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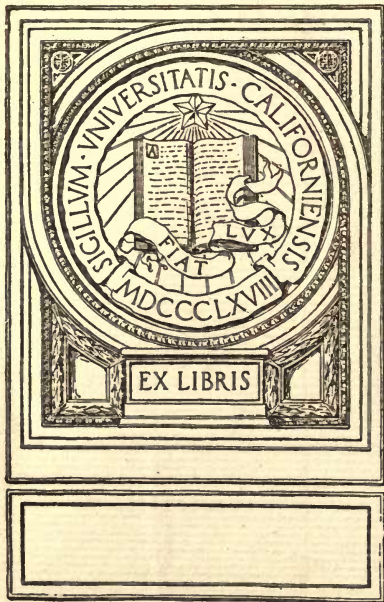
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T H E

DRAMATICK WORKS

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

V O L. V.

T H E

DRAWING BOOK

1880

BY J. H. H. H. H.

1880



THE CHANCES.



*As I live,
Your own eyes, Signor; and the nether lip
As like you, as y' had spit it ! Act. I.*

H. Hooker del.

J. Collyer sculp.

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

O F

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

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

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

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

V O L U M E T H E F I F T H ;

C O N T A I N I N G ,

C H A N C E S ;

T R A G E D Y O F R O L L O , D U K E O F N O R M A N D Y ;

W I L D - G O O S E C H A S E ;

A W I F E F O R A M O N T H ;

L O V E R S ' P R O G R E S S ;

P I L G R I M .

L O N D O N ,

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

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

J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street ; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,

Fleet-Street ; and W. Fox, Holborn.

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

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T H E

C H A N C E S.

A C O M E D Y.

This Play was originally printed in the folio edition of 1647, and the Commendatory Verses by Gardiner, as well as the Prologue, ascribe it to Fletcher alone. The celebrated George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, made some considerable alterations to it, and in that state it used to be frequently acted; but the licentiousness of that nobleman's pen rendering the Play improper for representation at this refined period, further alterations became necessary; and these have been made, with much judgment, by the great ornament of the English Theatre, Mr. Garrick.

VOL. V.

A

PROLOGUE.

Bennet

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
P R O L O G U E.

APTNESS for mirth to all! This instant night
Thalia hath prepar'd, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Season'd with rarities of wit and art:
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect Comedy.
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud memory.
For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot,
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons with the time;
Or that his tow'ring muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise;
We may profess, presuming on his skill,
If his *Chances* please not you, our fortune's ill.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke of Ferrara.
 Petruchio, *governor of Bologna.*
 Don John,
 Don Frederick, } *Spanish gentlemen, and comrades.*
 Antonio, *an old stout gentleman, kinsman to Petruchio.*
 Three Gentlemen, *friends to the duke.*
 Two Gentlemen, *friends to Petruchio.*
 Francisco, *a musician, Antonio's boy.*
 Peter Vecchio, *a teacher of Latin and musick, a reputed wizard.*
 Peter,
 Anthony, } *servants to Don John and Don Frederick.*
 Surgeon.

W O M E N.

Constantia, *sister to Petruchio, and mistress to the Duke.*
 Woman, *servant to Constantia.*
 Landlady *to Don John and Don Frederick.*
 Constantia, *a whore to old Antonio.*
 Bawd.

SCENE, BOLOGNA.

T H E

T H E

C H A N C E S.

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

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. **I** WOULD we were remov'd from this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet : For mine own part,

I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After enquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where. Serve wenching
soldiers,

That know no other Paradise but plackets ?
I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes.

Anth. Thou art the froward'st fool——

Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this ; to what end came we hither ?

Anth. To wait upon our masters,

Peter. But how, Anthony ?

Answer me that ; resolve me there, good Anthony.

Anth. To serve their uses.

Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.

Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.

Peter. No, Anthony,

Not any thing, I take it ; nor that thing

We travel to discover, like new islands ;

A salt itch serve such uses ! In things of moment,

Concerning things, I grant you; not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon;
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case——

Anth. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible
woman,

Of infinite report for shape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.

Peter. Was there ever

Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are mens' brains
Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe too,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Anth. Prithee be thou sober,
And know, that they are none of those; not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which since they find so block'd
And lock'd up from their searches, they're now settled
To give the wonder over.

