligence at court; [*gives him money.*] —I must

Not off so tamely;—and expect me here, After a small dispatch; I have more to impart.

Capt. Your humble creature still, sir.—'Las, poor gentleman! [*Exit.*]

Were I as capable to be entertain'd now,
* * * * * in revenge¹
I would mount all the madams in the court;
There should be nothing like a woman in't,
But I would touze and tumble. Who are these?.

Enter 3 and 4 Citizens.

3 Cit. Save you, sir.

Capt. It may be so.

4 Cit. Pray, sir, take no offence; we have been enquiring

About the court for two gentlemen—

¹ * * * * * in revenge

I would, &c.] This passage is involved in hopeless obscurity. I have supposed an omission at the press.

Capt. And cannot
Your four eyes see two gentlemen i' the court?

3 Cit. Excuse us, sir, we have seen many; you
May guess we have relation to the city, sir,
And would be glad to meet two of our old ac-
quaintances:

A brace of our tribe,
We hear, translated first out of the city
To be sons o' the sword, are since turn'd courtiers;
Pray do you know them?

Capt. Yes, children of the gown; but their em-
ployment
Will not give them leave to attend such vulgar
conference;

Enter 1 Citizen, dressed like a courtier, and
VIOLINDA.

And here comes one of the mooncalves: does he
look
Like a haberdasher? That's one of the maids of
honour;

The weasel loves a hen's-nest, and I have settled
His persuasion, that no woman can hold out,
Now he is sworn a servant extraordinary.

3 Cit. Sir, do you know us?

1 Cit. No.

4 Cit. We were your neighbours, and of the
same trade.

Capt. They'll make him sweat. How the rogue
glotes upon them!

3 Cit. We were of your acquaintance, when you
sold garters.

1 Cit. Go hang yourselves!

4 Cit. And statute-lace.

Vio. What are these?

1 Cit. Poor men, that had some losses late by fire,
And would become my clients, to procure
Some letters patents to beg by; alas, they are half
distracted.

3 *Cit.* He's proud.—

I have a parcel of periwigs, please you, [sir,]
For old acquaintance, put them off for me
Among some friends of your's at court, whose skulls
Are but thinly furnished ; the hair is of
A gentlewoman's spinning.

Capt. I could love

This citizen, and owe him any money
For his confident abusing him. [*Exit Violinda.*
He has bribed her absence with some ring or
bracelet,

Lest she should taste the discovery now.

3 *Cit.* Methinks you need not be so proud.

1 *Cit.* I would

Have you to know that I am an extraordinary—

Capt. Proud coxcomb.

1 *Cit.* Servant to the queen.

What I was, I am willing to forget ;
What you are is apparent. I defy the dunghill
I came from, and 'tis *scandalum magnatum*
To be so saucy.

3 *Cit.* I will not leave your worship so. [*Exit.*

Capt. What will this rascal do with himself?

Here comes the other fool, to make up the gemini.

*Enter 2 Citizen, dressed like a courtier, with two
petitions.*

2 *Cit.* Hum, I will not know him. —Let me see—
The humble petition of—

4 *Cit.* Save you, master—

2 *Cit.* Prithee, fellow, do not trouble me—

Humbly praying— The queen shall sign it.—
Let me see this other—

Capt. Who the devil will bring him a petition ?
This whelp has discover'd him, and now would
Pretend himself most busily employ'd
About petitions to the queen.

2 *Cit.* Hum, shall daily pray for—Hum !

Capt. More wit and money o' your side ; for your
Extraordinary place will not hold out.

4 *Cit.* Sir, I have a suit to you.

2 *Cit.* Is it embroidered satin, sir, or scarlet ?
Yet, if your business do hold weight and conse-
quence,

I may deserve to wear your thankfulness
In tissue, or cloth of bodkin ; ermines are
For princes.

4 *Cit.* Alas ! my suit is not worth your wearing.

2 *Cit.* Good faith, sir, you must excuse me ; at
this time

My attendance is expected at the council.
Come to my chamber by five o'clock in the morning,
Four days hence, and you shall be sure to find me.

Capt. Asleep.

4 *Cit.* But do you not know me ?

2 *Cit.* Hum !

Yes, I have seen your physnomy ; were you
Never in a conspicuous place, called the pillory ?

4 *Cit.* How ! the pillory ?

Capt. A skirmish, an it be thy will !

4 *Cit.* If it were not in the court garden,
I would beat out thy brains.

2 *Cit.* Take heed, for I am an extraordinary—

4 *Cit.* Rat-catcher.

Capt. You may beat out his brains here, as
securely, sir,
As if you met him i' the market. Marry, if you do
Not kill him outright, it is but the loss
Of your hand.

4 *Cit.* I would it were but the loss of my left hand,
To beat one of thy eyes out ! Are you an ancient ?

2 *Cit.* Thank you for that, so I might deserve to
be beaten.

I am an extraordinary, sir.

Capt. And deserves to be beaten accordingly.
You may kick him without danger.

4 *Cit.* May I?

Re-enter 3 Citizen, *kicking* 1 Citizen.

Capt. Look, your friend will shew you a precedent;

He is acquainted with the court latitude.

3 *Cit.* This is no striking.

1 *Cit.* I know it is not.

Capt. They are subtle knaves, and know the law.

1 *Cit.* A pox upon them! I feel it.

2 *Cit.* At their peril, say I; these poor things
Do not believe that we are extraordinary men.—
I shall know you another time, I shall.

[*Exeunt* 1 and 2 *Cit.* followed by 3 and 4.

Capt. If you had known him now, it had been
better

For your haunches.—

Well! I have not done with these whelps yet; till
they are

Undone, I shall never be sufficiently

Revenged for their affront at court. The prince

Commanded me to expect his return here;

I will not leave the garden.

Enter ROSANIA.

Who is this?

[*Retires behind a shrubbery.*

Ros. Is perjury no sin? or can heaven be
So busy, or asleep, such crimes of men
Pass with impunity? Let this wake your anger,
This; Ferdinand is married, all his vows
Scatter'd in the air, dispersed like wither'd leaves,
And hurried on the wings of some rude wind,
Whose pride was to deflower the spring.—Oh,
Ferdinand,
Couldst thou, whilst yet thy breath was warm with
love,

With love of me, call back thy faith, and tear
Thy heart from mine, to plant it in her bosom?

Capt. How's this?

Ros. What though she be a queen, could any
thirst

Of present title flatter thy soul from me?
I, that left all for thee, and would have call'd
Death, for thy cause, a triumph, now must live
The scorn of my own thoughts, despised by thee.

Capt. Here's a new business! this obscures me
quaintly.

Enter LEANDRO.

Lean. The king commands you not to leave the
garden.

He espied you from the gallery window, and
Would have you here attend him.

Ros. Sir, may I,
Without offence, ask if the king be merry?

Lean. We are scarce yet acquainted with his
nature;

But we observe no jubilee in his eyes;
Nor is the queen so pleasant as our hopes
Did promise, after marriage.

Ros. Pray excuse
This boldness.

Lean. You'll expect his pleasure here. [*Exit.*

Ros. 'Tis my ambition once more to see
And speak with him; and if his language break not
My heart, I'll take my leave. The queen! [*Retires.*

Re-enter LEANDRO with OLIVIA.

Lean. He is a servant, to whom the king
Was pleas'd to shew affection, when he had
No expectation of your royal favour.

Oliv. I do remember, I observ'd him once
 Use more than common passion to this servant ;
 And if we may build any confidence
 Upon a fair aspéct, he may deserve it.
 Say we would speak with him. My heart's oppress'd
 With melancholy ; something tells my spirit
 I am too tame. Have I advanced a thing
 Without a name, to perch on the same cloud
 With me, and for his sake slighted a prince,
 My honour, and his faith, transported with
 My folly, and his charms of tongue and person,
 And dares he pay me with neglect and coldness!
 Oh my vex'd soul ! but he shall find I have
 A sense of my dishonour ; and yet open
 Ways become trivial and poor revengers,
 I will do something that shall sting him to
 Repentance. [*Lean. brings forward Ros.*]—My
 lord, you now may leave us.— [*Exit Lean.*
Sir, of what country are you ?

Ros. Of Valentia.

Oliv. Your name ?

Ros. Tiberio.

My parents not ignoble ; yet too hasty
 I' the apprehension of prince Ferdinand²
 His fortune, (if I may yet call him so,)
 Gave me to be his page. I must confess
 My diligence thriv'd so well since I came to him,
 That he did value me above his servant.

Oliv. Yet I've not seen you wait, since we were
 married.

Ros. It was no want of duty, madam ; I
 Had late some wrestling with a fever, that

² *My parents not ignoble ; yet too hasty*

I' the apprehension of prince Ferdinand

His fortune, &c.] This is very obscure. If there be no omission, (which yet I suspect there is) Tiberio may mean that his parents, in the prospect of the prince's fortune, put him at too early an age into his service.

Compell'd me to my chamber, and disabled me
For fit attendance.

Oliv. Why dost weep?

Ros. I, madam?

Oliv. I see the tears—

Ros. They are not sorrow, then, to see my
master

Possess'd of so much happiness in your love ;
And I am confident his soul, so full
Of honour and regard to your great virtues,
Will seal him worth your gracious favours, madam,
And the world's envy.

Oliv. I'll not blame him now
For loving thee ; and so much hath thy faith
And innocence prevail'd, thou shalt translate
Thy service, and be mine ; he shall consent.

Ros. I am to both most humble.

Oliv. Prithee tell me ;
Making so much of thee, he does impart
Sometimes the secrets of his bosom to thee --
Tell me what fault he has, for thou know'st all.

Ros. 'Las! madam, I know none,
Or, if I did, it ill became the trust
And duty of a servant, to reveal them.

Oliv. Thou wert his bedfellow?

Ros. Gracious madam—

Oliv. Does he not wanton in the night, and talk
Of mistresses?

Ros. By truth, not to me, madam.

Oliv. Dissemble not ; I know he has a mistress.

Ros. If love were ever so unkind to him—

Oliv. Unkind? Why, is't a sin to love? I shall
Suspect thy youth has not been free ; thy looks
Betray some seeds of love.

Ros. By all that's good,
I never was in love but with my master.

Capt. Good!

Oliv. He is not worth it.

Ros. Madam.

Oliv. Be wise, and govern well thy hopes ; I'll help

Thee to a mistress ; thou hast no mistress yet ?

Ros. But yourself, madam.

Oliv. It shall be no other ;

Thy master is ungrateful.

Ros. Goodness aid him !

Oliv. And wisdom thee ! Thou art a pretty youth ;

I will reward thee better, if thou canst
Be faithful, and obey.

Ros. In all things, madam,
That shall become your creature.

Oliv. 'Tis not safe

To play with a queen's favours : you shall wait
Near us. Forget thy master, and be happy. [*Exit.*

Ros. What clue can guide me in this labyrinth ?
I would, when I had lost Ferdinand's heart,
I had lost my understanding ! She returns.

Re-enter OLIVIA.

Oliv. The king is coming this way ; now be
free ;

Thou shalt have reason afterwards to bless
Thy fate.—This cannot choose but vex him.

[*Aside.*—*Oliv.* toys with *Ros.*

Enter behind, FERDINAND.

Ferd. The queen so pleasant ? she has lost her
sullenness,
Plays with his hair, and smiles.

Ros. Madam, the king
Observes us.

Ferd. Strokes his cheek too ! she does want

A Ganymede.—My poor Rosania,
 Art thou the path she walks on to revenge?
 All is not well within her heart; but mine
 Sinks with the heavy pressure. [*exit Oliv.*]—She
 is gone.—

The queen does grace you much, Tiberio;
 Those favours are not common.

Ros. She is pleas'd,
 For your sake, sir, to cast some smile upon me;
 I know 'twas your request she should be kind,
 To keep my heart alive.

Ferd. Thou art not discover'd?

Ros. Did not you discourse
 My story to her?

Ferd. I?

Ros. Take heed; yet this
 Will add but a thin feather to the scale
 Of my misfortune. She knows all, and, in
 The pity of my sufferings, says you are
 Not worth my love, and calls you most ungrateful.

Ferd. We are both lost. Till now there was
 some hope
 How to repair thy sorrow.

Ros. Do not mock me;
 'Tis a worse tyranny than to kill, to laugh
 At what you have made wretched: 'tis as possible
 To call past ages back.

Ferd. Take heed, Rosania,
 And be not judge of what thou know'st not, dearest.

Ros. I know too much.

Ferd. That I am married?

Ros. There is no truth in man.—

Ferd. You are too rash; for there is truth in me,
 In Ferdinand, though in thy thoughts held black,
 And stain'd prodigiously with breach of faith.
 I have not broke my vow; do not compel me,
 By thy unbelief, to do a sin I hate
 As much as I love thee.

Ros. Have you a soul?

Ferd. Yes, and thy eye shall read it, be but calm,

That soul thou once didst love, white with his first
Simplicity and faith. I will not urge,
In my excuse, the beauty of the queen,
Enough to melt a Scythian into love ;
But call to mind, my dear Rosania,
And do but put upon thee Ferdinand;
So late forgotten by his stars, a prisoner,
Slaved like a villain at the bar, expecting
At every breath his sentence ; nay, admit,
Rosania, the best part of his soul,
Stood like a weeping fountain, to take leave
Of what she never must salute again :
In this extreme, to preserve Ferdinand,
And save Rosania, wouldst thou scorn the breath
Of mercy, that did court thee from the lips
Of a great queen? Couldst thou love Rosania,
If thou wert Ferdinand, to lose thyself,
Whom she would follow in a stream of tears?
And when she had made an island of thy tomb,
Striving to swim to thee, she could not choose
But drown herself in her own waves. I prithee,
Take reason to thee, and when thou hast consi-
der'd—

Ros. Persuade me I am not Rosania,
And I will say 'tis virtue, and that yet
Your heart may grow with mine. Is not the queen
Possess'd of that which should have been my title,
A wife to Ferdinand?

Ferd. 'Tis confess'd the world
Doth think it so ; I did consent to ceremony.

Ros. Call you enjoying of the queen but cere-
mony?

Ferd. Pause there, and if thou hast but so much
charity,
To think I dare not blaspheme heaven, I'll call

That, and the angels boldly to my witness,
The queen's to me a stranger yet.

Ros. A miracle!

Ferd. Retain but love, as thou preserv'st thy
sweetness,

And that will teach thee to believe that Ferdinand,
Howe'er saluted king, is still thy subject ;

And though her husband, in my faith to thee
The marriage-bed hath still our virgin sheets ;

A brother might embrace a sister with
The heat I brought ; that this is truth, the power

And name I have, shall only serve to make
Our flight secure into another kingdom :

And when I part with these new shining glories,
Thy faith will be confirm'd, and thou acknowledge
I ventur'd much to keep my heart thy servant.

Ros. I know not what to say. Is not the queen
Displeas'd ?

Ferd. She is, but cunningly disguiseth
Her passion to the world ; but I forgot
What must enlarge my fears of her revenge,
If thou be known, Rosania.

Ros. Lose that fear,
I am still safe ; and now I see the cause
Makes her repent her favours, and thy greatness.
Forgive me, Ferdinand ; and yet I know not—
All is not well, there's poison in this balsam
Prepar'd for thee.

Ferd. From whom ?

Ros. Rosania.

Ferd. When she shall but consent to have me die,
She shall not trouble poison to send off
My despised life ; my soul, in just obedience
To her command, will take a cheerful flight,
In hope to serve her in the other world.

Ros. You shall know more hereafter ; and let this
Secure your thoughts, she yet believes me what
This shape presents ; but without wise prevention,
I fear I shall not live too long conceal'd :

I dare not say her honour is a bleeding,
 But a queen thus distasted, may not find
 That ice within her blood.—We are interrupted.

Enter RODRIGUEZ.

Rod. Your pardon, sir ; 'tis the queen's pleasure
 This gentleman attend her in the gallery.

Ferd. He shall wait her commands.—

[*Exit Rod.*

I know not what to counsel ; 'tis not safe,
 Sweet, to neglect her ; yet my fears of some
 Ill fate are round about me like a mist,
 And dark my understanding ; let a kiss,
 And silence, teach our souls some new discourse.

Capt. Why, here's a volume of intelligence !
 I'll stay no longer to expect the prince,
 But seek him out immediately. Disguises !
 King, by your leave I shall untruss your mistress.

[*Exit.*

Ros. I know not what I feel, nor what to fear ;
 If love e'er meant a tragedy, 'tis here.

Ferd. If we ne'er meet again, one more salute
 Shall fortify our lives by joining breath ;
 Nor shall our last hard fate deny us this,
 To change our faithful souls at our last kiss.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter RODRIGUEZ, LEANDRO, and ERNESTO.

Ern. I know not what to think on't ; but if I
 Have any sense, there is some new state madness
 Crept into court.

Rod. Are we not all asleep,
And these fine dreams perplex us?

Lean. No, 'tis waking.

Rod. Shew me the tenth part of a reason why
The queen did marry him.

Lean. 'Twas destiny.

Ern. Why, since, should he be melancholy?

Rod. Or she so humorous?

Ern. Not lie together? pray heaven the gen-
tleman

Be found with no defective title in him!

Lean. Observe her favours to that boy; he was
His servant, now her minion. I like not
These violent wheels; the whole frame may be soon
Endanger'd, if these passions be not cured.

Rod. New lodgings for him near her own, and he
Given free access to the bed-chamber!

Lean. 'Tis naught,
Or will be so. I pity the good king;
Though she have rais'd him to the highest glory
Her power extended to, yet to make this height
His precipice, and throw him into scorn,
Nay, poison the best hopes he had of honour,
And love from her, and in his sight to court
A boy, his servant!—It would vex the best
Of all our tempers, if we felt the sting on't.

ROSANIA and VIOLINDA pass over the stage.

Ern. He's here; that lady is the queen's cabinet.

Lean. They are merry about the mouth.

Ern. Another summons?

'Tis possible the queen may marry him too.

Lean. There is some mystery we cannot reach.
If we do well remember, there's a law,
Made by herself, as soon as she was queen,
To keep wives' pulses temperate, and correct
The insolent blood of women that had husbands.

Ern. And men were not exempted ?

Lean. I say no more.

But heaven maintain the law, and the law-makers,
And conjure down that devil ! 'Tis the king,
And the smooth boy ; let's leave them. [Exeunt.

Enter FERDINAND and ROSANIA.

Ferd. Was this the lady's message ? Does the
queen
Take thee into such favour ?

Ros. I tell truth ;
And though it sound but ill on the queen's part,
Because she thinks me what I seem, my lord,
You need not to wear one cloud upon your face,
When you remember who I am. My fears
Are thick upon my heart, how to secure
This shadow any longer.

Ferd. That afflicts
Me most, Rosania, for it pleases me
To hear she can affect thee ; but what way
To keep her expectations high, and thee
My dearest, safe !—her passions may be violent.

Ros. They are already, sir, if I mistake not.
I wish to heaven that you were reconciled
To do the office of a husband to her ;
That peace would keep her bosom clear, and I
Should live to all the world, except yourself,
A stranger still.

Ferd. What language speaks Rosania ?
There's death in every syllable. Should I
Obey what thou desir'st, and do the office
Of a husband, ha ?

Ros. I'll wait upon you still,
And hope you will vouchsafe me now and then
A harmless smile ; her beauty will deserve
Your whole heart ; and there's something in the
memory

Of what she has advanced you to, will help
To make you kind.

Ferd. Should I enjoy the queen?
Because the misery of my fate compell'd
A ceremonious sin, shall I betray
The essence of my faith, and leave a curse,
When thou art known, upon my name for ever?
If thou hast taken new resolves against me,
Punish my heart some other way. Had she
More ornament than ever met in woman,
Mistress of more perfection than poets
Invented for the queen of love; to this,
Were the proud empire of the world her own,
And she would make me lord of her and these,
It would not buy me to the pleasure of
One night's embrace: my body shall not carry
My soul so far astray. The man condemn'd
To live in a perpetual snow, hath not
A purer frost within his blood.

Ros. This but
Engenders a new grief, although it bind
Rosania's heart; there is yet one way left,
And that, ere I pronounce, you must forgive:
There is a trembling in my tongue, and I
Already feel such winter in my breath,
My timorous lips do wither.

Ferd. Do not fright
My soul too much; there's something threatens me
So like a loss of thee, that I am left
A piece of shaking earth; death cannot look
To make me tremble so. Canst thou forsake me?

Ros. Not in my heart; but give my body leave
To seek some other place, my lord, to dwell in.
When I am gone into some wilderness,
You will find ease at heart, and love the queen,
And perfect all; I'll pray you may live happy,
And hold intelligence with some gentle winds,
That shall convey my wishes, and return

What joys do follow you ; the purling rivers
 I'll teach your name, and they which glide this way,
 Shall bring thee something, Ferdinand, of mine :
 My tears, I know, will not be lost, which I
 Will send thee daily by the courteous stream,
 Clear pledges of my faith. Consent, my lord,
 I may depart, and you shall choose your way
 To every blessing here.

Ferd. Not till we meet

With one embrace, and take our flight together ;
 And I have thought a way to perfect it.

Observe, my sweet Rosania : the queen,
 Thou sayst, affects thee ; cherish it with all
 The softness of her creature ; if she allow,
 Kiss her, and promise what young lovers do :
 Examine not ; but by thy love to me,
 Be free in amorous language. If she have
 Heat to a private meeting in her chamber,
 Obey ; this shall secure our love's ambition.
 Enquire not, but resolve, and let me know
 The time.

Ros. You will attempt no violence
 Upon the queen ?

Ferd. By this—

[*Kisses her.*]

Ros. What if she have commanded me
 This night ?

Ferd. To meet ?

Ros. In her bed-chamber.

Ferd. Ha ! obey it.

Ros. At a late hour.

Ferd. It shall beget our comfort,
 If thou consent.

Ros. But shall I not expose
 Myself to danger, if her love pursue
 Immodest ends, since you advise I should
 Apply myself to her desires ?

Ferd. If she

Take too much flame, by some soft art delay her,

Till I come to close all ; keep still thy person
 Secret, the least discovery will destroy
 Us both. The evening with much haste prepares
 Thy visit, and our happiness.

Ros. I'll obey ;
 But be you sure to come.

Ferd. Lose thou no time
 Now to endear thee to her ; let us part,
 Love will find balm to cure the wounded heart.
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace.—Olivia's Apartment ; a table and lights.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLINDA.

Oliv. Was he not cheerful when he promis'd
 thee ?

Vio. He was, and he was not.

Oliv. I have a strange apprehension, and this
 doth feed it.

Vio. I told him 'twas
 An honour worth his joyful entertainment.

Oliv. If it should prove successful, my revenge
 Were perfect. I am resolute to pursue—

Vio. It makes well
 For your contrivement, that the king and you
 Do lodge at distance. Stay, I hear a tread.

Oliv. I hope 'tis he.

Enter LEONARIO.

Vio. Prince Leonario, madam.

Oliv. What comes he for ?

Leo. Although I have small expectation,
 For my own sake, that you can pardon, madam,

This bold access, and at so dark an hour,
Yet when you have heard my business, you will
know

Yourself so much concern'd, I'll not despair
To find your mercy.

Oliv. You prepare me for
Something of consequence.

Leo. Please you to dismiss
Your lady ; I have something to deliver
Will not become her knowledge.

Oliv. Leave us.—[*exit Violinda.*—]—Now
Our conference is free, your grace's pleasure?
It must be matter of much essence, that
Could not expect till morning ; but you're welcome.

Leo. This time and darkness, madam, best be-
comes him,
Who, for your sake, blushes to see the day ;
But I came not to chide ; my wrongs have learn'd
A modest silence : my approach is not
To name a suffering of mine, but to
Discover what already is prepared
Against your peace and honour.

Oliv. Is it treason ?

Leo. It is ; but threatens not your life : you may
Live many years upon the wound.

Oliv. You fright me.

Leo. Lose not the beauty of your cheek so soon ;
Hide not beneath that cold and killing snow
One rosy blush ; and yet that pale would shew
Like innocence, which you have lost. Oh, madam,
Had you not made a forfeit of your truth
To me, no storm could shake you ; but your soul,
That made no change, could know no fear. I come
To tell you what just providence hath done
In my revenge ; your breach of vow is punish'd
With loss of faith in him, to whom you gave
The heart you promised me : the king, whose
pride

You built on my dishonour, is as false
As you were.

Oliv. This is passion ; but be
Not yet too rash in censuring him. Whom I
Have placed so near, I must defend ; nor will
He need my strength, to make their blood account,
That dare traduce his honour ; he has a heart—

Leo. A false one. I was born without a fear,
And dare upon his bosom (were he worth
The manly contestation) write him perjured.

Oliv. I would this were not envy ! But admit
He be thus guilty, 'tis a fault in him.

Leo. No, madam, it is yours ; that sin that
poison'd
The expectation of my joys in you,
Hath made him false, and will excuse his story,
When you are nam'd, that broke your faith to me.
I can have no hope now to be repair'd ;
But if it be worth memory to know
The triumph waits on innocence, the world
Shall say, the queen deserv'd to meet a scorn
Deep as her wrongs to me.

Oliv. It cannot be.

Leo. Think so, and help to make the revenge
greater,
Till the winds catch the black report, and multiply
The shame, by scattering it about the kingdom.
Sit still, and careless of your fame, encourage
His private lust, his mistress, now in court.

Oliv. A mistress in the court ?

Leo. Yes, madam, in the court,
And may one day think any second place
Too narrow to contain her greatness ; she—

Oliv. As you're a prince, no more ; I have
done ill,
And find the penance here. It does agree
With his neglects, and adds new flame to my
Young jealousy ; I feel a tempest rising.

By all your goodness leave me, sir ; I cannot
Now right you more than mourn, and give belief
to you :

No more, I pray you, by all your love to honour.

Leo. I have done,

And take my leave, my everlasting leave,
'Tis time. How like the day, that flatter'd us
With cheerful light, are my desires fled hence,
And left me here a prodigy of darkness,
A walking herse, hung round about with night,
Whose wings must one day cover all ! Farewell.
If any star look forth, it is to call
Me hence, and light me to another world.

Our lips are never like to meet again. [*Kisses her.*
Farewell.—If I but stay, I shall forgive her. [*Exit.*

Oliv. A mistress in the court ? something is busy
About my heart.

Re-enter VIOLINDA.

Vio. The prince is gone.

Oliv. No matter.

[*Exit Vio.*

Affronted thus ? But I forgot to ask
Her name that rivals me. How this passion
Befools our understanding, and prevents
The knowledge, and the cure of what afflicts us !
The morning will assure all ; but shall this
Strike me to ashes ? I may find a way
To my revenge.

Re-enter VIOLINDA.

Vio. Tiberio is come, madam.

Oliv. Wait carefully.

Vio. I know my duty.

[*Exit.*

*Enter ROSANIA ; she kneels, and kisses OLIVIA'S
hand.*

Oliv. Rise ;

This meeting was not meant for ceremony ;
 There's something in this presence will deserve
 We should put off all state, and speak like friends.
 You must be cover'd too ; I'll have it so.

We are private now.

Ros. These graces will undo
 A youth, whose birth, and careless stars ordain'd
 Him to be humble, and with duty wait on
 Your meanest servant.

Oliv. Thou shalt soon have cause
 To think thy stars are careful of thee, if
 Thou canst be wise.

Ros. Alas ! my years are few.

Oliv. Thy knowlege is not wanting to distin-
 guish
 Whose favours court thee, and apply thyself
 To understand, and thank the kind bestower :
 'Tis in my power to make thee great.

Ros. You may
 Advance this worthless walking shadow, madam ;
 And when you, like the free and bounteous sun,
 Have blest me with your rays, it is but like
 His glorious warmth bestow'd upon a piece
 Of rude and barren earth, which takes not from
 The lustre of your beams, but shews more clearly,
 By your own light, what poverty you shin'd on.

Oliv. This modesty becomes you not ; look in
 My eye, and read what's there.

Ros. Something like anger,
 Enough to strike me dead.

Oliv. What now ?

Ros. A smile,
 And such attending sweetness—

Oliv. Thus it shall
 Invite thee still to gaze and love, Tiberio.
 No frown shall point on thee ; I find my eyes
 Were meant for thee, and all they graced before,
 But objects of mistake. Here, here,—O turn

Thy lovely face away, lest I be seen
 To blush,—my heart hath chose to place my love,
 And the reward ; this would become thy tongue
 A great deal better. Come, sit down, Tiberio.
 What ! still an infant's understanding ? Think
 I am the man, and learn a little better.
 What beauty dwells upon this hand ! what softness !
 How like the snow, or innocence it shews,
 Yet fires my heart with every gentle touch !

Ros. Dear madam. — Would the king would
 come ! [*Aside.*

Oliv. This is a happiness that kings should sue
 for ;

And yet there are poor comforts in these kisses :
 Let hands preserve society with hands,
 And with their change of whiteness and of balm,
 Make wealthy one another ; but let what
 Was meant for kisses meet, and find out pleasure
 By warm exchange of souls from our soft lips.

[*Kisses.*

Madam, how like you this ?

Ros. *Madam !*

Oliv. I suppose you a lady all this while,
 And I the man. Our lips must meet again ;
 Will this instruct thee nothing ? [*Kisses.*

Ros. Gracious madam !

Oliv. And yet this recreation comes short,
 Dear lady, of what love might well allow us.
 Admit you are a queen, you are not bound
 To thin your royal blood with frost, but as
 Your power, your pleasure should exceed ; nay,
 grant

You have a man (a man, said I ?) that can
 Keep love alive, and warm a yielding bosom,
 Yet where, from the invitement of your eye,
 And amorous choice, I am become your servant,
 You may be a little kinder.

Ros. Madam, I know not

How, with the safety of myself, my duty,
 And your own name and power, to understand you;—
 Yet this to some would need but little comment.
 Can you place such a value on a thing
 That not deserves to breathe your name? or should
 I hope these charms of language you have spread
 To catch my heart, which hath no wings, but where
 It can believe? for you transcend so much
 In wonder of your love, a willing faith
 Not easily can reach it. But, dear madam,
 I know all this is but to try my duty;
 And you have pleas'd to choose me forth, to make
 These silent hours more grateful, by the mirth
 My weak replies may raise you.

Oliv. Miracle!

I but imagined thee a woman, now
 I shall believe thee one indeed; this coldness
 Becomes no masculine habit. Come, we'll in,
 And change our sexes; thou shalt wear my clothes,
 And I will put on these; help on with thine,
 And I will dress thee handsomely, and then
 We'll act again,

Ros. Not for the world, dear madam.—Not yet
 come?

[*Aside.*

Oliv. The world!—This [does] confirm my jea-
 lousy.

I'll search you to the soul. [*aside.*]—Adonis, come;
 I'll call thee so, and court thee with more charms
 Than Venus did, when in the Idalian groves,
 To buy a kiss, she offer'd the proud boy
 Her flaming chariot, and her doves of snow.
 'Tis in thy power to make thy fate and heart
 More happy, by consent to meet with mine.
 Tempt not the anger of a queen despis'd,
 Whose breath can, like a whirlwind, snatch thee up,
 And drop thee in a wilderness, where, with sorrow
 For thy neglect, thou by degrees may'st sigh
 Thyself into a mist, which no sun-beam

Shall pity, or take up into a cloud.

But love me, and compose thy heart to mine ;

We'll live with more delight than fancy can

Enrich Elysium with. The soft hours shall stay

Till we allow them wings ; and while we kiss,

And on each others lips breathe incense thus,

[*Kisses her.*

We'll have ten thousand Cupids for our guard,

Whose bows shall awe the Destinies, and we write

The king and queen of fate.

*Enter behind, FERDINAND, LEANDRO, RODRIGUEZ,
ERNESTO, Captain, and Guard.*

Ferd. Will this deserve your faith ?

Lean. We must believe.

Enter VIOLINDA.

Val. We are undone ; the king!

Oliv. False keys ?

Ros. 'Twas time to come.

Ferd. Had I not cause, my lords, to appear sad,
When I suspected this so great affront ?

My melancholy all this while was but

A mourning for this shame. Look but, my lords,

Into yourselves, and make this suffering your's.

Vio. Madam, be rais'd again ; I have an art
To fetch you off with honour, and the youth too.

I will persuade him there can be no cure

In this extreme, but to pretend himself

A woman ; I will dress him in your gown,

Before they can be 'ware on't ; they all know

This way he cannot fly ; mean time, put on

A confidence, and let them know you are

The queen, not to be shaken with their power ;

This will gain time.

Oliv. Prosper in this.

Vio. I will
Redeem my fault, or never sleep again.

[*Exit with Ros.*

Ferd. She blushes not.
Were she not queen, what names could we bestow
Upon this want of modesty?

Lean. 'Tis plain ;
We came in time.

Ferd. Most happily, to prevent
Some further act of shame. Can she look on us
Without a blush?

Oliv. I see no such attraction
In your state faces, that I should desire
Much to look on them.—Who made you king, I
pray?

Ferd. Your power, I dare not call it love, pre-
suming
That I was fit to be your property,
Without a soul to see, or have a sense
Of these dishonours. This rank heat of blood,
Madam, what penitence can make this clear?
Admit your thoughts were wanton, and your flame
Too great to be suppress'd, could you find none
For your adulterate embrace, but one
That was my servant?—my own hound devour me!
As if your lust had not enough of shame
And mischief to me, but your malice must
Appear in't too. With what security
Can I expect to live, when she begins
So soon to poison me?

Lean. We heard her say,
They two would write themselves the king and
queen.

Rod. So we did all.

Ferd. You may consider these.

Lean. 'Tis impious.—Madam, with what grief
do we

Remember now that law you made

After your coronation, to preserve
 The name of your sex chaste, which gave our hearts
 Hope of your blessed progress : you made it death
 To stain the marriage-bed ; where shall we expect
 The life of that good act, when you begin
 A breach of chastity by so black example ?
 If the king urge an execution
 Of what our vote, confirm'd by your's, imposed
 Upon the kingdom, you should prove yourself
 More innocent, or give us cause to mourn
 This fall from virtue.

Ern. Madam, we grieve for you.

Oliv. So, so ; have your great wisdoms said all
 yet ?

I laugh at you, poor things ! and am so far
 From trembling at your thunder, that I pity you :
 And first I'll let you know yourselves. You are,
 I take it, all my subjects ;—I will not
 Exempt you, sir, since marriage takes not off
 My interest and essence here, all strength
 Flowing from me, and your derivative shine
 Extinct, when I frown you to darkness. By
 What power dare you take an account of me,
 That am above your laws, which must obey
 Me, as their soul, and die when I forsake them ?
 But I will reason coolly, and admit
 They live in force ; 'gainst whom ? Are you so
 shallow,
 To think we that created, and decreed them
 For vulgar reformation, must be squar'd
 And levelled by them, as we meant to lose
 Our character and distinction, and stoop
 To the common file of subjects ? this were policy !
 I speak not this with sense of any guilt,
 So to decline it ; for I here defy you,
 And bring an innocence shall strike a blush
 Upon your souls, that sinn'd in my suspicion.

Ferd. Where is the boy ?—Ernesto, take him to

Your custody, and bid him not despair ;
I have contrived the rest.

Re-enter ROSANIA, in female attire, and VIOLINDA.

Ern. He's here.

Vio. Take it upon you ; if it come to searching,
We'll find a jury.

Capt. You are deceiv'd, my lord ; with your
good pardon,
He is not here.

Ern. Who is not here ?

Capt. The he you do expect.
And your officious ladyship might well
Have spared your pains, to put on all this trim.

Ferd. What means the fellow ?

Capt. 'Tis no news to you, sir.
I could have told the queen before, and you,
My honourable lords, this was no boy,
Though now he would but seem o' the 'tother sex.
I knew her name.

Ros. My name ?

Capt. Are not you call'd Rosania ?

Ferd. Ha ! betray'd !

Capt. Yes, indeed is she. You were present, sir,
I' the garden, when this fine hermaphrodite
Declar'd what sex was hid behind the breeches ;
And this I certified the prince before.

Oliv. Now 'tis clear.

Capt. There are some tokens, too, I can remem-
ber,
As kisses, and excuse for marrying with
The queen, a virgin still, &c.

Omnes. A woman !

Vio. But are you a woman indeed ?

Capt. And now, my lords, if you have hearts
that are
Honest and daring, come about again ;

For this is but a cunning piece of treason
Against your faith, and the queen's honour.

Ferd. We are both lost, Rosania.

Capt. 'Tis truth, or take my head off.

Oliv. You do believe this transformation,
And know this lady, my good lord? I did
Suspect before the cause of your neglects,
And meeting with some dark intelligence
From the prince, to perfect this discovery,
Did, in my chamber, woo with aptest forms
Of love, to try how long the sex would be
Conceal'd; you heard a part, and saw us kiss,
And came in time, with these wise noblemen,
To prevent further acts of shame.

Rod. Is't possible?

Ros. It was an ill contrivement, to make me
Proof of the queen's dishonour.

Ern. An apparent plot
Against the life and honour of the queen;
Since he would urge that law maliciously
Against her, knowing this to be a woman;
And his close strumpet.

Rod. The same law must be
Their trial.

Lean. What a change is here already!

Oliv. You must not, lords, deny me justice.

Rod. 'Tis
Insufferable, against a common person.

Ern. Let his first treason, if you think good,
madam,
Be urged in accusation.

Lean. So, so!

Oliv. You did us service, captain.

Capt. I am bound to't.—

Here's more news for the prince. [Exit.

Oliv. Use your pleasures.

Rod. What need we circumstance? let him die
to-morrow.

Oliv. Death will be mercy to so much ingratitude.

Command them both to several custodies ;
The morning shall behold them dead.

[*Exeunt all but Ferd. Ros. and Guard.*]

Ros. Now more lost than ever !

Ferd. Pray let's take

Short leave of one another ; 'tis in vain
To reason against providence, or say
We might have lived : though I must die, and after
Be hid in my obscurest name and shade,
I must declare whose blood they will profane
In bleeding thee. Farewell ; our last, last kiss !
My heart would fain come to thee ; I will make it
My humble suit with my last breath it may
Be quickly sent thee.

Ros. We shall both meet, when
This dust falls off, and our souls kiss again.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter LEANDRO, RODRIGUEZ, ERNESTO, and Servants, with lights.

Ern. My lord, you tell us wonders ; 'tis high time
To open such a mystery.

Rod. This change
Will exceed all ; and so convincing are
The circumstances of this great discovery,
They do command our faith.

Ern. And you shall steer us.

Lean. Then let us lose no time. Oh, my good lords,
 Did you but feel the torment of my bosom
 Till I discharge the duty, which so long
 Hath slept in his concealment, you would call
 For wings to fly, and think all motion tedious ;
 For heaven's sake let's make haste, that we prevent
 The morning, which will rise upon this knowledge
 With cheerful beams, and put on all his glory.
Ern. Most gladly we attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Prison.—A table and taper.

Enter FERDINAND, with a book in his hand.

Ferd. I have no heart to think of any thing
 But my Rosania ; all devotion,
 When I remember her, flies off, and leaves
 My soul no contemplation but her safety.
 They were too cruel to divide us. Night
 Itself looks now more black by this diin taper ;
 Rosania's eyes would brighten all ; but they,
 Weigh'd down with sleep and sorrow, are perhaps
 At rest : a thousand angels watch about them !
 And let some one whose office is to wait
 On harmless love, present me to her dreams.
 O, let her hear me often call upon her,
 As I am led to death ! and when the stroke
 Divides me from myself, and from the world,
 My heart shall pay her tribute, and my blood
 Do miracles, when every crimson drop
 My body bleeds shall not in vain be wept,
 But fall into some letter of her name,
 To keep alive our story.—

Enter two Servants, with torches, LEANDRO, ERNESTO, and RODRIGUEZ.

What lights are these?

This place sure is not wont to be thus visited.

They are spirits. Ha! yet if I have a memory,

Those faces were but late familiar to me.—

[*They kneel.*

What mockery is this? If you be substances

Of things I know, go tell the tyrant queen

She might allow me death without this scorn,

This jeering anti-masque.

Omnes. Long live the king!

Ferd. What king?

Omnes. Long live Ferdinand, king of Murcia!

Ferd. A dream, a golden dream! What fancies wait

Upon our sleep! and yet I wake; they are

Apparitions; I'll shut my eyes, and lose them.

They will not vanish. Leandro, Rodriguez, Ernesto?

Omnes. All your subjects.

Lean. Collect your scatter'd thoughts, my lord, and be

Assured, we now pay real duties to you;

You are our king, and must be.

Ferd. Who says so?

Lean. I, whose cold fear and frailty,

When fate of war had made you prisoner,

Conceal'd the truth and justice of your title!

'Twas I that saved you from your uncle's fury,

And sent you to Valentia, while I cozen'd

The kingdom with your death, till time might ripen

Your challenge to the sceptre. If you can

Find mercy to a treason great as this,

I'll live, and study how to merit pardon.

Ferd. Rise, rise all ;
And if you be *Leandro*, pray come nearer.

Rod. Pray heaven this unexpected happiness
Meet with no extacy ! all senses are
Not arm'd for such extremes of joy.

Ern. The queen,
When she finds this, will fall into a fever ;
By instinct her head must ache this very minute.

Rod. And shake too, for the crown is tottering.

Ferd. *Pardon !* Thou shouldst divide the king-
dom with me.

But do all these believe it ? will you not,
When I make second claim, deny me again ?
Call me impostor ?

Lean. Sir, forgive that first,
And I'll not ask heaven pardon for my next
Denial, let death threaten all his stings ;
And I have satisfied these lords so well,
They are confirm'd in your just claim, and person.

Rod. } We lay our lives and fortunes at your
Ern. } feet.

Ferd. I may command you then. Fetch me
Rosania ;

I'll be no king without her. Do not stay
To hear how much I love her 'bove the crown,
And all the glories wait upon it : she
That was my page, my fellow prisoner,
Rosania !—

[*Exit Rod.*]

'Tis that name, next to heaven, I bow to.
Good my lord, follow him ; and if she be
Awake, oh drop it gently by degrees,
(The joy is mighty, she a sad weak virgin)
That I shall live to make her queen.— [*Exit Ern.*]

Stay you ;
And if I play too much the wanton with
My fate, or swell with expectation,
Speak something to allay my hopes, and say
There may be crosses yet ; the queen may want

Faith or consent:—or put case, the people
(A dangerous torrent to oppose) like not
This innovation, where is the king then?

Lean. Doubt not their loves; you had their
hearts before.

Let nothing shake you.

Re-enter RODRIGUEZ and ERNESTO, with ROSANIA.

Ferd. 'Thou'rt my better angel.

Why then, if my Rosania will be queen,
The kingdom's our's again. She comes, she
comes!—

Thou mak'st too little haste to be a queen.
I am myself again, my name is found;
I shall live too, thus to embrace Rosania
Without a fear. These lords are all thy subjects;
I am a king.

Lean. You are.

Ferd. Then what must my
Rosania be?

Ros. Happy, if this be more
Than dream; my tears and sufferings are all paid
for,

If this be true.

Lean. Most true.

Ros. What a strong arm
Hath heaven!

Ferd. See how the day [that] made
Haste to salute Rosania, and to wait
Upon thy triumph, blushes like a maid
When she is told she is in love! the stars
Are gone to tell the other world thy beauty,
Till now eclips'd with sorrow, hath thrown off
The imprisoning veil, and shines above their
brightness.—

But how shall we, Leandro, now contrive
For our court entertainment, where the queen's
Prepared to hear our tragedy?

Lean. Leave me
To order your appearance ; but first, sir,
We must secure this fort.

Ern. The captain is
My creature.

Ferd. Thou shalt be all our direction.—
Come, my Rosania, time hath turn'd again
Our glass, and his keen scythe this comfort brings,
It cuts no sceptres down, but to make kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Near the Palace.

Enter LEONARIO, reading a letter, and a Soldier.

Leo. So near ?

Sold. We heard before of your affront,
My lord, and were prepared.

Leo. It hath outstripp'd
My expectation : these letters say
Mendoza is their general, new return'd
With victory from the Moors : his fame I honour ;
My knowledge never reach'd his person.

Sold. Sir,
He brings old soldiers with him ; the commanders
Are such, whose faith and valour in those wars
Already tried, he durst name to the king,
To be employ'd here in your highness' cause.

Lean. We will to horse immediately. I long to
Salute the army.

Sold. Which but wants your person,
The soul of their design ; you may soon reach them.

Enter Captain.

Leo. I will.

Capt. Your grace.

Leo. That we had wings ! Away ! to horse, to horse !
 [Exeunt *Leo.* and *Sold.*

Capt. Speed, an you be so hot o' the spur ! my business is

But breath, and your design, it seems, rides post.

Enter 1 and 2 Citizens.

The earth runs upon wheels ;—whom do I spy ?

My extraordinaries ! I'll have sport with them ;

But first observe them. [Walks aside.

1 *Cit.* I see no profit in these offices
 That we have bought.

2 *Cit.* Not extraordinary, as the name did promise.

Capt. The rogues are poor, and now repent.

2 *Cit.* We were told by the cheating captain, that
 We should want men to tell our money.

1 *Cit.* This 'tis to deal with soldades !

2 *Cit.* We should command the ladies too, an we
 Were bountiful : a small-pox take their beauties !

It is the greater curse. I have undone

Myself in giving away enamell'd rings

And bracelets.

1 *Cit.* Well, if I trust a captain again—

2 *Cit.* Or I.

Capt. I'm glad they are paid ; I will not leave
 them ;

I feel my antipathy strong yet.

2 *Cit.* I would venture half my soul to be re-
 venged,

If I knew how.

Capt. True rascals !

1 *Cit.* The ladies love him.

2 *Cit.* They all love men of war.

1 *Cit.* Would his poop were a-fire !

2 *Cit.* And battles in bed naturally.

1 *Cit.* Well, what ladies give him hereafter to

buy new feathers, may his body compel him to bestow upon a surgeon.

2 Cit. May diseases undermine his flesh like gunpowder, and blow all his skin up into blisters!

1 Cit. May they that look for his nose, go about for want of a bridge; and let him wear no legs but what he buys from the carpenter!

2 Cit. May his face break out, and undo him in taffeta! and may the patches at the last be so many, till his skin be invisible, and his goggle eyes look through a mask.

1 Cit. May he live to be as much coward as we have been, and be beaten!

2 Cit. Abominably beaten; and may the miracle be on our side, that we may be valiant, and be the men to do it! Oh, I would have no more mercy—

Capt. [*coming forward.*]—Save you, gallants! save you, courtiers!

Both. My noble captain!

2 Cit. It may be he did not hear us.

Capt. Hark you, what purchase have you two made lately?

Both. Of what?

Capt. Of lands and loggerheads—lordships, I would say.

I know you are both rich, you cannot choose;
But I will borrow no more of you; faith, be satisfied,
And leave off in time with the wealth you have.

1 Cit. Where is it, captain?

2 Cit. Can you tell where we may borrow as much money upon our extraordinary places, as will set up shop again? for this court-trade will not do.

Capt. How!

1 Cit. No, indeed, captain; we have made little benefit,

Since we came to be extraordinaries.

Capt. You took not the right way then.

2 *Cit.* That may be.

Capt. Why, cannot you lie, and swear, and pawn your souls for sixpence? the devil could not furnish the city with two more hopeful borachios. You have a carrot-coloured beard, and that never fails; and your worship's face is a prognostication of preferment, where, beside dominical letters, you have all the conjuring characters of the planets. But all this is your cunning, to dissemble your estates.

1 *Cit.* By this empty pocket, I have but one shirt left.

Capt. You jest, i' faith.

2 *Cit.* And by all my no money, I have but half a one left.