Peter. 'Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too! for I'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to th' *reasonable soles*
In their good worships' business: And some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bell-man of me. And what now
Mean they to study, Anthony? *moral* philosophy,
After their *mar-all* women?

Anth. Mar a fool's head!

Peter. It will mar two fools' heads, an they take not
heed,
Besides the giblets to 'em.

Anth. Will you walk, Sir,

THE CHANCES.

7

And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head
May chance to find a wooden night-cap else.

Peter. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying. Here they come;
You'd best tell them as much.

Peter. I am no tell-tale. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

John. I would we could have seen her tho'; for sure
She must be some rare creature, or report lies,
All mens' reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I'd seen her;
But since she's so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserv'd from view, so like a Paradise,
Plac'd where no knowledge can come near her, so
guarded
As 'twere impossible, tho' known, to reach her,
I've made up my belief.

John. Hang me, from this hour,
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as she came, a strong report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way.
But whither are you walking?

John. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthful.

John. Will not you stir?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. Upon my life, this lady still——

Fred. Then you will lose it.

John. 'Pray let us walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart,

Fred. An hour hence

I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where?

Fred. I'th' High Street;

For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first, then I'm yours.

John. Remember. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say!

1 Gent. Fy, Antonio!

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him!

If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,

A surgeon may see thro' him.

1 Gent. You are too violent.

2 Gent. Too open undiscreeet.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd?

The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?

My credit, and my name?

2 Gent. Be sure it be so,

Before you use this violence: Let not doubt,

And a suspecting anger, so much sway you

Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say, kill him,

And then dispute the cause! Cut off what may be,

And what is shall be safe.

2 Gent. Hang up a true man,

Because 'tis possible he may be thievish?

Alas, is this good justice?

Petr. I know, as certain

As day must come again, as clear as truth,

And open as belief can lay it to me,

That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompense,

Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever

In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,

But what is smear'd and shameful! I must kill him;

Necessity compels me.

1 Gent. But think better.

Petr. There is no other cure left: Yet, witness with me,

All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and 'would 'twere
possible

(I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker!)
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol Honour,
That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be accessary.

2 Gent. Do you weigh, Petruchio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
(So much I'm tied to reputation,
And credit of my house) let it raise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss me
Into the waves of everlasting ruin,
Yet I must thro'. If ye dare side me——

Ant. Dare?

Petr. Ye're friends indeed; if not——

2 Gent. Here's none flies from you;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.

Ant. But then, be sure ye kill him '!

2 Gent. Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life——

Petr. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

2 Gent. No other way to purge it?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

2 Gent. Think an hour more:

¹ *1 Gent.* But then be sure ye kill him.] Mr. Seward, observing that these words did not suit the moderate character of the *Gentlemen*, gives them to *Petruchio*. They are much more suitable to *Antonio*, we think, who is crying out for blood, through the whole scene.

And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set up our rests too.

Ant. Mine's up already;

And hang him, for my part, goes less than life!

2 Gent. If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil order of this town Bologna
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Besides the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:
I'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for, see,
A fair house yet stands open; yet all about it
Are close, and no light stirring: There may be foul
play.

I'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Woman [within]. Signor?

John. What? How's this?

Woman [within]. Signor Fabritio?

John. I'll go nearer.

Woman [within]. Fabritio?

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be
good done.

Woman [within]. Who's there? Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Woman [within]. Where are you?

John. Here.

Woman

THE CHANCES. 11

Woman [*within*]. Oh, come, for Heaven's sake!
John. I must see what this means.

Enter Woman, with a child.

Woman. I have staid this long hour for you. Make no noise,
 For things are in strange trouble. Here; be secret;
 'Tis worth your care. Be gone now: More eyes watch us
 Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark you!
Woman. Peace! Good night. [*Exit*.]

John. She's gone, and I am loaden; Fortune for me!
 It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
 To be some pack of worth: By th' mass, 'tis heavy!
 If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome;
 I'll ne'er refuse a fortune: I am confident
 'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging!
 If it hit right, I'll bless this night. [*Exit*.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange,
 I cannot meet him; sure he has encounter'd
 Some light-o'-love or other, and there means
 To play at in and in for this night. Well, Don John,
 If you do spring a leak, or get an itch,
 Till ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-
 walks;
 You must be still a boot-halling². One round more,
 Tho' it be late, I'll venture, to discover you.
 I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit*.]