Capt. Come, come, you took up linen lately; I heard you did.

2 *Cit.* Ay, smocks.

Capt. Why, they are in fashion with extraordinary courtiers. But if you be in earnest, I can tell where you may furnish yourselves richly.

Both. Where? where?

Capt. Why, in the shops, for ready money; but you would save charges?

2 *Cit.* Ay, marry, captain.

Capt. Venture to rob a hedge; it is but hanging, And what is that to men extraordinary? But if your wants be real, be not dejected, I'll set you up again myself; I have been Beholding to you two for your good words And wishes, gentlemen.

1 *Cit.* It pleases you to say so; I begin to smell.—

2 *Cit.* Not to us, captain; we have been beholding to you.

Capt. And it happens, as if fortune had made you miserable o' purpose, to bless you both with such a preferment, as will not be offered again in a coronation.

1 *Cit.* On, good captain, for we are extraordinary miserable.

Capt. Then observe ; you are not ignorant how things go at court ? the king is in prison.

2 *Cit.* So.

Capt. And his wench with him, that walk'd in breeches ; the queen resolves they shall both die.

2 *Cit.* Good.

Capt. This morning too. Now, in regard the king is a person of quality—

1 *Cit.* I think he be.

Capt. And the 'tother a lady, as some imagine, you two may do very well to undertake now—

Both. Any thing.

Capt. To be a couple of hangmen. Do you mark ? to despatch the queen's enemies in what horrid way her counsel shall think convenient : you will do service to the state, and have extraordinary rewards ; besides, the honour and reputation of your places. What say [you] ? 'tis my pure love to make this first offer to you.

2 *Cit.* Do we look like a couple of hangmen ?

Capt. No, you have not so good a complexion ; and, now I think on't, you shall not live to have that preferment. Come, draw, you that wear your sword like a bum-bailiff, do as I bid you, and that quickly.

2 *Cit.* It will not come out, sir.

Capt. No ? this shall in then. [*Draws his sword.*]

2 *Cit.* I will put more strength to't. [*They draw.*]

Capt. So ; now, do you mark ? kill one another.

Both. Kill one another ?

Capt. Yes, and do't religiously, with as much alacrity as you would devour an orphan ; and do't handsomely, that you may not be hang'd when you are dead. I'll see't done ; he that is dull, shall have my goad to quicken him.— [*They fight.*]
So ; good ! good again ! well offer'd ! They fight,

by these hilts, furiously; now could I forgive them.
—So! enough.

1 *Cit.* This is very fine sport.

Capt. Necessity has taught them the noble science. Come, if all fail, you shall fight challenges; there's money and broken pates to be got that way; you can make legs, and gape like gudgeons, for benevolence; cut scurvy capers, to shew your legs are well, when your head bleeds. Farewell; stay, you want money, I had forgot; there is twelve-pence a-piece for you.

Both. How, captain! I hope not.

Capt. They are not hearty yet; they think I serve them with press-money again.—No, 'tis my pure bounty. Go, set up again, and trust soldiers, without impertinent asking for your debts; they'll pay you.

2 *Cit.* As you have done.

Capt. I'll hearken how you behave yourselves.
Farewell;

When you are rich, I'll visit you again,
And borrow money.

1 *Cit.* Too much is too much; umph!

2 *Cit.* Now have I a great mind to fight with your captainship.

1 *Cit.* So have I, now my hand's in; methinks 'tis nothing.

Capt. You are not desperate?

2 *Cit.* We are, a little better; as good be hang'd for killing of you, captain, as live after the rate of our disgrace. I am resolved.

Capt. Two mastiffs at once may worry me; I am put to't.

[*They fight.*]

Must we have 'tother bout?

2 *Cit.* This is enough at once;
We may come to't in time.

Capt. Why, now I love you,
Love you as well as you do law.

2 *Cit.* Upon good terms, we love you too.

Capt. Let's shake hands ; you shall not to your vomit again. Now you dare fight, I'll tell you a hundred ways to get moneys ; come, we'll drink, and divide fortunes ; run not back into cows again.

2 *Cit.* I'll be ancient now again.

1 *Cit.* And I lieutenant.

Capt. Both my own boys !

2 *Cit.* 'Tis not so hard to fight, I see, if a man be but desperate, and give his mind to't.

1 *Cit.* 'Pox o' cowards ! come, captain.

Capt. Let mé hug ye, my brace of myrmidons, And drink a tun of wine to this conversion. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLINDA.

Oliv. The prince so early met upon the way
This morning, sayst ? and with a soldier ?

Vio. And in that haste too, madam, I was told
The speed of wings was slow ; their fiery horse
Bathing in foam, yet fled, as if they meant
To leave the wind and clouds behind them.

Oliv. Strange !

I could have wish'd him with less discontent
To have left us, but my stubborn fate design'd it ;
Having thus snatch'd away himself, it will
Become us to compose, and make the best
Of our state game. I sent a messenger
With our command to the governor of the fort,
He should attend the king by the water-gate

Leads to the garden, we do purpose conference.
 If Ferdinand wisely consent to break
 'The magic that so chains his heart to that
 Idol Rosania, we'll be reconciled,
 And peace shall marry once again our hearts.—
 Methinks our lords are cold in their attendance.
 Where be our train of ladies? Nay, permit them;
 A solitude becomes this sullen day,
 And our own thoughts; methinks thou dost not
 look

With thy own face upon me.

Vio. Not I, madam?

Oliv. My eyes have lost their virtue; all I look
 on

Have not the shape and colour they presented.
 What whisper's that? ha?

Vio. Here was none, madam.

Oliv. I could be jealous of the wind, methinks,
 And quarrel with the postures of those very
 Shapes i' the arras: fie, Olivia,
 Call home thy reason.

Enter Courtier.

Cour. O, madam!

Oliv. What horror's in that voice? I see a treason
 In's looks.

Cour. O, madam! I beseech your pardon.

Oliv. Why, art a traitor?

Cour. Not I; but there are practices, I fear,
 Against your royal person; the court gates
 Are shut, all's in confusion within;
 And I could hear abroad loud acclamations
 And triumph for the king, as he were new pro-
 claim'd.

Enter Captain.

Oliv. Which way camest thou ?

Capt. Over the wall, madam ; the gates are shut ;
I'll tell you news : young Ferdinand, your husband,
Is in all state attended, and proclaim'd
King in his own right : he is proved to be
What he did first pretend himself ; Leandro,
And all the lords, confirm't ; the governor
Hath given him up the fort[tress], the wise city
Her keys ; and every officer on's knees
Is praying, and drinking the king's health.

Oliv. Away ! and let thy face be seen no more,
But when the fatal noise of fire, some blood,
Or burial calls thee forth.

Capt. This my reward
For bringing news the king's alive ? take heed,
Do not talk treason in your own defence. [*shouts*
within.—Hark ! [*Exit.*

Enter, in state, RODRIGUEZ, ERNESTO, LEANDRO, and
FERDINAND, who takes the throne ; Attendants,
Guards, &c.

Oliv. From what an expectation am I fallen !

Omnes. Long live Ferdinand, king !

Ferd. We thank you, and will study to be worth
Your prayers and duty.—Madam, the chancellor
Can clear, and bring your faith to allow the wonder.
We are no impostor now, nor need we borrow
A beam from you to make us shine ; yet still
You are our cousin, fair Olivia.

Enter ROSANIA, and Ladies.

The husband was a title long since due
To my Rosania, may it prosper here !

Our love and years grew up together ; and
 Our souls, by holy contract tied, when in
 Alfonso's house, her father, and my guardian,
 (To whose trust I was sent an infant by Leandro,)
 We plighted faith : it is no blemish
 To fair Olivia still to be a virgin ;
 Though she have lost the queen, she is a princess,
 And hath now found a kinsman, that shall study
 What shall become his love, her blood and honour.
 Upon your lip I print this fair assurance.

[*Kisses Oliv.*

Ros. And mine shall be to do you service,
 madam.

Oliv. If this be true, you must command my duty.

Ferd. We hear prince Leonario is departed ;
 When he shall know the progress of our fortunes,
 He'll quit his stars, that hid their golden heads,
 To mock him with a small eclipse, o' purpose
 To light him with more glory to his happiness.—

[*Alarum.*

Ha !

What clamour's that ? The frightful noise en-
 creases.

Enter first Guard.

Guard. Fly, and save yourselves ! the fort's
 surprised by the prince of Arragon, whose troops
 have seized the city, reeling with wine, and care-
 less of their strength, in their joys for you, sir.

Ferd. The prince of Arragon ? the fates cannot
 Be so unjust, so envious of our blessing,
 To snatch it from us in a minute. [*noise within.*]

—Ha !

[*Within.*] Help, help ! quarter !

Ferd. They are i' the court already.

Lean. We are all undone !

Let's yield, and ask conditions honourable.

Ferd. Die he that dares but think so! Yield?
no; Ferdinand

Was here too late a prisoner; let us sell
Our lives at glorious rates, the evening puts
A mask upon the horror. Follow me. [*Exit.*

Lean. To certain death.—Ladies, stay you, the
danger

Will meet us here too soon; and yet your persons
In honour challenge safety [*Exeunt Lords.*

Oliv. Is there no end of my distractions,
Or hath my folly yet deserved more vengeance?

Ros. It cannot be heaven will so soon destroy
The blessing it bestowed. If thus you punish
Whom you advance, who will believe your gifts
Are more than flattery, to betray our peace?

Enter LEONARIO, ALFONSO, FERDINAND *prisoner,*
RODRIGUEZ, ERNESTO, Captain, *and Soldiers.*

Leo. This lady is my prize.

Oliv. How, sir? your prize?

Leo. Mistake me not; there's no dishonour
meant

Your person; yet I boldly may pronounce
You are, and must be mine. I am not ignorant
You are a virgin, all but name; be wise,
As you are fair, and I forget what's past,
And take this satisfaction. If I meet
Contempt, where I with honour once more court
you,

You will create a flame shall never die,
But in the kingdom's ashes; you were mine
First, by your own election, seal'd above;
If I must lose what heaven bestow'd upon me,
The quarrel is not mine,
But virtue's, whose right hand is arm'd with justice.
Punish not where you owe your heart, but let

Both our revenges meet in that impostor.
 I find your noble soul return.—Lord general, [*To Alf.*
 While I retire with this fair queen, whom not
 One violent accent shall affright, much less
 A rude attempt, take hence that counterfeit,
 And cut his head off.

Ros. O, my dearest lord!

Leo. The rest may, if they please, find mercy.

Capt. I

Were best be o' this side.

Leo. Away with him!

Ferd. Insulting prince, thou dar'est not.

Leo. How, sir, dare not?

Ferd. I said it,

Thy better, being a king in my own right,
 Without her charity, proclaim'd, and justified,
 By birth, a prince.

Lean. All this is truth, sir.

Leo. You must not cozen thus my faith. Away!
 Cut off his head!

Alf. Despatch you with the queen,
 Let me alone to make his head secure.

Lean. Nay, take mine too. I'll wait on him in
 death;

It shall begin my service.

Ros. Cruel prince!

Oliv. What fate must I obey!

Ros. My death will add
 Some lines unto thy bloody chronicle;
 Pray let us die together.

Leo. You shall speak
 Her sentence, madam.

Oliv. She must live then.

Leo. To all we offer mercy, but to Ferdinand;
 His doom is fix'd.—Come, madam.

Oliv. Whither, sir?

Leo. I know the way to your chapel; he that
 loves us

Make haste, and bring the priest.

[*Exeunt Leo. and Oliv.*

Capt. That's I; I know

Her chaplains; they are my friends, and all good fellows.

[*Exit.*

Ferd. Pray can you tell me where, or what I am, Or what I must do next?

Alf. Yes, you must die.

Ferd. Let not that grieve you, gentlemen; 'tis nothing

To part with life:

And if but my Rosania would not weep,
Methinks I could shake off this dust, and leap

To immortality without a guide;

And in that cheerful flight prepare the blest
With so much praise and wonder of thy virtue,

They shall be more in love with thee than I,

And double all their prayers to bring thee to them.

Ros. No, we will die together.

Alf. You shall.

Ferd. How!

Alf. Both live, and love, and bless my age; the witness—

Do you know me? [*pulls off his false beard.*

Ros. Father!

Ferd. Guardian!

Lean. Alfonso! my noble kinsman.

Alf. How joys flow in my heart, to see this constancy!

Ferd. How came you to be his?

Alf. I have deceiv'd

The prince; our forces are Valentia's,
Not Arragon's, which he, by letters, sent for
In his revenge; but we met the intelligence,
And arriv'd sooner, to pretend ourselves
The army he expected.

You shall know more hereafter.

Ferd. I want knowledge

Where to begin my gratitude ;—
 The joys you bring are mighty, and o'ercome us.—
 O, my Rosania !

Ros. This was beyond hope.

Re-enter Captain.

Capt. So, so ! 'tis done ; he has mumbled up
 the ceremony ;
 A compendious priest may do much in few words.
 They are fast enough ; the queen was wise to take
 him.—
 You are only like to be a loser, sir. They come.

Re-enter LEONARIO and OLIVIA.

Alf. All joys
 To the prince of Arragon, and the fair Olivia !

Leo. Why not the queen Olivia ?

Alf. Not while this gentleman's head is on, be-
 lieve it.

Leo. Where is Mendoza ?

Alf. Hid within this bush. [*Shews the false beard.*
 But here's Alfonso, general of the army
 Sent from Valencia, to assist king Ferdinand
 To his native right.

Leo. Valencia ?

Alf. My master having fail'd in his first aids
 To Ferdinand, intended not sit down
 With so much loss, but raised another army,
 Which, in our march, consulted our security,
 By interception of all passages :
 Your messenger by a party was surprised ;
 Him, stubborn to discover what he was,
 Imperfect in his answer, we interpreted
 Some spy, and searching, found your letters, fraught
 With mischief and revenge ; these sent to our king,
 We had command to hasten our design,
 And steer our course, by sea, to Carthagena.

How, after we arriv'd, we gain'd your faith
And purposes, your highness knows.

Leo. Betray'd!

Alf. Sir, be a prince, and just to your own
honour;

And having perfected your fair desires
With her, we hope you will account yourself
Most happy, that you miss'd a power to serve
Further revenge upon a lawful prince.
My soldiers will obey me now, although,
To help your marriage, I appear'd no friend
To Ferdinand.

Lean. Who was the prince preserv'd
By me, and sent an infant to this lord,
My noble kinsman.

Alf. Him I bred, till time
And strength might arm him to return, and claim
His own.

Leo. Leandro denied this before.

Lean. To my dishonour; 'twas a coward fear,
To lose myself unprofitably.

Leo. I apprehend with wonder.

Ferd. If you repent not love, and our alliance,
She shall be worth your best embrace; and we,
Forgetful of your passion, entertain you
With all affection to our blood.

Leo. I meet it;
And satisfied in this story, joy I was
Prevented. I congratulate your stars, sir;
Nor is this treasure of less price to me,
Than when her temples were enchas'd with empire.

Oliv. This love will give my soul another form.

Ferd. Our story hath been full of change, but
love

Hath met a glorious victory, and tied
Our souls together with most firm embraces.—
My lord Leandro, you shall to Valencia,
With our best thanks and greeting to the king;

His army's charge is our's, beside what else
 We owe his royal bounty.—Once more welcome !
 Alfonso, now my father, witness I
 Preserve my faith to my Rosania.
 I hear the priest call us to other rites,
 His altar doth expect another pair ;
 Make haste to light his tapers with thine eyes,
 And make our hearts each other's sacrifice.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE CAPTAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

*I am no Epilogue ; I come to pray
 You'd tell me your opinion of the play.
 Is the plot current ? may we trust the wit,
 Without a say-master to authorise it ?
 Are the lines sterling ? do they hold conceit ?
 And every piece, with your allowance, weight,
 That, when you come abroad, you'll not report
 You are sorry to have given white money for't ?—
 So, so ! I know your meaning ; now, pray tell,
 How did the action please ye ? was it well ?
 How did king Stephen do,¹ and 'tother prince ?—
 Enough, enough, I apprehend ; and since
 I am at questions with you, tell me, faith,
 How do you like the Captain ?—Ha ! he saith,—
 I'll tell you,—you're my friends : none here, he
 knows,
 (I mean you o' the gentry, to whom he owes*

¹ *How did king Stephen do :*] If this be not a cant expression, it is only one of a thousand proofs of the carelessness with which proper names are treated in our old dramas, and above all, in those of *Shirley*, undoubtedly among the worst printed in any language.

*No money,) will enter a false action ;
And let the rest look to't ; if there be one
Among his city creditors, that dares,
He hath vow'd to press, and send him to the wars,*

ST. PATRICK

FOR

IRELAND.

ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND.] This singular drama is another of those which Shirley gave to the Dublin theatre. In the title to the old copy, printed in 1640, it is called the *First Part*; but it does not appear that a *Second* was ever produced, though conditionally promised in the Prologue; this in all probability was owing to the Poet's return to England on the decline of the Earl of Strafford's power. The play is not among those licensed by the Master of the Revels.

The events on which the plot is built, may be found in Bede, and other early historians, and in the *Life of St. Patrick*.

PROLOGUE.

*We know not what will take ; your palates are
Various, and many of them sick, I fear :
We can but serve up what our poets dress ;
And not considering cost, or pains to please,
We should be very happy if, at last,
We could find out the humour of your taste,
That we might fit, and feast it, so that you
Were constant to yourselves, and kept that true ;
For some have their opinions so diseas'd,¹
They come not with a purpose to be pleas'd :
Or, like some birds that leave the flow'ry fields,
They only stoop at that corruption yields.
It were a custom would less stain the times,
To praise the virtues, when you chide the crimes.
This is but cold encouragement ; but we
Hope here are few of those ; or, if there be,
We wish them not infectious : nor confine
We censures ; would each soul were masculine !
For your own sakes, we wish all here to-day
Knew but the art and labour of a play ;
Then you would value the true muses' pain,
The throes and travail of a teeming brain.
But we have no despair, that all here may
Be friends, and come with candour to this play,
St. Patrick, whose large story cannot be
Bound in the limits of one play, if ye
First welcome this, you'll grace our poet's art,
And give him courage for a Second Part.*

¹ For *diseas'd*, the old copy reads *displeas'd*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Leogarius, *king of Ireland.*

Corybreus, } *his sons.*
Conallus, }

Dichu, *a nobleman.*

Ferochus, } *his sons.*
Endarius, }

Milcho, *a great officer.*

Archimagus, *the chief priest, a magician.*

Two other Magicians.

ST. PATRICK.

Victor, *his angelic guardian.*

Rodamant, *Archimagus' servant.*

Bard.

Soldiers.

Angels.

Priests, followers of St. Patrick.

Servants.

Spirits.

Serpents, &c.

Queen.

Ethne, } *her daughters.*
Fedella, }

Emeria, *Milcho's daughter.*

SCENE, *a Temple ; the Royal Residence ; and its vicinity.*

ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Temple, with statues of Jupiter and Saturn ;
in front an altar.*

*Enter ARCHIMAGUS with a scroll, and two other
Magicians, at several doors.*

1 Mag. We are undone.

2 Mag. We are lost.

Arch. Not so ; your fears

Become you not, great priests of Jove and Saturn.
Shall we, that awe the Furies, at whose charm
Hell itself quakes, be frightened with a shadow?
A tame, a naked churchman, and his tribe
Of austere, starved faces ? No ; this kingdom
Shall still be our's, and flourish ; every altar
Breathe incense to our gods, and shine with flames,
To strike this Christian blind.

1 Mag. This is but air :

He is now landing ; every tread he prints
Upon this earth will make it groan.

Arch. Are not

The havens strengthen'd, by the king's command,
With soldiers, to watch that none arrive
With this suspicion ?¹

2 Mag. But we, that can

¹ *With this suspicion ?*] Meaning, perhaps, suspected of being a Christian ; but the expression is so awkward that its genuineness may be doubted.

Command armies from hell for our design,
 And blast him, now stand idle, and benumb'd ;
 And shall grow here ridiculous statues. I'll
 Muster my fiends.²

1 *Mag.* And if I have not lost
 My power, the spirits shall obey, to drown
 This straggler, and secure this threaten'd island.

Arch. Stay ! Which of you can boast more power
 than I ?

For every spirit you command, my spells
 Can raise a legion ; you know I can
 Untenant hell, dispeople the wide air,
 Where, like innumerable atoms, the black genii
 Hover, and jostle one another. All
 That haunt the woods and waters, all i' the dark
 And solitary chambers of the earth,
 Break through their adamant chains, and fly,
 Like lightning, to my will ; and shall your factious
 And petty correspondence with the fiends
 Attempt this work without my voice and counsel ?
 Who brought you first acquainted with the devil ?
 Did not my art ?

1 *Mag.* We are disciples to
 The great Archimagus.

2 *Mag.* We acknowledge all
 Our art derived from you.

1 *Mag.* But in this justice to our gods, we hope
 Our gods' chief priest will give us leave—

Arch. Yes, and confirm it, and applaud your zeal,
 My fellows both in sacred arts and priesthood :
 Go on, I praise your resolution.

My spirit gave intelligence before
 Of his approach ; and by all circumstance,
 Our prophesy doth point this Christian priest
 The black subversion of our isle ; but we,
 Like masters of all destiny, will break

² *Muster my fiends.*] The 4to. reads, *friends*: just below we have *nistle* for *jostle*, or some similar expression.

His fate, and bruise him in his infancy
 Of danger to this kingdom. Fly! and be
 Arm'd to your wishes; spirits shall attend you,
 And the whole power of hell.— [*Exe. Magicians.*
 This news affrights me,
 Howe'er I seem to swell with confidence.
 This is the man, and this the revolution,
 Fix'd for the change of sacrifice, foretold,
 And threatened in this fatal prophesy: [*Reads.*

*A man shall come into this land
 With shaven crown, and in his hand
 A crooked staff; he shall command,
 And in the east his table stand:
 From his warm lips a stream shall flow,
 To make rocks melt, and churches grow,
 Where, while he sings, our gods shall bow,
 And all our kings his law allow.*

This, this is the vexation.

Enter ENDARIUS.

End. Sir, the king—

Arch. What of the king?

End. Is troubled, sick, distracted.

Arch. How?

End. With a dream; he has no peace within
 him:

You must with all haste visit him, we shall
 Suspect his death else.

Enter FEROCUS.

Fer. Mighty priest, as you
 Respect the safety of the king, you must
 Make haste; the court is up in arms, and he
 Calls for his sword.

Arch. You fright me, gentlemen:
 Rebellion in the court! who are the traitors?

Fer. His own wild thoughts, and apprehension
Of what, he says, was in his sleep presented.
He calls upon his guard, and rails upon them,
When they appear with no more arms, and swears
That every man shall wear a tun of iron.

Enter CONALLUS.

End. The prince.

Con. The king, impatient of your absence, sir,
Hath left the court, and by some few attended,
Is coming hither, laden with fear and weapons ;
He talks of strange things in his dream, and frights
Our ears with an invasion, that his crown
Sits trembling on his head. Unless your wisdom
Clear his dark fears, we are undone,

Arch. He's here.—

Enter King, CORYBREUS, and DICHU.

How fares the king ?

King. Dear Archimagus,
We want thy skill to interpret a black dream
I had last night ; my fancy is still sick on't,
And with the very apprehension
I feel much of my soul dissolve, and through
My frightened pores, creep from me in a sweat :
I shall have nothing in me but a bath,
Unless thou do repair my languishing essence
With thy great art and counsel.

Arch. Give me, sir,
The particular of your dream.

King. They must not hear it.
Yet stay ; the eclipse, if it be any thing,
Is universal, and doth darken all.—
Methought, Archimagus, as I was praying
I' the temple near the sea, my queen, my sons,
Daughters, and train of my nobility,

Prostrate before the altar, on the sudden
 The roof did open, and from heaven a flame
 Descending on the images of our gods,
 Began to burn the sacred brows; from which
 Many deformed worms, and hideous serpents
 Came crawling forth, and leap'd unto our throats,
 Where, with their horrid circles and embrace,
 We were almost strangled; in this fright, me-
 thought

We fled out of the temple, and as soon
 We saw a pale man coming from the sea,
 Attended by a tribe of reverend men,
 At whose approach the serpents all unchain'd
 Themselves, and leaving our imprison'd necks,
 Crept into the earth: straight all that were with me,
 As I had been the prodigy, forsook me,
 My wife, my children, lords, my servants all,
 And fled to this pale man, who told me I
 Must submit too, humble myself to him,
 This wither'd piece of man! at which, methought,
 I felt a trembling shoot through every part,
 And with the horror thus to be depos'd,
 I wakened. Now, Archimagus, thy art,
 To cure thy soul-sick king.

Arch. 'Tis done already.

King. How, my dear priest?

Arch. This pale thing shall not trouble you.
 He that so long was threatened to destroy
 Us and our gods, is come.

King. Ha! where?

Arch. Now landing;

But were the coasts unguarded, he wants power
 To fight with those ethereal troops, that wait
 Upon the gods we serve. He is now dying,
 This minute they have blasted him; and they,
 Above the speed of wings, are flying hither
 With the glad news. Be calm again, and let not
 These airy dreams distract your peace.

King. They are vanish'd
 Already at thy voice ; thou, next our gods,
 The hope of this great island, hast dispers'd
 All clouds, and made it a fair sky again.
 My learned Archimagus.

Spirits are heard.

1 *Spi.* He is come.

2 *Spi.* He is come.

3 *Spi.* And we must fly.

King. What voices make the air
 So sad ?

Cor. They strike a horror.

Con. They are spirits.

Arch. I command [you]
 Once more to oppose him.

1 *Spi.* In vain, great priest.

2 *Spi.* We must away.

3 *Spi.* Away !

Omnes. We cannot, dare not stay.

*Enter VICTOR, bearing a banner with a cross,
 followed by St. PATRICK, and other Priests in
 procession, singing.*

King. What harmony is this ? I have no power
 To do them harm. . Observe their ceremony.

ODE.

*Post maris sævi fremitus Iërnæ
 (Navitas cælo tremulos beante)
 Vidimus gratum jubar enatantes
 Littus inaurans.*

*Montium quin vos juga, vosque sylvæ
 Nunc salutamus, chorus advenarum
 Jubilum retrò modulantur, ecce
 Carbasa ventis.*

*Dulce supremo melos occinamus
Carminum flagrans Domino litamen,
Cujus erranti dabitur popello
Numine sacrum.*

King. I'll speak to him.—Stay! you that have
presum'd,
Without our leave, to print your desperate foot
Upon our country; say, what bold design
Hath arm'd you with this insolent noise, to dare
And fright the holy peace of this fair isle?
Nay, in contempt of all our gods, advance
Your songs in honour of an unknown Power?
The king commands you speak.

St. P. Unto that title
Thus we all bow; it speaks you are allied
To heaven, great sir: we come not to distract
Your peace; look on our number; we bring no
Signs of stern war, no invasive force, to draw
Fear or suspicion, or your frowns upon us.
A handful of poor naked men we are,
Thrown on your coast, whose arms are only prayer
That you would not be more unmerciful
Than the rough seas, since they have let us live
To find your charity.

King. Whence are you?

St. P. We are of Britain, sir.

King. Your name, that answer for the rest so
boldly?

St. P. My name is Patrick; who, with these
poor men,
Beseech you would permit—

King. No dwelling here;
And therefore quit this kingdom speedily,
Or you shall curse you saw the land.

Dic. Are they not spies?

Arch. A whirlwind snatch them hence! and on
the back

Of his black wings transport these fugitives,
 And drop their cursed heads into the sea,
 Or land them in some cold remotest wilderness
 Of all the world! They must not here inhabit.

Dic. Hence! or we'll force you with these
 goads.

Cor. Unless

You have a mind to try how well your hoods
 Can swim, go trudge back to your rotten bark,
 And steer another course.

Fer. You will find islands
 Peopled with squirrels, rats, and crows, and
 coneys,

Where you may better plant, my reverend moles.

End. Faces about!

St. P. You are inhospitable,
 And have more flinty bosoms than the rocks
 That bind your shores, and circle your fair island.
 But I must not return.

King. How!

Arch. How!

St. P. Till I have
 Perform'd my duty.—Know, great king, I have
 Commission for my stay. I came not hither
 Without command, legate from Him, before
 Whose angry breath the rocks do break and thaw;
 To whose nod the mountains humble their proud
 heads.

The earth, the water, air, and heaven is his,
 And all the stars that shine with evening flames,
 Shew but their trembling when they wait on him:
 This supreme King's command I have obey'd,
 Who sent me hither to bring you to him,
 And this still wand'ring nation, to those springs
 Where souls are everlastingly refresh'd;
 Unto those gardens, whose immortal flowers
 Stain your imagin'd shades, and blest abodes.

King. What place is this?

St. P. Heaven ; now a great way off ;
But not accessible to those permit
Their precious souls be strangled thus with mists,
And false opinion of their gods.

Arch. No more.

St. P. I must say more in my great master's
cause,
And tell you, in my dreams he hath made me hear,
From the dark wombs of mothers, prison'd infants
Confessing how their parents are misled,
And calling me thus far to be their freedom.
Have pity on yourselves ; be men, and let not
A blind devotion to your painted gods—

Dic. He does blaspheme. Accept me, Jove,
thy priest,
And this my sacrifice. [*offers to strike St. P. with
his spear.*]—Ha ! mine arms grow stiff ;
I feel an ice creeping through all my blood ;
There's winter in my heart ; I change o' the sudden,
Am grown a statue, every limb is marble.
Ye gods, take pity on me ! in your cause
I wither thus ; Jove, if thou hast a lightning,
Bestow some here, and warm me.

Cor. Strange !

End. Father ! Brother, if he should die now ?

Fer. I am his eldest son, he shall find me rea-
sonable ;

He may do worse, considering how long
I have been of age.

Dic. No power let fall compassion ? I have
Offended ; whom, I know not ; this good man.
Forgive, and if the Deity thou serv'st
Can put a life into this frozen pile,
Pray for me.

King. Villain ! wouldst thou owe thy life
To the mercy of the Power he serves ?

Arch. Wish rather,
To rot for ever thus.

King. And if thou diest,
 I'll build a temple here, and in this posture
 Kings shall kneel to thee, and on solemn days
 Present their crowns ; queens shall compose thee
 garlands,
 Virgins shall sing thy name, and 'bout thy neck
 And arms disperse the riches of their art :
 Next to our gods we['ll] honour thee.—Keep from
 The impostor!

Cor. I have no meaning to come near him.

St. P. Give me thy hand. Now, move, and may
 thy heart
 Find softness too ; this mercy is the least
 Of my great master's treasures.

Dic. I feel my heat
 Return'd, and all my rocky parts grow supple.
 Let the first use I make of their restore, be
 To bend my knees to you. [*Kneels.*]

St. P. Bow them to him
 That gave me power to help thee.

Fer. He is well again !

Dic. I find a beam let into my dark soul.
 Oh, take me to your faith ; here I give back
 Myself, to serve your God.

King. Trait'rous to heaven !
 Come from him.

Dic. Bid me forsake a blessing !

End. Father !

Dic. Call this good man your father, boys.

Arch. He's mad,
 And I am frantic at this base apostasy.—
 My lord, think how you may provoke our gods,
 And the king's anger.

St. P. Fear his wrath that made,
 And can let fall, the world.

Fer. He may yet do me as great a courtesy
 As dying comes to, if his error hold,
 And the king's anger.

King. Dotard!

Return, and prostrate to the gods we worship,
Or, though his witchcraft now protect thyself,
Thy sons shall bleed.

Fer. How's that?

King. To satisfy
The gods and us, with the next morning's sun,
Unless thou rise, and sacrifice to our altars,
Down from that rock which overlooks the sea,
They shall be thrown; my vow is fix'd.

Fer. Dear father!

King. Take them away; their fate depends on him.

Dic. Oh! I am lost.

St. P. Thou art found.

Dic. Forsake me not.—

Poor boys! my prayers and blessing. [*Rises.*]

St. P. Set forward now, in heaven's name,
And finish our procession.

[*Exeunt Dic. St. P. and Priests.*]

King. Death pursue them!

Will nothing make them feel our wrath?

Cor. The charm

Will not last always.

Arch. Their fate is not yet ripe.

Be not dejected, sir; the gods cannot
Be patient long; meantime, let me advise,
Not by your laws, or other open force,
To persecute them; but disguise your anger.

King. Ha!

Arch. What matter is it, so we destroy these
wretches,

What ways we take? Invite him to your court,
Pretend I know not what desires to hear
More of his faith; that you find turns within
Your heart, and tremble at the miracle
Wrought upon Dichu; when he's in your possession,

A thousand stratagems may be thought upon,

To send his giddy soul most quaintly off to
That fine fantastical reward he dreams on,
I' the 'tother world.

King. Thou hast pleas'd us, Archimagus.

Cor. Great Ceanerachius has inspired the priest!
This is the only way.

Con. I do not like it.

King. It shall be so ; he shall be thus invited ;
And we will meet him with our queen and daughters,

Who shall compose themselves to entertain him.

Arch. Leave me to instruct my princely charge,
your daughters.

King. Be still their blest director ; to thy charge
We gave them up long since ; but do not tell them
What happen'd to the apostate Dichu. Women
Have soluble and easy hearts ; that accident
May startle their religion : keep them firm
In the devotion to our gods, whose virgins
We hope to call them shortly, if their zeal
Maintain that holy flame that yet hath fill'd
Their bosoms.

Arch. They are the darlings of the temple.

King. Conallus, you shall be the messenger,
And bear our invitation.

Arch. Trouble not
The prince ; impose that business on my care.

King. Be it so.

Con. I am glad I am off the employment.

King. All ways to serve our gods are free, and
good ;
When shed for them, they take delight in blood.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Palace Garden.

ETHNE and FEDELLA, *dancing.*

Eth. I am weary, and yet I would have more ;
my heart
Was never more dispos'd to mirth, Fedella.

Fed. Mine is as light as your's, sister ; I am
All air, methinks.

Eth. And I all mounting fire.

Fed. 'Tis well we are alone.

Eth. 'Tis ill we are ;

This heat our servants should have given us.

Fed. I wonder we cannot see them ; they were
not,

Since we first took them to our favour, guilty
Of such neglect.

Eth. You wrong our birth and blood,
To think they dare neglect us ; for if they
Forget what we deserve in loving them,
They owe more duty, as we are the king's
Daughters, than to displease us so.

Fed. That binds
But form and heartless ceremony, sister.
By your favour, I had rather hold my servant
By his own love, that chains his heart to mine,
Than all the bands of state.

Eth. I am of thy mind too.
Would they were here ! I shall be sad again.
Fie ! what a thing
'Tis for two ladies to be in love, and alone
Without a man so long !

Enter RODAMANT, *with a book.*

Fed. Here's one!

Eth. A foolish one,
Our governor's servant.—How now, Rodamant?

Rod. Keep off!

Fed. What, is the fellow conjuring?

Rod. I would, but I cannot read these devilish names.

Eth. How long hast thou serv'd Archimagus?

Rod. Long enough to have had a devil of mine own, if he had pleased. I have drudged under him almost these seven years, in hope to learn the trade of magic; and none of his spirits will obey me. Would I were a witch, then I should have a familiar, a sucking devil, upon occasion, to do me service.

Fed. A devil?

Rod. Oh, I lov'd him of a child.

Eth. What wouldst thou do with the devil?

Rod. Only exercise my body; take the air now and then over steeples, and sail once a month to Scotland in a sieve, to see my friends. I have a grannam there, if I had been ruled, would not have seen me wanted a devil at these years. Pray, madam, speak to my master for me, that my friends may not laugh at me, when I come out of my time; he has spirits enough: I desire none of his grandees; a little don Diego Diabolo would serve my turn, if he have but skill in love or physic.

Fed. Physic! for what? art sick?

Rod. I am not sick, but I am troubled with a desperate consumption.

Eth. How?

Fed. Why, that's nothing—

Rod. To you that are great ladies, and feed high;

but to a man that is kept lean and hungry, a little falling of the flesh is seen.

Eth. I heard thee name love ; prithee, art thou in love ?

Rod. In love ? look on my sore eyes.

Eth. They are well enough, an thou canst see.

Rod. Yes, I can see a little with them ; would they were out !

Eth. How ! out ?

Rod. Out of their pain. I have but seven teeth and a half, and four of them are rotten. Here's a stump a pick-axe cannot dig out of my gums.

Fed. Are these signs of love ?

Rod. Oh, infallible ; beside, I cannot sleep for dreaming of my mistress.

Eth. So ! and what's her name ?

Rod. You shall pardon me, she is—

Eth. A man, or a woman ?

Rod. Nay, she is a woman, as sure as you are the queen's daughters. I name nobody ; do not you say 'tis the queen ; I am what I am, and she is what she is.

Eth. Well said.

Rod. And if I live, I will die for her : but I forget myself, I had a message to tell you ; first, my master commends him to your graces, and will be here presently ; secondly, I have news. Do you know what I mean ?

Fed. Not we.

Rod. Why then, my lord Ferochus, and his brother Endarius—you know them ?

Eth. What of them ?

Rod. And they know you.

Fed. To the purpose.

Rod. I know not that ; but they are—

Eth. What ?

Rod. Not made for worm's-meat.

Fed. What means the fellow ?

Rod. The king has commanded they shall be thrown from a rock into the sea, that's all. But here's my master, can tell you the whole story.

[*Exit.*

Eth. What said the screech-owl ?

Enter ARCHIMAGUS, with letters.

Fed. We hope Archimagus brings better news ; and yet His face is cast into a form of sorrow. What are these ?

Arch. Read, and collect Your noble forces up ; you will be lost else.—
[*Gives them the letters.*

Alas, poor ladies !
How soon their blood is frightened !

Eth. Every character Gives my poor heart a wound.

Fed. Alas ! how much of mischief is contain'd In this poor narrow paper !

Eth. Can this be ?

Arch. Madam, too true ; the anger of the king Is heavy and inevitable. You may Believe what their sad pens have bled to you ; They have no hope, not once before they die, To see your blessed eyes, and take their leave, And weep into your bosom their last farewell.

Fed. They must not, shall not die so.

Arch. They must, madam.

Eth. I will die with them too then.—Sister, shall They leave the world without our company ?

Fed. Could not you bend the king, our cruel father ?

You should have said, we lov'd them ; you have most Power to prevail with him ; you should have told him,

The gods would be offended, and revenge
Their death with some strange curse upon this island.

Eth. You knew our loves, and all our meetings,
sir :

They were not without you ; nor will we live
Without them, tell our father. Did our hearts
Flatter themselves with mirth, to be struck dead
With this, this murdering news ! I'll to the king.

Arch. Stay, and contain yourselves ; your loves
are brave,

Nor shall your flame die thus ; as I was first
Of counsel with your thoughts, I will preserve
them :

They shall not die, if my brain leave me not.

Fed. Oh, I could dwell upon his lips to thank
him.

Arch. But they must then be banished.

Eth. That's death,

Unless we go along to exile with them.

Arch. I have the way ; they shall deceive the
sentence

Of the enraged king, and live ; nor shall
This be [the sole] reward of your affections :
You shall converse more often, and more freely
Than ever, if you dare be wise and secret.

Fed. You make us happy.

Arch. Here's your elder brother.

Away, and trust to me. [*Exeunt Fed. and Eth.*]

Enter CORYBREUS.

Cor. Health to our priest !

Arch. And to your highness.

Enter behind EMERIA and CONALLUS.

Do you see that couple ?

Cor. My brother, and the fair Emeria !

Out of their way ; but so to reach their voice :
This place i' the garden's apt.

Arch. Observe them. [*Cor. and Arch. retire.*

Em. But will you not, my lord, repent to have
placed

Your love so much unworthily ?

Con. Oh, never,

My best Emeria ! thou hast a wealth
In thy own virtue above all the world :
Be constant, and I'm blest.

Em. This hand, and heaven,
Be witness where my heart goes.

Cor. If my fate
Cannot enjoy thy love, I shall grieve both
Your destinies.

Arch. Be confident you shall
Enjoy her, if you'll follow my directions.

Cor. Thou art my genius ; but she's very holy,
And, I fear, too religious to her vows ;
She is devoted much to Ceanerachius,
Head of the gods.

Arch. Sir, her piety
Prepares your conquest, as I'll manage things.
I will not trust the air too much.

Con. This kiss, and all's confirm'd.

[*Kisses her.*

Em. Pray, my lord, use
My poor heart kindly, for you take it with you.

Con. I leave mine in exchange. [*Exit.*

Arch. He is gone. Advance
To your mistress ; and if you want art to move her,
I shall not, sir, to make you prosper ; 'tis
Firmly design'd. When we meet next, you shall
Know more. [*Exit.—Cor. comes forward.*

Cor. How now, my fair Emeria ?

Em. I do beseech your highness' pardon ; I
Did think I was alone.

Cor. Alone you are

In beauty, sweet Emerica, and all
The graces of your sex.

Em. You are too great

To flatter me ; and yet this language comes
So near the wickedness of court praise, I dare not
With modesty imagine your heart means so.

Cor. Yet, in this garden, when you seem'd most
solitary,

Madam, you had many fair and sweet companions.

Em. Not I, sir.

Cor. Yes, and my rivals too, Emerica ;
And now they court thy beauty in my presence,
Proud erring things of nature ! Dost not see,
As thou dost move, how every amorous plant
Doth bow his leavy head, and beckon thee ?
The wind doth practise dalliance with thy hairs,
And weave a thousand pretty nets within
To catch itself. That violet droop'd but now,
Now 'tis exalted at thy smile, and spreads
A virgin bosom to thee. There's a rose
Would have slept still within its bud, but at
Thy presence it doth open its thin curtains,
And with warm apprehension looking forth,
Betrays its love in blushes : and that woodbine,
As it would be divorced from the sweet-brier,
Courts thee to an embrace. It is not dew,
That, like so many pearls, embroiders all
The flowers, but tears of their complaint, with fear
To lose thee, from whose eye they take in all
That makes them beautiful, and with humble necks
Pay duty unto thee, their only spring.

Em. Your grace is courtly.

Cor. When these dull vegetals
Shew their ambition to be thine, Emerica,
How much should we, that have an active soul
To know and value thee, be taken with
This beauty ! yet, if you dare trust me, madam,
There's none within the throng of your admirers

More willing, more devote to be your servant,
Than Corybreus.

Em. I must again beseech
Your pardon, and declare myself most ignorant.
Pray speak your meaning in a dialect
I understand.

Cor. Why, I do love you, madam.

Em. If this be it, I dare not, sir, believe
You condescend so low, to love Emeria,
A worthless thing.

Cor. Why not? I love you, madam.
If there be difference of our birth or state,
When we are compared, it should make me the
first

In your fair thoughts. Come, you must love again,
And meet me with an equal, active flame.

Em. I am more skill'd in duty, sir, than love.

Cor. You would be coy; your heart is not be-
stow'd?

Em. Indeed it is.

Cor. On whom?

Em. I must not name.

Cor. Were he my brother did twist heart with
thine,

That act should make him strange[r] to my blood,
And I would cut him from his bold embraces.

Em. Alas, I fear. [*Aside.*]

Cor. I know you will be wise,
And just to my desires, Emeria,
When you shall see my love bid fairest for you,
And that presented from a prince, who knows
No equal here. Come, I already promise
Myself possess'd of those fair eyes, in which
I, gazing thus, at every search discover
New crystal heavens; those tempting cheeks are
mine,

A garden with fresh flowers all the winter;
Those lips invite to print my soul upon them,

Or lose it in thy breath, which I'll convey
 Down to my heart, and wish no other spirit,
 As loth to change it for my own again.
 How in thy bosom will I dwell, Emeria,
 And tell the azure winding of thy veins
 That flow, yet climb those soft and ivory hills,
 Whose smooth descent leads to a bliss that may
 Be known, but puzzles art and tongue to speak it !
 I prithee do not use this froward motion ;
 I must, and will be thine.

Em. Be your own, sir,
 And do not thus afflict my innocence.
 Had you the power of all the world, and man,
 You could not force my will, which you have
 frighted

More from you, than my duty, although powerful,
 Can call again. You are not modest, sir,
 Indeed I fear you are not. I must leave you ;
 Better desires attend your grace and me ! [*Exit.*

Cor. This will not gain her ; her heart's fix'd upon
 My brother ; all my hope is in Archimagus.
 She is a frozen thing, yet she may melt.
 If their disdain should make a man despair,
 Nature mistook in making woman fair. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Temple ; FERROCHUS and ENDARIUS, representing two Idols ; before them an altar, at which stand ARCHIMAGUS and Magicians ; RODAMANT is busied in arranging lights, and preparing incense.

Rod. These be new deities, made since yesterday.
 We shift our gods as fast as some shift trenchers.—
 Pray, sir, what do you call their names ? they are

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But half gods, demi-gods, as they say ; there's
nothing
Beneath the navel.

Arch. This with the thunderbolt is Jupiter.

Rod. Jupiter ! 'tis time he were cut off by the
middle ;

He has been a notable thunderer in his days.

Mag. This is Mars.

Rod. Mars, from the middle upward. Was it
by my lady Venus' direction that he is dismem-
bered too ? He that overcame all in a full career,
looks now like a demi-lance.

Arch. Are they not lively form'd ? But, sirrah,
away !

Tell the young ladies the king is upon entrance.

[*Exit Rod.*

*Enter, at one side, King, Queen, and CONALLUS ;
at the other, ETHNE, and FEDELLA, followed by
RODAMANT ; they all kneel, and the king places
his crown upon the altar.*

Arch. To Jove and Mars the king doth pay
His duty, and thus humbly lay
Upon [their] altar his bright crown,
Which is not his, if they but frown.—
In token you are pleas'd, let some
Celestial flame make pure this room.

[*A flame rises from behind the altar.*

The gods are pleas'd, great king ; and we
Return thy golden wreath to thee,

[*Replaces the crown on the king's head.*

More sacred by our holy fume ;
None to the altar yet presume.
Now shoot your voices up to Jove,
To Mars, and all the powers above.

SONG, at the altar.

*Come away, oh, come away,
And trembling, trembling pay
Your pious vows to Mars and Jove.
While we do sing,*

*Gums of precious odours bring,
And light them with your love ;
As your holy fires do rise,
[In cloudless glory to the skies,]
Make Jove to wonder
What new flame
Thither came
To wait upon his thunder.*

[After the song, the Queen, and her daughters, offer garlands, which are placed upon the heads of the idols. The idol representing Jupiter moves.

King. Archimagus ! Conallus ! see, my children,
The statue moves !

Arch. Approach it not too near.

Eth. It is prodigious !

Arch. With devotion

Expect what follows, and keep reverend distance.

[*King.*] I am all wonder.

[*A voice speaks from the statue of Jupiter.*]

King Leogarius,

Jove doth accept thy vows and pious offerings,
And will shower blessings on thee, and this kingdom,
If thou preserve this holy flame burns in thee ;
But, take heed thou decline not thy obedience,
Which thou shalt best declare by thy just anger
Against that Christian straggler Patrick, whose
Blood must be sacrificed to us, or you
Must fall in your remiss and cold religion.
When you are merciful to our despisers,
You pull our wrath upon you, and this island.

My duty is perform'd, and I return
To my first stone, a cold and silent statue.

Arch. What cannot all commanding Jove! 'tis
now

That artificial tongueless thing it was.
How are you bound to honour Jupiter,
That, with this strange and public testimony,
Accepts your zeal! Pursue what you intended,
And meet this enemy to the gods, that now
Expects your entertainment.

King. I obey.—

Come, my queen, and daughters.

Queen. I attend you, sir.

Rod. Is not the queen a lovely creature, sir?

I Mag. Why, how now, Rodamant, what pas-
sion's this?

Rod. Oh that I durst unbutton my mind to her!

Arch. Your princely daughters pray they may
have leave

To offer, in their gratitude to the gods,
One other prayer, and they will follow, sir.

King. They are my pious daughters.—Come,
Conallus.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Conallus, &c.*

Arch. They are gone; uncloud.

[*Fer. and End. descend.*

Fer. Oh, my dear mistress!—

Is not the king mock'd rarely?

Eth. My most loved Endarius!

Arch. Have I not done't, my charge?

Fed. Most quaintly.—Welcome
To thy Fedella.

Rod. Hum! how's this? more 'scapes of Jupi-
ter? They have found their nether parts; the
gods are become fine mortal gentlemen. Here's
precious juggling! if I durst talk on't.

Arch. Not a syllable, as you desire not to be
torn in pieces, sir.

Rod. Gods, quotha ! I held a candle before the devil.

Arch. To the door, and watch.

Rod. So, I must keep the door too ; here's like to be holy doings.

Fer. We owe Archimagus for more than life, For your loves, without which, life is a curse. [*Music.*

Arch. The music prompts you to a dance.

End. P' the temple !

Arch. 'Tis most secure ; none dare betray you here. [*They dance.*

Eth. We must away.

Fer. My life is going from me.

Fed. Farewell.

Arch. The king expects. Now kiss, and part.

Eth. When next we meet, pray give me back my heart.

Rod. I am an esquire,¹ by my office. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter RODAMANT.

Rod. Oh, my royal love !—Why should not I love the queen ? I have known as simple a fellow as I hath been in love with her horse, nay, they have been bedfellows in the same litter ; and in that humour he would have been leap'd, if the beast could have been provok'd to incontinency. But what if the king should know on't, and very lovingly circumcise me for it ? or hang me up a gra-

¹ *I am an esquire, &c.]* This, with the other expressions of this facetious personage, such as “ keeping the door,” &c. all allude to the same honourable employment, that of procuring.

cious spectacle, with my tongue out, a perch for sparrows? Why, I should become the gallows, o' my conscience. Oh, I would stretch in so gentle a posture, that the spectators all should edify, and hang by my example.—

Enter Bard.

The king's merry bard; if he have overheard, he'll save the hangman a labour, and rhyme me to death.

Bard. Rodamant, my half man, half goblin, all fool, how is't? When didst thou see the devil?

Rod. Alas, I never had the happiness.

Bard. Why, then thou art not acquainted with thy best friend. [Sings.

*Have you never seen in the air,
One ride with a burning spear,
Upon an old witch with a pad,
For the devil a sore breech had;
With lightning and thunder,
And many more wonder,
His eyes indeed—la, sir!—
As wide as a saucer?*

Oh, this would have made my boy mad.

Rod. An honest, merry trout.

Bard. Thou say'st right, gudgeon, gape, and I'll throw in a bushel. Why does thy nose hang over thy mouth, as it would peep in, to tell how many teeth thou hast?

Rod. Excellent bard! oh, brave bard! Ha, bard!

Bard. Excellent fool! oh, fine fool! Ha, fool!

Rod. Prithee with what news, and whither is thy head travelling?

Bard. My head and my feet go one way, and both now at their journey's end. The news is,

that one Patrick, a stranger, is invited to court : this way he must come ; and I, like one of the king's wanton whelps, have broke loose from the kennel, and come thus afore to bark, and bid him welcome ; the king and queen will meet him.

Rod. Has the king invited him ?

Bard. What else, man ? [*Sings.*

*Oh, the queen and the king, and the royal offspring,
With the lords and ladies so gay,
I tell you not a trick, to meet the man Pa-trick,
Are all now trooping this way.*

*This man, report sings, does many strange things :
Our priests, and our bards must give place ;
He cares not a straw for our sword or club-law.
Oh, I long to behold his gay face.*

Rod. Prithee, a word ; thou didst name the queen ; does she come too ?

Bard. By any means.

Rod. Well, 'tis a good soul.

Bard. Who ?

Rod. The queen.

Bard. The queen is't ? Dost make but a soul of her ? Treason ! I have heard some foolish philosophers affirm that women have no souls ; 'twere well for some they had no bodies ; but to make no body of the queen is treason, if it be not felony.

Rod. Oh, my royal love !

Bard. Love ! art thou in love, Rodamant ? nay, then, thou may'st talk treason, or any thing. Folly and madness are lash free, and may ride cheek by jowl with a judge. But dost thou know what love is, thou ! one of Cupid's overgrown monkeys ? Come, crack me this nut of love, and take the maggot for thy labour.

Rod. Prithee, do thou say what 'tis.

Bard. No, I will sing a piece of my mind, and love to thee. [*Sings.*

*Love is a bog, a deep bog, a wide bog ;
 Love is a clog, a great clog, a close clog ;
 'Tis a wilderness to lose ourselves,
 A halter 'tis to noose ourselves.
 Then draw Dun out o' the mire,
 And throw the clog into the fire.¹
 Keep in the king's highway,
 And, sober, you cannot stray.
 If thou admire no female elf,
 The halter may go hang itself.
 Drink wine, and be merry, for love is a folly,
 And dwells in the house of melancholy.*

Rod. 'Tis such a merry baboon, and shoots quills like a porcupine. But who's this?

Enter, at one side, ST. PATRICK, and his train ; at the other, the King, Queen, his Sons and Daughters, MILCHO, ARCHIMAGUS, and Magicians.

Bard. 'Tis he ; I know him by instinct. [*Sings.*

*Patrick, welcome to this isle !
 See how every thing doth smile :
 To thy staff and thy mitre,
 And lawn that is whiter,
 And every shaven crown, a welcome, welcome to town !
 Look where the king and queen do greet thee,
 His princely sons are come to meet thee.
 And see where a pair is of very fine fairies,
 Prepar'd too,
 That thou may'st report thy welcome to court ;
 And the bård too.*

And so pray, father, give me your blessing.

¹ *Then draw Dun out of the mire,
 And throw the clog into the fire.]* For an explanation of this, see Jonson's works, vol. vii. p. 282.

St. P. I thank thee, courteous bard ; thy heart is honest.—

But to the king my duty.

King. Welcome, Patrick,
For so thou call'st thyself ; we have thrown off
Our anger ; and with calm and melting eyes
Look on thee. Thou hast piety to forgive
Our former threats and language ; and to satisfy
For our denial of some humble cottages,
Against the hospitable laws of nature,
We give thee now our palace, use it freely ;
Myself, our queen, and children, will be all
Thy guests, and owe our dwellings to thy favour.
There are some things of venerable mark
Upon thy brow ; thou art some holy man,
Design'd by Providence to make us happy :
Again most welcome to us.

Queen. His aspéct
Doth promise goodness.—Welcome.

Cor. To us all.

St. P. If this be hearty, heaven will not permit
Your charities unrewarded.

Cor. I am weary
Of these dull complements, Archimagus.

Arch. I am prepar'd ; I know your blood's a
longing

To change embraces with Emerica.

Receive this [gift], which, worn upon your arm,
Is so by power of magic fortified,
You shall go where you please invisible,
Until you take it off. Go to your mistress.

[Gives him a bracelet.

Cor. Softly, my dear Archimagus ; the rest
Speak in a whisper ; I shall be jealous of
The intelligencing air.

King. You may be confident
Our favour spreads to all. But where is Dichu,
Your convert ? we'll receive him to our grace too.

St. P. He durst not, sir, approach your royal presence ;

And grief for the sad fate of his two sons

Hath made him weary of society :

Not far off, in a wood, he means to wear out

His life in prayer and penance.

Arch. How do you taste it ?

Cor. 'Tis rare, and must succeed to my ambition.

Arch. Lose no time then.

Cor. I fly. Command me ever. [*Exit Cor.*

King. I am not well o' the sudden.

Queen. How ! what is't

That doth offend the king ?

King. An evil conscience.—

Alas, my children !

Con. Father !

Arch. Sir !

Eth. Pray speak to us !

King. How shall I

Win credit with this good man, that I have

Repented for the blood of Dichu's sons ?

St. P. If you dissemble not with heaven, I can
Be easily gain'd, sir, to believe, and pray for you.

King. Some wine ; it is the greatest ceremony
Of love with us, the seal of reconcilment.

Let some one bring us wine ; I will not move
Until I drink to this blest man.

Arch. Away ! [*Exit Rod.*

King. This place shall be remembered to posterity,

Where Leogarius first shew'd himself friend

To holy Patrick: 'tis religious thirst,

That will not let me expect till morn return.

There is a stream of peace within my heart.

Arch. 'Tis rarely counterfeited. [*Aside.*

Con. He is my father,

I should else tell him 'tis not like a king,

Thus to conspire a poor man's death. What thinks

Our royal mother? Is it just to take
By stratagem this innocent man's life?

Queen. What means my son?

Con. Shall I betray the plot
Yet, and preserve him?—See, the wine.

Re-enter RODAMANT, with wine.

Arch. The wine
Attends you, sir.

King. 'Tis well; fill us a cheerful cup.—Here,
Patrick,

We drink thy welcome to the Irish coasts.

Eth. What does my father mean to do with this
Dull thing? he'll never make a courtier.

Fed. His very looks have turn'd my blood
already.

Arch. I'll spice his cup.

King. Do't strongly.

Queen. There's
Something within prompts me to pity this
Stranger.

[*Aside.*

Con. Do you love wine, sir?

St. P. If I did not,
I should presume, against my nature, once
To please the king, that hath thus honour'd us.

Con. Do not; I say do not. [*Aside to St. P.*

Arch. Please you, sir? [*Gives St. P. the cup.*

King. Come, to our queen.

Rod. My royal love! would I had the grace to
drink to her, or kiss the cup.

St. P. My duty. [*Drinks.*

Arch. Now observe, sir, the change; he has it
home.

Rod. I cannot live, my heart will not hold out.

King. Forbear, as you affect your life.

Queen. How's this?

Now I suspect Conallus.

[*Aside.*

St. P. I have one boon to ask your majesty,
 Since you look on us with this gracious smile,
 That you would give my poor companions leave
 To build a little chapel in this place,
 (It shall be the first monument of your love,)
 To use our own religion. The ground offers
 Plenty of stone, the cost and pain be our's.

King. Not yet! [*Aside.*]

St. P. 'Twill bind us ever to pray for you.

King. If it were violent as thou say'st, it had
 By this time gnawn to his bowels. [*To Arch.*]

St. P. Sir, you mind not
 The humble suit I make.

Arch. Not yet!

St. P. Great sir.

King. It does not alter him ; he rather looks
 With fresher blood upon him.

Arch. 'Tis my wonder ;
 I did not trust another to prepare
 His cup.

King. Come, 'tis not poison ; we are abus'd.

Arch. Upon my life.

St. P. The king is troubled.

King. Prepare another.

Arch. It shall be done.

King. Come hither, sirrah ; you brought this
 wine.

Rod. I did, sir.

King. And you shall taste it.

Rod. Would I were but worthy !

King. I will have it so. Come, drink our health.

Rod. May I remember your good queen's ?

Arch. An he had the constitution of an elephant,
 'Twould pay him.

Queen. How cheer you, sir ?

St. P. Well, madam ; but I observe
 Distractions in the king.

King. Nay, drink it off.

Rod. An'twere as deep as the root of Penmenmaur,
My royal love should have it. [Drinks.

King. Now we shall try the ingredients ;
It stirr'd not him. Has he done it ?

Rod. So.

Arch. Yes, and the change begins to shew
already.

Rod. Hoy, ho !—What's that ?

Bard. Where ?

Rod. Here, hereabouts. Was the wine burnt ?
Oh, there's wildfire in the wine !

Arch. It works on him.

Rod. There's squibs and crackers in my sto-
mach ; am not I poison'd ?

Bard. Poison'd ! we shall want a fool then.

Rod. Away ! I'll never drink again.

Bard. Not often, an thou be'st poison'd.

Rod. It increases ; my royal love has poison'd
me ; her health has blown my bowels up. Oh, a
cooler ; would I were a while in the frozen sea !
charity is not cold enough to relieve me : the devil
is making fireworks in my belly. Ha ! the queen !
let me but speak to the queen.—Oh, madam, little
do you think that I have poison'd myself—oh,—for
your sweet sake. But, howsoever.—Oh, think
upon me when I am dead. I bequeath my heart.
—Oh, there 'tis already. My royal love, farewell.

[Falls senseless.

Arch. What think you now ? it hath despatch'd
him raving.

St. P. Madam, you shew a pious heart.
I find my death was meant : but 'tis heaven's
goodness

I should not fall by poison : do not lose
Your charity.

Bard. He's dead.

St. P. Pray let me see the fellow.

King. It affrights me ;
This was some treason meant to us, and thee,
Good man. How[ever] I am innocent.

St. P. How soon death would devour him !

Arch. Past your cure.

St. P. That Power we serve can call back life ;
and, see,
He has a little motion.

Bard. He breathes too ; nay, then, he may live
to have t' other cup.—Madam, this Patrick is a
rare physician ; if he stay with us, he'll make us
all immortal.

King. Alive again ? Oh, let me honour thee.

Queen. We cannot, sir, enough. Receive me,
Patrick,
A weak disciple to thee ; my soul bids me
Embrace thy faith : make me a Christian.

King. How ! Didst thou hear, Archimagus ?
let some
Convey our queen hence, her weak conscience
melts ;

She'll be a Christian, she says : I hate her,
And do confine her to the house of Milcho,
Our zealous provost.

Mil. 'Tis the king's pleasure, madam,
I should attend you hence.

Queen. Where the king pleases.

St. P. In any prison, madam, I dare visit you.
Be comforted, they do but fight with heaven.

Con. I'll wait upon my mother.

[*Exeunt Mil. Queen, and Con.*

King. Look to my daughters,
Lest this change work on them.

Arch. They are my charge.

King. Be not dejected, Patrick ; we do mean
All good to thee. Set forward. Have a care
Of that poor fellow.

St. P. I'll attend you, sir ;
And trust to Providence we shall be safe.

[*Exeunt all but Bard and Rod.*

Bard. How is't now, Rodamant? Dost thou remember thou wert dead? thou wert poison'd.

Rod. There is a kind of grumbling in my guts still.

Bard. [*sings.*]—*Come, we will drink a cup, boy,
but of better brewing,*

*And we will drink it up, joy, without any fear of s—
Wine is unjust that is taken on trust ; if it tarry
with us it fats.*

A cup, boy, drink up, joy, and let 'em go poison rats.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter EMERIA with a key.

Em. What is it that doth sit so heavy on me ?
Since Corybreus talk'd with me I find
A dulness in my brain, and my eyes look
As through a mist, which hangs upon my lids.
And weighs them down. He frighted me to hear
him.

He has a rugged and revengeful nature ;
Not the sweet temper that his brother [*owns.*]
My dear Conallus.—Mine? alas! did I
Say mine? indeed he is master of my heart,
But something makes me fear I shall not be
So happy as I wish in his possession :
Yet we have vows on both sides, holy ones,
And marriage promis'd. But I am too loud.
Yet not, my lodgings are remote, and privat'st

Of all the court ; and I have dismiss'd the servants ;
None near to reach my voice ; then, till this give
Access, [*locks the door.*] I need not fear the silent
chambers.

More clouds do gather 'bout my eyes ; 'tis strange,
I am not used to be inclin'd to sleep
While the day shines ; then take what nature offers,
Emeria, and comply ; it may discharge
Thy waking melancholy. So ; [*Lies down.*
I feel it gently slide upon my senses. [*Sleeps.*

*Enter Spirits before CORYBREUS, habited gloriously,
and representing the god Ceanerachius. The
Spirits disappear.*

Cor. So, so! this amulet, I find, secures me
From all observers, and I now am in
Her chamber, by a feat my spirits did me.—
Ha! she sleeps too ; what a fine bawd the devil is!
What opportunities he can frame to bring
These things to pass! I were best lose no time.—
Madam! madam! fair Emeria!

Em. Ha!

Who is that? was it a voice that call'd me,
Or do I dream? Here's no body ; this key
Made all without fast ; yet I'll see.

[*Rises, and goes to the door.*

Cor. I had
Forgot ; she'll never see me, if I do not
Take off my charm ; perhaps I may again
Be visible, if I have not lost myself.

Em. The doors are fast. [*Music.*] — Ha! bless
me, you powers!

This music is not frequent in my chambers ;
'Tis here,—I know not where ; I can see nothing.

Cor. Emeria!

Em. Who is't that calls Emeria?—Goodness aid me!
 [Takes off the bracelet.

Cor. Put off thy fright, Emeria; yet I blame not Thy feeble sense, to tremble at my presence; Not us'd to mortal eyes, and unprepar'd. But gather strength, and call thy blood again, Whose seat a paleness doth usurp: I am Thy friend.

Em. But no acquaintance sure; what art you?

Cor. Not what I seem; I have assum'd this form,
 To tell thee what a happiness is now
 Coming from heaven upon thee.

Em. Upon me?

Cor. And when the sweet Emeria is collected,
 She will lose her life again in joy and wonder.

Em. My strength returns; this is a gentle language;
 And, spirit, if thou be'st one, speak thy will.

Cor. Then know, Emeria, I am no mortal,
 But Ceanerachius, chief of all the gods,
 That now appear.

Em. I know not what to answer,
 But with my humble knee. [Kneels.

Cor. Thy pure devotion,
 Richer than clouds of incense, myrrh, and cassia,
 And all the gums, whose piles make sweet our altar,
 Hath been delightful to the gods, and me;
 And I have left the palace of the blest,
 Where many glorious virgins wait, and want thee,

A fellow singer in their heavenly quire,
 To visit in this form the fair Emeria,
 And thank thee for thy pious sacrifices.
 Rise then, and be confirm'd; we mean to honour
 Thy person and thy virtues.

Em. Can this roof

Be so much blest ? and can so great a deity
Consider my imperfect duty thus ?

Cor. To assure thy thoughts, ask, fairest virgin,
what

Thou most desirest, and it shall, firmer than
The Destinies, be made thine own. Hast thou
A wish to this world's glory, to be greater ?
Would'st thou enlarge thy knowledge, or thy pleasure ?

Dost thou affect to have thy life extended
Double the course of nature ? or thy beauty
Above the malice of disease, or time
To wither ? Would'st thou see thy book of fate,
And read the various lines that fall into
Thy life, as to their centre ? Speak, and be
Possess'd ; if thou refuse what here is named,
Thy wish will come too late, Emeria.

Em. None of all these. Let me be still accepted
An humble servant to the gods.

Cor. Then I
Will find some other way to thy reward :
First, we release that duty of thy knee ;
Reach thy fair hand.

Em. I dare not.

Cor. Do not tremble, [*Raises her.*
It shall but meet another like thine own,
For I had care not to affright my virgin.
What dost thou see in me, that, to thy sense,
Appears not man ? Divinity is too bright
For thy weak eye, and therefore I have clad,
In this no-threat'ning shape, all that is divine,
That I, with safety of thy sense, Emeria,
Might visit thee. Come, I will see thee often,
If thou be wise to understand how much
It is my will to honour thee ; and I
Will thus descend, and leave my beams behind,
Whose brightness were enough to burn thee,
To converse with thee in a loving way

Of smiling thus, and thus embracing thee—
Of mixing palms ; nay, I will kiss thee too.

Em. Do our gods practise this ?

Cor. Not but with those

They mean especial grace to ; such as they
Know must hereafter shine above with them,
Though merely mortals, are ador'd ; * *

* * * * *

* * * * * and seldom.¹

Visit the world, hid thus in flesh and blood,
Which we at pleasure can assume, and have
Desires like you, and have our passions too,
Can love, ay, and enjoy where we will place
The happiness, else we had [been] less than men.

Em. I thought the powers above had been all
honest.

Cor. 'Tis in them chastity ; nor is it sin
In those we love, to meet with active flames,
And be glad mothers to immortal issues.
How oft hath Jove, who justly is adored,
Left heaven, to practise love with such a fair one !
The Sun, for one embrace of Daphne, would
Have pawn'd his beams ; not one but hath some-
times

Descended, to make fruitful weak mortality.
Oh, if thou could'st but reach, Emeria,
With thy imagination, what delight,
What flowing ecstasies of joy we bring
Your sex, made nice and cold by winter's laws
Of man, that freeze the blood, thou would'st be fond

¹ *Though merely mortals, are adored ; * * **

* * * * *

* * * * * and seldom, &c.] This speech is

given in the old copy as prose, and most ridiculously pointed : these however are accidents in Shirley too common to be noticed ; but it appears that the careless printer has also suffered some of the copy to escape his eye. It is in vain to guess at what we have lost ; but Corybreus, after adverting to deified mortals, seems to revert to the privileges of the gods themselves.

Of my embraces, and petition me
To bless thee with a rape! yet I woo thy
Consent.

Em. Away! thou art no god sure; but
Some vicious impostor. Can a deity
Breathe so much impious language, and reward
Virtue with shame?

Cor. Take heed, and do not ruin²
Thyself by rash and froward opposition;
Know, I can make thee nothing at a breath.

Em. Better be so, than made so foul a being.

Cor. Nay, then, what should have been with thy
consent

A blessing, shall now only serve my pleasure,
And I will take the forfeit of thy coldness.

Em. Oh, help! some man! I dare not call upon
The gods, for they are wicked grown. Oh, help!

Cor. I shall need none, thou thing of disobe-
dience;

Thou art now within my power of love, or fury:
Yield, or I'll force thee into postures shall
Make pleasure weep, and hurl thee into wantonness.

[*Bears her in, while Spirits are seen rejoicing
in a dance.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Milcho's House.

Enter MILCHO and Servant.

Mil. Who's with the queen, my prisoner?

Serv. The prince

Conallus came to visit her.

Mil. So! bid

My daughter Emeria come hither.—She is

[*Exit Serv.*

² For *ruin*, the old copy reads *vaine*.

Come very melancholy from the court,
Under pretence to wait upon the queen here.—

Enter EMERIA.

Still sad! come, I must have your face look otherwise,
Dress it in smiles: I hope you put not on
This sorrow for the queen; she is a traitor
To the king, and to the gods.

Em. A traitor, sir!

Oh, do not say so; 'tis, I hear, for nothing
But looking on the stranger Patrick with
Some pity.

Mil. It will not run

Out of my thought, but this is the same Patrick
That was my slave once; he was a Briton too;
I know not how, he found some treasure then
To buy his liberty: were he again
My slave, no gold should buy him from my swine,
Whose once companion he was.—*Emeria,*
Do you hear? Conallus, the young prince, is come
To see his mother; use him gently, girl.
Come, I have heard he does affect thee, ha?
He may be king.

Em. His brother, Corybreus,
Is nearer to that title, and he says
He loves me.

Mil. Does he so? then love him best.

Em. Imagine I had promis'd, sir, my heart
To his younger brother.

Mil. Break a thousand promises,
And hazard breaking of thy heart too, wench,
To be but one degree nearer a queen.
It does exalt my heart; spread all thy charms
Of wit and language when he courts thee, girl;
Smile, kiss, or any thing that may endear
Him, and so great a fortune: I must leave thee,
But will not be long absent.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the bard
Does press to see the queen.

Mil. He must not see her,
His insolence I'll punish: yet admit him [*Exit Serv.*
Hither; his pleasant nature may raise mirth
In my sad daughter.—

Enter Bard.

Welcome, merry bard.

Bard. I care not whether I be or no: the queen
I come to see.

Mil. She's private with the prince.—
Come hither. Dost thou see that piece of sullenness,
That phlegmatic foolish thing?

Bard. And like the father.

Mil. Make her merry, and I'll give thee
Gold, joy, to purchase a new harp; here's some
In earnest; thou hast wanton pretty songs,
To stir the merry thoughts of maids. I'm gone,
To give thee opportunity; my presence
May spoil the working of thy mirth; that done,
Shalt speak with the queen too. [*Exit.*

Bard. Fare you well, sir,
And take a knave along with you. Here's a rose
Sprung out of a thistle now!—You are sad, madam.

Em. I have no cause of mirth, bard.

Bard. What do you think
Of me?

Em. Think of thee, bard! I think
Thou'rt honest, and canst shew a pleasant face
Sometimes, without an over joy within;
But 'tis thy office.

Bard. I know why you are
So melancholy.

Em. Prithee why, dost think, bard?

Bard. You want a man.

Em. Why, thou art one.

Bard. That's more than you know. [Sings.

*'Tis long of men that maids are sad,
Come then, and sweetly kiss them ;
Their lips invite, you will be mad
To come too late, and miss them.
In their cheeks are full-blown roses,
To make garlands, to make posies.
He that desires to be a father,
Let him make haste before they fall, and gather ;
You stay too long, and do them wrong :
If men would virgins strive to please,
No maid this year should die o' the green
disease.*

What, are you merry yet ?

Em. I am so far

From being rais'd to mirth, that I incline
To anger.

Bard. Come, I'll fit you with a song,
A lamentable ballad, of one lost
Her maidenhead, and would needs have it cried,
With all the marks, in hope to have it again.

Em. You were not sent to abuse me ?

Bard. A dainty air too ; I'll but tune my instru-
ment.

Em. No more, or I'll complain.—Sure he knows
nothing

Of my dishonour. How mine own thoughts fright me !

Bard. Now you shall hear the ditty.

Em. Hence, foolish bard ! [He sings.

*A poor wench was sighing, and weeping amain,
And fain would she have her virginity again,
Lost she knew not how ; in her sleep, as she said,
She went to bed pure, but she risse not a maid.*

She made fast the door,

She was certain, before

She laid herself down in the bed ;

But when she awaked, the truth is, stark-naked,

Oh, she miss'd her maidenhead.

Enter CONALLUS.

Ha! the young prince! I'll tarry no longer with
you.—

Now to the queen. [*Exit.*

Con. Emerica, prithee do not hide thy face
From me; 'tis more than common sorrow makes
Thee look thus. If the queen's misfortunes have
Darken'd thy face, I suffer too in that;
If for thyself thou weep'st, my almost ebbing
Grief thou wilt enforce back, and [thus] beget
New seas, in which, made high by one strong sigh
Of thine, I meet a watry sepulchre.
My mother's fate commands my grief, but thine
A greater suffering, since our hearts are one,
And there wants nothing but a ceremony
To justify it to the world.

Em. Call back
Your promises, my lord, they were ill placed
On me, for I have nothing to deserve them.

Con. If thou be'st constant to thyself, and art
Emerica still—

Em. That word hath wounded me.

Con. Why, art not thou thyself?

Em. I have the shape still,
But not the inward part.

Con. Am I so miserable,
To have my faith suspected, for I dare not
Think thou canst sin by any change. What act
Have I done, my Emerica? or who hath
Poison'd thy pure soul with suggestion
Of my revolt? apostasy, I'll call it,
For, next our gods, thou art my happiness.

Em. Now, my dear lord, and let me add thus
much
In my own part, I never loved you better;
Never with more religious thoughts and honour

Look'd on you ; my heart never made a vow
 So blessed in my hopes, as that I gave you,
 And I suspect not your's.

Con. What then can make thee,
 My Emeric, less, or me ? Thou dost affright—

Em. Yes, I am less, and have that taken from me
 Hath almost left me nothing ; or, if any,
 So much unworthy you, that you would curse me,
 Should I betray you to receive Emeric.

Con. Do not destroy me so ; be plain.

Em. Then thus—

But if I drop a tear or two, pray pardon me :
 Did not the story touch myself, I should
 Weep for it in another ; you did promise
 To marry me, my lord.

Con. I did, and will.

Em. Alas, I have lost—

Con. What ?

Em. The portion that
 I promis'd to bring with me.

Con. Do I value
 Thy wealth ?

Em. Oh, but the treasure
 I lost, you will expect, and scorn me ever,
 Because you have it not ; yet heaven is witness
 'Tis not my fault, a thief did force it from me.
 Oh, my dear lord !

Con. I know not what to fear ;
 Speak plainer yet.

Em. You'll say I am too loud,
 When I but whisper, sir, I am—no virgin.

Con. Ha !

Em. I knew 'twould fright you ; but, by all those
 tears,
 The poor lamb, made a prey to the fierce wolf,
 Had not more innocence, or less consent
 To be devoured, than I to lose mine honour.

Con. Why, wert thou ravish'd ?

Em. You have named it, sir.

Con. The villain! name the villain, sweet Emerica,
That I may send his leprous soul to hell for't;
And when he hath confess'd the monstrous sin,
I'll think thee still a virgin, and thou art so:
Confirm thy piety by naming him.

Em. It will enlarge but your vexation, sir,
That he's above your anger and revenge;
For he did call himself a god that did it.

Con. The devil he was. Oh, do not rack, Emerica,
The heart that honours thee; mock me not, I pri-
thee,
With calling him a god; it was a fury,
The master fiend of darkness, and as hot
As hell could make him, that would ravish thee.

Em. If you do think I ever loved you, sir,
Or have a soul after my body's rape,
He nam'd himself a god, great Ceanerachius,
To whom I owe my shame and transformation.

Con. Oh, I am lost in misery and amazement.

[*Exit.*

Em. So! I did see before it would afflict him:
But having given these reasons to Conallus,
For our divorce, I have provided how
To finish all disgraces, by my death.

[*Shews a poniard.*

Come, cure of my dishonour, and with blood

Enter ARCHIMAGUS.

Wash off my stain.—Ha! Archimagus!

Arch. Madam.

Em. What news with our great priest?

Arch. I come to tell you, heavenly Ceanerachius,
Of whom I had this day a happy vision,
Is pleas'd again to visit you, and commanded
I should prepare you.

Em. I begin to find
Some magical imposture. Does he know it?

[*Aside.*

Arch. I leave to say how much you are his
favourite ;
Be wise, and humble for so great a blessing.

Em. This does encrease my fears I've been
betray'd ;
I'll live a little longer then. [*aside.*]—Great priest,
My words are poor, to make acknowledgment
For so divine a favour : but I shall
Humbly expect, and hold myself again
Blest in his presence.

Enter CORYBREUS, habited as before.

Arch. He's here, Emeria ;
Never was virgin so much honoured. [*Exit.*

Cor. How is it with my sweet Emeria ?

Em. That question would become an ignorant
mortal,
Whose sense would be inform'd ; not Ceanera-
chius,
Whose eye at once can see the soul of all things.

Cor. I do not ask, to make
Thee think I doubt, but to maintain that form,
Which men, familiar to such fair ones, use
When they converse ; for I would have my language
Soft as a lover's.

Em. You are still gracious.

Cor. This temper is becoming, and thou dost
Now appear worthy of our loves and presence.
I knew, when thy wise soul examin'd what
It was to be the darling to a god,
Thou would'st compose thy gestures, and resign
Thyself to our great will ; which we accept,
And pardon thy first frailty : 'tis in us,

Emeria, to translate thee hence to heaven,
 Without thy body's separation,
 I' the twinkling of an eye ; but thou shalt live,
 Here to convince erring mortality,
 That gods do visit such religious votaries
 In human form, and thus salute them.

[Offers to kiss her.

Em. And thus be answer'd, with a resolute heart.

[Stabs him.

Cor. Oh, thou hast murdered me ! Strumpet,
 hold !

Em. Sure, if you be a god, you are above
 These wounds ; if man, thou hast deserv'd to bleed
 For thy impiety.

Cor. My blood is punish'd.
 A curse upon thy hand ! I am no god ;
 I am the prince : see, Corybreus.

Em. Ha !

The prince ! were you my ravisher, my lord ?
 I have done a justice to the gods in this,
 And my own honour. Thou lost thing to good-
 ness !

It was a glorious wound, and I am proud
 To be the gods' revenger.

Cor. Help ! oh, I am lost ! [Dies.

Em. Call on the furies, they did help thy sin,
 And will transport thy soul on their black wings
 To hell, prince ; and the gods can do no less
 Than, in reward, to draw thy purple stream up,
 Shed in their cause, and place it a portent
 In heaven, to affright such foul lascivious princes.
 I will live now ; this story shall not fall so ;
 And yet I must not stay here. Now, Conallus,
 I have done some revenge for thee in this ;
 Yet all this will not help me to my own again ;
 My honour of a virgin never will
 Return : I live, and move ; but wanting thee,
 At best I'm but a walking misery. [Exit.

Enter RODAMANT, reading a paper.

Rod. *My royal love, my lady, and fair misteres,
Such love as mine was never read in histories.*

There's love, and love ; good.

*The poison to my heart was not so cruel,
As that I cannot hang thee—*

How's that ? hang the queen ?

*The poison to my heart was not so cruel,
As that I cannot hang thee, my rich jewel,
Within my heart.—*

Oh, there's hang, and jewel, and heart, and heart ;
Good again.

*I am thy constant elf,
And dare, for thy sweet sake, go hang myself.*

What, though I am no lord, yet I am loyal ;
There's a gingle upon the letter, to shew, if she
will give me but an inch, I'll take an ell ; lord,
and loyal.

And though no prince, I am thy servant royal.
There's no figure in that ; yes, impossibility, ser-
vant and royal.

*Then grant him love for love, that doth present
these,*

With Noverint universi per presentes.

There's to shew I am a linguist, with a rum in the
rhyme,¹ consisting of two several languages, beside
love and love.

Thy jet and alabaster face—

Jet, because it draws the straw of my heart, and
alabaster, because there is some white in her face.

Thy jet and alabaster face now calls

My love and hunger up, to eat stone walls.

But so I may bite off her nose, if her face be ala-
baster ; but she is in prison ; there it holds, and I

¹ *With a rum in the rhyme.*] So the 4to. It is probably the
fragment of a word, of which the rest was lost at the press.
Conindrum might have stood in the copy.

may do her service, to break prison for her any way. Well, here's enough at a time; if she like this, I have an ambling muse, that shall be at her service. But what stumbling block is cast in my way? This is no place to sleep in, I take it, in a story under a trundle-bed. I have seen these clothes afore now; the tailor took measure for one of our gods, that made them.—Do you hear, friend? [*turns up the body.*]—Ha! 'tis the prince Corybreus; dead, kill'd, ha!—My lord!—He's speechless. What were I best to do? Instead of searching the wound, I'll first search his pockets. What's here? a bracelet, a pretty toy; [*puts it up.*]—I'll give it the queen; but if I be found here alone, I may be found necessary to his death. Ha! what shall I do? [*Hides himself.*]

Re-enter MILCHO and Servant.

Mil. My daughter gone abroad without a servant?

Serv. I offer'd my attendance.

Mil. Ha! what's here,

One murder'd? 'tis the prince! slain in my house!
Confusion! Look about, search for the traitor;
I am undone for ever.

Serv. The prince! I'll take my oath I saw him
not enter.

Why thus disguised?

[*While they examine the body, Rod. steals out.*]

Mil. I tremble to look on him;

Seek every where.

Serv. I gave access to none
But Rodamant, and he is gone.

Mil. What shall we do? remove the murder'd
body,

And on thy life be silent; we are lost else.

Attend without, and give access to none,

Till I have thought some way through this affliction.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Did my stars owe me this? Oh, I could curse them,
And from my vexed heart exhale a vapour
Of execrations, that should blast the day,
And darken all the world. The prince murder'd
In my house, and the traitor not discover'd!

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. One, sir, with a letter.

Mil. Let him carry it back.

Where's the young prince Conallus?

Serv. Gone long since, sir.

Mil. I'll lay the murder upon him; it will
Be thought ambition: or upon the queen.

Serv. Sir, one waits with a letter from the king.

Mil. The king? that name shoots horror through
me now.

Who is the messenger?

Serv. A stranger both in habit and in person.

Enter St. PATRICK, with a letter.

This is he, sir.

Mil. Ha!

St. P. The king salutes you,

My lord; this paper speaks his royal pleasure.

[*Gives the letter.*]

You have forgot me, sir; but I've been more
Familiar to your knowledge. Is there nothing
Within my face that doth resemble once
A slave you had?

Mil. Ha! is your name Patrick?

St. P. It is, my lord; I made my humble suit
To the king, that by his favour I might visit you;
And though I have not now that servile tie,
It will not shame me, to profess I owe

You duty still, and shall, to my best power,
Obey your just commands.

Mil. He writ[es] to me,
That I should try my art, and by some stratagem
Discharge his life : I'll do it ; but all this will not
Quit the suspicion of the prince's death.
What if I lay the murder to his charge ?
I can swear any thing :—but if he come off,
My head must answer. No trick in my brain ?—

[*Aside.*
You're welcome ; the king writes you have desires
To see the queen ; you shall.—Entreat her presence.
[*Exit Serv.*

St. P. The king has honour'd me.

Mil. You have deserv'd it ;
And I do count it happiness to receive
Whom he hath graced ; but the remembrance
Of what you were, adds to the entertainment :
My old acquaintance, Patrick !

St. P. You are noble.

Re-enter Servant, with Queen and Bard.

Mil. The queen ! Welcome again. — Come
hither, sirrah. [*To Serv.*

St. P. Madam, I joy to see you, and present
My humble duty. Heaven hath heard my prayers,
I hope ; and if you still preserve that goodness,
That did so late, and sweetly shine upon you,
I may not be unwelcome ; since there is—
Something behind, which I am trusted with,
To make you happier.

Queen. Holy Patrick, welcome.

Mil. Obey in every circumstance.—My despair
[*Exit Serv.*
Shall have revenge wait on it.—This is, madam,
A good man ; he was once my slave—let not
That title take thy present freedom off.
My house, my fortunes, and my fate, I wish

May have one period with thee ; I shall
Attend you again. I hope we all may live,
And die together yet.—My duty, madam. [*Exit*

Bard. I do not like their whispering ; there's
some mischief,

He did so overact his courtesy.

I'll look about us.

[*Exit.*

St. P. Do, honest bard. —Oh, madam, if you knew
The difference betwixt my faith and your
Religion, the grounds and progress of
What we profess ; the sweetness, certainty,
And full rewards of virtue, you would hazard,
Nay lose, the glory of ten thousand worlds
Like this, to be a Christian ; and be blest
To lay your life down, (but a moment, on
Which our eternity depends,) and through
Torture and seas of blood contend, to reach
That blessed vision at last, in which
Is all that can be happy, and perfection.

Queen. I have a soul most willing to be taught.

Re-enter Bard hastily.

Bard. Oh, madam ! fire ! help ! we are all lost ;
The house is round about on fire ! the doors
Are barr'd and lock'd, there is no going forth ;
We shall be burnt, and that will spoil my singing :
My voice hath been recover'd from a cold,
But fire will spoil it utterly.

Enter VICTOR.

Vict. Have no dread, holy Patrick, all their
malice
Shall never hurt thy person. Heaven doth look
With scorn upon their treachery ; thou art
Reserv'd to make this nation glorious,
By their conversion to the christain faith,
Which shall, by blood of many martyrs, grow,

Till it be call'd the island of the saints.

[*Flames are seen above, and Milcho casting various articles into them.*]

Look up, and [say] what thou observest.²

Mil. Patrick, thou art caught ; inevitable flames
Must now devour thee ; thou'rt my slave again,
There is no hope to 'scape. How I do glory,
That by my policy thou shalt consume,
'Though I be made a sacrifice with thee
To our great gods!—Ha ! ha ! the queen. Bard,
You will be excellent roast meat for the devil.

St. P. Hear me.

Mil. I choose to leap into these fires,
Rather than hear thee preach thy cursed faith.
You're sure to follow me ; the king will praise
My last act yet. Thus I give up my breath,
And sacrifice you all for his son's death.

[*Throws himself into the flames.*]

St. P. Oh, tyrant, cruel to thyself ! but we
Must follow our blest guide, and holy guardian.—
Lead on, good angel.—Fear not, virtuous queen ;
A black night may beget a smiling morn ;
At worst, to die 'tis easier than be born. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Temple ; FEROCUS and ENDARIUS representing two Idols, as before. Recorders : then enter King, CONALLUS, ARCHIMAGUS, Magicians, ETHNE, and FEDELLA. ARCHIMAGUS offers a sacrifice of human blood on the altar.

Arch. Great Jove and Mars, appeased be
With blood, which we now offer thee,
Drain'd from a Christian's heart ; our first
Oblation of that sect accurs'd ;

² Look up, and [say] what thou observest.] After this the 4to. reads : - - - - - "Milcho

Throwing his treasures into the flames."

Which seems to be the stage direction, jumbled into the text.

And may we to the altar bring
Patrick, our second offering,
The father of this tribe, whose blood
Thus shed, will do this island good.—

[*A flame rises from behind the altar.*

The gods allow what we present ;
For see, the holy flame is sent !
To mighty Jove and Mars now bring
Your vocal sacrifice, and sing.

SONG, at the altar.

*Look down, great Jove, and god of war,
A new sacrifice is laid
On your altars, richer far
Than what in aromatic heaps we paid :
No curled smoke we send,
With perfumes, to befriend
The drooping air ; the cloud
We offer is exhaled from blood,
More shining than your tapers are,
And every drop is worth a star.*

*Were there no red in heaven, from the torn heart
Of Christians we that colour could impart ;
And with their blood supply those crimson streaks
That dress the sky, when the fair morning breaks.*

*Enter RODAMANT, and whispers the King, who falls
upon the ground.*

Con. Father !

Arch. The king !

King. Away ! let not my daughters stir from
hence.

Is this reward, you gods, for my devotion ?

[*Rises, and exit with Conallus.*

Arch. No more. I could not by my art foresee
This danger.

Eth. Our father seem'd much troubled.

Arch. I must appear a stranger to all passages.
Be not disturb'd, my princely charge ; use you
The free delights of life, while they are presented
In these your lovers.—Sirrah, make fast the door,
And wait aloof. I'll follow the sad king.

[*Exit.*—*Fer.* and *Endarius* descend.]

Fed. No misery can happen, while I thus
Embrace Ferochus.

Eth. And I safe in the arms
Of my dear servant.

End. You make it heaven,
By gracing me.

Fer. But why have we so long
Delay'd our blest enjoyings, thus content
With words, the shadows of our happiness?

Rod. So, so ! here's fine devotion in the temple !
But where's my bracelet ? let me see.

[*Puts on the bracelet.*]

Fer. Where's Rodamant ?

Rod. Am I invisible again ? Is this the trick
on't ?

Fer. The door is safe. Come, my dear princely
mistress,
And with the crown of love reward your servant.

Fed. What's that ?

Fer. Fruition of our joys.

Fed. Is not this
Delight enough, that we converse, and smile,
And kiss, Ferochus ? [*Rod.* kisses *Fed.*.]—Who's
that ?

Fer. Where, madam ?

Fed. I felt another lip.

Fer. Than mine ? Here's none ; try it again.—
Why should her constitution be so cold ?
I would not lose more opportunities ;
Love shoot a flame like mine into her bosom !

[*Aside.*—*Rod.* kisses *Ethne*]

Eth. Who's that, Endarius, that kiss'd me now ?

End. None, since you blest my lip with a touch,
madam.

My brother is at play with your fair sister.

Eth. I felt a beard.

End. A beard ? that's strange.

Rod. You shall feel some[thing] else too.

[*He strikes End.*]

End. Why that unkind blow, madam ?

Eth. What means my servant ?

Rod. Now to my other gamester.

Fer. Oh, I could dwell for ever in this bosom.

But is there nothing else for us to taste ?—

[*Rod. pulls Fer. by the nose.*]

Hold !

Fed. What's the matter ?

Fer. Something has almost torn away my nose.—
Endarius.

End. What says my brother ?

Fer. Did you pull me by the nose ?

End. I moved not hence.— [*Rod. kicks End.*]
Did you kick me, brother ?

Fed. We have troubled fancies, sure ; here's
no body but ourselves ;

The doors, you say, are safe.

Fer. Will not that prompt you
To something else ?

Fed. I dare not understand you.—

[*Rod. touches Ferochus' face with blood.*]

What blood is that upon your face ?

Rod. You want

A beard, young gentleman.

[*Rod. touches Endarius' chin with blood.*]

Fer. Mine ? blood ! I felt

Something, that like a fly glanced o' my cheek.—

Brother, [did] your nose bleed you that fine beard ?

End. You need not blush o' one side, brother ;
ha ! ha !

Eth. Is not this strange, sister? how came our
servants
So bloody? [*Rod. touches Fer. again with blood.*
Fer. Again!

I prithee leave this fooling with my face,
I shall be angry.

End. I touch'd you not.

Rod. Another wipe for you.

[*Touches End. again.*
Eth. Some spirit, sure : I cannot contain [my]
laughter. —

What a raw head my servant has !

Fed. Mine has the same complexion.

Rod. Put me to keep the door another time ! I
have kept them honest, and now I will be visible
again.

[*Lies down, and takes off the bracelet.—Knock-
ing within.*

Fer. Rodamant !

Rod. [*starting up.*]—Here ! I was asleep, but
this noise wak'd me.

Have you done with the ladies ?

[*Within.*]—Open the doors !

Enter Magician.

Mag. We are undone, my lords ! the king is
coming

In fury back again, with full resolve

To break these images. His son is slain,

And burnt to ashes since, in Milcho's house ;

And he will be revenged upon the gods,

He says, that would not save his dearest son :

I fear he will turn Christian. Archimagus

Is under guard, and brought along to see

This execution done. No art can save you !

Eth. We are lost too for ever, in our honours.

King. [*within.*]—Break down the temple doors !

Mag. He's come already! we are all lost,
madam!

Fer. Tear off these antique habits quickly; brother,

Do you the same. More blood upon our faces.—
[*They smear their faces with blood.*]

Oh, my Fedella, something may preserve us
To meet again.—Endarius, so, so. Open.

*Enter King, ARCHIMAGUS, and Guard; FEROCHEUS
and ENDARIUS confidently meet the King.*

King. Ha! keep off! more horrors to affright me?
I must confess I did command your deaths
Unjustly, now my son is murder'd for it.

Fer. Oh, do not pull more wrath from heaven
upon you.

Love innocence, the gods have thus revenged
In your son's tragedy. Draw not a greater
Upon yourself, and this fair island, by
Threat'ning the temples, and the gods themselves.
Look on them still with humble reverence,
Or greater punishments remain for you
To suffer, and our ghosts shall never leave
To fright thy conscience, and with thousand stings
Afflict thy soul to madness and despair.
Be patient yet, and prosper, and let fall
Thy anger on the Christians, that else
Will poison thy fair kingdom.

King. Ha! Archimagus,
Canst thou forgive me,
And send those spirits hence?

Arch. I can, great sir.—
You troubled spirits, I command you leave
The much distracted king; return, and speedily,
To sleep within the bosom of the sea,
Which the king's wrath, and your sad fates,
assign'd you;
And as you move to your expecting monument,

The waves, again, no frown appear upon you,
But glide away in peace.

Both. } We do obey,
 } Great priest, and vanish.

[*Exeunt End. and Fer.*

Eth. Are they gone, Fedella?

They talk of woman's wit at a dead lift;
This was above our brains; I love him for't,
And wish myself in's arms now, to reward him;
I should find him no ghost, o' my conscience.
But where shall we meet next?

Fed. Let us away. [*Exeunt Eth. and Fed.*

King. Art sure they are gone, Archimagus? my
fears

So leave me, and religion once again
Enter my stubborn heart, which dar'd to mutiny
And quarrel with the gods! Archimagus,
Be near again, we will redeem our rashness,
By grubbing up these Christians, that begin
To infect us, and our kingdom.

Arch. This becomes you;
And if you please to hear me, I dare promise
The speedy ruin of them all.

King. Thou'rt born
To make us happy. How, my dear Archimagus?

Arch. This island, sir, is full of dangerous ser-
pents,
Of toads, and other venemous destroyers:
I will from every province of this kingdom
Summon these killing creatures, to devour him;
My prayer, and power of the gods, fear not,
Will do't, by whom inspired, I prophesy
Patrick's destruction.