SCENE V.

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?

² *Boot-halling.*] Most probably, an indecent allusion. In Monsieur Thomas, one of Hylas's objections to matrimony is, because he would not cobbler other mens' old boots.

1 *Gent.* To point³, Sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private all; and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let's stand sure.

3 *Gent.* Fear not us:
Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more; I know it.
You know your quarters?

1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me; the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.

2 *Gent.* We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious,
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? Must I needs be
peeping

Into mens' houses, where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carried!
I must take other mens' occasions on me,
And be I know not whom! Most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel: This comes of peeping!
A lump got out of laziness. Good White-bread,
Let's have no bawling with you! 'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties; have I read over
All their school-learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million

³ To point] Signifies completely, as we now say to a hair.

Of maidenheads? caught the common way? it's
 night too,
 Under another's name, to make the matter
 Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
 You will be wiser one day, when you've purchas'd
 A beavy of these butter-prints together,
 With searching out conceal'd iniquities,
 Without commission. Why, it would ne'er grieve me,
 If I had got this gingerbread; ne'er stirr'd me,
 So I had had a stroke for't; it had been justice
 Then to have kept it: But to raise a dairy
 For other mens' adulteries, consume myself in candles⁴,
 And scow'ring-works, in nurses, bells, and babies,
 Only for charity, for mere 'I thank you,'
 A little troubles me: The least touch for it,
 Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
 Whose-e'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother;
 For 'tis well cloath'd, and, if I be not cozen'd,
 Well lin'd within. To leave it here were barbarous,
 And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
 Than his that got it: Well, I will dispose on't,
 And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
 To cry *Memento* to me; no more peeping!
 Now all the danger is to qualify
 The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
 For she will fall upon me with a catechism
 Of four hours long: I must endure all;
 For I will know this mother. Come, good wonder,
 Let you and I be jogging; your starv'd treble
 Will waken the rude watch else. All that be
 Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I've beaten all the
 purlieus,

⁴ *Consume myself in candles.*] Mr. Seward, on recommendation of Mr. Symphon, reads, *Consume myself in CAUDLES.* See *Lovers' Progress*, act iv.

But

But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: Tomorrow-morning
I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his leaks.

Enter Constantia.

Con. I'm ready,
And thro' a world of dangers am flown to you;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.
Where are your people? which way must we travel?
For Heav'n sake, stay not here, Sir.

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd! Sir, for Heav'n sake, tell me,
Are you a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you!

Fred. You have charm'd me;
Humanity and Honour bid me help you,
And if I fail your trust——

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you—
Alas, I must believe you. From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation, may come near me,
In some secure place, settle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike thro' my life that takes you from me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gentlemen.

Petr. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?

Ant. Ne'er fear us :

Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvis'd ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best game ;
We shall fight close and handsome then.

1 Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why? All physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly ;
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him——

2 Gent. You are as far o'th' bow-hand now^s.

Ant. And cry,

' That's my fine boy ; thou wilt do so no more, child?'

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They shall not find me one ! Here's old tough Andrew,
A special friend of mine ; an he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a hornpipe ! Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on ; I profess it ;
Not to scare coster-mongers : If I lose mine own,

^s *Bow-hand.*] A sea-term, derived from the *bow* of a ship ; which, says Dr. Johnson, begins at the loof, and compassing ends of the stern, and ends at the sternmost parts of the fore-castle.

Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty!

Petr. Let's talk no longer; place yourselves with
silence,

As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Don John and Landlady.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard——

John. Good mother!

Land. Good me no goods! Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behav'd myself——

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, (to make my name
Stink in my neighbour's nostrils) your devices,
Your brats, got out of Alicant⁶, and broken oaths!
Your linsy-woolsey work, your hasty puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities?
You are deceiv'd in me, Sir; I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Land. You found an easy fool that let you get it;
Sh'had better have worn pasterns.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths? what do you care for oaths, to gain
your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What faint know ye?