King. I embrace my priest;
Do this, and I'll forget my son, and die,
And smile to see this Christian's tragedy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* So, so! we are like to have a fine time on't. We may get more by every Christian we have the grace to catch, than by three months' pay against our natural enemies.

2 *Sold.* An their noddles be so precious, would all my kindred were Christians! I would not leave a head to wag upon a shoulder of our generation, from my mother's sucking pig at her nipple, to my great grandfather's coshering in the peas-straw.¹ How did that fellow look, whose throat we cut last?

1 *Sold.* Basely, and like a Christian; would the fellow they call Patrick had been in his place! we had been made for ever.

2 *Sold.* Now are we of the condition of some great men in office, that desire execution of the laws; not so much to correct offences, and reform the commonwealth, as to thrive by their punishment, and grow rich and fat with a lean conscience. But I have walk'd and talk'd myself a hungry; prithee open the secrets of thy knapsack; before we build any more projects, let's see what store of belly timber we have. Good! very good pagan food. Sit down, and let our stomachs confer awhile.

Enter RODAMANT, with the bracelet on his wrist, as invisible.

Rod. My royal love is roasted; she died of a

¹ To my great grandfather's coshering in the peas-straw.] A coshering is, I believe, a pet lamb.

burning fever; and since poison will not work upon me, I am resolved to look out the most convenient tree in this wood to hang myself; and because I will be sure to hang without molestation, or cutting down, which is a disparagement to an able and willing body, I will hang invisible, that no body may see me, and interrupt my hempen meditations. But who are these? a brace of man-killers a-munching: now I think what a long journey I am going, as far as to another world, it were not amiss to take provision along with me; when I come to the trick of hanging, I may weigh the better, and sooner be out of my pain.—Bracelet, stick to me.—By your leave, gentlemen, what's your ordinary?

1 Sold. Who's that?

Rod. A friend, my brace of Hungarians; one that is no soldier, but will justify he has a stomach in a just cause, and can fight tooth and nail with any flesh that opposes me.

2 Sold. I can see no body.

Rod. I will knock your pate, fellow in arms; and, to help you to see, open the eyes of your understanding with a wooden instrument that I have.

1 Sold. I see nothing but a voice; shall I strike it?

2 Sold. No, 'tis some spirit; take heed, and offend it not. I never knew any man strike the devil, but he put out his neck-bone or his shoulder-blade. Let him alone: it may be the ghost of some usurer that kick'd up his heels in a dear year, and died upon a surfeit of shamrocks and cheese-parings.

Enter EMERIA.

1 Sold. Who's this? a woman, alone!

2 Sold. And handsome. What makes she in this wood? we'll divide.

1 *Sold.* What, the woman?

2 *Sold.* No, I'll have her body, and thou shalt have her clothes.

Em. I know not where I am; this wood has lost me;

But I shall never more be worth the finding.

I was not wise to leave my father's house,
For here I may be made a prey to rapine,
Or food to cruel beasts.

2 *Sold.* No; you shall find that we are men.
What think you? which of us two have you most
mind to laugh and lie down withal?

Em. Protect me, some good Power! more
ravishers?

2 *Sold.* We are soldiers, and not used to com-
plement; be not coy, but answer.

1 *Sold.* We are but two; you may soon make a
choice.

Rod. You shall find that we be three: are you
so hot?

1 *Sold.* Come, humble yourself behind that tree,
or—

Em. Are you a man?

2 *Sold.* Never doubt it; I have pass'd for a man
in my days. [*Rod. strikes* 2 *Sold.*

2 *Sold.* Oh my skull!

1 *Sold.* What's the matter?

Em. Where shall I hide myself? [*Exit.*

Rod. Your comrade will expect your company
in the next ditch?

2 *Sold.* Are you good at that?

[2 *Sold. strikes the first, and Rod. both.*

1 *Sold.* What dost thou mean?

2 *Sold.* What do I mean! what dost thou mean,
to beat my brains out?

1 *Sold.* I? Hold, it is some spirit, and we fight
with the air.

Rod. Cannot a mare come into the ground; but you must be leaping, you stonehorses?

2 Sold. My skull is as tender as a mollipuff.

1 Sold. He has made a cullice of my sponce. Hold, dear friend.

2 Sold. Has the devil no more wit, than to take part against the flesh?

1 Sold. The devil may have a mind to her himself; let him have her.

2 Sold. If I come back, let me be gibb'd.

[*Exeunt reeling.*]

Rod. Now, lady—what, is she invisible too? Ha! well, let her shift for herself, I have tamed their concupiscence. Now to my business of hanging again.

Enter Spirit.

I do like none of these trees: the devil is at my elbow now; I do hear him whisper in mine ear, that any tree would serve, if I would but give my mind to't. Let me consider; what shall I get by hanging of myself? how!—it will be to no purpose, a halter will be but cast away. By your leave.—I would not have you much out of the way, because here are trees that other men may hold convenient.—Oh, my wrist! 'tis a spirit.—Sweet devil, you shall have it; the bracelet is at your service. [*unclasps the bracelet, which the Spirit takes, and exit.*—]—Have I all my fingers? a pox on his fangs! Now, o' my conscience, I am visible again; if the soldiers should meet with me now, whom I have pounded, what case were I in! I feel a distillation, and would be heartily beaten to save my life.—

Re-enter EMERIA, with CONALLUS.

Here's one, for aught I know, may be as dangerous. A pox of despair, that brought me hither to choose

my gallows! would I were at home in an embroidered clout!—I'll sneak this way. [*Exit.*]

Em. I am no ghost, but the same lost Emerica,
My lord, you left me.

Con. Did not the flames devour thee?

Em. I felt no flame, but that which my revenge
Did light me to, for my abused honour.

Con. Oh, say that word again; art thou re-
venged

Upon thy ravisher? it was a god,
Thou told'st me.

Em. But he found the way to death;
And when I name him, you will either not
Believe me, or compassion of his wounds
Will make you print as many in my breast:
He was——

Con. Say, fear not, wrong'd Emerica.
Can any heart find compassion for his death,
That murder'd the sweet peace of thy chaste
bosom?

Oh, never; I shall bless that resolute hand
That was so just, so pious; and when thou hast
Assur'd, that he which play'd the satyr with thee,
Is out o' the world, and kill'd sufficiently,
(For he that robb'd thee hath deserv'd to die,
To the extent of his wide sin,) I'll kiss,
And take thee in mine arms, Emerica,
And lay thee up as precious to my love,
As when our vows met, and our yielding bosoms
Were witness to the contract of our hearts.

Em. It was your brother Corybreus, sir:
That name unties your promise.

Con. Ha! my brother!

Sweet, let me pause a little, I am lost else.

Em. I did not well to enlarge his sorrow thus:
Though I can hope no comfort in this world,
He might live happy, if I did not kill him,
With heaping grief on grief thus.

Con. He is slain then?

Em. If you will, sir, revenge his death, you must
Point your wrath here, and I will thank you for't,
Though you should be a day in killing me,
I should live so much longer to forgive you.
This weak hand did not tremble when it kill'd him,
And it came timely to prevent, I fear,
The second part of horror he had meant
To act upon me.

Con. Would he had took my life,
When he assail'd thy chastity, so thou
Hadst been preserv'd! I cannot help all this.
Did it not grieve thee he deserv'd to die, ha?

Em. I took no joy, sir, in his tragedy.

Con. That done, thou fled'st.

Em. I left my father's house,
And found no weight hung on my feet for giving
His lust the bloody recompense.

Con. Thou art happy:
The gods directed thee to fly, Emerica,
Thou hadst been lost else, with my brother's ashes,
And my dear mother, whom the hungry flames
Devour'd, soon after thy departure.

Em. How!

Con. I know not by what malice, or misfortune,
Thy father's house was burn'd, and in it he
Did meet his funeral fire too.—Ha! Emerica!

Enter St. PATRICK, Queen, and Bard.

Bard. Your company's fair, but I'll leave you
in a wood. I could like your religion well; but
those rules of fasting, prayer, and so much penance,
will hardly fit my constitution.

St. P. 'Tis nothing, to win heaven.

Bard. But you do not consider that I shall lose
my pension, my pension from the king; there's a
business!

Queen. Do not I leave more?

Bard. I confess it, and you will get less by the bargain; but you, that have been used to hunger, and nothing to live upon, may make the better shift. The less you eat, you say, will make the soul fat; but I have a body will not be used so: I must drink, and go warm, and make much of my voice, I cannot do good upon water and sallads. Keep your diet-drink to yourselves, I am a kind of foolish courtier, Patrick; with us, wine and women are provocatives; long tables and short graces are physical, and in fashion.—I'll take my leave, madam; no Christian yet, as the world goes; perhaps hereafter, when my voice is aweary of me, I may grow weary of the world, and stoop to your ordinary, say my prayers, and think how to die, when my living is taken from me; in the mean time—

[*Sings.*

*I neither will lend nor borrow,
Old age will be here to-morrow;
This pleasure we are made for,
When death comes all is paid for:
No matter what's the bill of fare,
I'll take my cup, I'll take no care.*

*Be wise, and say you had warning,
To laugh is better than learning;
To wear no clothes, not neat is;
But hunger is good where meat is:
Give me wine, give me a wench,
And let her parrot talk in French.*

*It is a match worth the making.
To keep the merry-thought waking;
A song is better than fasting,
And sorrow's not worth the tasting:
Then keep your brain light as you can,
An ounce of care will kill a man.*

And so I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

434 ST. PATRICK FOR IRELAND. [Act V.

Con. Ha! do I see the queen, Emeria?

St. P. Alas, poor bard, the flatteries of this world

Have chain'd his sense: thus many self-loving natures,

Prison'd in mists and errors, cannot see

The way abroad that leads to happiness,

Or truth, whose beamy hand should guide us in it.

What a poor value do men set of heaven!

Heaven, the perfection of all that can

Be said, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,

Health, beauty, and all these not subject to

The waste of time, but in their height eternal,

Lost for a pension, or poor spot of earth,

Favour of greatness, or an hour's faint pleasure:

As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,

Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

Con. 'Tis she! and the good bishop Patrick with her.

St. P. Madam, the prince Conallus.

Con. Oh, let me kneel to you, and then to heaven,

That hath preserv'd you still to be my mother,

For I believe you are alive; the fire

Hath not defaced this monument of sweetness.

Queen. My blessing, and my prayers be still my child's.

It was the goodness, son, of holy Patrick,

That rescued me from those impris'ning flames

You speak of; his good angel was our conduct.

Con. To him that can dispense such blessings, mother,

I must owe duty, and thus kneeling, pay it:

May angels still be near you!

St. P. Rise, Conallus;

My benediction on thee; be but what

Thy mother is, a Christian, and a guard

Of angels shall attend thee too: the fire

We walk'd upon secure, and, which is greater,

'Scap'd the immortal flames, in which black souls,
After their ill-spent lives, are bound to suffer.

Con. Sir, you shall steer me, and my mother's
blest

Example will become my imitation :

But there's a piece of silent misery

Is worth your comfort, mother, and his counsel ;

She is, I dare not name how much dishonour'd,

And should have been the partner of my bosom,

Had not a cruel man forbid my happiness,

And on that fair and innocent table pour'd

Poison, above the dragon's blood, or viper's.

Em. My humblest duty, madam.

St. P. Dichu's cell

Is not far off ; please you attend the queen ;

We are bent thither.

Con. Yes ; and as we walk,

I'll tell you a sad story of my brother,

And this poor virgin.

St. P. Come, I'll lead the way.

Queen. With such a guide we cannot fear to
stray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Same.

*Enter FERROCHUS and ENDARIUS, in the same state
in which they quitted the Temple.*

Fer. Where are we yet, Endarius ?

End. I cannot

Inform you more, than that we are in the wood still.

Fer. And we are lost ; our fear to die i' the sight
Of men hath brought us hither with our blood,
To quench the thirst of wolves ; or, worse, to starve.

End. We are in no fear to be apprehended,
Where none inhabit.

Fer. Now that lust is punish'd
Which fed our hope, if we had staid i' the temple,
To have polluted it with foul embraces.
How weariness, with travel, and some fasting,
Will tame the flesh!

End. Stay, here's a cave.

Fer. Take heed,
It may be a lion or a fierce wolf's den.
How nature trembles at the thought of death,
Though it be press'd down with the weight of life!

End. I dare not enter; a new fear invades me.

Fer. The worst is welcome; with our clamour
rouze
Whatever doth inhabit here:—[*Aloud.*] Or man,
Or beast appear, if any such dwell in
This cave!—We can meet charity or death.

Enter DICHU in the dress of a hermit.

Dic. What voice with so much passion calls me
forth?

Ha! be my protection, good heaven!
My sons, my murder'd sons, with ghastly looks,
And bruised limbs! Why do you come to me thus,
To fright my wither'd eyes? 'Las! I was innocent;
It was the king, not I, commanded your
Untimely death. I have wept for ye, boys,
And constantly, before the sun awak'd,
When the cold dew-drops fell upon the ground,
As if the morn were discontented too,
My naked feet o'er many a rugged stone
Have walk'd, to drop my tears into the seas,
For your sad memories.

Fer. We are no spirits, but your living sons,
Preserv'd without the knowledge of the king,
By Archimagus, till a new misfortune

Compell'd us hither, to meet death, we fear,
In want of food.

Dic. Are ye alive? Come in,
It is no time to be inquisitive;
My blessing, I have something to refresh you,
Coarse fare, but such as will keep out sad famine.
Humble yourselves and enter,¹ my poor boys;
You'll wonder at the change; but we to heaven
Do climb, with loads upon our shoulders born,
Nor must we tread on roses, but on thorn.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

In front of Dichu's Cell.

Enter St. PATRICK, QUEEN, CONALLUS, and EMERIA.

St. P. Now we approach the hermit Dichu's
cell.—

Are you not weary, madam?

Queen. Not yet, father,
In such religious company.

St. P. You were not
Used to this travel.—How does my new son?
And sweet Emeria?

Con. I am blest on all sides.

Em. You have quieted the tempest in my soul,
And in this holy peace I must be happy.

St. P. You will be spouse to an eternal bride-
groom,
And lay the sweet foundation of a rule,
That after ages, with devotion,
Shall praise and follow.—You are, sir, reserv'd
To bless this kingdom with your pious govern-
ment:

¹ Humble yourselves and enter.] i. e. stoop. Shirley ap-
pears to have the cave of Bellarius in view. See *Cymbeline*.

Your crown shall flourish, and your blood possess
 The throne you shall leave glorious : this nation
 Shall in a fair succession thrive, and grow
 Up the world's académy, and disperse,
 As the rich spring of human and divine
 Knowledge, clear streams to water foreign king-
 doms ;

Which shall be proud to owe what they possess
 In learning, to this great all-nursing island.

Con. May we be worthy of this prophecy !

St. P. Discourse hath made the way less tedious.
 We have reach'd the cell already, which is much
 Too narrow to contain us ; but beneath
 These trees, upon their cool and pleasing shades,
 You may sit down ; I'll call upon my convert.—
 Dichu, my penitent, come forth, I pray,
 And entertain some guests I have brought hither,
 That deserve welcome.

Enter DICHU.

Dic. I obey that voice.

St. P. The queen, and prince, and Milcho's vir-
 tuous daughter,
 Gain'd to our holy faith.

Dic. Let my knee speak
 My duty, though I want words for my joy ;
 Ten thousand welcomes ! I have guests within too,
 You'll wonder to salute ; my sons, not dead,
 As we supposed ; by heavenly providence,
 I hope, reserved to be made blest by you.
 They are here.—

Enter FEROCHEUS and ENDARIUS.

Your duties to the queen and prince,
 Then to this man, next to our Great Preserver,
 The patron of us all.

St. P. A happy meeting !

I must rejoice to see you safe, and here ;
 But tell us by what strange means, all this while,
 You have been preserv'd? Sit down. [*Soft music.*]

Con. What music's this ?

Queen. 'Tis heavenly.

St. P. And a preface to some message,
 Or will of heaven. Be silent, and attend it.

[*They all sleep but St. P.*]

Such harmony as this did wait upon
 My angel Victor, when he first appear'd,
 And did reveal a treasure under ground,
 With which I bought my freedom, when I kept
 Unhappy Milcho's swine. Heaven's will be done.—
 What, all asleep already? holy dreams
 Possess your fancy!—I can [wake] no longer.

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter VICTOR, and other Angels.

SONG.

Vict. *Down from the skies,*
Commanded by the Power that ties
The world and nature in a chain,
We come, we come, a glorious train,
To wait on thee,
And make thy person danger-free :
Hark, whilst we sing,
And keep time with our golden wing,
To shew how earth and heaven agree,
What echo rises to our harmony !

Vict. *Holy Patrick, sleep in peace,*
Whilst I, thy guardian, with these
My fellow angels, wait on thee,
For thy defence : a troop, I see,
Of serpents, vipers, and whate'er
Doth carry killing poison, here
Summon'd by art, and power of hell ;
But thou shalt soon their fury quell,

*And by the strength of thy command,
These creatures shall forsake the land,
And creep into the sea ; no more
To live upon the Irish shore.*

Once more then.

SONG.

*Patrick, sleep ; oh, sleep awhile,
And wake the patron of this isle !*

[*Exeunt Vict. and Angels*

Enter King, ARCHIMAGUS, and Magicians.

Arch. Your person shall be safe ; fear not, great
sir,
I have directed all their stings, and poison.
See where he sleeps ; if he escape this danger,
Let my life, with some horrid circumstance,
End in this place, and carry all your curses.

Serpents, &c. creep in.

What think you of these creeping executioners ?
Do they not move, as if they knew their errand ?

King. My queen ! my son, Conallus ! Dichu !
ha !

And the still-wand'ring ghosts of his two sons !

Arch. They are alive, sir.

King. Ha ! who durst abuse us ?

1 Mag. Will you not have compassion of the
queen,

And the prince, sir ?

King. How met they to converse ?

Arch. They are all Christians.

King. Let the serpents then
Feed upon all, my powerful Archimagus.

St. P. [*waking.*]—In vain is all your malice, art,
and power

Against their lives, whom the great hand of heaven
 Deigns to protect. Like wolves, you undertake
 A quarrel with the moon, and waste your anger ;
 Nay, all the shafts your wrath directeth hither,
 Are shot against a brazen arch, whose vault
 Impenetrable sends the arrows back,
 To print just wounds on your own guilty heads.
 These serpents (tame at first and innocent,
 Until man's great revolt from grace releas'd
 Their duty of creation) you have brought,
 And arm'd against my life ; all these can I
 Approach, and without trembling, walk upon ;
 Play with their stings, which, though to me not
 dangerous,

I could, to your destruction, turn upon
 Yourselves, and punish with too late repentance.
 But you shall live ; and what your malice meant
 My ruin, I will turn to all your safeties,
 And you shall witness. — Hence, you frightful
 monsters !

Go hide, and bury your deformed heads
 For ever in the sea ! from this time be
 This island free from beasts of venemous natures.
 The shepherd shall not be afraid hereafter
 To trust his eyes with sleep upon the hills ;
 The traveller shall [from hence] have no suspicion,
 Or fear, to measure with his wearied limbs
 The silent shades ; but walk through every brake,
 Without more guard than his own innocence.
 The very earth and wood shall have this blessing,
 (Above what other christian nations boast,)
 Although transported where these serpents live
 And multiply, one touch shall soon destroy them.

[*The reptiles creep away.*]

King. See how they all obey him, Archimagus !

Arch. Confusion ! all my art is trampled on.
 Can neither man, nor beast, nor devil hurt him ?
 Support me, fellow priests ; I sink, I feel

The ground bend with my weight upon it. Ha!
 The earth is loose in the foundation,
 And something heavy as the world doth hang
 Upon my feet, and weigh me to the centre.
 A fire, a dreadful fire is underneath me,
 And all those fiends, that were my servants here,
 Look like tormentors, and all seem to strive
 Who first shall catch my falling flesh upon
 Their burning pikes. There is a Power above
 Our gods, I see too late. I fall! I fall!
 And in my last despair, I curse you all. [*Sinks.*]

King. Patrick, the king will kneel to thee.

St. P. Oh, rise,
 And pay to heaven that duty.

King. Canst forgive?
 Let me embrace you all, and freely give,
 What I desire from this good man, a pardon.
 Thou shalt no more suspect me, but possess
 All thy desires.—The ground is shut again:
 Where now is Archimagus?—How I shake,
 And court this Christian, out of fear, not love!—
 Once more visit our palace, holy father.—
 The story of your sons, and what concerns
 Your escape, madam, we will know hereafter:
 I' the mean time be secure.

End. } We are your creatures.
Fer. }

Omnes. Our prayers and duty.

St. P. I suspect him still;
 But fear not, our good angels still are near us:
 Death at the last can but untie our frailty.
 'Twere happy for our holy faith to bleed,
 The blood of martyrs is the church's seed.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

*Howe'er the dice run, gentlemen, I am
 The last man borne still at the Irish game.¹
 What say you to the Epilogue? may I stay,
 And boldly ask your verdict of the play?
 I would report the sunshine on your brow,
 And the soft language of the D'ye 't allow?
 Our labour and your story, native known,
 It is but justice to affect your own;
 Yet this is but a part of what our muse
 Intends, if the first birth you nobly use:
 Then give us your free votes, and let us style
 You patrons of the play, Him of the isle.*

¹ *The Irish game.*] A complicated kind of *back-gammon*. It was once very popular, and is noticed by most of our old dramatists. Instructions for playing it are given in the *Complete Gentleman*.



THE
CONSTANT MAID.



THE CONSTANT MAID.] This Comedy is not in the list of those licensed by the Master of the Revels, nor is there any thing to guide us to the exact time in which it first appeared on the stage; but I am induced to place it in its present order, from a persuasion that it was produced between the years 1636 and 1639, during the poet's absence in Ireland, as there is but one play by him (*the Royal Master*) licensed in that period. The title of the first 4to. is: "*The Constant Maid. A Comedy. Written by James Shirley. 1640.*" According to Langbaine, it was reprinted in 1667, with the following addition to the title: "*The Constant Maid, or Love will find out the Way; a Comedy acted at the New Play-house, called The Nursery, in Hatton-Garden.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hornet, *a rich usurer.*

Hartwell, *a young gentleman, lover of mistress Frances.*

Playfair, *a gallant ; nephew to sir Clement.*

Cousin to Playfair.

Sir Clement, *a justice.*

Startup, *a foolish gentleman, suitor to mistress Frances.*

Close, *servant to Hartwell.*

A Countryman.

Three discarded Servants to Hartwell, disguised as Lords.

Servant to justice Clement, disguised as a Pursuivant.

A Constable.

Three Watchmen.

Officers.

Servants and Attendants.

Bellamy, *a widow.*

Frances, *her daughter.*

Nurse to Frances.

Niece to Hornet.

Juno, Pallas, Venus, Cupid, King, and Soldier, characters in a masque.

SCENE, London ; and the fields adjoining.

THE
CONSTANT MAID.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street before Hartwell's House.

Enter HARTWELL, CLOSE, and three other Servants.

Hart. Nay, let's not part so heavily.

Close. For mine own part,
It does not trouble me so much, that you
Have broke up house ; for hospitality
Went out of fashion with crop-doublers [, sure,]
And codpieces : but I, that have worn out
So many liveries under the worshipful
Old gentleman, your father—

Hart. My father had an office, which brought in
A fair revenue ; I inherit but
His little land, whose annual profits will not
Encourage me to live at the same height.
You may meet better fortunes ; there's enough
Preferment in the world. My love and best
Assistance promise to yourselves.

Close. I do not
Stand upon wages, sir ; I will not leave you.

Hart. How wilt thou live ?

Close. As other mortals do ; yet I'll not play
The thief, that is a course by which a man

May soon ascend the ladder of preferment :
 But I ne'er lov'd these climbing trees. I cannot
 Cheat ; though I have heard there is an art,
 A devilish deal of knowledge, in the dice ;
 And if men will not part with money, some
 Will fetch it out o' the bones. But the best casting
 Is in a tavern, when the wine and reckoning
 Come up together ; some do spin a living by't.
 And there are many secret ways for servingmen
 To live ; it is not wages does maintain
 All of our tribe, sir, and especially
 Those that have mistresses.

Hart. But I am a bachelor.

Close. I pray let me be one of your buttons still,
 then,

I am not half worn out ; you know what mould
 I'm made off ; I did ever honest service :
 And though my fellow vermin can forsake
 Your falling house, I do not fear the rafters.
 By this hand, sir, I'll wait upon you, though,
 Like great men's servants, I do live on nothing
 But looks, and the air of commendations.

Hart. Well, since you are so resolute, attend
 me ;

The rest I here discharge : there's somewhat more,
 Not worth the name of bounty. [*gives them money.*]

—I wish all

A happier entertainment.

2 Serv. An there be

No remedy, heaven bless you, sir !

Close. Pray give me leave to wet my lips with
 these

My fellows ; sorrow has made but a dry proverb :
 I must to the tavern, and condole a quart.

Hart. Meet me at mistress Bellamy's then.

[*Exit.*

Close. I shall, sir.

Enter PLAYFAIR.

Play. How now, masters!

Close. You speak not

To me, sir; I am a servant still, indeed;
With them the case is alter'd, they are masters,
For they want services.

1 *Serv.* Oh, master Playfair.

2 *Serv.* It is not now as when Andrea lived.¹

3 *Serv.* This place was made for pleasure, not
for death.

1 *Serv.* There was a time when mortals whetted
knives.

2 *Serv.* In time of yore, when men kill'd brutish
beasts.

3 *Serv.* Oh cruel butcher, whosoe'er thou wert!

Close. Do not you know what all this signifies?

Play. Not I.

Close. My master has given over housekeeping.

1 *Serv.* He has

Committed burglary, broke up the cellar,
And thrown the kitchen out at the hall window.

Close. His house, sir, has a superscription,
And is directed "To his loving friend
Will pay the rent."

You'll hardly know me now, I have no fellow.

Play. You are very merry, sir.

2 *Serv.* He has some cause;
We are discharg'd.

Close. For certain, my master only
Belongs to me; if you would speak with him,
He's gone to mistress Bellamy's, sir;
In the mean time, please you to understand,
I, *Close*, follow my master, and shall feed still,
Although my fellows here are become blanks,
And do want filling.

¹ 2 *Serv.* *It is not now, &c.*] This, and the four following lines, are taken from the outcries of poor old Jeronymo, in the *Spanish Tragedy*.

Play. Lads, I have known you long :
 Although you be at loss, in confidence
 Of all your future honesties I'll employ you
 In a device, which, if it hit, may [chance]
 Reward your pains.

Close. All ?

Play. Your master only, sir, belongs to you ;
 Follow him still, and if there be occasion,
 I shall enquire for you.—You will be faithful ?

Servants. Doubt not, master Playfair.

Play. I have a project,
 Follow me for instructions.—Farewell, Close,
 Commend me to your master.

2 Serv. Bye, Close, bye, honest Close ; we are
 blanks, blanks. [*Exe. Play. and Servants.*]

Close. Roll up yourselves in paper liveries, and
 Be drawn at the next lottery ; I will not
 Forsake my certainty for all your projects.
 If it should fail, I shall find some of you
 Sneaking in Paul's behind a pillar, with
 A zealous prayer, some gentleman would read
 The bead-roll of your commendations,
 And pity a very serviceable fellow,
 That would fain wait on him, but wants a cloak.
 Go, prosper with your project. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in mistress Bellamy's House.

Enter HORNET, and mistress BELLAMY.

Hor. Widow, be ruled by me. I know the
 world,
 And I have studied it these fifty years :
 There's no man to be trusted.

Bell. Without good
 Security, you mean.

Hor. No young man, widow,

That talks, and says he loves you, writes you verses,
And swears he shall go hang himself, unless
You pity him ; take me an old man.

Bell. So!

Take you, an old man!

Hor. Season'd with care and thrift, not led away
By vicious conversation, nor corrupted
With pride and surfeit ; one that knows the use
Of money ; do you mark ? the use.

Bell. Yes, sir :

Use upon use, you mean.

Hor. And dares not spend it prodigally, knowing
The principal end it was ordain'd to, was
To relieve our necessity, and lay up
What is above.

Bell. To help the poor.

Hor. You may,
If you be so dispos'd ; but 'tis as commendable
To give it in your will, to build an hospital,
And so our charity comes altogether.
I would not have your state be eaten up
By caterpillars, but preserv'd, and made
Greater, by marrying some discreet old man.

Bell. And such an one you shew yourself.

Hor. You happily
Interpret me.

Bell. I would not tell you, sir,
Till our next meeting, how much you have won,
By your good counsel, on me.

Hor. She inclines.— [*Aside.*

'Tis your good nature ; I am plain, and have
No tricks ; I'll tell you all my fault : I am
Addicted very much to gather wealth ;
I have no children to devour my state,
Nor kindred, only a niece, left to my trust,
One that is never like to marry.

Bell. Why?

Hor. She never thrived since she came to me.

Bell. I easily believe it.

Hor. Melancholy

Will kill her; and yet I pursue all ways
That promise her delight: I spare no cost
Of physic; what her doctor says, is done.

Bell. 'Tis lovingly perform'd.

Enter HARTWELL, *and* mistress FRANCES.

Hor. What s he?

Bell. A gentleman that bears my daughter much
Affection.

Hor. Sure I have seen him.

Bell. Master Hartwell.

Hor. Oh, he's a beggar, or must be very shortly.

Bell. Have you his lands in mortgage?

Hor. Not yet, not yet; but he'll want money,
widow.

Bell. He has had good breeding.

Hor. Hang breeding! 'tis unlucky;
They never keep their state that have too much
on't.

Counsel your daughter, mistress Bellamy,
To throw him off betime.

Bell. You direct well.

Hor. When we are married, I'll provide a match
for her.

Bell. You have care of us.

Hor. It will become me.

Hart. Is he suitor to your mother, lady?

Fran. He would be such a thing. Were not I
blest

In such a jolly father-in-law?

Hart. He looks

Like some cast money-bag, that had given up
The stuffing, and for want of use grown mouldy:
He dares not keep much fire in's kitchen, lest
Warming his hands, which rather look like gloves,
So tann'd and thin, he let 'em scorch, and gather

Into a heep. I do not think he ever
Put off his clothes ; he would run mad to see
His own anatomy. That such a wretch
Should have so vast a wealth !

Fran. I would not be
His niece for all his fortune.

Hart. I presume
Your mother is more noble, than to encourage him
In his pretence ; and her estate would mix
But ill with his ill-gotten wealth, extorted
From widows and from orphans ; nor will all
His plenty keep his soul one day from famine.
'Tis time ill spent to mention him ; let's talk
Of something else.

Fran. Of what ?

Hart. Of love again,
Whose flame we equally divide.

Hor. Your table
Is a devourer ; and they shut up doors
First, that keep open house and entertainments.
This lord is feasted, and that young lady's
Sweet tooth must have a banquet ; t' other old
Madam, with ne'er a tooth, must have some march-
pane
Coral, to rub her gums withal : these are
Ridiculous expenses.

Bell. Far from thrift.

Hor. This room has too rich furniture, and worse
Hangings would serve the turn. If I may be
Worthy to counsel, costly pictures are
Superfluous, though of this, or t' other master's
Doing. Hang Michael Angelo and his oils !
If they be given, you're the more excus'd
To let them shew ; but have a care you let not
Appear, either in arras or in picture,
The story of the prodigal, 'twill fright
Young gentlemen that come to visit you
From spending of their portions, whose riot may

Enrich you with their forfeited estates.
I have a thousand precepts more.

Bell. But do not
Think all this while of heaven.

Hor. 'Tis in my chest,
And multiplied in every bag.

Bell. Or hell.

Hor. A fable to fright fools, or children. But
I cannot stay ; my scrivener doth expect me.
I'll visit you another time, sweet widow,
And give you more instructions.

Bell. Spare your travel,
I shall not practise these in haste, and must
Declare these precepts make not for your welcome :
My patience was a virtue all this while.
If you but think you have a soul, repent ;
Your rules I am not covetous to follow,
Good master Hornet.

Hor. Live and be undone then !
You'll tell me another tale hereafter, widow. [*Exit.*

Enter Nurse and CLOSE.

Nurse. Letters from master Startup, the coun-
try gentleman ! [*Gives letters to Bell.*

Hart. What's he ?

Fran. A suitor of my nurse's commendations.

Close. Now heaven deliver me, what have I
seen ?

This monster once was shewn i' the fair, or such
Another furr'd baboon, for all the world.—
Dost know him ? Why do I ask such a question ?
He's such a thing, the devil would not own's
Acquaintance.

Nurse. Master Hornet, the great usurer.

Close. Hornet ? Nay then, my wonder's over ; an
The devil be but such another, they

May be sworn brothers ; yes, and divide hell
Betwixt them.

Hart. Who is that you talk of, sir ?

Close. The beast that, heaven be thank'd, has
left you ;

Hornet ; but I have news for you.

Bell. Frances.

Hart. I'll hear it in the garden.

[*Exeunt Hart. and Close.*]

Bell. Do you love

That master Hartwell ? Do not blush, but answer.

Fran. I hope you move not this, as if you
doubted ;

I took him first, upon your character,
Into my good opinion.

Bell. But things alter :

What then I thought, I [then] deliver'd you ;

Nor since hath he deserv'd a less esteem

In his own person ; but the circumstance

Is not the same : his fortune I have examin'd,

Which rises not to such a value [as] I

Did apprehend ; and it becomes my care,

Being at one gift to depart with thee

And my estate, to look for one whose purse

May carry a proportion.

Fran. Make me not

Imagine you would wed me to a heap

Of shining dust, a golden bondage.

Bell. Nor

To penury ; his birth and education

Are not unworthy ; he's a handsome man too ;

But be not govern'd by your eye too much :

Children and age pursue, and many storms

Hover about our frail conditions ;

All these must be provided for. They're not kisses

Will arm you against winter ; therefore, confident

Of your obedience, I propound another

To your best thoughts.

Fran. Oh my unhappiness !

Bell. A country gentleman of spreading fortunes,
 Young too, and not uncomely ; for his breeding,
 It was not spun the finest ; but his wealth,
 Able to gild deformity, and make
 Even want of wit a virtue, when your life
 Renders itself more sweet by your command.
 His name is master Startup, whom I expect
 Our guest to-morrow ; that's his letter, read it.

[Gives her a letter.

This may seem strange at the first coming toward
 you ;

But when discretion comes to examine what
 A fruitful consequence attends it, you
 Will thank me for't.

Fran. But with your pardon, mother,
 Although I could dispense with my own thoughts,
 And frame them to obedience, will this change
 Be for my honour, or my fame, when such
 A noble gentleman shall boast he had,
 With your consent, my love ? Or pray admit,
 That which we gain by riches of the second
 Seem to authorize, and may justify
 The act with some, how can it cure the wound
 Which the poor heart which loves, shall find too
 soon,

When 'tis neglected, and so cruelly,
 Where it did hope for cherishing ? Oh, think
 How you did love my father first, and be
 More gentle to your daughter. Your estate
 Is above needy providence, or grafting
 Into a new stock ; it doth grow already
 Fair from his own root, and doth want no piecing :
 Nor are the means of Hartwell so contemptible.

Bell. No more ; [when] you've consider'd well,
 you'll shape
 Another answer ; i' the mean time, dispose
 Your countenance to entertain this new
 And able lover ; leave the satisfaction

Of Hartwell to my care. — He's here; to your chamber. [Exit Frances.

Re-enter HARTWELL and CLOSE.

Close. I know not what's the trick on't; nor themselves yet;
But he has a project to employ them all.

Hart. I wish it well; but do you work yourself into the opinion of her nurse; she is the major-domo, and has all the intelligence.

Close. Let me alone; I'll work her, sir, like wax, to print what form you please upon her. 'Tis a loving crone already to me; I will speak her fair, and in my drink may marry her.

Bell. Master Hartwell.

Hart. About your business. [Exit Close.

Bell. There is a matter, sir, which I must open, and you, perhaps, will wonder at.

Hart. You [do] prepare my attention.

Bell. You do love my daughter, at least I think so.

Hart. If you knew my heart, you might be confident, in her I sum all my desires on earth.

Bell. Be not so fix'd.

Hart. How, lady?

Bell. When you have heard me out, you'll find your consent easy to call back a promise made to your disadvantage.

Hart. I acknowledge this makes me wonder; pray interpret, lady, and speak the dialect I understand: I love your daughter.

Bell. But must never glory in the reward, which you expect should be, her marriage.

Hart. In the number of my actions
There is not one that's guilty of so much
Offence to you, that I should be so soon
Lost to your favour.

Bell. Have no thought so poor
You can deserve less ; my opinion
Is richer laden with your merit.

Hart. Now
I fear again : this violent turn of praise
Makes me suspect my state ; if I be fall'n,
Teach me to know my trespass.

Bell. I ne'er look'd
With such clear eyes into your worth, and 'twere
A sin to general goodness, to delay
The free resign of that your worth may challenge.

Hart. If this be meant, pray pardon my mistake
Of something went before, love made me fear ;
You said I never should enjoy your daughter
In marriage, which yourself so late inclined to.

Bell. And must again repeat, you cannot call
Her bride.

Hart. Can you forbid this happiness,
And love me ?

Bell. Yes, so dearly, Hartwell, I
Present myself to thy affection.

Hart. You fright my understanding.

Bell. Does the name
Of widow sound displeasing ? I have learn'd
Already to obey ; my years are not
So many, with the thought, to freeze your blood.
I wear no print of time deep in my brow ;
[Nor] have my hairs the innocence of age,
To speak me twice a child. Gentlemen, active
And of great birth, have courted my affection,
And, if they flatter not, commend my person ;
Add unto this my wealth, no narrow fortune,
And without competition, my daughter
Depending on my love, whose portion must

Flow from my bounty, or be nothing. Make
 A sober apprehension of this tender,
 And think I was not able to suppress
 My silent flame, increas'd still by your virtues :
 This minute give all hopes up for my daughter,
 I can admit no rival ; 'tis within
 Your [own] election to be happy, sir.
 My love accepted comes with fair attendance ;
 Denied, you hasten your own exile. Think on't ;
 I will expect your answer. [Exit.

Hart. I am destroy'd.

Was it her mother that spake all this while ?—
 As pilgrims, by mistake of some small path,
 Having told many weary steps, at night,
 When their hopes flatter them, they are not far
 From some kind entertainment, find themselves
 Lost in a wilderness ; so am I miserable :
 Thus Love delights to wound, and see us bleed ;
 He were a gentle god to kill indeed. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in mistress Bellamy's House.

Enter CLOSE and Nurse.

Close. A word of thy mouth does it ; I am weary
 Of these indentures. Like a fool, I was
 In hope he should have married mistress Frances.

Nurse. A beggar ! she his wife ! no ; master
 Startup,
 Whom I preferr'd, must carry her ; he's a man
 Of lands and money ; I must tell you by
 The way, he is little better than a fool.

Close. The fitter for her husband, and my master.

Nurse. You're in the right, he's innocent to your hands ;

You may soon come to manage his estate.

Close. Which if I do, thou shalt have all.

Nurse. All what ?

Close. Why, all that I can beg, borrow, or steal From him. What should he do with so much riches ?

I'll prompt my mistress, after the first year, To put him to his pension ; he should pay For's very diet ; and after a month or two, For every time he comes aloft.

Nurse. Nay, I would wish her to begin betimes. If she do mean to rule the roast, I can Give her some documents ; and be you sure To stick close to your mistress, there is something To be got that way.

Enter behind HARTWELL and PLAYFAIR.

Close. My most exquisite Varges,¹ How I do love thy documents ! But he's here ; I'll not be seen with thee. Farewell ; we'll talk The rest at night over a sack-posset. [*Exit Close.*

Nurse. I will use this advantage to o'erhear them. [*Retires.*

Play. You tell me strange things. Is it possible The widow herself loves you ?

Hart. Would I had But reason to suspect !

Play. Possible ! Turn'd colt again ? This love will kill us all. And can she make no choice, but where her daughter

¹ *Close.* *My most exquisite Varges,*] An allusion probably to good man Varges in Shakspeare ; but the humour of it is not very apparent ; for the nurse is no blunderer. In Hartwell's speech, there is some obscurity of expression ; but it seems to mean, would I had cause for *suspicion only* ; but 'tis *certain*.

Has the same longing? Not her dancing days
Done yet! Why there's no remedy; you must love
her.

Hart. And violate my faith made to her daughter?

Play. Thou wilt not be so much an infidel,
To think I mean thou shouldst forsake the wench.
Tell me the mother a fine tale of love,
Print kisses on her paper lip, and hug
Her reverend body; any thing but lie with her:
Write sonnets on the ivory tooth afore,
Swear she does cough distinctly, get a rhyme
To bless her when she sneezes, and cry up
The method of her nose, which sweats, and falls
So perpendicular upon her face!
Admire the wart upon her chin, and motion
Of her blue eyes, that look three ways at once;
Praise her above thy reason, or her daughter,
And then she will believe thou may'st be mad for
her.

Hart. Is this the way to do me good? She
comes

Too fast on me already.

Play. Let her fly to thee,
Thou may'st clip her wings the sooner; this secures
thee.

Should you hold off, and play the modest creature,
Nay, but deny, as maids do, when they love it,
And bending of your hams, cry, *No, forsooth!*

Profess, with coxcomb-like civility,
You are not worthy of her carnal favours,

She may believe it, and in very spite

Marry her daughter to a citizen.

Or, should you be so mad, to think to win her
To your first choice, with howling out your passion

For mistress Frances, 'plaining how don Cupid
Hath scarified your heart, you may go hang yourself.

Go to the barber's, let him firk your hair up,

Or get a perriwig; wash your sullen face,

And starch your infant upper lip, to look
Like one that would run desperate on a widow.

Nurse. Precious conspiracy!

Play. This is the way.

At leisure you may tell your maiden mistress,
Like Jove, you have put another shape on,
To cheat the beldam Juno.

Nurse. Foul-mouth'd rascal!

Hart. I apprehend; thou'st given me good
counsel;

I'll watch the first occasion, to assure
I have preferr'd her in my heart already.

Nurse. I'll conjure up a cross plot, and that
quickly,

Shall mar your mirth, and pay your fine dissembling
As it deserves, my confident love-gamester. [*Exit.*

Play. I'll take my leave then. You have no
other service

To use my stay? I have a project, Hartwell,
That must not be neglected.

Hart. May not I
Communicate?

Play. Thou art engaged to wait
Upon thine own affairs, or I should trouble thee
To be an actor in't; thou knowest old Hornet?

Hart. He is a suitor to the widow, and,
After the rate we cast the plot, my rival.

Play. I'll rival him! he smothers a poor gentle-
woman

At home with sea-coal, and allows her no
More light than serves to read [i' the] painted cloth
The exposition of the harlot's story.—²

Hartwell, I love her, and before her father died,
We interchang'd our hearts; 'tis here [, my friend,]
To free her from that slavery she lives in
Under the iron-hearted jailor, else

² *The harlot's story.*—] i. e. what Hornet calls just before,
the story of the Prodigal.

I shall repent my aim. He broods upon
 Her portion still, but I have a trick may spoil
 His hatching of young bags : thou shalt know all
 Hereafter. To the widow, Hartwell.—I am
 For state affairs ; be faithful, and pray for me.
 We must be bold ; farewell ! if something hit,
 We'll laugh in spite of Dives and the devil. [*Exit.*]

Enter STARTUP, *mistress* BELLAMY, *mistress* FRANCES, HARTWELL, CLOSE, and Nurse.

Close. This is the thing, sir, that must carryaway
 The garland ; they have given him a cup
 Or two of sack—and has the prettiest humour !
 He does so whistle out his complement :
 He wears his feather like the captain of
 A country team, and would become a horse-collar
 Rarely ; I do not think, but were he put to't,
 With little switching he would draw the cart well.

Start. Sweet lady, I'm your humble servant ;
 'tis well known what I am, where I live ; my father
 died since I was of age, and left me, thank him, a
 younger brother's portion.

Bell. A younger brother !

Start. I know, sweet lady, what you'd say,—my
 father had no more children ;—but I must speak
 modestly of my estate. I have land, I know,
 enough for two or three wives ; I have a horse
 in town ; your daughter, if [she] please, shall ride
 behind me.—Sweet lady, did you ever see the
 country ?

Fran. What country, sir ?

Start. Why, any country living. Sweet lady, I
 am your humble servant ; if you affect hawking,
 hunting, or drinking, there be good fellows will
 bear you company ; but you have better sack.
 Sweet lady, is there good tobacco in London ?

Close. Virginia tobacco grows here, sir.

Start. Sweet sir, I am your humble servant.

You seem to be a gentleman, will you fetch me a pipe? There's half a piece, an I be not troublesome.—Perhaps, sweet lady, 'twill offend you?—Then let it alone.

Close. A very precious widgeon : gramercy sack !

Start. [dances.]—*Ta la la la lero, &c.*

Fran. You dance well, sir.

Nurse. He has a strong back, I warrant him.

Start. Sweet lady, is this your daughter?

Close. Ask that now?

Bell. I was her mother, sir.

Start. That may be, too. What gentleman is that?—Sweet sir, I am your humble servant likewise.

Hart. You are too humble, sir, to stoop so low ; It would become my duty.

Start. Sweet sir, 'tis all one ; a leg or an arm is not cast away among friends. I am a country gentleman ; all the world knows, sweet sir, I have no business in town.

Bell. I thought you came to see my daughter.

Start. That may be, too, sweet lady ; pray uncase me. I honour your fair daughter ; for I know, as well as another, what belongs to a gentlewoman : she's not the first, sweet lady, I have loved i' the way of matrimony.

Hart. Were you ever married?

Start. Sweet sir, no ; all men are not alike.

Hart. For some are fools.

Start. Sweet sir, I do confess it ; but wit is never good till it be bought. They say there are good wits in town ; I have brought money o' purpose with me for it ; if any will sell me a pennyworth, I'll give him a hundred pieces, 'cause I would carry a little down into the country.

Hart. Is there

A dearth, sir, in your country?

Start. Sweet sir, no ; there's plenty.

Close. Of wild oats; I heard you had much to sow still.

Start. My servants have, sweet sir; but 'tis all one. This lady shall be lord o' the soil: I would not give any man sixpence for a bushel of money. I am a gentleman, my father was a yeoman; but, sweet lady, howsoever, I'm your's, and every limb is at your service; my hands shall walk, my feet shall run.

Fran. Away, away!

Start. By this gold they shall.

Close. He keeps his oath.

Start. Not run? My grandfather was a nobleman's footman, and indeed he ran his country; my father did outrun the constable.

Close. And he, sweet lady, being his father's issue, must run naturally.

Start. If I live.

Close. He'll run himself out of all.

Start. Not run, sweet lady! If you have occasion to use me, I will not stand upon my feet.

Fran. No! sir.

Start. Nay, I will not stand upon my head, sweet lady, to do you a courtesy.

Fran. That were the clean contrary way.

Bell. Please you, a sorry dinner stays for you.

Start. Sweet lady, I am your servant. Will this gentleman dine with us?

Bell. I'll prevail with master Hartwell.

Close. Do you know what you have done? he's your rival: invite him!

Start. Sweet sir, I invite nobody; if you love any body here—

Hart. What then?

Start. Sweet sir, I shall not take it kindly; I do not use to quarrel.

Close. But when you're beaten: lay him o'er the face, he shall not wrong you.

Start. Sweet sir, 'tis dinner-time.—Fair lady.
 [Exeunt all but *Close*.

Close. I had a great mind to have him beaten ;
 But he's not valiant but at meals. Would I
 Were hired to beat him handsomely after dinner,
 And make him thank me for't ! I'll have a plot
 Upon your precious body, my *sweet sir*. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room in Hornet's House.

*Enter HORNET, and PLAYFAIR'S Cousin, disguised
 like a doctor.*

Hor. You tell me wonders, sir.

Co. I tell you truth.

Alas ! you know I have no ends of profit,
 I practise not for wealth.

Hor. You're virtuous ;
 For that you were commended, sir, to me :
 You have a conscience, and will not take
 Fees for a complement, nor make poor your friends,
 To enrich apothecaries.

Co. I have cur'd
 Her melancholy ; but she's o' t' other side now ;
 Extreme[ly] merry, dance and song, all air.

Hor. 'Tis strange, methinks ; nothing but extre-
 mities !

Good master doctor, could you not have spared³
 Her t'other leaden humour ?

Co. Sir, I could not

³ For *spared*, the old copy reads *pared*. I cannot be sure that I understand the passage now ; but Hornet seems to ask, whether his niece's bodily disease might not have been removed, without meddling with her confirmed melancholy ?

Kill the malignity of her melancholy
 Another way; extremities must be cur'd
 With extreme applications My next work
 Shall be to abate this levity of her brain,
 And qualify her spleen, sir, by degrees;
 So state her body in that modest temper
 She was possess'd of.

Hor. I complain'd before
 Of quietness, now she's all noise and madness,
 By your description.

Co. You must have patience
 A month or so; she is not mad, but merry,
 Some few vagaries; you must understand
 I have open'd, sir, her fancy, wherein lay
 All her imaginations confused,
 And on a heap, smother'd for want of vent;
 And now the spirits that were imprisoned
 Rush out, which causes all her faculties,
 Before oppress'd, to exercise so strangely;
 As the agitation of her tongue will manifest.
 She's here.

Enter Niece.

Niece. Uncle, how does your body? you appear
 As lean as Lent. I've a great mind to dance
 About a May-pole; shall we?

Hor. She is mad.

Niece. This doctor has so tickled me,
 I cannot choose but laugh; ha! ha!
 Uncle, if you'll procure a dispensation
 To marry me yourself, deduct the charge
 Out of my portion; I could love an old man
 Rarely.—*An old man with a bed full of bones.*—

[Sings.

Uncle, when did you put on a clean shirt?
 Do you hear? I dreamt o' the devil last night;
 They say 'tis good luck; do you know him, uncle?

Hor. I know the devil!

Niece. He's a fine old gentleman,
 And something like you ; no such bug-bear as
 The world imagines ; you and he'll keep house
 Together one day ; but you'll burn sea-coal,
 To save charges, and stink the poor soul so !—
 Uncle, you are not merry ; I pray laugh
 A little : imagine you had undone a widow,
 Or turn'd an orphan begging ; ha ! ha ! ha !
 Faith, how many churches do you mean to build
 Before you die ? six bells in every steeple,
 And let them all go to the city tune,—
Turn again, Whittington,—who, they say,
 Grew rich, and let his land out for nine lives,
 'Cause all came in by a cat. But let me counsel you
 To die at all adventures ; great men do't
 In policy.

Hor. Why does she talk of dying ? She's stark
 mad !

Could you not put into the next receipt
 Something to make her sleep well ? Opium
 In a good quantity, they say, will do't.

Co. I'll so proportion it, she shall never wake ;
 I did it for a merchant's wife last week,
 Which loved a knight : a great man, not long since,
 Was weary of his countess, and I cur'd him
 So artificially of his disease.

Hor. She hears.

Co. But collects nothing ; all her senses are
 scatter'd.

Niece. Stay ; you shall give towards the build-
 ing of a church

Nothing ; [but] see the money first laid out
 That's given already ; it were sin and pity
 To abuse the dead :—but 'tis no matter, uncle,
 You'll be as famous for pulling down the parish,
 The church will fall of itself, *With ding dong*
bell.—

Why did they put the poor fellow in prison ? [Sings.]

Hor. Whom? what fellow?

Niece. Why, the corn-cutter.

Poor gentleman! he meant no hurt to the city;
His feet were very weary, and that made him
In every street cry out, *Have you any corns*
In your head or toes?—That head spoil'd all.

Enter 4 Servant, disguised as a Pursuivant.

4 Serv. Which is master Hornet?

Hor. Ha! with me?

4 Serv. A word, sir.

Niece. Prithee, what's he? He comes to bor-
row money
On his wife's wedding-ring, or his child's whistle.
You may see by his nose he has no land, he looks
As a hawk; what do you dream on?
What lady's tympany is your next cure?
Or whose stale body must be rectified
Next with a clyster?

4 Serv. There is no disputing; I must attend
you.

Hor. I am sent for by a pursuivant to his high-
ness.

Alas! I am undone, I never saw him;
How should he know me, a poor wretch?

Co. Is't not some complaint, think you?

Hor. That's my fear;

There be too many knaves i' the world, and a man
Cannot grow rich, but one state-surgeon or other
Must practise on his purse: before this judge
A vein is open'd; in the other court,
So many ounces he must bleed again.
Let me see; all the treason I committed
Is, that I shifted houses; for I took
Delight to cozen him of his subsidies.
I always live obscurely, to avoid
Taxations; I never pay the church

Her superstitious tithes, nor come to trouble
 Sermons, for fear of homilies before,
 That beg for burning

[*Aside.*

Niece. Why, how now, uncle, is your scrivener
 broke,

You talk such lamentation ?

Hor. I am sent for

To the king, niece, and shall be made a beggar
 As I was born ; I see my chattels seiz'd,
 This chest is ransack'd, and that bag deflower'd,
 My door seal'd up, and with this hungry mes-
 senger

I am already marching to the Fleet.

Niece. Nay, an you be at that ward, I must
 leave you.

Farewell.—

Pray do not lift my uncle too hard ; and so
 I leave you both to the mercy of the bear-garden.

Co. Best make fast her chamber.

Hor. Ay, ay —Cursed dog!

Co. Will not some money qualify your haste ?

4 *Serv.* Deal in your own affairs.— Will you
 go, sir ?

Hor. Go ! I must go.

Co. I'll take my leave ;

Have comfort, sir ; this cloud may soon blow over.

[*Exit.*

Hor. Yes, when I am blown up.
 I read imprisonment in his very looks,
 And all my gold confiscate.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in mistress Bellamy's House.

Enter Nurse and STARTUP.

Nurse. I heard her say she would walk up to her chamber ;
The trick was but to teach him whither he
Should follow ; who as nimbly apprehended,
To acquaint her with his new affections.
I do this for your good, that mistress Frances,
Whom I'll send to you presently, may be
Convinced in Hartwell's falsehood, and transplant
Her love on you.

Start. This will be excellent ;
So we shall strangle him in his own noose,
And he ne'er know who hurt him.

Nurse. I'll lose no time ; you know my instructions.

Start. I had almost forgot ; there is a cast of
angels more. [*Gives her money.*]

Nurse. They are not cast away.

Start. If thou dost fear they'll drown, Nurse,
I can can give thee lighter ; I have some want
weight.

Nurse. If you have an evil angel about you, your
business will thrive better when 'tis departed.

Start. There. [*Gives her more money.*]

Nurse. Now all the good ones wait upon your
worship. [*Exit.*]

Start. These things that go to and again must
have
Their fees, they'll never speak in [the] cause else.—

Enter FRANCES.

Save you, sweet lady!

Fran. Kind master Startup!

Start. Yes, I am kind, if you knew all; but you
are

Deceiv'd in somebody; love, and love your heart
out,

The party does not care a button for you.

Fran. What party?

Start. No, I am a fool, a country clod, sweet
lady,

Not worth one of your shoe-ties! no, not I;

I do not know who makes an ass of you!

Fran. How, sir!

Start. A gull, a coxcomb! I am asham'd you
have

So little wit. Tell me, and tell me truly,

Who loves this face of your's besides myself?

Fran. Although it were immodest to commend it,
I must thus far, in gratitude to nature,
Acknowledge it no monster; I have seen
One more deform'd.

Start. Sweet lady, I know that;

A worse face would become the country; nay,

There are but fifteen women in the parish

I live in, of which twelve are counted witches,

And wear beards. But it troubles me, sweet lady,
You should be such an owl—

Fran. This is coarse language.

Start. Not to see who abuses you. Oh, I could
now

Find in my heart to baste you, baste you soundly:

You think [now] master Hartwell loves you.

Fran. I

Believe he hates me not.

Start. You lie!

Fran. Good words.

Start. You lie most basely; he affects your mother.

Fran. My mother!—This fool's mad.

Start. I would it were

The fashion for women to wear swords!

Fran. What then?

Start. I'd breathe you into a little understanding.

I say again,—and she is the son of darkness
Denies it,—master Hartwell loves your mother.

Fran. I hope he does.

Start. Oh, I could kick your ignorance.

He does love her in the way of matrimony,
And makes a property of you; I'll justify it.

Fran. It is impossible.

Enter behind HARTWELL and mistress BELLAMY.

Start. Do you know that couple?

Step behind the hangings, and you may
Both hear and see: I say no more, sweet lady;
I am a rustic puppy, and know nothing!

[*Fran. and Start. retire.*]

Hart. I have consider'd perfectly; and if
You will vouchsafe me hearing, dare pour forth
My heart, which, full of love, tenders itself
To your acceptance. I acknowledge, lady,
My passions are but young; for could I hope
You should with so much favour look upon me?

Bell. But may I credit this?

Hart. But [to] suspect

Were an injustice to my faith, which looks
Upon your virtue with as much religion
As love is able to receive. Your age
Hath struck a reverence into my eye;
And what you want of youth and spring upon you,
Your wisdom richly satisfies: those characters
Which time hath writ upon your careful forehead,

Are but his virtue and your ornament,
 When it shall come to pass, by your example,
 That youth shall be esteem'd an infancy,
 And women never ripe for love or marriage
 Without your age upon them : 'tis a fault,
 That men, not guided by the track of reason,
 But heat and wantonness of blood, run giddy
 To seal such weighty covenants ; better 'twere
 The world should end in our virginities,
 Than spin itself more length by inconsiderate
 And hasty marriages.

Bell. Have you already
 Retriev'd the affection that pursu'd my daughter ?
 Shall I believe no seed of love remains,
 Which may grow up and ripen, with repentance
 For this exchange ? I do allow you, sir,
 The consideration of my fortune, which
 Might of itself incline you to accept me.

Hart. That is but an attendant ; as you use it,
 I must confess, a welcome one ; although
 The mind is the first beauty, which true love
 Aspires to, when 'tis waited on with person
 And estate, it comes with greater privilege
 To win upon's. I do not wish you, lady,
 Rashly believe what I profess, but measure
 My service by the trial ; I'll expect,
 And write your smiles a competent reward,
 Till time and your command demonstrate me,
 Although not equal to your full deservings,
 Yet one that has ambition to be thought
 Not too unworthy.

Bell. And I guess, ere long,
 Such an occasion will present itself.

Hart. Till then, have Hartwell in your loving
 memory,
 Who wishes no more happiness of life,
 Than to be call'd your's.

[*Exeunt Hart. and Bell.—Start. and Fran.
 come forward.*]

Fran. What have I understood?

Start. Will you believe me another time, sweet lady?

If I loved you not, what would become of you?

Fran. It is not he; some devil does but cozen us,
And mock our sense with these fantastic bodies.
Hartwell!

Start. Nay, 'tis the man; I hope you'll be converted,

And think a country gentleman worth favour,
That brought you to this knowledge. I deserve—

Fran. My curses for this black discovery!
When as before 'twas not impossible
In time I might be brought to pity thee;
Henceforth I'll look upon thee as my sins,
And beg as much forgiveness, that I knew thee.

Start. Nay, do you but hear.

Fran. Die quickly, and be forgotten.

Start. This is very fine i' faith, sweet lady.

Fran. My mother! oh my fate!—See me no more,

And I'll forgive thee.

[*Exit.*

Start. Thank you, most sweet lady.

Is my discovery come to this? I'd better
Have been tongue-tied. Curse me, and call me
her sins!

And see her no more! why this is worse and worse;
I must suck better counsel from the nurse. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Nurse and STARTUP.

Nurse. Fie, fie! I am asham'd of you! a gentleman

Of your high promising, and be put off
So slightly!

Start. Why, nurse, what would you have me do?

Nurse. Do? I would have you do something; a man

Of your ability, and cannot turn
And wind a woman!

Start. You would not have wish'd me
To have put her to't behind the hangings?

Nurse. You should have been round with her.

Start. I was round with her; I call'd her *ass*,
and *coxcomb*,

And twenty more [such] names; unless I should
Have call'd her *whore*, I could not be more round
with her.

Nurse. I do not mean that way.

Start. And she call'd me—

I thank her—

Nurse. What?

Start. Why, no worse than *her sins*; heaven
forgive her!

She has the more to answer; nay, she did
Not stick to bid me die too, in that desperate
Estate.

Nurse. Come, you shall take another course.

Enter CLOSE.

Close. What ails my master's sweetheart? [is] she frightened?

I met, and ask'd her for my master, and
She turn'd tail like a hound had lost the scent.
There's something in the wind.—My three-piled
worship,

Are you there, with my lady o' the larder?
Now, in that posture, do not they two look like
A fine brick house and a thatched barn in the
country,

Laying their heads together? They have spied
me.

Nurse. Come hither, *Close*.—Nay, he's faithful,
and one that

Has a desire to serve you; you may trust him.

Close. Your worship may trust me abed with—I
Have had an itch this great while, sir, a kind
Of longing, to be one of your appurtenances.

I have some faults, and I'll confess them; I have
A humour now and then, when I am ask'd
A question, to tell true, though I be chid for't;
And I do not love blows; you may sooner beat
My brains out, than a word of flattery.

I cannot batten upon commendation,
Without my wages, nor be valiant

Upon small beer. I am not overmuch

Given to be drunk, but I've a trick o' the Dutch-
man,

To do your business as well drunk as sober:

I have not impudence enough to pimp

For you, but I have a gift I can say nothing.

I was born upon Shrove Tuesday, and shall be

Now and then given to rebellion:¹

¹ *I was born upon Shrove Tuesday, and shall be*

Now and then given to rebellion:] Close alludes to the

My flesh will once a year rise at a chambermaid ;
 If none such take me down, I shall, in malice,
 And deep revenge, fling out upon May-day,
 Among the prentices, without fear or wit.

Start. I like this humour.

Nurse Nay, he has a sconce,
 And shall be of our counsel.—Look you, Close,
 There is a plot to help this gentleman
 At night, when they're abed -- And if you went
 To bed betimes, to avoid suspicion,
 'Twere ne'er the worse ; I'll say you are not well.—
 Do you mark ? this honest gentleman shall be
 Let into mistress Frances' bed-chamber.

Close. Without her knowledge ?

Nurse. You shall only attend,
 To give him notice from me when to come ;
 And watch about the house, he may get off
 Without discovery ; this is all.

Close. So, so !

I shall not keep the door !

Nurse. I can do that.

Close. Let me alone to give you notice who
 Stirs about [the] house.

Enter HARTWELL.

Nurse. Away ! 'tis master Hartwell ;
 We'll not be seen together.

[*Exeunt Nurse and Start.*]

Close. Go your ways,
 A foolish knave and bawd, that do want nothing
 But carting ! I would sooner see that triumph,
 Than all the pageants a day after Simon
 And Jude, when the fine city goes a feasting.—

turbulent conduct of the city apprentices on this holiday. It is noticed by all our old dramatists. See Jonson, vol. iii. p. 352.

Oh, sir! I have news;—yes, they are gone;—
 [*looking out.*]—brave news!

Your gentlewoman can hold out no longer;
 This night [, sir,] there will be a stratagem:
 Old madam hump-a-pump, the nurse, has promis'd
 To admit the country gentleman, when all are
 Abed, into her chamber; yes, your mistress['s.]
 I'm o' the plot, to lie perdu, and give
 The word, if any firelock approach
 The rest.¹ Imagine, if he have not art to
 Persuade her to the feat with him, yet there
 Be tricks, and he may be surpris'd in the chamber,
 And she may be compell'd to marry him, in
 Her own defence; there have been such devices.

Hart. Does [she] consent?

Close. She is betray'd to't, sir.

Hart. Then thou wilt be so base?

Close. An I had meant it,

I ne'er had told you this. Can you make use
 Of this intelligence?

Hart. Thou art my honest servant.

Close. I promis'd to be his.

Hart. I have it. Canst,

By any means, procure me but his clothes?

Close. With ease; he'll go to bed betimes, to
 avoid

Suspicion; that's a part of our design.

Hart. I could not wish a happ[er] oppor-
 tunity,

To try how she affects this gaudy fool,
 And clear my faith to her, which her mother's
 watch

Will not permit. She has, I fear, perceiv'd
 My new familiarity with her mother,

¹ *If any firelock approach the rest.*] i. e. if there be any imminent danger of a discovery; alluding to the preparatory step for immediate firing, which was, by bringing the musket to the *rest*, or forked support.

Which I am compell'd to, and must clear this way.
Fail me not, Close, and propound thy own reward.

Close. Tell me your purpose, [sir,] and let my
wit

Dispose of him.

Hart. Prosper me, Love, in this!

Close. An you fall to prayers

With good love,—look about us,—I shall suspect
You will not thrive. You should go to a wench
As gentlemen to oysters, without ceremony,
Or saying grace; devotion will spoil all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Room in justice Clement's House. A banquet
set out.*

Enter PLAYFAIR and his Cousin.

Co. Right as an arrow, coz!

Play. Witty enginer!—

But was she taken with the plot?

Co. I was

Compell'd to frame the outside of a reason,
Lest our own mirth should play the traitor with us,
Her spleen was so dilated. He believes
I have made her mad, which change makes for us.

Play. Excellent!

Co. And he that we employed, the pursuivant,
Shew'd such a fiery rascal, the poor usurer
Trembled, as bawds beneath the lash.

Play. He comes then?

Co. With as much joy as to receive a hanging.
He would be whipp'd, and say his prayers i' the
church

In a white sheet.—

Play. That were no penance to him.

Co. Nay, he would pay as much as he should
fine

For alderman, though half his soul went with it,
For his quietness ; he doth apprehend
Nothing but earthquakes.

Play. How am I rampant
With the imagination!—Bid the music
Be ready, they know all their flourishes.
But shift you quickly for your other part.—

[*Exit Cousin.*

Enter three Servants, disguised as Lords.

My honourable lords!—

How they do look like statesmen! Where's your
toothpick?

Excellent! bear your staff handsomely; contract
The brow, and look more superciliously.

1 *Serv.* I warrant you for my part.

2 *Serv.* We came now

From practice.

Play. Can you do't with confidence?

3 *Serv.* These very clothes have made me proud
already;

It was some lord's cast suit, I'll lay my life.

1 *Serv.* And mine, it smells of honour.

Play. So, so!—How now, man?

2 *Serv.* He looks pale.—My lord, how do you?

1 *Serv.* Well, well; I hope 'tis but conceit.

3 *Serv.* Of what?

1 *Serv.* Will the pox lie in clothes? I cannot
tell;

I find some alteration in my body

Since I shifted.

Play. 'Tis a mere conceit;

They were an honest man's, upon my knowledge.

A captain of the train-band in the country;

They were bought against the general muster
last;

He wore them that day, and to church the Sunday
Following, and most carefully sent them up,
To taste our London lavender.¹

1 *Serv.* Sir, you have satisfied me.

Play. Be sprightly; where's this prince?
See and attend him in fit state.

[*Exeunt 3 Servants.*

Flourish.—*Re-enter* Cousin, disguised as the King,
three Servants as Lords, followed by sir CLEMENT.
Cousin seats himself at the head of the board.

2 *Serv.* He's here!

Play. Now by that sprig a pretty majesty!
But wilt thou not be out of thy king's part,
And when the wine is wanting at the banquet,
Call upon drawers, quarrel with your nobles?
Or, when we shall present our man of mortgages,
Take him aside, and borrow half a crown,
To give your whore benevolence, which trusted
For your last tilting? Or be drunk too soon,
And leave our project in the dirt?

Co. My lords,
This fellow's insolence must be corrected;
Dispose him in what prison you think fit.

1 *Serv.* He's mad, I think.

Co. To Bedlam with him then!
Is this a place for fools or madmen? Who
Admitted him? Take him [away]; see you
He be well whipp'd, and let him thank our mercy,
Bandog!

Play. I quake already.—Excellent Warbeck!
Cool, cool thy lungs, and whisper with some lord;

¹ To taste our London lavender.] i. e. to the pawnbroker's.
See Massinger, vol. iii. p. 575.

Thou wilt be a key too high else.—Good sir Clement,
Master of the house, at whose cost we are entertain'd—

Clem. My part is rotten in my head,¹ doubt not.

Enter 4 Servant, disguised as a Pursuivant.

Play. Is he come ?

4 Serv. He waits in the first chamber.

Play. Let the lutes
Begin, and their best voice, and then admit him.
[*Soft music, and a song.*]

Enter HORNET.

Hor. Here's revelling! my purse must be squeez'd for't. That's the king; the rest are bare. How supple they are i' the hams! that courtier has oil'd his joints. He looks this way—they point at me: a rot o' that knave's finger! [*Aside.*]

1 Serv. What fellow's this? Who waits?

4 Serv. It was his grace's pleasure he was sent for, My good lord.

1 Serv. Master Hornet!—
Let me have the honour to present him.

Co. Is this the man whom all so much commend
For his ability?

Hor. I smell no good from that word *ability*.²
[*Aside.*]

Co. Discreet, and read i' the commonwealth? a
man
Fit for employment in the state?

2 Serv. The same.

¹ *My part is rotten in my head,*] i. e. rotten-ripe, over-studied; the expression occurs again in the following play.

² *I smell no good from that word ability.*] This is bitter. The word, however, had a much worse scent a few years afterwards.

Co. His countenance is promising.

Clem. If the king

Of Spain had but his head, that politic head,
I know who might go fish for the Low Countries.

Co. His garments are but coarse.

Clem. His mind is rich.

Hor. They praise me : I am a thousand pound
the worse for't. [Aside.

3 *Serv.* Wilt please your majesty?

Co. Kneel down. Thy name?

Hor. Giles Hornet, your poor creature.

Co. Rise up *Sir* Giles Hornet.

Hor. But am I knighted?

3 *Servants.* We

Congratulate your honour.

Hor. What must I pay for it?

I'll sell it any friend of your's again,
For half the money.

Co. Some have care to give

His body more becoming ornaments.

He shall be like himself, and then we will

Confer more honours on him. [Exit 4 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* Do you make haste.—His grace

Will have you new thatch'd [, sir ;] you must have
clothes

Fitting your state, and honourable title.

Hor. These will

Be good enough for me ;—'las ! I am not able.

1 *Serv.* Nay, you must have them from his ward-
robe, sir ;

They'll cost you nothing. You'll not look in those
Like a poor knight of Windsor.

Co. When he is ready,³ give us knowledge.

1 *Serv.* Yes, sir.

[Flourish.—*Exeunt all but Hor. and 1 Serv.*

Hor. What will become of me?

1 *Serv.* You were best prepare ;

³ *Co.* When he is ready.] i. e. dressed.

Your clothes will be here presently ; the king
Will send for you before you be ready. Cast
Your old skin off. Do you not, to save sheets
And trouble, wrap yourselves o' nights i' the
blankets?

Or are they ashamed to shew the linings?

[Undresses him.]

Hor. Hum!

If this be but preparative to a whipping,
What case am I in!

Enter justice Clement's Servants with clothes.

1 Serv. Well said! now they are come.—
Be nimble now, and help to fit sir Giles.

Hor. Alas! must I wear this doublet? It would
yield

Heaven knows how much to burn!

1 Serv. You may be desperate
When 'tis on, and burn your body with it, sir.

Hor. I shall not know myself.

1 Serv. By that time we have done with you.

[Aside.]

Serv. Fit as they were made, sir.

Re-enter PLAYFAIR.

Play. Which is sir Giles?

Hor. I am the man you please to call sir Giles.

Play. Then I congratulate your happy fortune.
You're like to be exalted; his grace talks
Much of you; I'll be proud to be your servant.—
My lord, a word.

Hor. What gentleman is that?

Serv. The bridegroom, sir; in great favour, I
can tell you,
And new created by his highness, baron
Of Landskip; his living is far off.

Hor. My very good lord, my breeches are almost on.

Serv. There be the keys.

[*Takes the keys from Hornet's pocket, and gives them aside to I Serv.*]

Hor. His grace has pleas'd to shine upon
A piece of barren earth.

Play. You are too modest ;
The king has been inform'd, sir Giles, you are
One of the ablest men in his dominions.
Should virtue still be clothed in rags ? Advance it
To honour and regard ; you waste your brain
At home, in cheap and low engagements ; sweat
Your soul out, for a poor and paltry living.
Old houses ! let them fall to the dull lord
O' the manor ; switch me up a town together,
Or meddle not ; this or that straggling acre's
Not worth your care ; study [me] some monopoly
May sweep the kingdom at a stake ; despise
A project will not bring in half the city.
Find out a way to forfeit all the charters ;
Have an exchequer of your own, and keep
The princes round about in pension :
These are becoming businesses, and speak
An active statesman.

Hor. You do talk strange things, my lord.

Play. His keys are things very material to
Our business.

I Serv. And I have them.

Play. So, so !—

I will account it one of my felicities,
To be a witness of your honour, sir.

Hor. Oh, my good lord of Landskip !

Serv. How shall we dispose these ?

I Serv. The hangman will not have them, and,
I fear,

They will corrupt a well ; 'faith, give them stable
room. [*Exeunt Servants with Hornet's clothes.*]

Enter 3 Servant.

3 Serv. My lord, the king asks for you.—Good sir Giles,
Write me i' the number of your faithful friends.

Play. We must attend.

1 Serv. Do not yet say he's ready.
The barber has a duty to dispatch,
He will be hours a rubbing, washing, powdering ;
Then I'll attend him to the presence.

Play. We shall excuse him so long ; still your servant.

1 Serv. The barber, sir, attends in the next room.

Hor. I will not shave.

1 Serv. He fears his throat.

Hor. I never
Give above threepence.

1 Serv. Talk not you of charge,
You have but yet your welcome. Do not you
Think, good sir Giles, but we can shave you too.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Street near mistress Bellamy's House.

Enter CLOSE, and STARTUP in his shirt.

Start. Where is he, Close ?

Close. I told him, sir,
You lay in a chamber o' the t'other side
The house, whither he is gone, with his sword
drawn,
And curses, of themselves able to kill you.
You did affront him once ; and now his mistress
Has quite neglected him for your love, he thinks,

He'll make you an example to all rivals.
 I'll bring your clothes hereafter ; yet your fear,
 And running, sir, will keep you warm enough.

Start. Honest Close, thou hast saved my life.

Close. Death ! is he not behind you ? This
 way, good sir. [Exeunt running.

SCENE IV.

A Room in mistress Bellamy's House.

Enter Nurse and mistress FRANCES.

Nurse. Have you not made a fine choice ? I did
 ever
 Think he was false. Your mother did but coun-
 terfeit

The love-sick widow all this while, to try him.

Fran. Try him, nurse !

Nurse. She told me so herself,
 Assuring him the state was her's, and you
 At her devotion ; put him to his choice,
 To take her with the wealth, or you with nothing :
 What follow'd, you have heard. Come, be wise yet,
 And love the country gentleman that dotes on you ;
 He's rich, and half a fool. I'll fetch him to you.

[Exit.

Fran. My mother counterfeit ! why may not
 Hartwell

Pretend, as well as she, fearing her anger
 And policy, if he refus'd her love ?
 I have observ'd some sorrow in his gestures,
 As he were willing to deliver something,
 If opportunity would give him leave.
 He cannot be so false ; now I suspect
 He does obey some dire necessity.

'Twould puzzle a wise lover, to be so
Severely put to't.

*Re-enter Nurse, leading HARTWELL in Startup's
clothes.*

Nurse. On like a bold captain!
Give her a broadside! she's within your shot.
I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Fran. 'Tis the fool!—Why, nurse!

Hart. Nay, fly not, before you hear.

Fran. 'Tis Hartwell! [*Aside.*

Hart. If my voice
Betray me not.

Fran. Why in this shape? some trick in't.
He hides his face; I'll put him to't however. [*Aside.*

Although the hour be unseasonable, any time
We may express our joy. My nurse once told me
You were not well, and gone to bed; your health
Is welcome as my own. I dare not, sir,
In modesty, presume to bid you stay;
And, to requite your pains, kind master Startup,—

Hart. She knows me not. [*Aside.*

Fran. Forgive me if I blush,—
I have no other way, but to declare
My eyes, that late frown'd on your love, shall smile.

Hart. On me?

Fran. On none but you. I have been too
Unkindly dealt withal by Hartwell, whom
How dearly I affected, good heaven knows!
But I have read discretion to my fancy;
And were he here, he should be witness of
My vows to you. If you accept my heart,
And can with equal truth embrace it, I
Will choose my husband here; you, only you,
(This faith be register'd in heaven,) shall challenge
From me a wife's obedience.

Hart. Planet-struck!

Re-enter Nurse, with a lantern.

Nurse. Away! your mother's up! I would not for
A thousand pound she find you in this chamber.

Fran. I have undone myself! [Exit.

Nurse. Sweet master Startup,
To your own lodging; take that close lantern
with you.—

Passion of me, what makes her rise?

Hart. I will discover yet.

Nurse. Discover! what?—

Ha! master Hartwell!

Hart. You have midnight plots.

Nurse. Oh! we are wretched, miserable! what
have I done? [Exit.

Hart. Oh, who shall lead me to a world where
are

No women?—Farewell all! I'll be above

Your charms, and find out death, a cure for love.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Fields.

*Enter STARTUP, wrapped in a blanket, followed by
CLOSE.*

Start. Where are we now? 'Tis very cold; why
dost not.

Lead me to some house?

Close. What, at this time o' night?

All people are abed; the very owls

Are in their dead sleep; or, if we could be

Admitted, would you venture o' this fashion,
 And publish your disgrace, proclaim yourself
 Coward, and lay some imputation
 Upon the place you came from, where your hopes
 May yet be fair for marriage, this brunt over?
 To meet some drunkard now were comfortable,
 Whose eyes inflamed might serve for torches [to
 us;]

Or he might spit flapdragons from his fire
 Of sack, and light us. But no sober man,
 Considering what case you are in, sir,
 By my consent, should see you.

Start. Ha! what's that?

Close. Where, where? a fire-drake.

Start. Now 'tis gone! 'tis bright
 Again! is't not a spirit? Oh, deliver me!

Close. I have heard some such things use to
 walk the fields.

Start. What shall I do?

Close. Pray; pray with as much strength
 As if you had no land, or were confined
 To my annuity.—Now, I fear no spirits;
 'Tis riches makes us cowards. Hide yourself;
 I will go nearer. [*Exit.*

Start. Dost know the devil if thou seest him,
 Close?—

A pox of love, if this be the reward on't!
 Some call it fire, but I find no such matter;
 I am frozen to the blanket, and my teeth
 Strike one another, and keep time like hammers
 That beat a psalm upon the virtuous anvil.
 I do believe, if they were beaten out,
 They would make false dice; there's quicksilver in
 them,
 I know, already, by their dancing.

Re-enter CLOSE.

Close. Sir,
Where are you ?

Start. Here I am, still.

Close. You are a dead man !

Start. More terror ? What's the matter ?

Close. 'Tis my master,
With a dark lantern, that pursues us. By
This darkness, 'tis his voice. Wrap yourself up,
And roll into some ditch ; flight will betray us.

Start. I had as good be kill'd ; but yet I'll venture. *[Exit.*

Close. 'Tis he indeed, and more than I expected :
The matters do not fadge well with his mistress.

Enter HARTWELL, with a lantern.

Hart. What a sweet thing is night ! how calm
and harmless !

No whispering, but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven plays music to the birds that slumber.

Here are no objects to betray our sense
To [sad] repentance ; nor can women, thus
Advantaged by the tapers of the night,
Spread their temptations to undo poor man.

What a fine book is heaven ! which we may read
Best now, when every star is a fair letter.—
How much they wrong thee, Night, which call
thee guilty

Of rapes and murders ! 'Tis the day, that, like
A glorious whore, engages men to act them,
And taking then the darkness to obscure them,
We unjustly lay the shame upon thy brows,
That art so innocent, thou never sawest them.
Befriended with this silence, I begin
To wander—there's no wilderness abroad,
To him that's lost at home.

Close. Sir !

Hart. Who's that ?

Close. One that has taken pains for you to-night.
I am *Close*.

Hart. What makest thou here ?

Close. I wait upon
My charge ; I led your rival a procession
In's shirt, persuading him you had resolved
To cut his throat else ; he's hard by, at's prayers,
And thinks you have pursued him.

Hart. Ha ! I'll do't.

Shew me the fool ; by all my hopes I'll kill him
And send his base heart as a present to her :
Fate has preserved me [, sure, for] this revenge,
And I will not delay his death a minute.

Close. You will not kill him basely ?

Hart. No.

Close. Why, then
There is no fear but he'll live long enough.
I'll undertake he ne'er shall go provided
To fight with you ; and for other satisfaction,
Name it, and take it. So I'll fetch him to you.

Hart. Stay ; I have been too passionate ; let him
live
To be her punishment, that's revenge enough ;
While I pursue my own ways.

Close. Whither now ?

Hart. Whither thou must not follow. By thy
honesty,
I charge thee, come not after me.

Close. That binds
My attendance, sir.

Hart. But not when I command
The contrary. If thou dost move this way,
Thou drawest my anger. Mind the preservation
Of the tame thing you undertook. Farewell ;
If thou dost love me, follow not, nor question
'Tis in my power to lose thee or myself. [*Exit.*

Close. I cannot see i' the dark with spectacles,

And mine own eyes have lost him o' the sudden.
 Well, I must hope the best. What shall I do
 With my hen-hearted lover, that would give
 Half his estate his cold fit were well over?
 I shall make work for the physicians ;
 Caudles and cullices will ne'er restore him.
 If he but 'scape with life, I am not sorry
 I put him first to the becoming sufferance ;
 He may be a soldier, and endure the trenches.
 But what are these ? an army of horns and halberds ?
 Upon my conscience, the watch ! I thought
 The fields had not been haunted with these gob-
 lins.

I cannot run ; if I should squat, and they find me,
 There were no mercy [for me] but Bridewell,
 Or some such lovely place. I am resolv'd
 To cast away a few good words upon them.
 A leg, and worshipping the constable
 That leads the rusty regiment, will quit me ;
 I pass the gates with it often, and so may
 The devil, if he pay the porter.—Bless you,

Enter Constable and Watchmen.

My masters ! What o'clock is't ?

1 Watch. Who's there !

Const. I charge you stand !

Close. Your worship may do much.

Const. Where have you been ?

Close. At Islington, an't please you, about business.

Const. Some thief, I warrant him ; no honest
 man,

I know by his basket hilt ; some rogue that
 watches :

The fields are pester'd with such sturdy robbers.

Close. He is a rogue that watches, for my part.

Const. He calls my watchmen rogues.

1 Watch. How, master constable !

You are one yourself.

Const. Away with him!

Close. Good sir.

2 Watch. We will provide you a lodging.

Close. Where?

Const. New prison.

Close. But are you in earnest, gentlemen?

If there be no remedy—

2 Watch. We'll humble you.

Close. I have a companion hereabouts.—Where are you, sir?

Start. [*within.*—Here! in the ditch!

[*Exeunt Watchmen.*

Const. They seldom go alone;
We'll find him out.—

Re-enter Watchmen with STARTUP.

Hah, sirrah!

Start. I thank you, honest man.—Where art thou, *Close*?

Close. Here; these good men will help us to a lodging.

Start. Blessing on their hearts! I am almost starv'd.

Const. Yes, we'll do you that favour. Come away, sir.

Start. Whither shall we go now?

Close. To prison.

Start. How, *Close*!

1 Watch. You shall be close enough.

Start. Do you hear, sweet gentlemen?

Close. I follow, sir;

I cannot leave you in adversity;

All this is for your health; clean straw is warm, sir.

You have the benefit of being naked:

I shall have work to-morrow in the woollen.

Const. Away, away! bring them away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in mistress Bellamy's House.

Enter BELLAMY and Nurse.

Bell. I heard some noise. Look, call up the servants.
See if the gentlemen be abed. [*exit Nurse.*]—I'm troubled.

Re-enter Nurse, with Hartwell's clothes.

Nurse. Oh, mistress!

Bell. What's the matter?

Nurse. Master Startup
Is not abed, and here is all is left
Of master Hartwell.

Bell. This is very strange.

Nurse. I dare not tell her of his shift.¹—[*aside.*]
—They're gone;

The doors I found left open, and no sign
Which way they are bestow'd.

Bell. This puzzles me.

Pray heaven there be no mischief in this absence!—
Is Frank abed?

Nurse. Yes.

Bell. What should move them
To leave my house so late? and master Hartwell
Without his clothes? Some knock there.

[*Nurse goes to the door, and returns.*

Beshrew me but I tremble.

Nurse. 'Tis a stranger,
And says he would speak with you.

Bell. At this late hour?

What accidents are these? From whence?

¹ *I dare not tell her of his shift*] i. e. of his having put on Startup's clothes.

Nurse. I know not.

Bell. Has he no name? What should this mean? [*Nurse goes to the door again.*]

Nurse. He says

He is a countryman of master Startup's.

Bell. Admit him ; he perhaps does bring some news.

Enter Countryman.

Coun. By your leave, mistress, pardon my importunity

At so unfit an hour.

Bell. You're welcome, sir.

Coun. I met with fortunate directions,
Though I came late. I understand you have
A guest, one Startup of Northamptonshire,
That comes a wooing to your daughter.

Bell. Such

An one there was, that suppd with us, and went
To bed ; but since, as I have faith, I know not
Which way he has convey'd himself. Another
Gentleman too is missing, and his rival.

Coun. Pray do not mock me, lady ; I have rid
A great way, and the business much concerns him.

Bell. You may believe me ; he is no such treasure,
I should conceal him.

Enter FRANCES.

Coun. Then I see you dally.

Know, mistress, you may slack your preparations,
Your daughter must look out another husband ;
He is contracted.

Bell. How ?

Coun. And something more,
Gotten with child one that, without blushing,
I cannot call my daughter ; he shall make

Her credit straight again : although my fortunes
Have no equality with his, I shall
Find law to force him.

Fran. You preferr'd this suitor !
This news returns my blood.

Bell. Sir, you shall find
All truth I have deliver'd. I am not sorry
To hear this news ; this is no time to seek him.
Please you to accept the lodging that was his ;
My servant shall attend you in the morning,
To help your search.

Coun. You seem a noble gentlewoman ;
I take your courtesy.

Bell. Nurse, a light.—Pray walk, sir.

Fran. I was unkind to Hartwell, he not wise ;
But love still apprehends too much, or nothing.

[*Exeunt Coun. and Nurse.*]

Bell. Frances, a word. Do not you know
what is
Become o' these gentlemen ?

Fran. Not I ; their absence
Is strange to me.

Bell. Oh, Frank, I am undone !

Fran. Good heaven forbid !

Bell. This gentleman, master Hartwell,
Whom we shall never see again, I fear—

Fran. How, mother ?
Are you acquainted with any cause to fear thus ?

Bell. 'Tis in vain
To tell thee how I loved him.

Fran. Bless my senses !
You love him !

Bell. 'Bove all the world ; affectionately placed
him
Too near my heart.

Fran. I heard you made pretence
Of love, to try him for my sake ; and pardon me
If yet I dare not believe more.

Bell. Oh, Frank!—

Fran. My heart doth thrill, I feel a coldness run
Through all my veins already.

Bell. I had no other thought,
At first, but wisely to distinguish whether
His heart was fix'd on thee, or my estate;
With resolution, if I found him more
A courtier of thy fortune than thy person,
To punish him with loss of both. But love
Hath chang'd both scene and title in our comedy;
And what I meant should shipwreck all his hopes,
Hath ruin'd us. His modest and calm answer,
To accept my tender, with such force and reason
Directed to my fancy, turn'd my purpose,
And made me his indeed, his perfect lover:
But now we have both lost him.

Fran. All the piety
That ever taught children to love their mother
Will but suffice to keep my heart obedient.
Was ever maid so miserable! Was there
No other, in my fate, to rival me?
I live too long. Oh, break, break, my poor heart!
For she that gave me life, hath took it from me.

Bell. Why do you weep?

Fran. I do not weep; or, if
I do, I know not why.

Bell. Now I perceive
Thy duty was but counterfeit; you love him,
Upon my life, you love him still. Have my
Commands no more respect? My care and love
So ill rewarded, that my heart, desiring
One comfort in the world, and shall my child
Rise up to take it from me?

Fran. Alas, I knew not
You loved him too; indeed I had rather die,
Than you should call me rebel.

Bell. Now I see
The cause of his departure in this fashion.

Pray heaven he have not made away himself!
 Did ever child deceive a mother so?
 I have a sad presage :—You may to bed,
 And rise without my blessing—
 Yet you may stay. Wherefore should I despair
 Of his return? You say you could not tell
 That I affected him.

Fran. Indeed not I,
 And do believe it now against my will ;
 But I am your daughter.

Bell Shew it, in conforming
 Yourself to my desires ; and what is past
 I can forgive you. If he come again,
 Will you be ruled, and shew no favour to him?
 For 'tis in you, I see, to make me happy.
 I will not tie you to affect the other ;
 Choose any for your husband but this man,
 My love and prayers shall go along with you :
 Answer.

Fran. Indeed I dare not ; yet could I
 Put off the knowledge that you are [my] mother—

Bell. What then ?

Fran. Though in imagination I allow you
 The greatest woman in the earth, whose frown
 Could kill, and eyes at pleasure make alive
 Again, I could say—

Bell. Pray let's hear.

Fran. I durst tell you,
 In confidence of my cause, that you betray
 Two innocents to sorrow ; and though heaven
 Look on, and seem to smile upon your cruelty,
 Yet there is punishment for divorcing those
 Whose hearts that hath conjoined : I durst tell you,
 Though all your terrors were prepared to punish
 My bold defence, you were a tyrant.

Bell. How !

Fran. A most unjust, a sacrilegious tyrant.—

Bell. You would not be so violent !

Fran. That thus

Not only ruin and deface the altar,
 But steal away the very sacrifice ;
 And I durst add, and smile upon your anger,
 Though, as you frown, death stood in every wrinkle,
 My soul's above your tyranny ; and would
 From torturing flame receive new fire of love,
 And make your eye faint, to behold the brightness
 Of my poor body's martyrdom ; and if ever
 Love shew'd a miracle, my heart should bear
 The characters of him you have torn from it,
 With beams about it, like a saint that suffer'd.—
 But as you are my mother, thus I kneel,
 And beg a pardon for my innocence,
 If that offend you. Live you happy still,
 And be the mistress of your vows ! live to
 Enjoy whom you affect ! May every hour
 Return new blessings on you both, renew
 Your spring, and let him think you young again !
 And let me beg but this for all my duty,
 Against that day you marry him, to provide
 My coffin, for I fear I shall not have
 Breath many minutes after to pray for you.
 The herbs that shall adorn your bridal chamber
 Will serve my funeral, and deck my herse ;
 Beneath which you should say, There lies your
 daughter,
 That dies to shew obedience.

Bell. Why shouldst thou
 Continue thus to him ?

Fran. I know he loves me ;
 Yet * * * * *
 Hereafter your affections may not * * *

Bell. * * * * * but never
 Procure thee one sad thought * * *
 * * * * *

Now I have tried you both, assure my child,¹

¹ The text is quite unintelligible in this place, from the loss of several words, or perhaps lines. I have endeavoured as well

I loved him but for thee ; dispose thyself
To be his bride. This news, at his return,
Will make all well :—To rest.

Fran. Can this be true ?

Bell. 'Twere sin to mock thee any more. To bed.

Fran. I'll spend all night
In prayers for you, mother.—Oh, my Hartwell !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in justice Clement's House.

Enter PLAYFAIR and his Cousin.

Play. I am bound ever to thee.

Co. Does she not become
Her rich clothes too ?

Play. The morning never look'd
So fresh, nor Venus with more charms upon her.
Adon would melt before her eyes, and woo her
With kisses, at th' expense of his last breath ;
Cupid himself, could he but see, would fall
In love with her, and, throwing away his shafts,
Offer the empty quiver to her eyes,
Ambitious to fill it with her beams,
The least of which would wound more hearts than
all

His stock of golden arrows.

Co. No more raptures.

Play. Didst thou not know before, that love is
able,

Without the help of sack, to make a poet,
My nimble Mercury, Jove's herald in
Reversion ?

Co. I must confess

I had a trick of Mercury, when I pick'd
His pocket for the keys.

as I could, to separate the passages, which were probably jumbled together at the press, without venturing a single step beyond it.

Play. He never miss'd them ?

Co. His eyes were drench'd in suds, and I re-
turn'd them

Ere they recover'd light.

Play. 'Twas excellent ;

He walks in darkness still.

Co. Do you think he'll know her ?

Play. His clothes already have
Made him forget himself ; or, if he have
But the remembrance of such a woman,
The more he sees her now, the more he'll think
The change impossible.

Co. Where have you left him ?

Play. I' the gallery ; where, with much [im]pa-
tience,

He does expect his highness will send for him.

Co. Then all runs smooth ; his wonder still
continues ?

Play. I fed that humour artificially ;
He is half persuaded all is but a dream,
To which imagination his clothes
Are a great help, because he paid not for them.
Sometimes he is very merry ; then again
He struts about with such a scurvy pride,
As some new crept into nobility,
When men of their first livery come to see them.
His honour has so changed him, that he now
Knows not of what religion he is ;
Or, if he chance to think of his first faith,
He spits o' the hangings, and excuses 't with,
I do not like the Story, 'tis apocryphal.—
Sometimes he'll offer at a jest, and talk
Nonsense with him that has been seven years
lorded ;
Frown upon any man that will presume
To have more knowledge, in worse clothes. I told
him

It was his grace's pleasure he should be
Controller of the masque, and he did swear,

As he were studying for some mighty oaths
 To clear the presence. He is here ; away!
 [Exit Cousin.

Enter HORNET and sir CLEMENT.

Hor. And you are master of the house, sir
 Clement ?

For so I heard you call'd.

Clem. It is my name,
 Sir Giles, unworthy of this grace his highness
 Has deign'd to shew in honouring of my daughter.

Hor. And was she married this morning, say
 you ?

Clem. This morn she lost her virgin name.

Hor. I have

Not seen her yet, nor any of the ladies.

You have but little noise, methinks, in the house.

Clem. It would offend his grace.

Hor. Who, as you say,
 Came hither privately, with a small train
 Of lords. Would I might see his face again !
 I am not sent for yet ; I have been ready,
 Sir Clement, these three hours, and I do wonder
 His grace forgets himself so much. [Flourish.

Clem. That music
 Speaks him on entrance.

*Re-enter Cousin and three Servants, disguised as
 King and Lords.*

Co. Ay ! that garb becomes him.
 How was his person lost within that shape¹
 He was first presented to me !

Hor. Indeed the case
 Is somewhat altered, by your highness' bounty
 To your poor subject, Hornet.

¹ — within that shape,] i. e. dress ; the green-room term.

Play. Now he looks

As he did scorn the quorum, and were hungry
To eat a statesman. 'Las ! an office in
The houshold is too little for a breakfast ;
A baron, but a morning's draught ; he'll gulp it,
Like a round egg in muscadine. Methinks
At every wiping of his mouth should drop
A golden saying of Pythagoras ;
A piece of Machiavel I see already
Hang on his beard, which wants but stroking out :
The statutes, and the Magna Charta, have
Taken a lease at his tongue's end.