⁶ *Your brats, got out of Alligant.*] In Rowley's Match at Midnight, Randal and Ancient Young quarrelling, Sim, another of the characters, interposes, 'Gentlemen, there's *Alegant* in the house; pray set no more 'abroach.' The Landlady here means, 'Your brats produced by 'intoxication and faithless promises.'

Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers!
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heav'n forbid, mother!

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Antb. [*within.*] Sir.

John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.

Land. Exceeding sick; Heav'n help me!

John. Haste ye, firrah.—

I must ev'n make her drunk.—Nay, gentle mother!

Land. Now, fy upon ye! Was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your digestions?
For this, pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
Were these your bo-peep prayers? You've pray'd well,
And with a learned zeal; watch'd well too. Your Saint,
It seems, was pleas'd as well. Still sicker, sicker!

Enter Anthony, with a bottle of wine.

John. There is no talking to her 'till I've drench'd her.
Give me. Here, mother, take a good round draught;
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: Deeper, mother.

Land. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all.

John. All, i'faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine

Will do his part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Land. But, son John!

John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once
more;

Alas, you look not well; take a round draught,
(It warms the blood well, and restores the colour)
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman?

A stranger? one the town holds a good regard of?

John. Nay, I will silence thee.

Land. One that should weigh his fair name? Oh,
a stitch!

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother;
Make no spare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman?
Lodge in my house? Now Heav'n's my comfort,
Signor——

John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, Heav'n knows,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.

John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you.
Where is the infant? Come, let's see your workmanship.

John. None of mine, mother; but there 'tis, and a
lusty one.

Land. Heav'n blefs thee,
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune. As I live,
Your own eyes, Signor; and the nether lip
As like you, as y' had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Land. Blefs me, what things are these?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich, and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, son John,
I see you are a woodman, and can chuse
Your deer, tho' it be i' th' dark; all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when ye must needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well: Be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool, son; time is precious,
Work wary whilst you have it; since you must traffick
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, Signor;
Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading

As you would make your rest⁷, adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses.

Land. Now blessing o' thy care! It shall have all,
And instantly; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.

'Tis a sweet child! Ah, my young Spaniard!
Take you no further care, Sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your leave, mother. These are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest
I'll find a master. The gold, for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.

Land. No more words,
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me:
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your morals.
But where's don Frederick, mother?

Land. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [Exit.

John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I've found him. Now this woman's pleas'd,
I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eas'd. [Exit.

SCENE X.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Believe, Sir, 'tis as possible to do it,
As to remove the city: The main faction
Swarm thro' the streets like hornets, arm'd with an-
gers
Able to ruin states; no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly

⁷ As you would make your rest.] This is an allusion to *fencing*. So, Mercutio says of the duellist Tibalt, 'rests his minum; one, two,' &c. in which words he at once alludes to the different sciences of musick and defence.

You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I furer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——

1 Gent. Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not crack my vow, start from my
honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my soul,
To keep my body safe!

1 Gent. I speak not, Sir,
Out of a baseness to you.

Duke. No, nor do not
Out of a baseness leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o'th' blood? Who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: Valiant minds
Were made the masters of it; and as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean;
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to die all in this venture,
(As I am confident against it) is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly.
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on!

2 Gent. You may, Sir;
But with what safety?

1 Gent. Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, Sir, here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave Sir.

Duke. That's spoken heartily.

1 Gent. And he that flinches,

May he die lousy in a ditch!

Duke. No more dying;

There's no such danger in it. What's o'clock?

3 Gent. Somewhat above your hour.

Duke. Away then quickly;

Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exe.*]

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick, and Peter with a candle.

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.

Peter. What have we now to do?

Fred. And o' your life, firrah,

Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my Landlady, nor my friend.

Peter. 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Peter. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Be gone.

Peter. I am, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Constantia.

Fred. Now enter without fear. And, noble lady,
That safety and civility you wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here; your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.

Con. Ye're truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust: Let it become me,
(I do beseech you, Sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks, this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome.

Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: Heav'n bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,

Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I'm engag'd.