Co. I'll think on't ;

He shall be—But to the banquet.
Then let the masque be ready ; there we shall
Employ your worthy diligence.

Hor. Heaven bless

Your mighty grace !

Co. You'll follow. [*Exeunt all but Hornet.*]

Hor. I attend you presently.—

I know not what to think of these things yet ;
'Tis very strange I should be thus exalted
Without desert, best known unto myself.
Princes, I see, are mortal, and may be
Deceived in placing of their honours ; I
Am little better than a favourite,
If this be true. *If!* 'tis a question.
Let me consider wisely ; it may be
I am not I.—No, no ; I am a knight.
Are these my clothes ? I did not use to wear such.
A pocket in my sleeve, and velvet hose
Six times translated since they were a midwife's
Fore part, were things I wore on holidays.
The price of these would break a camel's back ;
And yet some men walk under them like elephants,
And have variety, as the devil were
Their tailor, who best knows where all their land
lies.

Then why this cost on me ? It is a dream,

And I am very glad on't; 'tis impossible
It should be true, it does not hang together.
I will have patience till I wake again,
And care not what becomes on't.

Re-enter sir CLEMENT.

Clem. 'Tis
His highness' pleasure, now the banquet's done—

Hor. How! the banquet done?
I was coming to't;—you could hardly
Say grace by this time.

Clem. That's a ceremony
Grown out of use; it was a running banquet.

Hor. A *running*! so it seems; it made great
haste.

I do dream certainly; there's no sense nor reason
In any thing they say. [*Aside.*

Clem. You know your place;
The masque will straight begin, and his grace will
not

Have any one admitted. He resolves,
If the conceit affect him, it shall be
Perform'd i' the court hereafter; i' the mean time
He does command all privacy. There are
Some set to guard the door; but your care must
Provide his highness be not interrupted.—

[*Goes to the door.*

Back! They are rude already.

[*Exit.—Knocking within.*

Hor. Let me alone.

What turbulent knave is that?

[*Within.*] I am a country gentleman, sir Giles;
And if I may presume upon good clothes,
You may, before his grace, call me your cousin,
And not be asham'd. Here is a lady too.

Hor. A lady too!² Is she with child?

² *A lady too, &c.*] Sir Giles is already become a court-wit. He is pleased to be facetious on the similarity of sound between *too* and *two*.

What makes she here, an she be with child already?
 'Tell thee none such shall be admitted while
 I am in place.—[*knocking within.*]—More rapping!
 —Keep the doors!

If I do fall a swearing once, look to't.

[*Within.*] I beseech you, for my wife's sake [, sir.]

Hor. Thy wife's?

What's he that pleads *in forma pauperis*?

[*Within.*] A citizen, an't like you.

Hor. Like me? thou liest! I am more like a lord.

Thou shalt fare ne'er the better for that word.
 Knock down the women an there be a hundred,
 And make their husbands drunk! The guard are
 lazy.

These women's insolence will force a statute.

I will petition to the king myself

They may have liberty but once a year

To see the gally-foist; then be confined

To their chamber, and one 'prentice.—[*knocking within.*]—Yet again?

[*Within.*] Sir Giles! sir Giles! you know me well enough.

Hor. But while I am in office I'll know nobody.

[*Within.*] I am your scrivener!

Hor. Draw thy purse, wherein

Thou keep'st thy ears, and leave them at the door;
 (The guard trust none without a pawn;) they'll
 serve,

If they be ne'er redeem'd, to seeth in milk,

For a sore throat. Jew's ears I know they are.

[*Within.*] Sir Giles, here is your niece!

Hor. My niece? the devil she is.

[*Within.*] Pray, uncle, let me in.

Hor. Her very voice! Ha! open the doors
 there!

Where is she?

[*Within.*] Whom?

Hor. My nicee, that call'd to me.

[*Within.*] None call'd; nor was there any woman here.

Hor. No! nor my scrivener, bawling out *sir Giles!*

[*Within.*] Not at any hand, your worship!

Hor. Then I dream,

And I am a fool to make a question on't.

[*Within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Hor. The knaves laugh at me! But let them; I shall be as merry with this tale to-morrow. What fancies men have in their sleep sometimes!—His highness.

Re-enter sir CLEMENT, Cousin and Servants, disguised as before; Cousin takes his seat.

Where be the ladies?

Clem. They are all i' the masque.

Hor. Nay, 'tis no matter. Why do I ask the question?

Clem. You'll see them, sir, anon.

I Serv. Wilt please your grace?

And you, sir Giles? The subject of the masque.

[*Gives papers to Cousin and Hornet.*

Hor. What's here? [*reads.*]—*The Three Goddesses' Contention for the Golden Ball?*

Enter PLAYFAIR as PARIS, dancing, with a golden ball in his hand.

This is Paris. So.

Enter JUNO, PALLAS, and VENUS.

These are the three goddesses: Juno, Pallas, Venus.

[*The goddesses dance, and court Paris for his ball. To Juno enter one like a King; she takes his crown and sceptre, and offers them to Paris, which he refuses.*

2 *Serv.* Juno doth woo him with her state and kingdoms.

Hor. But he refuses ; more fool he.

[*To Pallas enter one like a Soldier armed, with a book in his hand ; she presents the sword and book to Paris, but he rejects them.*

Clem. He is not for her service, though she offer To make him [both a] scholar and a soldier ; A complete man.

Hor. No, no ; that fairy Must win the ball —

[*To Venus enter Cupid, leading in Hornet's Niece, richly dressed.*

Ha ! that's my niece.

Clem. Which, sir Giles ?

Hor. That whom dame Venus and her dandiprat Are busy withal.

1 *Serv.* Why, that's the bride.

Hor. Bride, quotha ?

Clem. Married this morning. 'Tis my daughter, sir.

Hor. Nay, if she be my niece, I am sure she was not Married this morning.

[*Paris receives the Niece, and gives Venus the ball ; Juno and Pallas, with their masquers, exeunt.*

She's safe enough at home,
And has but half her wits, as I remember.
The devil cannot juggle her from my custody.
Ha, ha ! I do dream still.

[*Cupid joins their hands, and sings ; which done, exit with Playfair and Niece.*

Co. 'Tis time to break off revels.—

How like you this, sir Giles ?

Hor. A very fine dream, i' faith.

Co. I see you'd be a-bed. You are not used To these late hours.

Clem. Lights for his highness !

Hor. I humbly beg your license
I may return to my own lodging.

Co. Well, sir,

'Tis easily granted.

[*Exit.*

I Serv. Lights for sir Giles ! One shall attend
you home.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha !

Clem. Why do you laugh ?

Hor. At a conceit, at a conceit.

What did I eat last night to make me dream thus ?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

*Enter Officers, with HARTWELL in Startup's clothes,
followed by Countryman, and a Servant.*

Hart. You have done well.

Coun. Would you had done no worse !

These are his clothes, and you must give account
How you came by them, and produce him safe
Ere you acquit yourself. We may suspect
You have kill'd him.

Hart. Then I obey my destiny ;
Justice, I see, pursues the guilty person :
Dispose me where you please.

I Off. He does confess.

Hart. Whate'er you be, you can but have my
life

For his ; all your revenge can reach no higher ;
And to the law I yield myself.

Coun. My hopes are
Cold as his blood whom thou hast slain. Thou hast
Been cruel in this act to me and mine,
Whose fames in him are miserably wounded ;
But look for the reward.

Hart. I must expect it.
In the mean time I do not beg your mercy :
Life is a burden, I would fain be rid on't ;
'T does weary me to carry it.

Serv. I'll acquaint
My mistress.

Coun. Do so. — To the next justice! Come
away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Hornet's House.

Enter HORNET.

Hor. She's gone! she's gone! I shall run mad.
My niece!
Robb'd of three thousand pound in her escape,
I find too late I am awake, and gull'd ;
Nor know I whom to accuse for my tormentors,
Devils or men ; but sure they were not men,
But very fiends, I revell'd with last night.
That I could meet the prince of devils, that knighted
me!

The poets call him Pluto, god of riches,
I, and my learned counsel, would undo him
In law, in very law, which he should find
Hotter, ere I had done, than hell itself,
And call his place of torment, in three terms,
But a refreshing to't.—Yet let me see,
I have the portion still, though she be vanish'd ;

That's better than my niece. But if she marry,
I lose it all ; there, there is the vexation !

Enter Cousin.

Co. Save master Hornet !

Hor. 'Tis too late ; away !

I do not love unnecessary complement.

Co. This he ?

Hor. Yes, I am he ; am I not very fine ?

What do you think this trim will cost me, ha ?

Three thousand pounds, no more.

Co. The broker will not

lend half the money.

Hor. Will you, sir, be gone ?

I have no money to lend now ; it is not,

You know, in fashion with rich clothes.

Co. I came

for other purpose, and with news, perhaps,

You would be willing to receive. You have

A niece ?

Hor. No ; such a creature was in my possession.

Do you know where she is ?

Co. Faith, I imagine—

Hor. Ha ! good sir ? Pray, forwards ;

You shall have money upon good security.

Co. I thank you, sir, for nothing ; I do owe you
Too much already on these terms.

Hor. My niece,

As you were saying.

Co. Were you knighted lately ?

Hor. Is that talk'd abroad ?

Co. No general rumour ; by a chance I came
Where such a thing was whisper'd, only whis-
per'd.—

Just as he was describ'd !—In my opinion

You're very handsome, and do look as like

A reverend—

Hor. Ass.

Co. Why, you shall have it, sir.

Hor. But touching

My niece, good sir, that most ungracious giglet,
That's run or stolen away, juggled last night
Out o' my doors.

Co. Did not she leap the casement?

Hor. Do not increase my agony; you came—

Co. With civil meaning, to discover how
You may be abus'd.

Hor. What money do you want, sir?
Your own bond shall suffice.

Co. I have sworn never
To write my name or mark. But I can tell—

Hor. Where I may find this girl?

Co. More I can do,
If need require; 'tis in my power to give
Her back to your possession, and I am willing.

Hor. An honest man!

Co. On reasonable conditions,
And such as shall not trench on borrowing money.

Hor. Honester yet!

Co. For you shall give it freely, and get by it:
For you must understand, if I do this,
I shall betray a friend of mine, that has
Put me in trust, one that intends to marry her,
(For truth to tell, they are not yet contracted.)
To marry her, do you mark? and get, ere morning,
Three thousand pounds upon her.—Is't not so
much?

One that has lent me sums too, without parchment,
Or foolish circumstance, to be repaid;
Which you were never yet so much a Christian
As to be guilty of in your usurer's gallon
Of conscience-melting sack. This deserves some-
thing;

But 'cause some expedition is required,—
You have a bond of mine.

Hor. For fifty pound.

Co. I had but forty, and your scrivener paid,
With whom, perhaps, your worship, too, divided.
If you remember, there were precious dinners,
Ere I could count my chickens altogether ;
Which was your thrift, and my expense. You shall
First cancel that bond,—nay, this will not do't—
And give, do you mark? give me a hundred
pieces ;

Perhaps I'll drink your health. This shall retrieve
Your niece, and give her [back] into your hands,
Though, for my treachery, I be sung in ballads,
And have the town-curse if I ever marry.

Hor. [If you consider,] 'tis too much
For no more labour, sir.

Co. If I *consider*,
Three hundred will not bring me to't again.
Thus fair I'll deal with you ; I'll not touch your
money
Till I have done't ; but then I will be sure.
Fetch, fetch the business.

Hor. The bond is ready.

Co. I will have ready money too. You have
Bags of all sizes and denominations :

[*Hor. opens a cabinet.*
Ay, these things promise well. Now I'll attend
you.

Hor. Do this feat for me, and 'tis all thine own.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in justice Clement's House.

Enter sir CLEMENT, PLAYFAIR, and Niece.

Clem. Now we may wish you joy ; the priest
has tied
That knot no subtilty nor malice can

Dissolve ; and I repent not I have been
 An actor in your comedy ; though I should not
 Be tempted easily to such another
 Engagement. For your sake, I have dispens'd with
 My person and my place.

Play. You always were
 My loving uncle.

Niece. Sir, you have in this
 Deserved our lives and fortunes.

Play. It was good mirth
 To hear him confident all our device
 Was but a dream.

Clem. He is awake by this time.
 Should your cousin fail, we'll have another way
 To invite him ; and if honesty prevail not,
 Force him till he consent.

Enter Servant.

Serv. [Sir,] some offenders
 Are brought to be examin'd. [Exit.

Clem. Nephew, withdraw, — and you, fair bride :
 these troubles
 Are incident to my place ; I'll soon dispatch them.
[Exeunt Play. and Niece.

Enter Countryman and Officers, with HARTWELL.

How now, my masters ! Master Hartwell ? Ha !

Hart. Look on me, sir, as a delinquent ; these
 Are able to accuse me.

Clem. What offence ?

1 Off. Nothing, but killing of a man.

Clem. What proof ?

Coun. He has confess'd it, sir.

Enter mistress BELLAMY and FRANCES.

Clem. Mistress Bellamy,

You are come in a sad time : here's master Hartwell
Accus'd for killing.

Bell. 'Tis not possible :
Good sir, believe it not.

Clem. He does confess.

Hart. I am not worth your pity, gentle lady ;
In vain I should extenuate my fact.
To save the trouble of examination,
Here I confess again, my hand is guilty
Of killing him, whose feeble arm durst not
Lift up a weapon to defend himself.

Clem. That was not manly.

Hart. I but slew a coward,
Startup ; and could I call his life again,
As soon I should destroy it. You, perhaps,
Know not my provocation ; he was
My rival, sir.—Pardon me, mistress Bellamy,
To whom I only seem'd a proselyte
In love, I had no heart to give from her ;

[*Pointing to Frances.*

And in my study to decline your anger,
I fell upon her scorn, which in few minutes
Engaged me to this fate ; nor am I troubled
That I must die, when she, upon whose faith
I durst have laid the hopes of my eternity,
Hath violated all the trust of woman.

Coun. Wilt please you, sir—

Clem. Forbear a little.

Hart. Tell me, most unkind, if thou [e'er] didst
love

At all, how could'st thou think I should be such
A desperate atheist, that thou so soon,
And with a strange apostasy, should'st revenge it ?
These swelling drops, which in thy innocence
Might have prevail'd to have restor'd the dead,
Heaven now doth look on, and despise ; and though
Thou shed moist tribute on this tomb, 't shall slide
Neglected, o'er the marble, and be lost,

As if the stone had sense to punish thy
Disdain of me. I can behold that weeping,
And not be moved to wish I were not guilty
Of killing him, whose love had been thy triumph ;
And I dare boldly, still in the contempt
Of what I am to suffer, and the justice
Of my own truth, challenge thy soul to answer
In what I was beneath that gaudy fool,
Excepting that he had more earth than I
To help his scale, which yet he may be in debt for
To his father's sins ? Alive, he could not merit
One cold disdain from thee ; and dead, how comes it
He should be worth thy tears ? But let thy eyes
Chide this unruly sorrow ; dress thy cheeks
With their fresh blood again, and let thy face
Open a book of smiles, in the assurance
I have not long to live. When I have number'd
A few sad minutes, thou shalt be reveng'd,
And I shall never trouble thee. If this
Be not enough, extend thy malice further,
And, if thou find'st one man that lov'd me, living,
Will honour this cold body with a grave,
Be cruel, and corrupt his charity.
So fare ye well !

Fran. Yet you must stay and hear me.—
He shall not suffer, if my friends or state
Can purchase him a pardon.—Where's the body
Of him that's slain ?

Coun. We know not ; but you hear
His free confession of the fact.

Clem. This may
Proceed from discontents. Life to some men
Is but their torment, in whose pain they will,
As on the rack, confess what never [yet]
Was in their thought.

Hart. Speak it again, and I
Dare promise thee to live.

Fran. My heart was ever

Constant ; my mother's love was but thy trial,
 As mine a seeming change in thy disguise,
 Which was not able to secure thee from me :
 The words were, *I would choose my husband here.*
 But what will this avail us ?

Hart. Master justice,
 I here discharge you.

Clem. How ?

Hart. My joys obey
 No limits. I accused myself unjustly ;
 The fool's alive.

Coun. Startup ? where ?

Hart. I know not that ;
 My servant's with him ; but if he have play'd
 The hangman, starv'd, or smother'd him in a ditch,
 I have made fair work.

Omnes. This were a welcome truth.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the constable.

Clem. I had rather it
 Had been my kinsman and the usurer.
 But wait, and give me knowledge when they come.
 [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Constable *and* Watchmen, *with* STARTUP
and CLOSE.

Const. Where's master justice ?

Hart. It is he and Close ;
 Then I am secure.—Your pardon, and thy love.

Bell. You have it freely, and a mother's prayers
 For both your happiness.

Const. Please your worship, these
 We took last night i' the fields suspiciously ;
 And by my own authority I condemn'd them.

Start. Shall we be hang'd, Close ? we are con-
 demn'd already.

Clem. This is the gentleman was kill'd.

Start. Sweet sir, no ;
Not kill'd outright, but I was almost starv'd
With cold. These gentlewomen know me,
And I should know that hose and doublet too.—
“ Those garments which you wear, I have oft seen,
Sweet sir.”

Close. Well said, Jeronimo!

Start. I was fain to borrow
These of a prisoner that lies in, upon
My diamond ring.

Clem. You are discharg'd.

[*Exeunt Const. Watchmen, and Officers.*]

Start. And we too?

Clem. Yes, and joy in every bosom.

Start. Close, you must know this your mistress.
—Sweet lady.

Fran. How?

Close. 'Tis enough for you to know her, sir,
And me to acknowledge.

Coun. Do you know me, sir?

Start. Hum! yes. Who brought you to town?—
And your daughter too, sweet sir?

Coun. And you shall right her.

Start. Is she grown crooked? I knew her too
well.

Peace; not a word more, I know your meaning.
Do not discredit me, sweet sir, and we'll steal down
And marry her, ere any be aware on't.
I will not stay to shift me; take no leave.
The jest will be, when I am in the country,
How like an ass he'll look in my apparel.

[*Exeunt Start. and Coun.*]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, master Playfair's cousin, and the
t'other gallant.

Clem. I must entreat your patience a little ;
You'll meet with friends in the next room.

[*Exeunt Hart. Bell. Fran. and Close.*]

Enter Cousin, and HORNET in his court dress.

Co. Excuse my boldness, sir ; this gentleman—

Clem. Master Hornet, you are very welcome.

Hor. Good sir, no ceremony, we are come
'Bout business ; I have lost my niece, and would
Know where she is.

Clem. Do you take me for a wizzard ?

Co. Sir, our desires are modest ; that you would
Be witness to a bargain, and receive
Some trifles, sir, in trust, to be deliver'd
To me, if I restore his kinswoman.

Hor. Not else ; on that condition I deposit
These hundred pieces, and a bond ; if he
Deliver me my niece, they are his fraught ;
If not, they call me owner. .

Co. Pardon, sir,
That I presume to bring this trouble to you.

Clem. 'Tis none at all.

Co. You shall not long expect.
So rest you merry.

[*Exit.*]

Clem. How fare you, sir ?

Hor. As you see, fall'n away an inch since
morning ;

But this will physic me. If I possess
This harlotry again, I'll make her sure.
Trust not a woman, they have found the herb
To open locks :^a not brazen towers can hold them ;
Or, if they get not loose, they have the virtue
Of loadstones ; shut up in a box, they'll draw
Customers to them ; nay, being dead and buried,
There's a suspicion they will break the grave ;

^a *Trust not a woman, they have found the herb
To open locks :*] See Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, vol. vi. p. 295.

Which puts so many husbands to the charge
Of heavy stones, to keep their bad wives under.

Co. You are moved?

Hor. Oh, master justice, you are honest.
I have been abus'd, so miserably cheated,
I am asham'd to think on't. [*music.*]—Stay, what
music?

Re-enter Cousin, leading in the Niece.

Ha! 'tis my niece, the very same.

Co. There, sir, you have her, and I must have
these.

Hor. Take them.—

But you shall go with me. Have I found you?

Niece. How, uncle,
A reveller? you'll lead me a coranto.

Hor. You shall dance homewards.

Re-enter PLAYFAIR.

Play. What make you, so familiar with my wife?

Hor. How! wife? Is she married?

Co. 'Tis upon record;

I'll bring a parson that shall take his oath on't.

Hor. Give me my bond and money, master
justice.

Play. Where? where?

Co. Here! here! but not to be recover'd
By law; I have a judgment, sir, against you.

Hor. You have conspired to rob, cheat, and
undo me!

I'll have you all star-chamber'd.

Play. Sir, be calm,
And hear us.

Hor. I'll hear nothing.

Play. Yes, you shall;
It will be necessary. I am bold,
Presuning on her favour, to demand

A parcel of three thousand pound ; the sum
Belongs to me by virtue of a marriage,
And I must have it.

Hor. Tell me of a marriage !

Co. I saw the priest conjoin them [, sir.] He will
Deserve your love.

Play. Perhaps you may continue
A thousand, or two thousand, for six months,
Upon security.

Hor. Persecution !

Co. Faith, sir, consider ;
It is more safe to see her thus bestow'd,
Than trust a jury. If the doctor had
Given her too much opium, or purg'd
Her soul away, things might go worse. But I
Keep counsel.

Hor. Have you mortified me yet ?

Co. For your own sake, and as you are true
knight.

*Re-enter mistress BELLAMY, HARTWELL, FRANCES,
and CLOSE.*

Hor. Now, have you done ? The widow !
Not a word more ? Take her ; I'll pay you, sir,
Threethousand pounds to morrow.—Noblewidow,
You were in the first list to be invited ;
My niece, I told you of, is married to
This worthy gentleman.

Bell. You look like a bridegroom.

Hor. 'Tis in your power to make it good. What
say you ?

Shall we have issue ? Now the word of comfort.

Bell. I will never marry.

Hor. You are resolv'd ? why so !—Come hither,
nephew ;
Shalt be my heir. I love thee for thy wit,
But charm thy friends, they do not laugh at me.

I'll be a knight, too, if I live, and build
 An hospital for twenty more o' the order,
 Which I'll reduce² myself out of the suburbs.
 It is a shame such men should lose their spurs
 In women's petticoats, and turn squires again
 To whores, or parasites to noblemen,
 For want of fit provision.

Bell An excellent
 Foundation!—But where's Startup?

Close. Sunk, I think.

Hart. Ne'er conjure for him : we are ingrateful
 to

Our bliss, [by] wasting of these precious minutes,
 Which are so many ages, till the church
 Hath made us perfect.

Hor. Is there any more
 Work for the priest? then give you joy before-
 hand,
 And let us celebrate the day together.

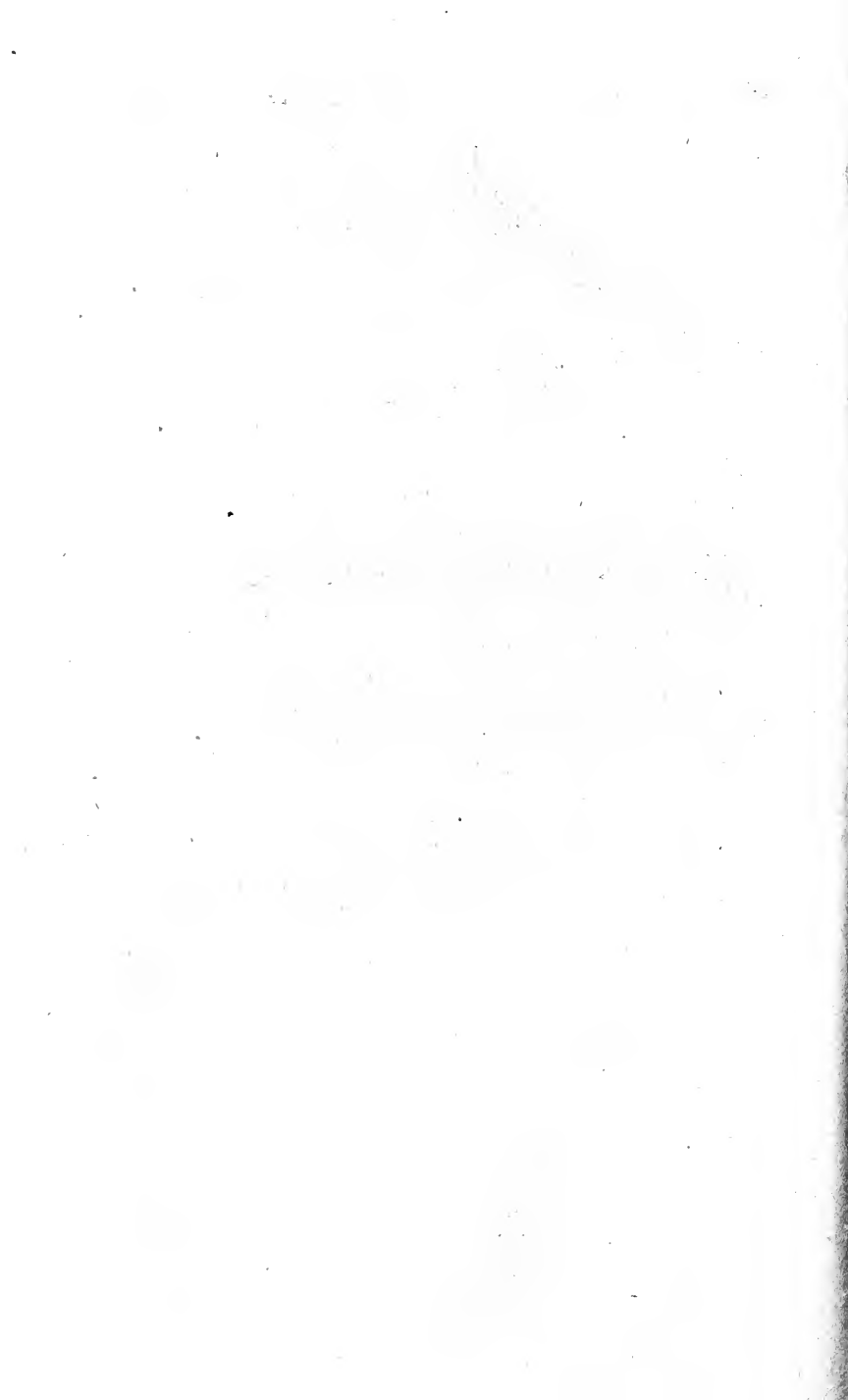
Play. I'm glad of your conversion. You are the
 first
 Jew that in my remembrance has turn'd Christian.

Clem. Walk on to joys.

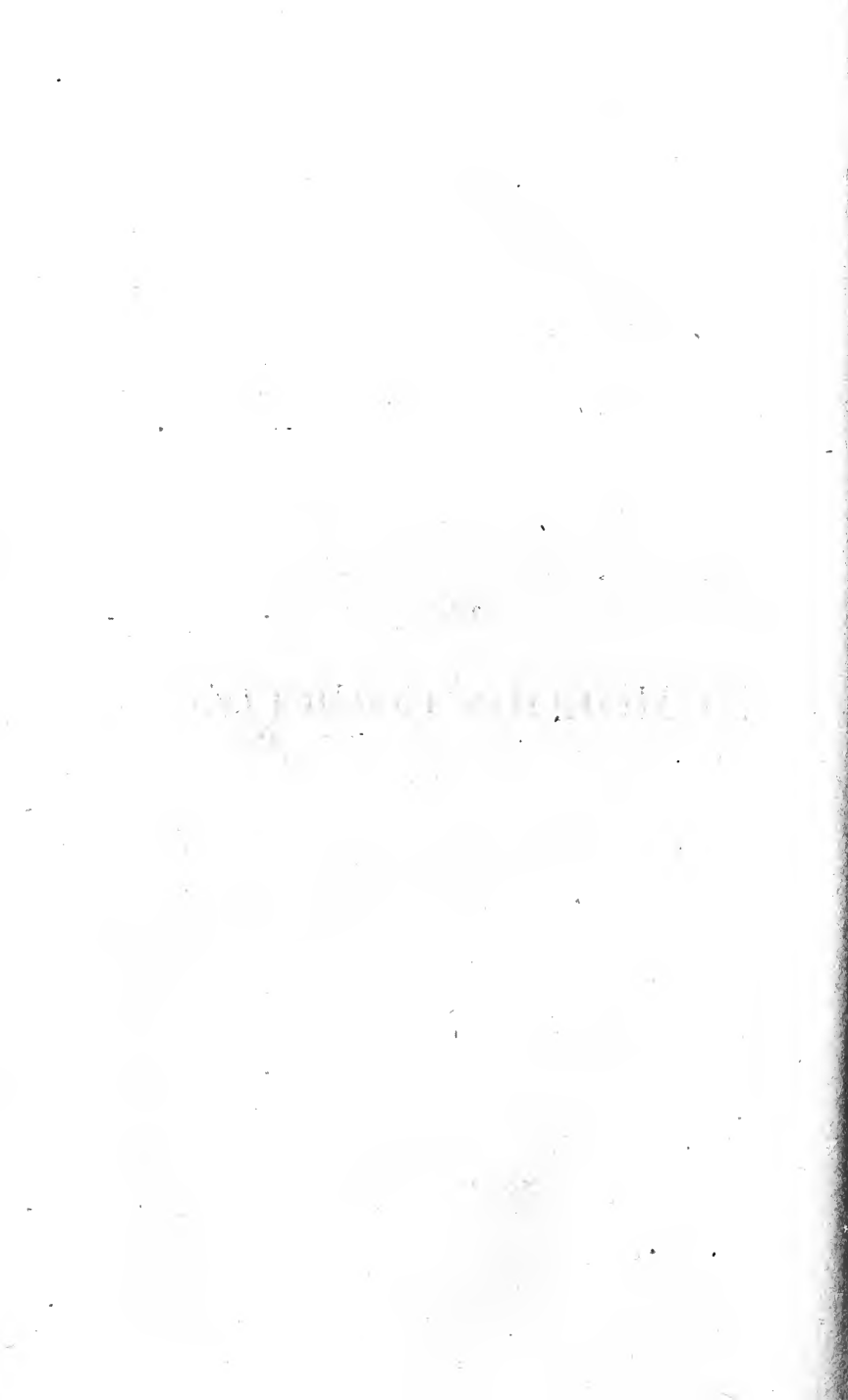
Hart. 'Twixt love and fortune now the ac-
 counts are even ;
 A chain of hearts, and the first link in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

² Which I'll reduce, &c.] i. e. bring back.



THE
HUMOROUS COURTIER.



THE HUMOROUS COURTIER.] This is another of Shirley's unregistered Plays ; but it may, I think, be safely assigned to a period previous to the year 1640, the date of the first 4to., as his dramas were rarely printed immediately after their first appearance. The title of the old copy is: "*The Humorous Courtier. A Comedy, As it hath been presented with good applause at the private house in Drury-Lane. Written by James Shirley Gent. 1640.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Foscari, *duke of Parma, disguised as a court favourite, under the name of Giotto.*

Comachio, *an old lord, uncle to Depazzi.*

Orseolo, THE HUMOROUS COURTIER.

Depazzi, *a young foolish lord.*

Volterre, }
Contarini, } *young lords.*

Dandalo, *servant to Contarini.*

Crispino, *servant to Depazzi.*

Sancho, *servant to Orseolo.*

Officer.

Servants.

Attendants.

Duchess of Mantua.

Laura, *a young gentlewoman, great in favour.*

Carintha, *wife to Contarini.*

SCENE, Mantua.

THE

HUMOROUS COURTIER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter VOLTERRE and ORSEOLO.

Vol. Remember where you are.

Ors. That ever man

Should be so dull of soul to love a woman !

Vol. What, in the name of fury, hath made you
An enemy to that sex ? Upon what lady,
False beyond Cressida, didst thou lose thy pati-
ence ?

Find it again, for shame ; thou wert not born
A woman-hater ?

Ors. No ; I thank heaven

My mother's dead, and all my sisters : I
Had a contention in my nature, when
They were alive, but tie of blood prevail'd
Against my disposition. I confess
I never wish'd them dead,

Vol. How hadst thou been
Alive, but for thy mother ?

Ors. That's one reason

Should make our love the less to them ; they do
But bring's acquainted with the world, which, at
Our birth, we are afraid of, and grow old

But to repent we are not embryos still,
Or things lost in conception.

Vol. We may

As well condemn our fathers, and declaim
'Gainst them for our begetting. Come, Orseolo,
Desist to be a satire; I hope you would not
The duchess should hear this. Collect yourself;
You are i' the presence; put on a smooth face,
And speak court language. Let me counsel you
To softness. What! a courtier, and so rugged!
Princes, they say, have many ears, and 'tis
Not less than treason, in a woman's court,
To be so violent against them:—
These hangings may evesdrop us.

Ors. Let them, let them.

May be 'twould move the duchess to exempt me
From my attendance; an she knew my mind
She would allow me a writ of ease, lest I
Infect her court, with railing 'gainst her sex.
I'd rather hear a mandrake, than let in
The noise of women. Heaven that I might never
Converse with any!

Vol. Thou wilt never marry.

Ors. Marry! I'll first engender with a viper.
Were there but one woman alive, and but,
By knowing her, no hope to stock the world
Again, I'd geld myself.

Vol. Pity thou should'st

Marry, to get a son that should be like thee!
Take heed, lest women, for this bitterness,
Make thee not first an eunuch.—But we have lost
Our first discourse; thy passion, like a storm,
Hath quite transported us from the duke Foscari,
That hath now left us; let's * * * *

* * * * *

A cold suit with the duchess.

¹ *That hath now left us; let's*] Such is the reading of the 4to. A verse or more has evidently been lost at

Ors. If I stay
I shall talk treason. *A cold suit!* for ever
Ice dwell within their marrows can affect them!
He was too worthy of her.

Vol. He deserved—
I know not what to think on't; 'tis the third
Prince that our duties have commended [to her,]
In hope to be made happy with her issue.—
Nay, nay, have truce a little with thy spleen,
And let's talk wisely; we shall be observed.
I wonder—

Ors. So do I.

Vol. At what?

Ors. At nothing;
At a woman, how 'tis possible a man
Should court and love them so; but, now I think on't,
I do not wonder.

Vol. How is this?

Ors. They are
All Circes, and do steal away our souls;
They juggle us into shapes and puppet lovers.

Vol. They have not juggled you, methinks.—

Enter CONTARINI.

Signior Contarini.

Con. Volterre and Orseolo, 'morrow to you!
You hear the news? Foscarei is departed.

Vol. In a mist, is he not? Here's but we three;
The duchess is a strange woman.

the press. It is proper to state, thus early, that the condition of this drama is most deplorable. In the other plays some fair advances are made towards sense and metre; but in this unfortunate piece all pains seem to have been cast aside; for (to say nothing of omissions in almost every speech,) the text too frequently appears as if the types had tumbled out of the boxes, and been set up at random. I have done my best to elicit some approach, at least, to meaning; but always with a reference to the indulgence of the reader: which must also be extended to the attempts at producing something a-kin to verse, from the old jumble of lines without either metre or rhythm.

Ors. Contarini, hast any other faith ?
 Are they not all so, Volterre ?
 Thou hast been a traveller, and convers'd
 With the Antipodes, almost put a girdle
 About the world ; taken dimensions
 Of every nature, tasted all airs, and canst
 Distinguish them to an atom ; tell me, signior,
 And be not partial to the sex, didst ever,
 Upon thy honour, meet with such a creature
 We here call virtuous woman ? are not all
 The stock of them inconstant ?

Vol. Nay, let's have
 No more invectives, signior Orseolo ;
 Traduce not all for some. It must be granted—

Con. They are an excellent creation, though
 Some few decline from virtue. I've a wife ;
 I'm but new married neither, yet I dare
 Boast my opinion.

Ors. Do not ; the moon
 Is yet but i' the first quarter, Contarini ;
 I would endear my thoughts to thee, an thou
 Wert not [new] married, *boast thy opinion !*
 Go sacrifice to sleep. Why, [there] are women
 Will cozen a strong faith, cuckold their husbands,
 Yet, taken in the act, persuade them into
 A belief they do but dream so.

Con. Signior,
 You're pleasant.

Vol. Pleasant !

Con. As his gall will suffer him ;
 He has been casting of it up this half hour,
 Yet there is some behind still. If you name
 A woman, he takes fire like touchwood. But
 To the duke Foscari.

Ors. I have it.

Vol. What ?

Ors. You talk [of the] duke Foscari ?

Con. We do.

Ors. I have the cause he went away so soon.

Vol. Prithee enrich our knowledge why?

Ors. I honour him.

Con. So we do all.

Ors. He is a brave duke, a man,

And in that, more than all his titles make him.

Some easy natures would have languish'd for her,

And have been paler than [the moon,] with watching

Distill'd their brain, tired [the sun to see them]²

Commit idolatry; given her their souls,

And changed them to her motion: in each window

Be scratching with some diamond her name,

And warm it so with kisses, till it thaw

The very glass, which weeps itself away

In pity of the dotage; been content

To have worn their youth away in expectation.

This prince was wiser; he left Parma to

Behold a creature was cried up the miracle

Of nature, a new star, like Cassiopeia,

That drew the eyes of Italy, and left them

Fix'd in the admiration; but he, needing

No Jacob's staff to take the height, and looking

With a true eye upon this wonder, found

She was a woman, nothing but a woman;

His wisdom quickly taught him to return,

Asham'd of his credulity.

Vol. He's mad.

What a wild passion, like a torrent, bears him

Against the women!—It is well your hate

Points at the general; one woman's anger

Would check your [froward humour] else.—³

Contarini.

² *And have been paler than [the moon,] with watching*

Distill'd their brain, tired [the sun to see them] The reader must accept these two lines as the best approach I can make to the meaning of the poet. They stand thus in the old copy:

“And ha' been paler than *ye meane*, with watching

Distill'd their braine tyred, yea some to seeme”

³ *Would check your [froward humour] else.* The old copy

Con. I dare not hear him talk more ; we shall be Held cherishers of his railing humour. In, in ! Prithee let's leave him.

Vol. Why, signior, are you so transported, You have not power enough to seem calm ? What Dost [thon] at court ?

Ors. Not cringe, as you [do,] and adore the nods Of painted ladies ; weary my hams, to answer Madam's half curtsies. I ne'er come to court, But to defend me from it.

Both. Ha !

Ors. The truth is, I would be fain discharg'd ; 'tis a hell to me, There are so many [women]⁴ in't ; would the duchess Would banish me into some wilderness ! I should endure the beasts, though they devour'd me ; I hate no monsters but the harpies.

Con. Why ?

Ors. Harpies have women's faces, Contarini.— Yet, now I think [on't,] Volterre, I have heard There is another feminine murderer, Call'd the hyena, that invites men forth To be devour'd. You've heard how the Egyptian Crocodile weeps, when death itself lies bathing Within her tears ; think but upon women, And tell me which I should avoid first.

Enter COMACHIO and GIOTTO.

Com. I see a merit nigh, [sir,] and I hope You will deserve the favour ; we are not Wont to admit of servants near her person,⁵ Without more caution.

has left a blank, for a word or two, which were apparently illegible in the ms. It reads :

“ Would checke your *forward* ——— else.”

⁴ *There are so many* [women] *in't* ;] So I presume it should be. The 4to. reads : “ There are so many *wormed* in't.”

⁵ ——— *near her person*,] The 4to. reads : “ *near their person*.”

Giot. It makes my bond
Of duty and observance greater.

Com. My lord Comachio!

Com. Let me employ some of your care
Upon my nephew ; something you may add
To improve him ; you shall till no barren ground :
Though he reward you not with fruitfulness,
I shall have power to make you think your studies
Well placed.

Giot. Your compass I shall sail by. [Exit.

Com. Contarini, how's the day?

[*Com.*] Not early.

Com. Signior Orseolo, I know what cloud
Muffles your thoughts.

Com. He is constant to his humour.

Com. [Is] not the duchess come forth yet?⁶ Orseolo,
We shall entreat you join with us to the duchess.

Ors. Yes ; hey!— [Exit.

Vol. So, so ! he would but trouble us.

Com. My lords, we must be circumspect ;
We are not to negotiate a design
That looks but at the profit of one man,
The duchy calls to own it ; all our cares,
You know, have met, that we might move the
duchess

To exchange her dull virginity for marriage ;
Foscari, whom our ambition pointed at, is lost,
And he in some disgust gone hence.

Vol. I fear so.

Com. His violent departure gives us more
Than jealousy ; we must solicit her,
But so as shall become our duties, and
Express our knowledge of her great soul,
And pregnant wit.

Com. She enters.—Signior Comachio,
It is referr'd to your delivery.

⁶ [Is] not the duchess come forth yet ? Orseolo,] For this the old copy has :

“ Not the duchess, come faith yet Orseolo.”

Enter Duchess, LAURA, and Attendants.

Duch. Comachio, we have no knowledge of thy
age
But what thy wisdom and experience doth
Discover. Is't not troublesome to attend
A young court?

Com. Your grace so [deserves] my duty,
That I delight in service.

Duch. Contarini, i' the morning's eye, reveals
More youth than [when] he [stood] by Hymen's
tapers;
Looks younger, than when we call[']d him bride-
groom.—

Censure him, Laura. [*She takes the state.*]

Lau. Your highness knows he hath
A young wife.

Com. All my use of time is but
To perfect my obedience to your excellence.

Duch. We cherish both your loves; — and,
Volterre,
You are great too within our memory.

Vol. I shall endeavour [to acquire] new merits.

Duch. The cause of your attendance now is known
Ere you deliver it [to us.] The departure
Of the young duke, our lover, from our court,
In so obscure a way, without our notice,⁷
Or consent published, gives you just cause
Of wonder; yet so much you're skill'd, both in
Our soul and nature,
That no immediate motive of his anger
Shall be laid to our charge, but what you think
Makes our person safe, and great.

Com. We come with humble modesty, to require
So much as shall concern our care, both of
Your gracious self, and our good country.

⁷ For "our notice," the 4to. reads *your*, and for *or*, *our*.

Foscari, duke of Parma, is a great prince ;

* * * * *

Feature ; a lady, like your excellence ;
* * * his youth and strength⁸

May promise issue, even to a matron.

Duch. We know he merits all his praise. Proceed
To what you call your business.

Com. His catholic majesty did lately, by
His lieger, urge a title to this duchy,
And desire your consent⁹ he might be named
Your highness' next and lawful heir, unless
From your own person were derived a prince
To intercept his hopes : with ease you may
Consider how unkind our fate will be,

* * * * *

* * * * *

Beyond his own natural soil, doth make
Obedience bondage.

Duch. You have yet hope 'tis in
My power to prevent what you suspect.

Com. We have ; but Time (the enemy to [life,]
And to increase) may [soon] destroy that hope.
If not for [your] propitious love to us,
Yet for your own sake, [for] your glory, hasten
The cure of these our fears. Time is the moth
Of nature, devours all beauty ;—when those
Bright eyes, that govern now with Phœbus-like
Predominance, shall yield no light unto
That darkened sky, your face, some aged mother,
Proud of her fertile womb, will shew you then

⁸ Here all trace of sense is lost, through the carelessness of the press. All that can be done, is to mark the places where the omissions most probably occurred. Something like a meaning might indeed be given to the first line, if for *Feature*, we might venture to read, "*Fit for a lady*," &c. but it seems safer to leave it to the reader.

⁹ *And desire your consent*] The 4to. reads, "And desire your *counsel*." In Comachio's next speech, *lie* and *scorne* appear for *life* and *soon*.

Her offspring.—Behold! quoth she,
 I need no marble house for my fame to dwell in;
 These are my living monuments;—but
 Your sullen chastity will not permit
 Your fame t' outlive your breath.

Duch. No more, Comachio! these are my own thoughts.

Shortly you shall see I aim at the prevention¹
 Of all danger.

All. You are [our] gracious mistress.

Com. Yet you shall much divulge your clemency,
 If, to stifle public noise, you reveal
 The reason why Foscari was not made
 Your choice.

Duch. Foscari is a foreigner, born in
 A climate not so temperate as our's;
 And I am yet to know whether his mind
 Be different from such as please me here,
 At home. Foreign alliance is an old
 Disguise for [princes'] hatred:² it charms
 The peaceful into a dull security,
 Until the furious find best advantage
 To make his anger known; then both are more
 Engaged t' inflame what erst the one did kindle.
 I should sin, my good lords, if I did think
 [That] my humility digraced my honour,
 When I suppos'd my own court able to
 Breed a man, fit to mingle blood, even with
 A princess[s]; should I say with *mine*?—What!
 amaz'd?

Why? does it want example? I should not think
 My choice would much accuse my eyes, if I
 Elect a lover here, unless [that] some

¹ *Shortly you shall see I [aim at the] prevention*] This restores something like meaning to the old copy, which reads:

“Shortly you shall see I *am art*, prevention.”

² *Disguise for [princes'] hatred, &c.*] What this should be is difficult to say; the 4to. reads, “Disguise for *sunices*.”

Are more desertless than I am guilty of.—

Laura. [*Exeunt Duch. and Attendants.*
 [*The lords first gaze on one another, then walk up
 and down*]

Com. Join to us, Ædipus, yet we shall want
 Help t' expound this riddle.

Con. *A lover here!*

From *her own court!* sure it must
 Be from this number.—Signior Volterre!

Vol. My very good lord.

Con. You are the man the stars dance to; the
 spheres

Do practise music only to make you

Merry. You are he, signior.

Vol. Who, I, my lord?

Con. Do not conceal your hopes; they will be
 worthy

[Of] your acknowledgment. You would be install'd
 I' the dark, steal titles, without the notice
 Of the heralds; but noise attends honour.

Vol. I need a comment to your words.

Con. Come, you young men are all temptation:
 You have the purple veins, signior, that swell
 With wanton pride; and ladies' judgments are
 Much govern'd by their eyes. What grace,
 What favour did the duchess lately shew you,
 The more t' endear your duty, eh?

Vol. I want a soul, signior,
 If she e'er honour'd me with any phrase,
 But what is usual in her complement
 To other lords.

Con. Is't possible?

Vol. He has discover'd somewhat that concerns
 My joy. Nature needs no excuse
 Why a duchess should affect a travell'd lord.—

You are great too within our memory:

These were her words. Hum!

[*Aside.*

Com. Signior Contarini.

Con. My lord.

Com. You observ'd the duchess' language?

Con. Am I

Not thinking on't? heart! why do you interrupt me?

Com. How's this?—My lord Volterre!

Vol. Your pleasure, signior?

Com. You have a fortunate skill in
Translation of mysterious language; I pray
Lend me your censure upon the last words
The duchess uttered.

Vol. Ah, signior, they concern not me; I am
Forgotten by my stars, I; Volterre
Is lost to all eyesight but his own.

Com. Do our brains melt this hot weather?—

These men

Were heretofore discreet, and now they talk
As if they had no eyelids, like things that
Never slept. I find the cause. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Con. Quoth she, *He looks younger than when
he stood*

By Hymen's tapers.—Good, very good! I have [it.]
O, were I single now! My wife, my wife!
She ruins all this hope.

Vol. Since I have travell'd, brought from France
the nice

Amorous cringe, that so enchants [the] ladies,
'Tis fit I use it often; the tongue is
Powerful too, and I [am] rich³ in languages.
It shall be known—

Con. Signior Volterre.

Vol. To bring

Revels into the court, that is the way;
I have myself an able chine, and I
Can frisk [it] like a goat, which females call
A lucky symptom.—Signior Contarini.

Con. Your lordship must excuse me; I'm a little
Serious.

³ The 4to. has *I inrich*; which may be a misprint for *e'en rich*.

Vol. Oh for a sight of Jupiter's wardrobe,
That I might imitate the shape in which
He courted Dian!

Con. Signior Volterre.

Vol. Ay, my lord,
That's my name:—I'll go write it down, lest this
Business make me forget it. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Con. Rebellious blood! must I needs marry?
Had
I but delay'd my lust a month, I might
Have wasted then my strength and nature to
A nobler purpose, begot princes; now
I am in bondage to my marriage vow. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Contarini's House.

Enter CONTARINI *and* DANDALO.

Con. My wife must do't, and then I may effect
My hope with the great duchess as soon as he
Most proud of [his] demerits.—Dandalo,
Where is your lady?

Dan. Your lordship may hear both her voice
and lute.
She's in the garden with Reollo, your
Musician.

Con. Hear! does she so much despair of long life,
That she need flatter her soul to tarry here, with
Soft airs, and wanton music?

Dan. My lord?

Con. Conduct her hither.

[*Exit Dan.*]

Enter CARINTHA.

Car. I saw your entrance. You bring news
from court ;
Let me share in it.

Con. I must work her to it
With art and leisure. [*Aside.*

Car. What does your lordship say?

Con. Sweet [*est,*] lend me thy ear in private.—
Can I

Demand a thing from her, that slumber'd in
My bosom, and she be so unkind to give
My suit a hard repulse?

Car. My lord,
I am not guilty of a cause that can
Warrant your suspect either of my love or duty.

Con. I believe thee, dear Carintha ;
But this injunction's so severe and strange,
'Twill puzzle thy consent at first.

Car. Sir, make it known ; I cannot be so slow
In my performance of your will, as you
Are to reveal it.

Con. Thy breath is sweeter than the smoke
ascending
From the phœnix' funeral pile.—I could
Kiss thee, even engender on thy lips.

Car. You were not wont to be thus pleas'd ;
shew me
Which way I may requite your passion. Speak
The suit you talk of.

Con. Now I know the strength
Of thy affection, I slight my suit ;
The grave will prove too easy.

Car. What is it ?

* *The grave will prove too easy.*] Thus, with the exception of
to for two, reads the old copy. *Grave* is probably a misprint for
grant, or *grace* ; and even thus the meaning is not very clear.
Perhaps Contarini did not intend to be too intelligible.

Con. I'll have thee only kill thyself. Tush!⁵ thou shalt do it, ha?

Car. Sir, I suspect your health; you were not wont to shew your speech so much estrang'd from reason.

Con. Is this your love? your forward kindness?

Car. Scarce has

The moon experienced⁶ a change, since you
Received me in your bed, a cold virgin.

Are you so soon tired with sacred marriage,

* * * * *

Desire to motive my eternal absence,
And by a means so cruel, sir? How have I
Deserv'd your hatred? or, please
But to reveal the profit which [my] death
Can bring you.

Con. I have not leisure to reply to your
Demands. [Say,] will you do't?

Car. You fright my soul.

Con. Orseolo, happy you, whose frozen nature
Will not permit a closure with a woman!
The sex do quite degenerate from those
Great patterns which the former age produced.
Portia swallow'd fire to please her husband's ghost,
Who enticed [her] to Elysium; Lucrece,
To purchase life unto her memory,
Noise at her funeral, such as might clear
Her fame, pierced her dear heart,⁷ and died.

⁵ *Tush!*] The 4to. reads, *crush*: whether that in the text, or the old interjection, *much!* be the genuine word, must be left to the reader, who may perhaps suggest a better than either.

⁶ — experienced *a change*,] The 4to. reads, *expir'd*: but this is not the only error in this unfortunate speech, which appears mutilated beyond all power of recovery. In the last verse *by* is printed for *my*.

⁷ — *such as might clear*

Her fame, pierced her dear heart, &c.] The 4to. reads:

————— "*such as might cleave*

Her fame priced her dear heart," &c.

Car. We have a certain faith, a faith
That can assure reward or punishment
For deeds; we know our dwelling after death,
Which Roman souls unlawfully did seek,
And found too soon. We are prescrib'd those acts
That make us angels.

Con. She has been gossiping
With the holy sisters, Zeal and Purity.

Car. It were the safer for my soul, if you
Yourself would be my executioner.

Con. I thank your ladyship; I am exposed
To the justice of the law: he who is rich,
An his prince become his heir, cannot live long.
Besides, my hopes to enjoy the duchess
Are then quite frustrate.

Car. What said your lordship?

Con. I did not think, Carintha, thou hadst been
So stern of nature; thou hast a stubborn heart:
Deny my first request!

Car. Should I kill myself?

Con. Why, must we not all die?
It is a thrifty conscience that persuades
The soul to hasten her departure hence,
To avoid future guilt.

Car. You counsel strangely;
I have deserv'd more kindness from your tongue.

Con. If thou suspect'st thou hast not fortitude
Enough to attempt thy death by violence,
Expire with leisure; refrain from meat, [un]til
The orifice of thy stomach close, and grow
Together; or, when thou feed'st, eat arsenic:
Die any way, so the law call not me
Thy murderer.

Car. Heaven secure me! Have you
The use of all your senses, you speak thus?

³ *I thank your ladyship;]* The 4to. reads, "I thank you
Lop!"

Con. But if you'll choose an easier way, each morning

Fetch [one] tedious sigh or two, 'twill make
Your heart to cleave; I'll give you cause enough
To do't.

Car. You have a bloody mind.

Con. Or, as some country virgins do, scratch
mortar

From an aged wall, and eat it up in private,
So die o' the green disease. But, now I think on't,
That's too perplex a way⁹ unto the grave.

Car. I dare not hate thee, though you have
tempted me

Beyond [all] mortal patience.

Oh, unkind destiny! [Exit.

Con. Do, fret; gall thy heart-strings till they break.

I have the ingine¹ of

A babe! any man that had arrived

At half my years would soon invent a safe way

To shift that trifle from him.

Hum! who shall I get to do't?—Happy fancy!

It is mature; I will about it straight. [Exit.

⁹ *That's too perplex a way, &c.*] Old copy, "that's to perplex away:" and in the next line, for "I dare not hate thee, though you have," &c. it reads, "I dare not hate the thought y' have tempted me."

¹ *I have the ingine*] i. e. the wit. The 4to. reads, *engine*. Perhaps it should be *ingeny*.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DEPAZZI with papers, LAURA, and CRISPINO.

Dep. I sent you a letter, madam.

Lau. My lord, I received it.

Dep. How did you taste it?

Lau. Excellently.

Dep. I have twenty as good as that lying by me ;—have I not, Crispino?

Cris. Oh, my good lord.

Dep. They shall be all at your service.

Lau. You are too much a courtier ; I must chide you,

Signior ; I never did deserve the epithets
Your paper throws upon me.

Dep. *Epithets!* I beseech you, madam, to impute that to the fretfulness of my brain. If any thing have slipp'd my pen whereby I may incur your ladyship's indignation, I'll recant it publicly.

Lau. I enjoin no such penance ; but 'tis an injury easily remitted ; 'tis the glory, they say, of lovers, to hyperbolize.

Dep. *Hyperbolize!* what's that? I have not that word yet in my alphabet. I hope, madam, you hold a better opinion of me, than to imagine I would hyperbolize with your ladyship? That were immodest.

Lau. Not so, signior.

Dep. By my faith, madam, but it is. Do you think

I know not what hyperbolizing is?
That were simplicity! If any thing
Within my letter may be drawn within

Construction of hyperbolizing, condemn
 Not me for't. By [my] service, madam, I
 Had no intention to stretch so far
 To your dishonour ; it shall teach me wit
 To write my letters hereafter.

Cris. A hair in your honour's lock is disorder'd ;
 'tis rectified.

Lau. Signior,
 You do me much, too much satisfaction,
 Your error being a small one.

Dep. 'Tis your favour ;
 Yet, when I [do] commit a peccadillo
 Against your brightness, I deserve to be
 Extinguished your presence for't. I did love
 You, madam, as I remember, when I was
 An infant.

Lau. How ?

Dep. We are infants, you will grant,
 When we cannot speak, and I loved full eight
 months
 And a half, ere I had power to tell you of it ;
 I'm certain.

Lau. I was not worth so much.

Dep. Nay, for that, madam,
 I'll shew myself deserving ; were you worthy,
 'Twere the less act of mine to love you ; that
 Were a poor thing. I do not stand on worth.
 I would not have you think so ignobly of me,
 That I affect you for your worth ; I'd rather,
 Upon my honour, have you in your smock,
 Than all the ladies in the world stark naked.

Lau. Now your language is coarse.

Dep. You shall pardon me for that.

Cris. Your lordship's feather waves too much
 toward the east ; 'tis now in [the] true point.

Dep. My love is pure,
 And, like the sun, transparent.

Lau. Now you complement ;
I know you're excellent at it.

Dep. Troth, not I, lady ;
I cannot complement ; I do but [praise your]
Refulgent beauty, whose mellifluous voice
Pierces the ear. Faith, madam, credit me,
I ne'er could complement in my life.—*Most fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair !*
There are poetical furies in the city ;
But I converse not with them.—

*Were ever cheeks of roses, locks of amber
Ordain'd to be imprison'd in a chamber ?—*

Laura, I do but piddle, a pretender ;
I know not how to complement.

Lau. You now do.

Dep. Alas, not I ; I cannot make verses neither !
*Thy dainty seal of virgin wax,
That nothing but impression lacks.*

Cris. Your lordship's cloak discovers not sufficiently the riches of the inside.

Lau. An excellent poet !

Dep. I'll tell you, madam, a strange thing. You see these trifles ; before I was in love, I could not have made an acrostic in a day, sometimes two.

Lau. Now you can make chronograms.

Dep. I think I can ; and anagrams, for a need.

Lau. Signior, you are wonderfully improv'd ;
Love has inspired you richly. I perceive.
Cupid is a Muse too.¹

Dep. Oh, now I cannot sleep for the multitude
Of verses that are capering in my skull.

Lau. I wonder you are not mad.

Dep. You may.

Cris. A hair in your honour's lock is disorder'd.

Dep. But I've a gift to help it. I allow

¹ *Cupid is a Muse too.]* Old copy, "Cupid is a *mute* too."

Myself set times to vent them ; they would blow
Me up else.

Lau. As how, pray ?

Dep. Why, thus : i' the morning,
When I have said my prayers in verse, which fall
From me, and I ne'er think on them, * * *
* * * * * next my heart,
I scribble out an ode ; after my breakfast
I fall upon a satire ; when I've rail'd
Myself into a fresh stomach, I dine ;
Which done, because it is not good to study upon
repletion or full stomach, (you understand me,)
for a matter of two hours I dream (as it com-
ports with our Italian to sleep,) then, I say, I dream
familiarily an heroic poem.

Lau. Dream !

Dep. Madam, while you live,
Your dreaming poets are the best, and have
Distilled raptures ; spirits that converse with them,
And teach them what to write ; this I set down
Before I eat again ; after, I walk
Upon the strength of supper into the park,
And ruminat an elegy ; at return,
I do discourse of epigrams, and an epitaph
Upon some one or other of my kindred.

Enter COMACHIO and GIOTTO.

I have made a rare one on my uncle, an
He would die shortly to deserve it.

Com. What's that ?

Lau. If you so methodize your study, signior,
I shall but sin against your muse ; 'tis now
Your hour, by course, for your heroic poem ;
'Twere best you sleep, my lord : I'll take my leave.

Dep. Nay, madam, 'tis not every day I study
So hard ; on some I whet my muse.

Cris. Your lordship's weapon hangs too much
afore.

Com. Thou hast my bosom ; treasure up my
secrets

Faithfully, and deserve I should be thine,
Giotto ; the first opportunity
Commends thee to the duchess, then's the time
To shew thy gratitude, if she still look on me
With lucky eyes.

Giot. My lord, you've made
Yourself the creditor of what I am ;
If I return you not the interest
Of all my service, I should justly forfeit
To be unmade again.

Dep. *Sweet Laura, world-confounding beauty!*

Lau. Again hyperbolizing ! then your lordship
Must pardon me. [Exit.

Dep. What's the signification of this word ?
Hum.

Cris. I have heard some say, to hyperbolize is to
lie ; and it may be, she would not have your lord-
ship lie with her.

Com. Signior Depazzi, what part of your dis-
course

Concern'd my death ? I heard, with madam Laura,
You name your uncle's dying.

Dep. 'Twas with grief, then ;
I had no cause to name you else, my lord.

Com. Apply yourself, nephew, to this gentleman,
And make him precious to you. [Exit.

Giot. I shall study
His honour's service.

Dep. Giotto.

Giot. My lord.

Dep. You are a scholar ?

Giot. I have lost time in Padua.

Dep. I'll tell you a jest : a gentleman i' the
court,
Writing a letter to his mistress, could not
Contain himself from hyperbolizing with her.

Giot. Is your lordship serious?

Dep. True, upon my honour. What a gull
'twas

To make himself ridiculous! I laugh'd at him;
Then he ask'd me what that word meant. Giotto,
What do you think on't?

Giot. I, my lord?

Your honour needs no comment to inform you,
Much less my translation.

Dep. Yes, I know't; but what says your dicti-
onary?

Giot. Your lordship shall pardon me for that.

Dep. It is some bawdy word, he is so modest.
Wherein did I hyperbolize with her ladyship?—

[*Aside.*

My lord Volterre.

Enter VOLTERRE.

Vol. Signior Depazzi, *come sta?*

Dep. I am transported to see your lordship well.

Vol. *Yo soy el vuestro servidor.*

Dep. What's this?

Giot. Between Goth and Vandal Spanish.

Dep. An Giotto were not here now, I would ask
him

What were hyperbolizing. — By your lordship's
favour—

Vol. Women are taken with the presence of
A man; the garb and ornaments of state
Endear him to their senses; I would fain
Appear in glorious habit.—Can you dance?

Dep. I were no lord else. I was a Frenchman's
scholar,

For twenty crowns a month; you may guess by that
My abilities.

Vol. 'Tis the best fooling, and the safest for
The body; your French glide away like rivers,

Without a noise, and turning with meanders,
Outmove you ; your lofty tricks are rude,
And do too much examine.

Dep. May we not rise ?

I have known good dancers rise at court. What
say you

To a cross caper ?

Vol Ride the cannon,² an you have
No care to preserve your bonds. But I forget.—
A dios, signior ; I must attend the duchess.

Dep. Do not hyperbolize with her, my lord.

Vol. *Perdonate*, signor mio.

Dep. 'Tis so, 'tis bawdy ; that shrug tells me
so.—

Giotto !

Giot. Your honour's servant.

Dep. Were you never a courtier before ?

Giot. I only hitherto have spent my eyesight
In observation, now I grow proud
To write myself dependant.

Dep. Signior Comachio,
My uncle, sends you.³

Giot. But I'm not to learn
To adore the rising sun ; I look on him
As in his west ; but I've ambition to
Merit your grace.

Dep. I see then thou wilt be a courtier.

* *Ride the cannon*, &c.] I do not pretend to understand this.
Perhaps it should be :

“ *Read the canon*, an you have

No care to preserve your *bounds*.”

i. e. study the established rules of dancing, if you leap so extravagantly. Depazzi had probably been giving an awkward specimen of the *cross-caper*.

³ *My uncle sends you.*] The 4to. reads, *lends you*.

Enter Duchess, COMACHIO, CONTARINI, VOLTERRE, and LAURA.

Duch. Comachio, shew me your nephew.—
You are welcome to court, my lord.

[*Depazzi kneels, and kisses her hand.*

Dep. It is your highness' pleasure I should
presume so,
And I am confident I may.

Duch. He has not only profited in growth
Of person, but in's judgment too; talks well;
Our court wants such: Comachio,
Your nephew's contemplation ends here,
Padua must lose him; he shall be our servant.

Com. She jeers him, and I gain no credit by't.—
[*Aside.*

Keep your tongue quiet; cease your abortive lan-
guage,
Or I will cut your throat.

Dep. This is the trick of all courtiers;
They would engross princes unto themselves;
I must not speak to her!

Com. This is the gentleman your grace was pleas'd
To accept from my commends.

[*Leads Giotto to her, who kisses her hand.*

Duch. You are a Florentine?

Giot. I am proud to own my country.

Duch. We have heard so much of your demerits,⁴
That 'twere injustice not to cherish you;
Be confident to gain our best favour.

Giot. I've often pray'd
For this bless'd hour, and thought I did not sin
In my ambition: it is a virtue
To covet honour from your excellence,
Which I shall ever study to deserve.

⁴ — of your demerits.] I have already had occasion to observe that Shirley constantly uses this word in the sense of *merits*, as was, indeed, the practice of his contemporaries.

Duch. Laura, begin your trial.

[*Laura whispers with Giotto.*]

ORSEOLO runs in, and kneels.

Duch. This is a rude kind of duty ;
Speak your intention.

Ors. Twice have I kneel'd
To gain your kindness in my suit ; now grant it,
Or I'll turn traitor.

Duch. Make your suit known.

Ors. I have been bred in rugged wars ;
A woman's government is soft, and fit
For babes to bow to ; dismiss [me] straight your
court.

Duch. Orseolo, did not your offence breed mirth,
You should perceive't more difficult to find
A pardon for't.

Ors. Send me straight to sea, if but t' encounter
a fleet of fiends rigg'd by witches ; or with a colony,
to settle a plantation in the deserts of Barbary ; I'll
choose any employment, rather than to hear a lady
utter perfum'd breath, or see her advance, in her
masculine garb, in her new mimic posture.

Duch. Leave us ; but so, that in an hour's space
We may command your presence here, to move
Our laughter, when [our] leisure will permit it ;
Or you shall never live to wear gray hairs.

Ors. I'll conspire with a constable that commits
justice in his sleep, ere I'll want treachery to revenge
this constraint of service. [Exit.]

Com. Your grace will beget charity
In other ladies, if you pardon this
His bold behaviour, for he offends all women.

Duch. How, Comachio ?

Com. Does not your excellence
Know he is call'd the woman-hater ?

Duch. Deserves he
That epithet ?

Vol. I'll shew your highness the real cause why he hates all women : he was ever bred in the camp, where there are no females but suttlers' wives, fit drudges to make fires i' the devil's kitchen, whose very looks disparage the complexion of all their sex. He ne'er convers'd with an Italian bona roba, a plump lady, that fills her gown ; or with a French brunette ; a Spanish muger umbrada, or a German jungfrau ; the Dutch —

Dep. Or with a Welsh —

Com. Parrot ! will ye be prating ?

Dep. What should a man do with's tongue, an you will not let him talk ?

Duch. My lord Volterre is a copious linguist.

Vol. I still desire to be enabled, for Your grace's service.

Duch. Are all the sluices stopp'd, that we may see

Your cormorants dive for their prey ?

Vol. We only want your highness' presence there,

And the sport begins.

Duch. Comachio— [She whispers him.

Con. Signior, these are your cormorants ; you still

Provide the duchess new game and [new] pleasure. She did you public grace this morning too Before the French leiger. But you have travell'd, sir ?

Vol. My lord, the French conceive things with justice. I'm but an *esprit de la mode*,⁴ and, as the Spaniard says, *alto es trabajo del hombre* ; but

⁴ *I'm but an esprit de la mode, &c.*] This is the best reading which I can make out of the old copy, "I'm but an *Isorit du moude*." The reader need not be apprised, after what he has seen, that almost every foreign word is corrupted—thus we have *muser* for *muger*, *bruvet* for *brunette*, *Ys* for *jungfrau*, &c.

I've observ'd her grace names Contarini often,
looks on you with a smooth brow,—

Con. On me, my lord?

Duch. Lead forward to the river.

Com. My hopes do still encrease; fate smiles
upon me.

Duch. Signior Depazzi, be you near us.

[*Exeunt all but Laura and Giotto.*]

Lau. You've heard her grace's will? this is the
first

Employment. She knows you Florentines
Insinuate with great subtlety
In human natures.

Giot. She shall receive each man
In his just character.

Lau. Sir, I congratulate your new fortune;
You'll find her excellence a noble mistress.

Giot. You are a gentle lady,
And add much credit to her court.

Lau. We shall lose the sport, unless
We hasten to the river.

Giot. You have use
Of my attendance, and I am happy in't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter GIOTTO, DUCHESS, LAURA, and CARINTHA.

Duch. You now shall stay at court, Carintha.—
See,
Her very lips look black; Saturnus' issue
Were not so dull and sullen.

Lau. Madam, she has

Great motives unto sadness, which I have
 Been earnest with her to reveal; but she
 Conceals them, as the usurer doth his treasure,
 Striving to beguile notice, and lessen
 The number of his bags with his report.

Giot. Lady, too soon you will deprive the world
 Of your dear presence, if thus early you
 Consume your hours in pensive thoughts.

Duch. Carintha,
 Have I not power to encrease your grief,
 If you conceal the cause of it from me?

Car. I am not sad; my faculties preserve
 Their wonted harmony. Your excellence
 Will not enforce me to belie my passion?

Enter VOLTERRE.

Lau. There's my lord Volterre.
 Is it your grace's pleasure to retire
 Till we have ended our discovery?

Duch. Is he come?—Carintha, follow me.

[Exeunt Duch. and Car.]

Vol. She gave the game high applause, and
 begg'd two of my cormorants. I must invent new
 sports to delight her fancy.

Lau. The day afford[s] your lordship much
 profit.

Giot. If your lordship
 Be in good health, you owe some thanks unto
 My prayers.

Vol. Laura, the duchess' great favourite; Giotto
 is eminent in court too: if these afford me such
 respect, I've cause to think my stars faithful.
[aside.]—Madam, I would kiss your left hand.

Lau. I beseech your lordship
 Enforce me not to be unmannerly;
 You are now above my conversation.

Vol. How, bright Laura?—Signior Giotto,
 Pray clear this mystery.

Giot. My lord, be more particular :—for my
Own part, I know my distance ; but you greet
Your fortunes with too much humility ;
You want state, to [hold] converse [thus] with me.

Vol. I am all wonder and amazement, signior ;
Pray give your meaning more perspicuous utterance.

Giot. Will you
Forget to be reserved !—Know your station ;
You make me bold against my own desire.

Vol. How's this ?

Giot. I implore your lordship [?'s] leave I may be
cover'd ;

'Twould much assist my health.

Vol. Why, dost
Keep thy head bare in reverence to me ?—
Madam, shall I entreat ?

Lau. 'Tis in your power
To command ; in my duty to obey.

Vol. Your duty !

Giot. It seems he [hath] not yet [observed] how
much
The duchess favours him.

[*Pretends to converse aside with Laura.*—
Volterre listens.]

Lau. I conjecture so ;⁵
For [his behaviour] differs much from that
Which he must practise when he's duke.

Vol. I hear you.

Lau. How, my lord ?

Vol. Laura, faith be public.—Giotto, why
Dost thou conceal the means to make thee happy ?

Giot. My lord, I know [but] little ; only, those that
Wait near the duchess hear her often praise
Your nimble tongue, your skill in languages.

⁵ *I conjecture so ; &c.]* The old copy reads :

“ I conjecture so for e's _____ ”

After which follows a break in the line ; which I have filled up
as I could.

Vol. *Oh, questo è niente.*⁶ What would you say, [to hear] me interpret the inarticulate voices of birds and beasts? that skill deserv'd a fame.

Giot. Your lordship might then, with great ease, [be an] interpreter to the builders of Babel.

Lau. Something I've heard her grace speak, too,
in praise

Of your French gesture; your sublime frisk, and odd
Conveyance of your body.

Giot. 'Tis when your lordship wreathes your
hams in thus.

Vol. *Ta darum, ta darum, te re re, ra darum!*
[He dances.

Giot. These are the postures that enchant your
sex, lady.

Lau. I cannot blame the duchess to be fond.

Giot. But does not your lordship
Grow weary with continuance of this motion?

Vol. It is my vulgar exercise. *Ta da rum, ta
da rum.* [Dances again.

Giot. Enough, enough, my good lord! Sure you
swim

Within your doublet.

Vol. Giotto, now I am fit for a race; never
tired. It has been thought by some skill'd in the
ability of my person, that I'm [im]mortal.

Giot. Indeed, sir, 'tis not fit you should expect
Much in heaven, having such joy on earth.
You are more than happy; this lady knows it.

Vol. Dost i' faith, Laura?

Lau. Sir, I hope, when you shall sit invested
With royal ornaments, you'll not disdain
Laura for your humble servant.

Giot. And Giotto knows that your religion
Will not permit you [to] slight industry.

⁶ Vol. *Oh, questo è niente.*] This, or something like it, seems to be the meaning of the 4to. *Phse questo mionte.* Perhaps *pooh!* or *pshaw!* or *fie!* may lie concealed in *Phse. Grande certamen!*

Vol. I took part o' my breeding i' the French court, and there I learnt to be familiar with my nobles.

Lau. Did not I say he would govern gently? Now can't my tongue be quiet; I must tell him all.

Giot. Nay, madam—

Vol. Giotto, [does it] concern you To hinder this her kindness?—Speak, dear lady.

Lau. My lord, I affect truth and brevity: I am commanded by her grace to make Your visits private to her.

Vol. Ha! forward dear Laura.

Giot. Why, sir, it is her highness' will that you Conceal these visits.

Lau. And let no encouragement, Neither from her eyes nor speech, embolden you To think[t] unlawful; her favours you must take With silent observation.

Enter COMACHIO.

Giot. Here comes my lord Comachio.—Away, signior!
He must not see you.

Vol. *Yo soy muy goderoso.*⁷

[*Exeunt Vol. and Lau.*]

Giot. My noble patron!

Com. I greet thee as my best genius; thou art
now

Mix'd i' the number with such as wear my title;
Thou climb'st apace, yet safely too. They strive
At court, who first shall be the flatterer.
What female was't that left thee now? I saw
Part of her gown.

Giot. The lady Laura.

Com. Thou art most happy; skilful in
Thy choice of conversation: why, she governs
Her highness' heart. Didst question her about
My business?

⁷ *muy goderoso.*] Old copy, *mugjuoderose.*

Giot. I know all ; she cannot hide
A single thought from me.

Com. Thou'rt strangely powerful
O'er ladies. But what said she ?
Have I no rival in the duchess' love ?

Giot. Sir, she owns none but you, with a public
confidence ;
Only there's one impediment.

Com. What is't ? prithee give't relation.

Giot. A spirit not tamed by his religion
Would hazard much, rather than suffer it
T' endanger such a hope.

Com. Make it no more a secret.

Giot. Could you think she has observ'd your
nephew with
An amorous eye ?

Com. Depazzi, my nephew !

Giot. That's the man, sir,
Who is so much obliged unto her memory.

Com. 'Sdeath ! this inclines so near [a] miracle,
'Twould tax my judgment to believe 't. Confer
Her love upon a fool !

Giot. Pardon me, sir ;
I do not positively say she loves him.
I make it, for your sake,
A cautelous suspect ; your jealous men
Strive against danger.

Com. I do affect thy discipline.

Giot. This morning she desir'd to speak with
him.

Com. To speak with him ! Good ; our brains
are near us.

Ere thou admitt'st him to her presence, we'll
Furnish him with discourse, preposterous
To sense, and her demands ; so make him
More cheap in her conception. Here he comes.

Enter DEPAZZI.

Assist my prayers.

Dep. Signior uncle.

Com. Nephew, opportunely.

Signior Giotto hath taken pains
To bring us knowledge of new graces, which
Our duchess stores up for you. I am proud
To think what honour all our blood receives
From you, the top bough of our family.
I never hoped there could be stars in heaven
So auspicious, as I behold now shining,
And pointing all their golden beams on you:
The duchess loves you. [*Dep. hums.*]

Giot. Not carelessly, and with that common
favour

She does divide among the courtiers;
They do but glean her scattered graces,
For you the harvest is reserv'd, and brought
Home to your bosom. [*Dep. hums.*]

Com. Others with much labour

Climb this high rock, upon whose swelling top
The duchess' smiles are placed, yet obtain not
One to reward their sweat. [*Dep. hums.*]

Giot. But her own hand

Reaches you up, and tempts you to enjoying
The pyramid's height: you may ascend by stairs,
And mount with ease unto that happiness
Others adore afar off.

Dep. Does the duchess

Affect me honourably, and for marriage? other-
wise—

Com. That makes the music high, it were not
else

So ravishing; you are the man mark'd out
To be the duke, Depazzi.

Giot. That's her desire.

She would not, like a thief, steal joys, but make
 The pleasures lawful ; holy nuptial rites
 Ushering your felicity. You must be
 Her husband, signior, and all we your subjects,
 Obsequious to your nod, when you have breath
 To raise to unlimited height, and uncreate
 Whom you would frown upon.

Dep. I see she is wise.

Com. How will Comachio think his age blest,
 to see

Princes born to his nephew ; and with breath
 Covetous to expire in prayers for them,
 Kneel their great uncle !

Giot. I have an ambition,
 If you think not the honour over great,
 To beg tuition of your second son,
 Whom I should study to bring up, with such
 Choice education, as shall become
 The greatness of his soul and birth.

Dep. 'Tis granted ;
 My second son is thine. But are you sure
 I am ordain'd to be the man you talk of ?
 Must I be cran'd up to that altitude ?

Giot. My lord,
 You may be confident Giotto dares not
 Play with your greatness (and my [ear] was never
 Yet so uncertain) when I hear your name
 So sweeten'd by your duchess' breath.

Dep. No more ;
 I've a strong faith it is so, for my uncle
 Doth practise already his observance. I
 Purpose to visit our loving duchess.

Giot. Nay, you will be sent for, and be courted
 to't ;

That was intimated.

Com. But, my honour'd nephew,
 Would you admit instructions—for I see
 With how much envy of the court you rise

To this high sphere of sovereignty—be prudent ;
 Arm yourself with some excellent discourses
 For your first parley ; you shall knit her soul
 To your own thoughts.

Giot. If my abilities
 May do you service—

Com. Giotto, you are furnish'd to read lectures
 To us both of courtship ; and I know my nephew
 Will gratefully remember what you add,
 To raise him to our wishes.

Giot. I desire
 To be a bankrupt of [all] knowledge, when
 My portion may enrich you.

Dep. Should you lose
 Your brain, signior, in my service, you should find
 I would requite you.

Com. At his first entrance to her grace's presence
 Something new and sublime, t' insinuate
 How much she hath consulted with her best
 Wisdom, when she elected one so meriting
 To be her husband.

Giot. So with one argument
 He magnifies her judgment, and his worth.

Dep. I like that well ; if you do pen that speech,
 Commend me, pray, unreasonably ; I shall study it.

Giot. That must be.

[*Com.*] To this we may guess she will reply, *My
 lord, I could [not] miss, in such a troop of deservers,
 to choose out the ablest.—*

Meaning my nephew.

Dep. I know that ; who else ?

Giot. Hence take you fresh occasions to extol
 Yourself, and be not nice to let her know
 Your active blood, and spirit to get princes ;
 How much the people will be bound to bless
 Her [grace] in choosing you, whose promising body
 Is able to incite them to make bonfires
 For dukes unborn.

Dep. Great reason ! Proceed.

Giot. It will be necessary you disparage
All men that are about her, though your uncle ;
He'll suffer [it,] to advance you.

Com. Who ? my nephew ?

Dep. Let me alone to disgrace him.

Giot. It gives you lustre principally, remember,
To rail against her ladies ; call them hags ;
You cannot be too bitter : this secures
Your love to the duchess ; beats off jealousy,
When you appear to love her, only [her,]
Of all the sex.

Dep. It will be a good occasion to beat off
Laura, to whom I did pretend myself
A lover. Excellent ! pray let me have
All these directions in manuscript. I'll not see her
Till they be rotten in my head.

Com. Giotto, binds both to you.—This will do't ;
Art cannot shape him more ridiculous.
These are rare principles.—Here's Contarini.

Giot. Remove yourselves ; it is not fit he see you.—
[*Exeunt Com. and Dep.*]

Enter CONTARINI *and* DANDALO.

Signior Contarini, your minute is expired.

Con. I crave

Your pardon, signior. Have you learnt from Laura
Aught that concerns my knowledge ?

Giot. I have cause

To entreat [your ear to] my intelligence.
I am your pensioner ; you have enrich'd
My stable with a Barbary roan,
A gift I am ignorant to requite. I must
Return great thanks too from the lady Laura,
For the wealthy carkanet you sent her last night.

Con. I'm yet indebted to you both.—

Signior, you are skill'd in my affair ; the noise still

Continues our great duchess will elect
 A husband from her own court ; I would only
 Know the man, that so, I may direct my
 Observance the right way : you will call this
 An honest policy.

Giot. Your contemplations are too humble.

Con. How, signior ?

Giot. Ere I would think another worthier than
 Myself, to bear a sovereign title,
 I would disclaim my judgment, and run mad.
 But there is a cross bar to your ambition,
 (Heaven excuse my sorrow for't !) you are married ;
 You have a wife.

Con. Sir, I beseech you give
 Your meaning more expression.

Giot. Has the duchess any name within her
 memory

So much as Contarini's ?

Are not you he whose feature she admires ?

Nay, sir, it is not long since Laura heard

Her wish you were unmarried.

Interpret my relation as you please ;

But you know princes are reserved. What's he ?

[*Con.*] My servant, signior ; he has modest ears,
 And a quiet tongue.—Dandalo, you may stay here ;
 I shall use thy consent in a business.

Dan. I wait your pleasure.

Con. But did her grace wish I were unmarried ?

Giot. By no iteration that breeds noise.¹

Con. Well, I allow of her grace's wish.

Giot. How, my lord ?

Con. If my marriage discontent her highness,
 I wish I had no wife—

Giot. He has a noble soul !—Is there no way
 To avoid this trifle call'd a wife ?

¹ *Giot.* By no iteration that breeds noise.] Meaning, perhaps, that though she wished it once, she did not repeat it, so as to occasion her love to be talked of.

Con. Yes, signior,
There are ways ; but—

Giot. O, sir, discharge your mind ;
It concerns my preferment to be faithful.

Con. Troth, were all impediments clear'd,
I think we two should rule equally.
I'm strangely fond to those I love.

Giot. Signior, you have given me cause to
know it.

Con. If I could sue out a divorce—

Giot. Ay, signior ;
But the judge grants none without a lawful cause.

Con. She shall commit adultery.

Giot. With whom ?

Con. Giotto, that I am come to tell thee.
She is a beauteous lady, soft and buxom :—
Thou shalt lie with her.

Giot. I, my lord ?
'Twere an endearment
Too great for my requital.

Con. 'Tis decreed ;
Come, it must be so.

Giot. Signior, I shall beg your pardon.

Con. I keep my mercy for another use.
Suspect no danger ; you shall come disguis'd
When you woo her to't ; which done, the duchess
Shall help my procurement of a divorce.
Why, I knew before, her highness loved me !
I have received favours from her looks and speech.

Giot. Does not your man listen ?

Con. No matter ; he's our confederate.—
Dandalo, know this gentleman's hands,
And kiss them often.

Dan. I'm his humble creature.

Giot. I shall be glad to shew you kindness.

Con. Let's perfect our design, good signior ;
I have no leisure now to ruminate ;
I affect action.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Orseolo's House.

Enter LAURA, CARINTHA, and SANCHO.

San. Madam, I have signified to my lord
What you commanded ; but I hope your ladyship
Hath heard his disposition ?

Lau. He's not reconciled to our sex ;
He has proclaim'd that.

San. This place breeds no ladies,
No, not for civil entertainment ; we
Have not a woman in the house : their pictures,
Which adorn other galleries, you see
Tempt not the eye here ; all his offices
Discharged by men : he says, where he commands,
He must not see a woman.

Con. What ! not strangers ?

San. Such is his will.

Lau. How then ?

San. If you desire his presence and discourse,
You must be veil'd here, madam ; his own eye
Must not be witness to what face he speaks :
I'm but his servant.

Lav. Tell him I'll expect him
In that form he prescribes.

San. The other lady, too,
Must be clouded ; then I'll let his lordship know
You are prepared. [*Exit.*

Lau. Pray do.—Madam, I hope
Your discontent will give you leave to smile
At this : her grace found you but this employment
With me, to beat your melancholy off.
Apply to the occasion.

Car. My gratitude will teach me to conform.
[*They veil themselves.*

Enter ORSEOLO and SANCHO.

Ors. Now, ladies, what's your pleasures, that you
summon

My appearance? I know you have supple joints,
What mystery of state sends you to me?

I cannot revel in long stockings, frisk

To please your wanton eyesight; I ne'er boasted

My ribs, or largeness of my thighs, t' invite you;

I make no sonnets of your antic dressings,

Cry up [the] colour of your face, and swear

You're divine pieces, for I know you are not:

I will not draw heaven's curse upon me, for

Flattering [you] into pride; say that the lilies

Are pale, for envy of your white, the roses

Blush, to see better in your cheeks; your hair,

Beams rather, drawn up to a net, might catch

Jove when he play'd the eagle; that your breasts

Raise up themselves, like two fair mountains in

The pleasant vale of temptation.—I hate this,

I will not damn myself, to make you proud.

Do not I know your faces?

Lau. Our's?

We are not ashamed to shew them.

Ors. Do not unveil.

San. Good madam!

Car. Will you not see what you condemn?

Ors. I'm gone, if you attempt to let me see
A piece of any countenance. While I thus

Look on you, I can help myself t' imagine

You are some other creatures.

Lau. Troth, my lord,

For pity to yourself, end your invectives.—

Madam, I told you of this mirth.

Car. Can he be serious?

Ors. Rack me not with your stay.

What's the design hath brought you hither?

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Lau. This, signior : 'tis the duchess' pleasure
you make
Sudden repair to court.

Ors. I ?

Lau. That's our embassy.

Ors. I am no court physician ; I but vex
Your female constitutions ; you know
All my receipts are bitter, and her excellence
Hath plenty of those she gives a pension to,
Can flatter.

Why does she send for me, [who] am so unwelcome ?

Lau. My lord, her grace
Employs not me to any so unhappy ;
And though you have not liv'd so near [her] favour
I' the eye of the court, which your own humour too
May have been the cause [of,] I have no honour, if
You find yourself unwelcome.

Ors. 'Tis a mystery.

Lau. I could [intrust] you further with a secret
Your soul would dance to know ; but, I confess
'Tis more than my commission.

Ors. Is there
In nature any happiness for me ?

Lau. And from a woman : you will come, my lord ?

Ors. Stay ; *from a woman*, ha ? the duchess—
[I] heard a noise she would choose a lover
From her own court ; can it be that ? 'Sdeath ! I have
Been boundless in my railing ; I begin
To curse myself for't. [*aside.*]—[Sancho,] be all
silence.

Thou hast a knowledge will be dangerous
To any hope.—Perhaps, I could be pleased
To see the tip o' your nose, lady ; or the mole
Upon your chin.

Lau. You will have cause to bless
The occasion of this day's message.

Ors. I could see

Your cheek, nay, half your face, for t' other syllable.—

Lady, you can say more.

Car. I dare not, signior ;

Already we have exceeded.

Ors. I know such creatures cannot mock.—
Sweet lady—

Lau. Have you not heard her grace's resolution,

Touching a husband ?

Ors. You are o'er dark still ; enrich me.

Lau. I hope your honour will remember this

Poor service, when 'tis done.

Ors. What ? one letter of your meaning ?

Lau. My lord, the duchess loves you.

Ors. Ha ?

Lau. Come, madam.—I shall say you will wait.
[*Exeunt Car. and Lau.*]

Ors. Shall I not see the faces

To which I owe my blessedness ?—[*Sancho,*]

No words of those loose creatures in your custody ;

Seal up the doors ; [keep] still the air, lest that

Creep out too soon, and kill my growing fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Duchess, LAURA, and CARINTHA.

Duch. Was not Orseolo's humour recreation
To thee, Carintha ?

Car. I spent all my thoughts
In wonder, madam.

Duch. He began to soften ?

Lau. We tamed his tiger violence ; not magic

Enter GIOTTO hastily.

Could force him, like the charm you sent.

Duch. Giotto!

What speaks your haste ?

Giot. Comachio, madam,
And signior Depazzi.

Duch. Usher them in.

[*Exit Giot.*

Car. Something in such a plenty may delight
Your dulled fancy.

Re-enter GIOTTO, with DEPAZZI and COMACHIO.

Dep. Laura, remove yourself ;
Do not eclipse the splendour of that sun
My eagle's eye must gaze at.—Uncle, know
Your distance.

Duch. Signior Depazzi !

Dep. Giotto, my hand again ; be proud :—Now,
madam,

I address myself to you : *Wonderful princess,*¹
Not so much for your beauty as your wisdom,
Your carnal wisdom—

Duch. Wherein, signior ?

Com. Good.

Dep. Right, you answer right ; it is my cue.
Your carnal wisdom, madam, you proclaim
In choosing out a husband ; and that man,
Whose memory your subjects shall have cause
To curse, is I.

Duch. To curse ?

Dep. Perfect still !—*have cause to curse*
You did no sooner choose him. Which of all

¹ *Wonderful princess, &c.]* Here apparently commence the speeches written out for Depazzi to get by heart : see p. 567 : they are therefore given in italics.

*Your fair lords, though you look asquint upon
My merit, could your eye pick out more able,
Heroic, complete, tempting?—I am flesh'd ;
Nothing shall put me out.*

Giot. Observe.

Dep. *Your grace says right, I do acknowledge
it.*

Giot. You are too hasty [,sir ;] her grace says
nothing.

Dep. Did your grace say nothing? speak it
again ;

I know you meant to say something to the purpose.

Duch. What purpose, signior ?

Dep. Now she has put me quite out.

Giot. Then rail upon your uncle.

Dep. *Look on him, madam, there he stands ; you
may*

*Perhaps imagine him, for his gray beard
And a starch'd face, that he is wise, a statist ;
I'll bring you a justice, that's but newly pack'd
Into commission o' the peace, shall make
An ass on him.*

Com. Nephew, this will make you odious.

Dep. *A very gull in mystery of state,
A most egregious [blockhead,]² in comparison
Of one that I could name ; but he may serve
To fright the pages, muster the black guard,³
Or keep the door at masques ; his face will do
More than a hundred others. Yet, now I think on't,
Your grace shall magnify your favour to me,
And let me beg him.*

Duch. Ha ! ha !

² [blockhead,] The 4to. has a break in this place ; not surely from any desire to spare signior Comachio ; but because the ms. was illegible. Having no particular spleen against the man, I have filled up the line with as harmless a word as I could think on.

³ ——— muster the black guard,] See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 169.

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Com. I hope your grace will pardon him ; these fits
Are ever at full moon.

Lau. Beg your uncle, signior !

Dep. Yes, *I would*

*Furnish him with an hour-glass and a scythe,
And sell him to the masons, for the picture
Of Time, madam ; would he not shew well ?*

Duch. This is witty. What detractor
Gave out, signior Comachio, your nephew
Had no rich brain ?—Carintha, do you [note] him,
Laura, Comachio, ha ?

Dep. Giotto, she has put me out again.

Giot. Then rail upon her ladies.

Dep. Hum !—

*When I contemplate on your highness' face,
I hate all others.*

Com. Can your excellence—

Duch. Why, is mine so bad ?

Dep. I beseech your grace,
Speak your part right, *oblivion* is my cue,
I do remember.

Com. Madam Carintha, speak to her grace.

Dep. *Has madam Laura such [a] lip or eye ?
I do confess she has a nose, but I
Pass over it.*

Giot. He makes a bridge of that.

Dep. *Her cheeks—*

Com. Nephew !—

Madam, I humbly pray I may remove
This rudeness ; 'tis a discord must needs grate
Your soft ear.

Dep. Uncle, you are out now.—*Her cheeks—*

Lau. Well, signior, what of my cheeks ?

Dep. Why, your cheeks are as they are.—
'Sdeath ! I have forgot.

This 'tis when you won't come to rehearsal.

Lau. *My cheeks are*

*Such as creation fram'd them, and the colour
Is nature's gift.*

Dep. It had need be gift; I know none so prodigal

*To be at charge to buy them; yet you thought
I was in love with you. I confess I did
Once cherish an opinion you were something
About a gipsey, and might serve in Lent,
When flesh was rare; but you must take into
Your thoughts, I meant not honestly. You see
For whom fate hath reserv'd me; be as patient
As such a loss will suffer you: do not mar
Your face 'cause I condemn it; it may serve
Some hungry signior, or some city heir,
That would be dabbled in nobility,
And pay for his cornuting.*

Duch. He is most witty, Carintha.

Com. Giotto, she is taken with this impudence.
What dulness hangs upon her soul? Some fatal
Apoplexy seize him! that which we
Plotted to make him hateful, does enchant her.*

*Dep. Madam, you see I have a body, ponderous,
And full of marrow; I'll not get an heir
Less hopeful than myself; my first son shall be
An emperor born. Nay, I do things to purpose
When I am in once!*

Com. Will not this startle her?

Lau. Sure, madam, he will put down Hercules.

Dep. Hercules, Hercules! what! a pedlar!

Giot. Pedlar, my lord? you would say pidler.

*Dep. He shall be what I please; do not I know
Hercules?*

He got but fifty in a night, but I—

Madam, your ear.—

[Offers to whisper the Duchess, and is prevented by Comachio.

* For *impudence*, the 4to. reads *imprudence*: but there is no end to these mistakes.

Com. My duty to your grace makes me forget
He is my kinsman.

Duch. Signior Depazzi,
We have leisure to hear you finish your discourse
With Laura and Carintha.

[*Exeunt all but Giot. and Com.*]

Com. He's courted to her privacy! her soul is
In a deep lethargy!

Giot. Ha!

What was intended to destroy his hope,
Hath rais'd him to assurance; she applauds
That, which to all understanding but her own
Appears prodigious. Did you suspect
She would hear this prate?

Com. He had committed sin enough to have had
His lips sew'd up eternally. 'Sdeath! I could
Grow into [stone] with wonder.⁵

Giot. She check'd you
For interrupting [him.]

Com. A fury revels in my brain; she's mad,
And so am I; but—

Giot. What for prevention?
If she have such a poverty in her reason,
I' the humour she may marry him, and then,
Beside the mighty fortune lost, you groan
Under his tyranny.

Com. In his blood I'll bathe
My fears. A ship lanch'd forth with all her
wings,
Be calm'd thus!

Giot. I'll dig [out] the remora
That hangs upon the bark; this fool would not
Be miss'd among the living. Rather than—

[*Whispers Com.*]

⁵ *Grow into [stone] with wonder.*] The old copy has *death* in this place, which appears to have crept in from the preceding line.

Com. Thou art my genius!
Sacred director to my bliss.

Giot. I have so much suffering
In your ungentle stars, that I would purchase
Their better influence with my danger.

Com. How
I feel my heart incorporate with thine!
What do I owe to heaven for sending me
Thy friendship! Say, shall this thing be removed,
Giotto, that so ruins me?

Giot. *Shall!* there is
A most severe necessity; you must not
Be conscionable now, and charity
Unto yourself will drown the sin: retort
Disgrace to your * * * hate.

Re-enter DEPAZZI with LAURA.

Dep. I shall extend my favour, where I see
Merit invite, perhaps commend you to
Some other lord.—Uncle, you shall continue
Your place.—Giotto, find out a monopoly,
It shall be sign'd.

Com. I congratulate your high fortune;
I knew 'twould take. [*Exeunt Dep. and Com.*]

Enter ORSEOLO and SANCHO.

Lau. Here's a pretty front!—
Signior Orseolo, stay till I am veil'd.

Ors. Nay, good madam, I can endure to see
your face,
Without danger to my eyes.—Signior Giotto,
I joy in your great fortunes.

Giot. They shall enable me to do you service.

Lau. My lord, you cherish my instructions;
You are come earlier than your hour.

Ors. I'd fain know my destiny, madam. I'm
rough; the wars have spoil'd my courtship; I

cannot flatter kindness from you; but I affect gratitude. What news, lady, ha? Has there been no mention of my name or person since I received your last intelligence?

Lau. I know nothing

But what I am enjoin'd to make a secret.

Ors. How, dear lady?

Lau. Giotto, shall I tell him that?

Giot. Not for both the Indies.

Ors. But she shall, Giotto; she and we be kind-
[red.]—

Madam, we three will share in all achievements.

Lau. I cannot hide it from him.

Giot. Are you weary

Of your life, lady? My hopes are finished.

Lau. The duchess has commanded him to get
Your picture for her.

Giot. Who'd trust a secret in a woman's breast?—
My lord, as you esteem our loves useful, let no ear
enjoy this but your own.

Ors. I will forget I heard it, I. I'm a soldier,
Signior, and shall deserve your faith.—Sancho!

San. My lord.

Ors. There is a famous painter sojourns here
In Mantua, a German.

San. Shadan Wierex?

Ors. The same;

You are to seek him out; I have use for him.

Giot. Already you begin to make it public.

Ors. Do not suspect

My servant's silence; I trust him with a secret
Of weightier consequence than this;—my creature!⁶

Lau. Your hopes increase, signior.

Ors. Give me thy hand, Giotto;—thine too
[, Laura;]

We'll govern like the Triumviri.

⁶ This word is followed by *hunk*, in the old copy; of which I can make nothing.

Lau. But, sir,
There is one obstacle—

Ors. What is't?

Giot. I'll lose

A thumb to have it clear'd.

Ors. Heart! let me but know't?

Lau. You've heretofore appear'd so boisterous
And sullen to the sex [, sir,] that the duchess
Partly thinks—

Ors. What does she think?

Lau. You are—insufficient. [*Walks aside.*

Ors. How?

A metaphrase upon that word.

Giot. Sir, 'twould impeach her modesty t' express

Her meaning i' the blunt dialect; however
It will become my tongue; there is a noise
Amongst the ladies, you are—insufficient;
That is, your genitals want the perfect help
In procreation.

Ors. Horror! horror! Name
The author of this calumny.

Giot. Be not so loud,
Signior; were it a truth, 'twould not proclaim
Nature or your parents guilty. You are a soldier;
Perhaps in a skirmish at Lepanto some
Turk circumcised you with his scimitar;
Or being at push of pike, you might be drill'd
Below the navel. Nay, I have known the breath
Of a bullet snatch a remnant of loose flesh.

Ors. 'Sdeath! *insufficient!* You shall know a
secret,
Which I have fear'd, even i' the keeping
Of my own heart.

Giot. 'Twill trouble me to know
A thing so full of danger.

Ors. 'Tis only dangerous to me; but, sir,
It must out, for I'll stifle now this damn'd

Aspersion ; [and] reveal the cause why I
Was still a satire against women.

Lau. [*coming forward.*]—Ay,
That I would fain know.

Ors. Know what, lady ?—We are in a discourse
Merely concerns us two : walk aside. — She must
not hear 't.—

Sancho, I now release [you] of the oath,
Which did oblige your secrecy about
My continence.—Nay, good madam—
Troth, we desire to be particular.

Lau. Hereafter I shall grow reserved too.

Ors. A personal secret, as I am a soldier.

Giot. You shall believe him, lady, for my sake.
[*Lau. walks aside.*]

Ors. How many whores hast thou
In keeping, for my use ?

San. Some ten, my lord.

Giot. You pass my belief.

Ors. 'Las !

I'm *insufficient!* a mere eunuch, I !

Giot. But what urged your invectives 'gainst the
sex,

Since you thus cherish them in private ?

Ors. The

Duchess has a chaste court ; 'twas safety to
Disguise my incontinence, lest she should punish it.

Giot. You're not so ravenous, my lord, but when
Your friend desires a taste, he may be furnish'd, ha ?

Ors. You shall visit my seraglio, and choose
Your whore.

Giot. May I presume—

Ors. That's the medicinal pimp, [*Points to San.*]
Who prescribes plaisters for my belly.

Giot. You

Maintain him in a gaudy outside.

Ors. His sins maintain him ; those of his function
Grow mighty now-a-days.

Giot. Lady, you shall
Share in our secret.

Ors. Are you mad, signior?

Giot. My lord, you are too modest; there's no error so readily excused by ladies as this o' the blood.—

Fame has abused our noble friend; not Hercules
Was more enabled for increase, than he.

Lau. Indeed! signior.

Giot. Indeed!

Why, madam, do you doubt that I belie him?
I am sure he keeps ten whores.

Ors. 'Slight! you are treacherous.

Giot. She cries *indeed!* as if she did suspect.
You can proffer like a goat, and perform like an elephant.

Lau. This was you that rail'd against women!
Fie, my lord!

Ors. Troth, madam, my constitution is to blame;
but a young sinner deserves mercy.

Giot. Your lustiness renders^a you more hopeful
to the state. Give me a prince from whose loins
we may expect issue.

Ors. Howsoever, I would not have the duchess
know of this, till I am more endear'd unto her heart.

Giot. Does not her happiness and mine depend
upon your fate? My lord, be confident of my
silence. Her grace is now in the privy garden,
walk you thither, and receive those favours her
looks administer, without reply of gratitude; she
would not have it known she loves you.

Ors. Enough; I shall be politic.

[*Exeunt Ors. and San.*]

Lau. Was there ever such a wanton hypocrite!

Giot. He neighs like a horse. I am not cozen'd
in him; I still thought he was a lecher.

^a *Your lustiness renders you, &c.]* The old copy reads,
“redress you.”

Enter CONTARINI.

Con. Signior Giotto.

Giot. My good lord.

Lau. 'Tis my chief blessing
To see your lordship in good health.

Con. I thank you, noble lady.

Lau. I'll go pray
To have it still continued. [*Exit.*

Con. What means this great observance? 'tis
beyond

My merit.—

Dost not admire her grace's favourite
Should use me thus?

Giot. These female courtiers have the trick on't.

Con. What, signior?

Giot. 'Tis safe idolatry to bow unto
The rising sun; she sees your fortune smile,
And therefore flatters you. Heaven knows, I ne'er
Shall gain by courtship, I; though all the heralds
Should call you duke, I would not kiss your hand,
Unless 'twere clean.

Con. Thou hast heard some news. Declare;
Come, declare, and prosper.

Giot. My lord, I first should chide your tardiness
In action. Just now² I saw your wife at court,
Attending on the duchess: only she
Defeats your hope; yet her removal from
Your bed is not design'd.

Con. I have sent her to my house, provided you
A rare disguise, which you shall wear, and woo
Her body to the dark deed.

My man shall witness her adultery,
And I will sue out a divorce, whilst you
Remain safe from law, because not known to her.

² Just now, &c.] The 4to. reads, "First now:" which probably crept in from the preceding line.

Giot. Why, this I like ; it tastes of sublime wit.

Re-enter ORSEOLO.

Ors. I will be active in my reign, enlarge
My duchy : Genoa is proud, it shall
Grow humble. I've a long arm, 'twill reach Flo-
rence ;

Or, if I chance
To lay my hand on Parma, I shall gripe it
Till my fist ache, ere I forsake my tenure.

Con. Orseolo.

Ors. Your greeting's too familiar.

Con. From whence this pride ? I'll anger him.—

[*Aside.*

My lord,
Though I am grown above the use of poetry,
There still remains in my remembrance
A sonnet, made in praise of women ; which,
If you will please to hear—

Ors. He had a bold muse, that durst undertake
So high an argument. Sure a woman³
Was the object struck old Homer blind, and for
His eyes left him a muse.—I've lost my business.

[*Exit.*

Con. He was not wont to speak so well of
women.

Giot. No humourist is constant to dislike,
Or commendation. Nay, lead the way, my lord,
I'm part of your attendance. [*Exeunt.*

³ *Sure a woman, &c.*] Orseolo applies to Homer, an expression which the old bard had himself used of one of his predecessors.

SCENE II.

Depazzi's Lodgings.

Enter VOLTERRE, DEPAZZI, and CRISPINO.

Vol. Signior, my affairs hither require haste ;
The duchess, on some sudden cause, hath sent for
me.

Dep. I believe 'tis to take's advice about
A masque¹ for my wedding ; he is excellent
At revels.—On, my good lord.

Vol. You come lately from her, and I would
know
How you approve her present looks. 'Tis the art
Of foreign courtiers to visit princes
In lucky minutes ; when their gesture shews
Them pleasant. How looks her grace to day ?
Is she not physical, but high and jocund ?

Dep. You may,
Without danger of your fortune, choose this minute
For conference with her grace. Signior, she has
cause

To clear her looks ; her thoughts grow easy to her ;
She had found out the man, the man, that must—
More might be said, but then more must be spoke—

Vol. 'Slight ! why this to me ? How comes he
to know
That I am he her highness aims at ? [*aside.*]—
True,

The man is known ; nor is his worth conceal'd.

Dep. *Worth*, signior !—None
But Laura gave him notice I'm the man ;
I never spoke of it myself. [*Aside.*
My lord, the man may with [his] safety boast,
He is the best deserver in the court. Hum !

¹ A masque] The 4to. reads, " a masine."

Vol. Your lordship does him too much right.—
'Tis certain

He has been told that I am he. [Aside.

Dep. He hath
A glorious feature too.

Vol. Nay, good signior,
Comely, but not glorious.

Dep. How! *not glorious!*
Speak that again.

Vol. This is a pretty kind of flattery;
He will not suffer me to abuse myself.— [Aside.
I will admit he charms the ladies, or so—

Dep. That's I, for I charm the ladies; he knows
I shall be duke; it cannot be conceal'd. [Aside.

Vol. The man has travell'd too.

Dep. Never I; but it seems the duchess gives it
out so, the more to honour her choice.— [Aside.
Signior, I must do you justice; the court
Speaks you most accurate i' the Spanish garb.

Vol. The Spaniard, signior, reserves all passion,
To express his feeling in occurrences
Of state; when, in discourse, his tooth-pick still
[Reaches out a toothpick, and puts himself in
affected postures.

Is his parenthesis, which he doth manage
Subtly thus: *Por los santos, señor, — lo conosco
por cierto—porque es trabajo,—con licencia di
vuestra alteza, — hablar muchas palabras — no
puedo, en veridad—*

Dep. But why those things, signior?

Vol. This elevation o' the shoulders is
A politic gesture, declares a meaning hid,
Which you may find out, if you can; and is
Often used in trivial circumstances.

I question this your man—

Cris. Your lordship
Must speak my mother's tongue then.

Vol. Is don Diego within?

Dep. Stay, slave—we'll be as politic as he.—
Which don Diego do you mean? ⁴ he that play'd
The sloven in the great church? the English have
A proverb on him.

Vol. Why not he of Valdes,
Or any other Diego?

Dep. Benot enraged, my lord; those grave shrugs
Appear unmannerly; and would, before ladies,
Engender a suspect of vermin.

Vol. Then I'll prefer, sir, the French to your
dislike or praise; whom, though a surly don calls
an impertinent people, giddy triflers, yet in my
esteem they merit highly; they are active, even in
discourse.

Let us begin cheerily;
No matter on what slight or trivial subject,
Be it on that single melancholy hair
Upon your chin. Rise and fall, by my example.

Dep. I am prepared.

Vol. *Monsieur,*⁵ *s'il avient que ce chéveu là sera
brulé, que ferions nous avec vostre menton; parce
que le roi—*

Dep. Monsieur, be not troubled; banish your
fear, for I'll toss th' antartic pole with like ease as
Hercules could a bull-rush. Make it a secret.

Vol. *O oui da! je sai bien que la volonté doit
être estimée pour faict; mais quand je vous don-
nerai au chequenaude, prenez la main, que celui
qui tombe gagnera un pas, pourvu que ce relève—*

Dep. Troth, I know not! may be it was a mis-
take in Plato, for those pins and feathers which you

⁴ *Which don Diego, &c.]* There is an allusion to this story in Beaumont and Fletcher. The circumstance took place in St. Paul's, and merits no further notice.

⁵ *Monsieur, &c.]* The reader may try for himself if he can make any thing better out of the old copy: *Mounseer sit adirent que ete chevil la sera brul leque forions—poucee que le roi.—*What follows is still more ridiculously corrupt. It has now perhaps as much meaning as the author intended.

talk of, are useful unto ladies ; besides, 'tis well known the man i' the moon will not permit excuse in business of this kind ; 'tis dangerous to law and reason.

Vol. *Jene le crois pas ; c'est une chanson du monde.*

Dep. So I was told by one that knows the king's heart ; he came hither to cheapen gingerbread for the Mogul's daughter.

Vol. *Est-il possible ? Il n'y a aucune chose si difficile ; mais je le prendrai tantôt.*

Dep. Dost, i' faith ? know then, all the lions in Barbary shall not contrary me in this way.

Vol. How do you like it, signior ?

Dep. It has put me into a heat, and French heats are not very wholesome. But I've heard how nimbly you dispose your person in a French curvet !

Vol. I know your mind ; but my body is now prepared for a high visit. My joints move by screws ; I'm so starched together, a dance would loosen me, and make me fall in rumples. Your man is well built for such a motion ; mark, 'tis only thus—and thus—
[*Practises figures.*

Cris. I have seen your lordship do it.—*Ta da rum, ta da rum.* [Dances.

Vol. Good, very good !—Signior Depazzi, you owe heaven much thanks for lending you this servant ; I have not seen a gentleman in all France move with so much regard and vigour.

Cris. Your lordship is my pattern.

Vol. My affairs call me to court ; *serviteur très humble.* [Exit.

Dep. Is't possible ? This lord must rise when I am duke. I'll prefer none but such as can speak French, and dance.—Crispino, prepare my bath ; I'll distil, and grow amorous. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*A Room in Contarini's House.**Enter* CONTARINI, GIOTTO, CARINTHA, *and* DANDALO.

Car. My lord, it will become me to receive
Whom you give up so noble ; I should sin
Against obedience.—You are most welcome, signior.

Con. My best Carintha !

Giot. Madam, you encourage me
To serve your goodness.—My lord, you undo me
With too much honour.

Con. Signior, if your eye
Take a delight in prospect, there's a room
Will feed it richly.—

Shew him, Carintha ; some
Affairs call me to court ; cherish him.

Car. With my best care.—Please you walk.

[*Exeunt* *Giot. and Car.*]

Con. So !—Dandalo,
Be faithful to your trust ; no interruption.—
Giotto, prosper in thy sin ; thy deed
Will make me happy, though my honour bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Room in Contarini's House.**Enter* CONTARINI *and* CARINTHA.

Con. You are very jocund on the sudden.

Car. Thank

Your love for't, that provided such a cure
For melancholy ; to myself I seem not
To go, but dance. When shall we have a masque,
My lord ?

Con. You would be revelling again.

Car. I am all for sport ; your honour is much
bound

To the gentleman your friend ; trust me, my
lord,

He is a rare physician.

Con. He's well skill'd
In women's pulses.

Car. There's no fear, my lord,
But he'll recover me. I do like him infinitely
For my body, the best in Padua.

Con. Good, good ! he gave you gentle physic ;
But you hope it will work.

Car. No Esculapius
Could have behaved him more judicially.
Did our court ladies know his skill, they would
Be all his patients, and be sick o' purpose.

Con. You hold him then sufficient ?

Car. He has a way
So easy to do good upon us.

Con. Upon you,
I' the name of lust ! you see I had a care.

Car. It was [the] more compassion ; and I am
bound

To acknowledge it : I was all heaviness,
A thousand plummets hung upon my heart ;
'Tis by your means I am made light.

Con. I think so,
Very light.— Ha ! is she not quick already,
She moves so nimbly ? Giotto has done't ;
I have it here ; I feel it spread. [*aside.*—Hark
you,

You're a whore !

Car. Does your lordship

Love bastard next your heart? ⁶ Though some hold
wine

Unwholesome, it may thaw your congeal'd blood.—
Oh the difference of constitutions!

Con. Hey! she jeers me.—How now?

Enter DANDALO.

Dan. My lord, her grace hath sent a strict com-
mand

You wait to-night at court.

Con. Ha?

Dan. The messenger seem'd full of haste; he only
Took time to say her highness had resolved
This night to clear all doubts, and from her court
Make happy one, with title of a duke.

Con. Be dumb; thou bring'st destruction!—To
night!

Pray you may be mistaken; I am undone else.

Dan. 'Tis my unhappiness, then, my lord, to
bring

Unwelcome truth.

Con. To-night! why, 'tis impossible
To sue out a divorce. I'm lost; my plots
Rebound, and strike me dead. [*Aside.*]

Car. My lord, you seem
Troubled; does your head ache? I'll into the
garden,
And gather a few simples.

Con. Madam, a word with you;—
You magnified but now a courtesy
I did you; you were ever grateful, I
Know't: you shall [now out-]do⁷ the benefit,
If you will yet kill yourself.

⁶ *Love bastard next your heart?*] Carintha is quibbling. *Bastard* was a name given to a sort of sweet (or home-made) wine, at this time.

⁷ *You shall [now out-]do, &c.*] This is the best sense I can make of the old reading, "you shall *not* do."

Car. That's a small matter.

Con. I know it is, considering thou art stain'd,
Lost in thine honour, held but a disease
That grows upon thy sex, a tumor; prithee
Lance thyself; 'tis soon done.

Car. That's a poor favour.
Well, I will think upon't to-morrow.

Con. 'T must
Be done to-night, and early too, for else 'twill
Do me no pleasure. Dear Carintha, make
Thy memory religious.

Car. I am thinking where the sign is :^a
Ha! 'tis in Capricornus; I'll go let
Myself blood i' the knees, and die praying that
Your lordship may recover your wits again. [*Exit.*

Con. A fury lend me curses! make me all
An execration! I have plotted fairly,
And made myself a fine ridiculous thing
To no purpose! I am deep in shame; I must on.—
Giotto, have a nimble brain; you must sink too,
Or buoy me up again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DEPAZZI, and CRISPINO curling his hair.

Dep. Make no words, Crispino, for the duchess
would not have it publish'd that she means to
choose me.

Cris. Did she promise you?

Dep. Not by word of mouth; but I know her
meaning as well as I were in her. I must be

^a *I am thinking where the sign is : &c.]* This is an allusion to the directions for bleeding in the old Almanacks. Blood was to be drawn in particular places under particular constellations.

duke, man, 'tis certain, every body knows it; but say nothing lest it break out. Hast done?

Cris. A little with this lock, and I'll have done your lordship with a powder. I hope your honour will not forget Crispino's faithful service when you are duke.

Dep. Why, I am duke already; but for the ceremony, my reign's begun, Depazzi the First; but that I'll not shew myself unto my people, because the duchess did entreat me. Let me see what place thou'rt fit for. Oh, I have it; thou shalt be judge.

Cris. A judge! my lord.

Dep. *A judge, my lord!* at least thou canst discharge it. 'Tis nothing to sit upon life and death; 'tis not required you should speak much: thy trade has half prepared thee; thou canst poll the commons, I m sure.

Cris. And cut off capital offenders.

Dep. Very good, be it so; be a judge.

Cris. Where, my good lord?

Dep. Why, thou shalt be a judge *in potentia*.

Cris. I humbly thank your grace.

Enter COMACHIO and GIOTTO.

Com. Oh, my true friend, I have no happiness But thou dost make me climb to't; be thy own Instructor, and oblige me everlastingly.

Giot. I'll soon remove your fears; I cannot doubt You will make good your promise, sir, to pardon
[me,]

When you are duke.

Com. *Pardon!* reward, and honour thee As my preserver.

[*Giot.*] Be not observed.

[*Com.*] I am your creature.

[*Exit.*]

Giot. My lord, I have [affairs with] you ;⁹
Send off Crispino.

Dep. I have made him a judge.

Giot. 'Tis very trimly done of you.—I cry you mercy, my very good lord ; I humbly desire your honourable absence.

Cris. It shall be granted. [Exit.

Dep. Now, signior, what bring you ?

Giot. Why, some tokens for your lordship ; look you. [Shows him a pistol and bullets.

Dep. They are no tokens of love, as I take it.

Giot. Yes, but they are, and you must take them so ;

But make your choice which best affecteth you,
For one you must accept.

Dep. O what do you mean, signior ?

Giot. Not too loud, lest I choose for you. Here's a ball,

Better than any e'er Crispino wash'd
Your honour's face with ; it will scour you.

Dep. Hold !

Are you in earnest ?

Giot. A bullet will quickly sing my errand to you.

Will you choose ?

Dep. I beseech [you,] declare your meaning, signior ?

Giot. In short, I'm sent to kill you. If you like Any death better than another, briefly Resolve, and have it ; nay, without long study.

Dep. Every man should consider his end, signior. Alas !

Giot. The duchess loves you, and there must be order

Taken to stay your rising. Say your prayers.

Dep. I have not the heart to say my prayers.

⁹ *My lord, I have [affairs with] you, &c.]* This is a desperate guess at the genuine reading. The old copy has, " My lord, I have assay'd which," &c.

Ah! if I must needs, I would die another death you have not brought me.

Giot. What is't?

Dep. I would choose my gallows. Ah, stay, 'tis very short warning, and I am not half prepared. What is this? ratsbane? alas! that's to kill vermin; I would be loth to be sent out of the world like a rat,

Giot. What say you to a halter?

Dep. Indeed, signior, I never loved swinging in my life, and the halter is a dog's death. I would die like a man.

Giot. What say you to a sword?

Dep. Alas! I have a sword of my own, and I had a mind to't; but my stomach will never digest it.

Giot. Then this pistol?

Dep. But that I have a weak constitution; I have always been given to looseness, and I doubt your pellet will put me into such a scouring.

Giot. Why, would you live then?

Dep. Alas! every thing would live, signior; but I should be sorry to enjoy a life that stood not with your liking, signior. But if I live to be a duke—

Giot. Duke! that's the sluice open'd this torrent.

Dep. I am abused, dear signior; I'll renounce it. I'll be first a dog-killer.

Giot. This is but air; you are not to be trusted. I have sworn to send you into another world; You must not more be seen.

Dep. I will not; do but trust me, and, as I am honourable, I'll go into the wilderness, and live with bears; any whither; hide me in a well, and there be no water in't; I'll feed on gravel. By this hand, this seven years none shall know but I am dead.

Giot. If they should find you living?

Dep. Never! I'll endure pinching to death, Ere I'll confess it.

Giot. Were I certain

You would be buried to all men's sight
But till to-morrow—

Dep. See me put into the ground yourself,
So you'll not smother me, an it be seven nights ;
I'll feed on moles, sweet signior.

Giot. The duchess
Doth purpose this night her election.
Your uncle, envying your hope, must have
Security for non-appearance ; had I
A faith you'd creep into obscurity
But for twelve hours, I should have one sin less
To answer for.

Dep. Noble signior, I'll wriggle myself into a
worm-hole, or creep into a mole-hill, and live
upon emmets' eggs. [Exit.

Giot. Be sure you do't then.—Poor sick nobility,
How thin he looks already !

Enter VOLTERRE and ORSEOLO, at opposite doors.

Vol. Signior Giotto !

Giot. Now the tide comes.

Vol. This is the night, signior ; 't inclines apace.
Do I remain unshaken in her opinion ?
Have I any square still ?

Giot. O, my good lord.

Ors. Signior, a word.

Does this night then conclude ?

Giot. Your happiness.

Ors. Be not tempted from me ; I have writ
Pamphlets in praise of women ; I have a volume
Of recantations.

Giot. They are fruitless ; you
Are fix'd already in her thoughts. Away !
You make your person cheap. Meet, and be happy.

[Exit Ors.]

Enter CONTARINI.

Con. Giotto!

Vol. Dear signior!

Con. What make they flattering here? Have they all hope

To enjoy her? all! only Contarini

Could gnaw his heartstrings now to be excluded,

When he expected his fate ripe, and all his

Hopes fit for gathering.

Giot. Be high, and answer your great hopes
[with] confidence.

Vol. Shalt be my fellow Cæsar in the empire.

[*Exit.*]

Giot. Noble Contarini!

Con. You've store of clients, signior; I am come
To know my fortune too.

Giot. Alas! my lord.

Con. You'd say 'tis plain writ in my forehead;
yes,

In capital letters. You are known to [be] the
secretary

That taught my wife this text hand; but you must

Do something (since the marriage is decreed

To-night,) to rid me of Carintha, or

I'll have thee punish'd for adultery.

Giot. Are you mad?

Con. As horns can make a man:
It is no time for patience. Hear me carefully,
And have your best brains.

Giot. *Adultery!* was it not by your consent?

The very sinful act your's? I but mov'd

By your direction. Will this, published,

Exempt you from the law?

Con. I'll laugh at thee.

With my man's help and oath against thee, I'll

Return thy calumny i' the face. I am

A lord, and shall outweigh thee, could'st thou give

Thy truth a body, that even men might see,
As well as hear it.

Giot. This is strange and violent! ha!

Con. Do, harrow thy skull; I am resolved.

Giot. This is but coarse reward for my last office.
No remedy but killing before supper?

Did my stars owe me this? You will pardon me
When you are duke? that's but reason.

Con. And reward thee.

Giot. I am in, and must wade through: she
goes to bed

Supperless.

Con. Oh happiness! may I trust to't?

Giot. I'll put her grannam to the charge of
worms

To entertain her.

Meet, and be duke; I'll make your wife immortal.

Con. Wilt thou be speedy? for I'll tell thee,
Giotto,

I cannot hope this night to have all perfect.

The noise of this her sudden death must needs

Mar this night's revelling, and protract the choice
That is expected; then a little time

Presents me capable of the mighty favour:

I have encouragement to hope for marriage

With our great duchess, ha?

Giot. Excellent brains!

Your wife is already carrying commendations

To your friends i' the t'other world.

Con. Oh, let me hug thee.

Giot. I have your pardon?

Con. And my heart too. Oh,

Be swift in thy great work!

[*Giot.*] Believe it done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A State Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DUCHESS, CARINTHA, and LAURA.

Duch. This pleasantness becomes you well,
Carintha;
And you shew duty in it; this night we dedicate
To our own delights.

Car. Madam, I have more wonder
To tell your grace, when you are pleased to hear
me.

Duch. You'll find our disposition meet it.—But,
Laura, dost thou not smile to think upon
The event? We shall be censur'd humorous.

Lau. But [when] your grace shall publish your
reasons,
You will appear just.

Duch. That ambition
Should have such seat¹ in human nature! but
[Our] court hath been long sick; they are [mad]
humours,
And I must physic them.

Enter DEPAZZI *hastily.*

Dep. Treason! treason! where's the duchess?—
O, madam,
Never was heard of such a horrid treason!

Duch. Our guard!

¹ *Should have such seat, &c.]* The 4to. reads, “such fear.” Perhaps *sway* might be the genuine word. But all, as Stephano observes, is but fortune. In the next line the old copy has *my* for *ill, mad, or some happier word.*

Dep. Nay, I discover'd, and prevented it
Already.

Duch. You amaze us ; what's the treason ?
Who is the conspirator ?

Dep. My uncle ; but I think most o' the lords
Had their hand in't.

Duch. Be brief.

Dep. There was a plot of treason to have kill'd—

Duch. Whom ? Defend us, heaven !

Dep. Nay, I have defended myself ; they would
have kill'd me, that shall be duke, because they
saw you were inclined to marry me.

Duch. Is this the treason ?

Dep. And who should be the villain, think you,
but
Giotto ?

All. Giotto !

Dep. Ay, Giotto ! but, like an honest rascal,
upon my promise to go hide myself for twelve
hours, he sav'd my life. Did you ever hear of such
a cunning traitor ? but it is your destiny to have
me ; you have cause to pray heartily.

Duch. And so I have. Here was a piece of
treason !

But be reserv'd, you are here safe. I'll take
My time to know and punish all.—What bold
Intruder's this ?

Enter CRISPINO.

Cris. My lord, I heard your voice in fearful
manner,
Crying treason ! are you in preservation ?

Dep. One of my loving subjects.—Yes, Cris-
pino.—

'Tis Crispino, madam, one that I have promised
To make a judge. He was my barber, and
Will fit the commonwealth to a hair.

Duch. He must deserve that place then.

Dep. 'Tis confirm'd.

Cris. I humbly thank your excellence.

Duch. Signior Depazzi, you shall be near our person.—

Here's mirth more than's expected.—Laura, bid Some waiter command Giotto's presence.—

Carintha, we'll retire, and hear your wonder.—

My lord, we'll sift the treason.

Dep. And let the traitors be bolted, madam, I beseech you. [Exeunt all but *Cris.*]

Enter Officer, and Servants.

Off. Quick! set things in order. The gentlemen that come to see this great preparation must please to make room for't. So, so!—What are you, sir?

Cris. I am the terror of the law.

Off. What's that? a hangman?

Cris. When I look stern¹ and frown, thou diest. I am a judge; I say, a judge *in potentia*.

Off. Have we a town called *Potentia* in our duchy?

Serv. He's some foreigner; he comes to use his eyes; let him pass. [Noise within.]

Off. Cease your clamours, villains! Sure the devils are singing a catch.—Give order the outward doors be locked; let none approach the presence. The lords must come hither up the back stairs, and through the privy gallery. [goes to the door.]—Bear back!—[Exeunt Servants.—Knocking at the other door.]—More noise yet? 'twere less troublesome living in a drum than at court, in nights of entertainment.

[Within.] Open the door!

Off. My lord Comachio's voice.

¹ When I look stern, &c.] The old copy reads *lean*.

Enter COMACHIO and ORSEOLO; they salute in silence at the door.

Com. The lords are not yet met.

Ors. I hate this overgrown thing: 'tis high time
He should intend's affairs in heaven, yet still
He hath some business upon earth [Aside.

Cris. Save you, my good lord!—Signior Orseolo,
I hope you have an able faith.

Ors. Why do you hope so?

Cris. That you may be saved too.

Ors. The groom is witty. [Knocking within.

Ors. Who makes that noise?

[Within.] Signior Contarini and Volterre would
have entrance.

Enter CONTARINI and VOLTERRE, who salute each other with silence at the door; then are saluted by COMACHIO and ORSEOLO.

Com. Why was Contarini warn'd? he has a wife;
His hopes have no encouragement. [Aside.

Cris. My lord Volterre, I congratulate
Your safety;—and your health, signior Contarini.

Vol. Is not this Depazzi's barber?

Con. I wish he had more manners.

Cris. There are certain judges in the dark.

Vol. And that's the reason justice is blind.

Cris. And those judges shall come to light too,
when they shall think convenience proper.

Vol. His fingers speak his profession.²

[Within.] Make way there, fellows o' the guard,
[clear] the passage!

² *His fingers speak his profession.*] He had *snapp'd* them, apparently. See Jonson, vol. ii. p. 450.

Off. [*goes to the door.*—Bear back, gentlemen! what do you mean? Pray bear back.

Loud music ; then re-enter DEPAZZI, GIOTTO, Duchess, LAURA, and Attendants; the Duchess seats herself under the state.

Com. My nephew still alive!—Giotto, you Trifle with me; I am dangerous when my wrath is—

Giot. You mistook your nephew; I proffer'd him Four or five several deaths, and could not get him To accept of one. Come, signior, there's great hope The duchess but pretends a care o'er him, The more to disguise her love of you.

Com. This is but a weak comfort.

Con. Is't done? softly in my ear.

Giot. It is not done.

Con. Hell and damnation!

Giot. Your wife is invisible, the sun can hardly find her out.

Con. Secure thyself; my ways are hidden.

Vol. *Diable prend ce drôle-là!*³ *Parlez doucement.*

Dep. Do not trust the archduke, he cozen'd me at blow-point.

Vol. *Eh bien! c'est une chose si difficile, je ne sai que faire.*

Dep. Right! why, that's the cause I sent the emperor my comb-case.

Vol. *Ma foi, j'oublie! mais nous le verrons tantôt grandement esbahi.*

Dep. With like ease may I * * * * hand-saw, and invite the moon to supper.

Duch. Ha! who is the cause of this fury?

³ *Vol.* *Diable prend 'te droll, &c.*] The reader must take the best guess I can make at Volterre's French: it would be wearisome to subjoin the old text.

Vol. 'Tis only a French heat, an't like your excellence.

Duch. My lord[s,] the time is now arrived wherein

We are to gain your thanks, and strive to oblige
 Posterity. Your care o' the public weal
 Encourag'd your continual suit to heaven,
 And us, that we would make an [early] choice
 Of a good husband. Even from this number
 We will perform your wishes: envy is the sin
 Of cowards; therefore, no lord of high birth,
 And temperate breeding, will malign his destiny
 Whom we shall think most worthy our esteem :
 Nay, it would shew decay of duty in
 The greatest of our court, to think that we
 Want skill to make a safe election ;
 Such a bold thought, in one we call our subject,
 Would soon corrupt our nature, [aye,] and make
 Our justice cruel. We do expect, my lords,
 No verbal satisfaction in this point ;
 But, as we single out our choice, we'll make
 A private trial of each heart.—Contarini.

[*She descends, and leads him aside.*

Com. I can perceive no cause of fear from him ;
 He's married. [*Aside.*

Duch. How does your wife, signior ?

Con. She has too much health, madam ; but,
 had I known

Your excellence's purpose, to hasten thus
 Your favour towards your humble subject,
 She had ere this arrived in heaven ; however,
 If your [grace]⁴ find your blood so violent,
 You are not able to delay the use
 Of this my person, she shall not live long
 To [hinder] your desire.

⁴ *If your grace, &c.]* The old copy reads *care* in this place, and in the next line but one, *find* for *hinder*.

Duch. O, my good lord,
You still increase my obligation.

Con. 'Tis great pity custom should make princes
So reserv'd in wooing; had you told me
But two days since of this meeting, I had
Cashier'd my wife a nimbler way, than by
Contriving a divorce.

Duch. Then you have practised a divorce
already?

Con. 'Las! no design seems difficult that makes
Me capable of your highness' love.

Duch. What an iron impudence rules in thy
nature!
Thou seem'st to boast of crimes the devil would
In modesty conceal.

Con. How, madam?

Duch. Canst thou expect kindness from a [nother]
lady,
That art so cruel to thy own? a soul
So much i' the tongue of fame as is Carintha!
You are one o' the religious faction,
Whose care merely did reflect upon
The general good! the safety of your country!
I will not publish thy disgrace. Kneel, old man,
And thank the privilege of this great day;
Thou hast thy pardon. [*He kisses her hand.*]

Con. Horrid torture!
Foil'd in my hopes, and made an argument
For popular scorn! I fear my own shadow,
My horns are grown so ugly.

Duch. Orseolo.

Com. She knows him
A woman-hater; his fate cannot hinder me.

Duch. How thrives your charity toward our sex?
What think you of a woman now, my lord?

Ors. A woman is the pride of nature, her
Husband's best genius, made to credit heaven;
To justify the first creation good:

She is the destiny of time ; her womb
 Contains the hope of our succession,
 The power to add new life unto the world.

Duch. Stay, signior, this is akin to flattery.
 Do you appear at this our summons with
 Hope to gain by it? you, that have profess'd
 Yourself a natural enemy to all
 Our sex?

Ors. Madam, I recant that heresy ;
 Giotto is my witness : there are creatures—

Duch. He'll tell me all, I need not tempt it
 from him.—

Bold monsieur, I've heard of your goatish tricks,
 Of your seraglio, and your concubines :
 Dare you be so much a traitor, to think
 I'd marry with a public stallion,
 A town bull!

Ors. Your highness—

Duch. No more : for the honour of this day I do
 Conceal your faults, and pardon them.

[*Ors. kisses her hand*

Ors. Giotto, I shall prick your veins.

Duch. Volterre

Com. What mean these several parlies?

Duch. I am to give you thanks,
 My lord, for your great care o' the public weal.
 You did implore my haste to marriage,
 Merely for your country's good, yourself not guilty
 Of any hope to profit by it.

Vol. Your excellence
 Does me too much right.

Duch. And can
 Your nature suffer you to do me wrong?
 You undervalue me, my birth and title,
 For else, a little foreign vanity,
 Shewn in corrupted mixture
 Of unknown tongues, would not encourage thee
 T' attempt our person, and so become our equal.

Vol. Your highness
Will hold me in excuse.

Duch. Yes ; you have more deserv'd
Our mercy than the rest.—Walk aside.

[*Vol. kisses her hand.*]

Duch. Comachio !

Com. Hey ! I begin to prosper.

Duch. You are your country's father, chief of those
Whose zealous interest i' the commonwealth,
Urg'd to entreat my first endeavours,
To help posterity with issue ; yet
Prescribed yourself no share i' the benefit !
Fie, my lord ! how sinful has ambition
Made you ! 'Tis strange that he, whom we have
held

Our oracle, should conspire the death of one
So harmless as your nephew.

Com. My gracious mistress !

Duch. We know all ; but in hope you'll not
malign

Our next election, you taste our mercy.

[*Com. kisses her hand.*]

Com. False Giotto, thou shalt suffer !

Duch. Signior Depazzi.

Dep. Hem ! now I begin my reign.—Duchess,
we know thy mind ; thou would'st protest thy great
love unto our royal person.—[Conclude] thy
speech, and let's to bed ; we'll have our subjects
know our prompt desire to furnish them with a
lusty heir.

Duch. Your lordship will please to hear me speak.

Dep. First, we would know thy lips : I say it is
our will to buss thy highness.

Duch. The fellow's saucy ; take him away.

Com. How now, nephew ?

Dep. 'Tis fine, i' faith !—

[*Giotto and the Duchess embrace ; he throws
off his disguise.*]

Duch. Behold, lords, your prince, Foscari, duke
Of Parma, and of Mantua now, our lover,
Whom lately you supposed dismiss'd our court.

Com. Indeed we see the golden fleece, his order,
And a face like his ; but yet his chin wants part
Of his beard.

Giot. I left that naked, more to disguise me from
Your knowledge : and that our fame (which must
Outlive our person) may give reply to those
Who shall hereafter question it, know, we
[Did] undertake this shape, to help us in
Discovery of all your souls and hearts,
The better to enable us how to
Dispose of each beneath our government.

Duch. And I made secret promise, to bring you
To a court, purged, and in clear health. Your lords
Have all ta'en physic from my prescription.
Here I present them to you, penitent
And wise ; for now they know themselves, which is
The best knowledge, and chief part of wisdom :
You are to grant their pardons for my sake.

Fosc. With great alacrity ; and I banish all
Their crimes from my remembrance.

[*They kneel, and kiss his hand by turns.*]

Con. Deprived of my revenge too !

Cris. Then I am no judge now.

Dep. 'Tis a new trick of state continually
To shift great offices.

Cris. Ere I've made my cushion warm ?

Dep. No remedy ; if I'm his favourite,
Thou shalt be my pimp, then thou'rt sure to rise.

Fosc. Must we not be reconcil'd
To my lord Depazzi too ?

Dep. I forgive your highness, I.

Fosc. And I you ; your love is soon requited.

Lau. I hope your excellence will pardon my
Rude intrusion into your acquaintance.
Her grace conceal'd this part of her design

From me ; I never knew till now, that you
Were more than Giotto, the Florentine.

Fosc. Madam, you are truly noble ; you have
merited

Our best assistance.

All. Long [live] Foscari, duke of Mantua and
Parma !

Enter CARINTHA.

Duch. This noise brings in Carintha.

Fosc. Uneasy thoughts perplex her husband.

Duch. Make not rumour

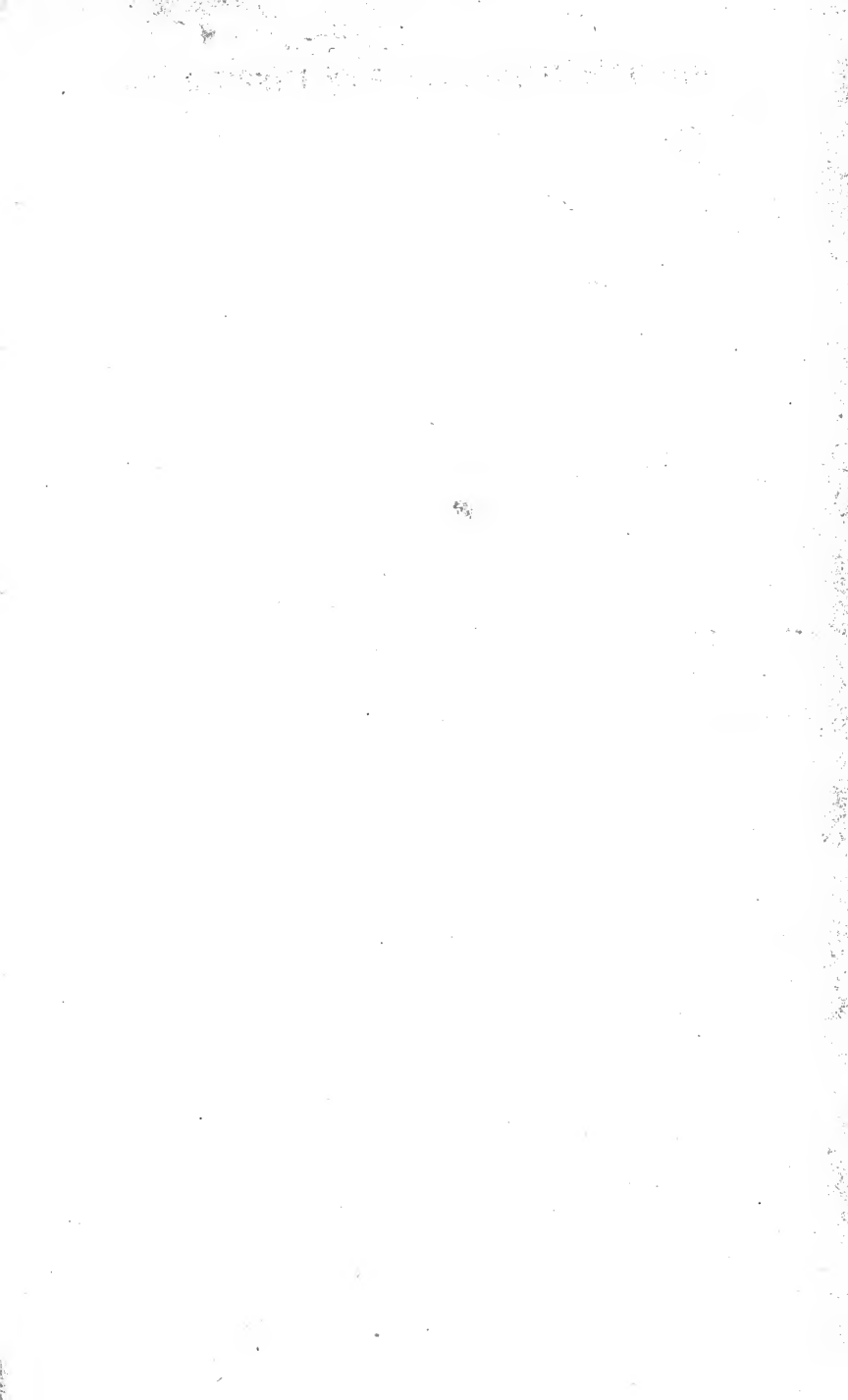
Acquainted with your grief ; as yet it is
Contain'd i' the knowledge of us four. I
Forgive his excellence his sin 'gainst me :
Make me your good example, and forgive
Your wife her error.

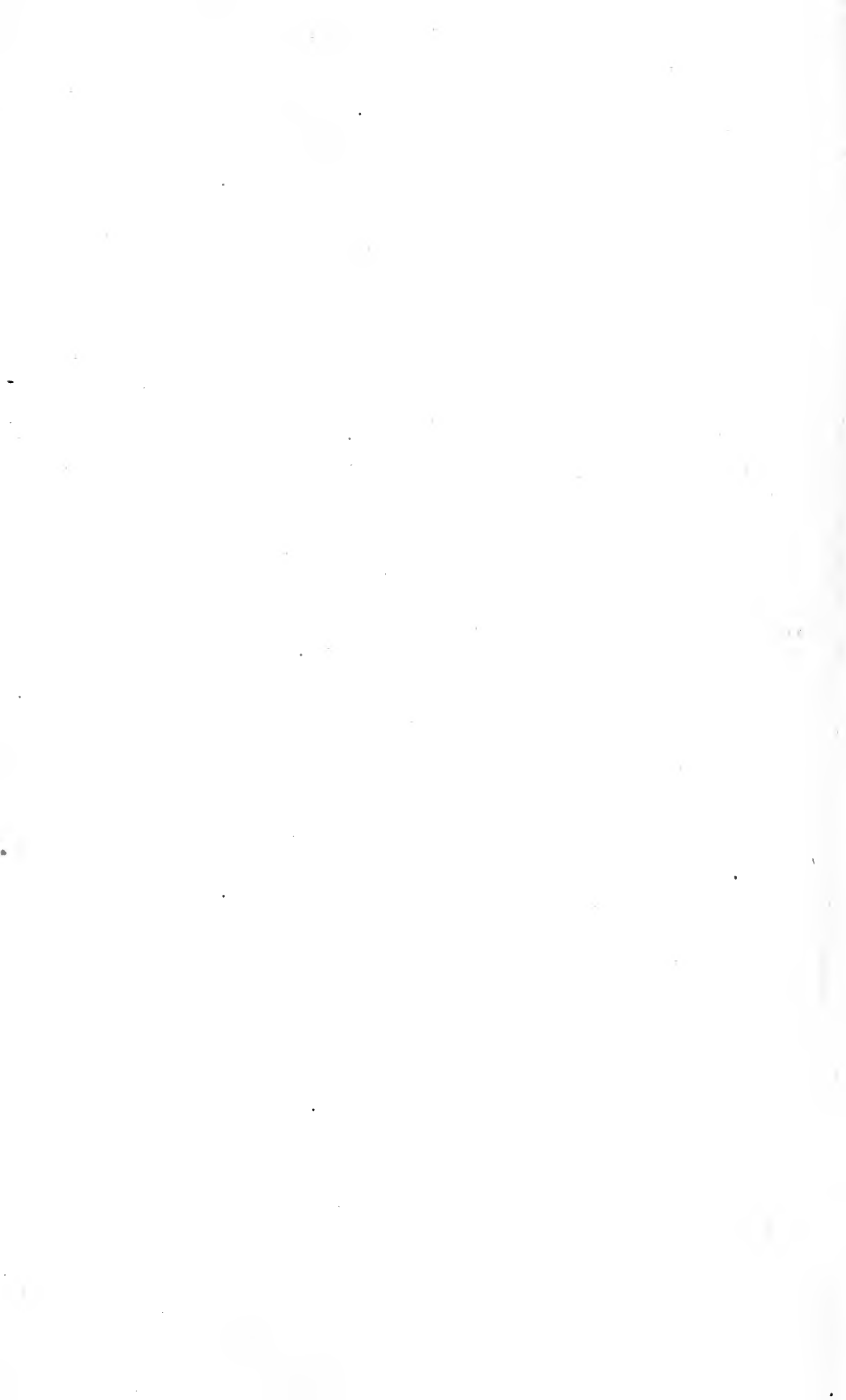
Con. Heaven has punish'd my ambition ; it was
my own seeking. I am content to suffer.

Fosc. Then take your wife, and with assurance
from

The faith of a true knight and prince, she doth
Retain that chastity she had when first
I saw her.—Now each wrinkled brow grows smooth,
And I begin my sovereignty, with hope
To give succession cause still to prefer
This day, as chief within their calendar. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. IV.







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