Con. It shall be,

For I am truly confident you're honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me

The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else!
What eyes are there, rather what little Heav'ns,
To stir mens' contemplations! what a Paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be
temperate:

I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.—Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families——

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy Sir;
Thus far I shall entreat——

Fred. Command me, lady;

You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently

With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,

Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire; this key will guide you: All things necessary
Are there before you.

Con. All my prayers go with you. [Exit.

Fred. You clap on proof upon me: Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers:
Now I say Beauty can do more: The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure

Might make me leap into : We're all like sea-cards,
 All our endeavours and our motions,
 (As they do to the North) still point at beauty,
 Still at the fairest : For a handsome woman
 (Setting my soul aside) it should go hard,
 But I would strain my body : Yet to her,
 Unless it be her own free gratitude,
 Hopes, ye shall die, and thou tongue rot within me,
 Ere I infringe my faith : Now to my rescue ! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Duke, pursued by Petruchio, Antonio, and that
 faction.*

Duke. YOU will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him i' th' wanton eye!

Let me come to him!

Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly!

Petr. Say you so, Sir?

Ant. I say cut his wezand, spoil his piping :
 Have at your love-sick heart, Sir!

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting :
 My friend may be engag'd.—Fy, gentlemen!
 This is unmanly odds.

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, Sir.

[*Duke falls down, Don John bestrides him.*

John. Nay then, have at thee freely.
 There's a plumb, Sir, to satisfy your longing.

Petr. Away! I hope I've sped him. Here comes
 rescue;

We shall be endanger'd. Where's Antonio?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, Sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers!

Petr. How is't?

Ant. Well:

H'has given me my *quietus est*. I felt him

In my small guts; I'm sure h'has feez'd me!

This comes of siding with you.

2 Gent. Can you go, Sir?

Ant. I should go, man, an my head were off:
Ne'er talk of going.

Petr. Come, all shall be well then.
I hear more rescue coming.

Enter the Duke's faction.

Ant. Let's turn back then;
My skull's uncloven yet; let me but kill.

Petr. Away for Heav'n sake with him!

[Exit Petrucchio, with his faction.]

John. How is't?

Duke. Well, Sir;
Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's Faction. Let's pursue 'em.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye! Thanks, good
coat;

Thou'ft sav'd me a shrewd welcome: 'Twas put home
too,

With a good mind, I'm sure on't.

John. Are you safe then?

Duke. My thanks to you, brave Sir, whose timely
valour,

And manly courtesy, came to my rescue.

John. Y'ad foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall him
That can pass by oppression.

Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?

John. For the bond, Sir,
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit you: I am a stranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentleman
That lies here for my study.

Duke. I have heard, Sir,

Much

Much worthy mention of you; yet I find
Fame short of what you are.

John. You're pleas'd, Sir,
To exprefs your courtesy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present,
I must desire your pardon: You shall know me
Ere it be long, Sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, Sir.

Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? have you lost
any thing?

John. Only my hat i'th' scuffle: Sure these fellows
Were night-snaps.

Duke. No, believe, Sir. Pray you use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, Sir.

Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.

John. I will, Sir:
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge;
'Till when, I love your memory. [*Exit Duke, &c.*]

John. I yours.
This is some noble fellow.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue sure.
Don John?

John. Don Frederick?

Fred. You're fairly met, Sir:
I thought you'd been a bat-fowling. Prithee tell me,
What revelations hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations?
I'll tell thee, Frederick; but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.

John. Why then, mark what shall follow, This night, Frederick,

This bawdy night——

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night,
What dost think I've got?

Fred. The pox, it may be.

John. 'Would'twere no worse! Ye talk of revelations;
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb while I live.

Fred. What is't?

Thou hast lost nothing?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got?

John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How!

John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. 'Give you joy, Sir.

John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick; that's the truth on't.

This town's abominable.

Fred. I still told you, John,

Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd you;
But where no grace is——

John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.

Fred. Answer the parish so.

John. Cheated, in troth,

Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederick,
Had I but kiss'd the ring for't—'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.

Fred. Where is't?

John. At home.

Fred. A saving voyage: But what will you say,
Signor,

To him that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?

John.

John. How, good Frederick?

A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No; mine's a nobler venture. What do you think, Sir,

Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy?

John. Where is she?

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit——

John. Ay marry, Sir!

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the Morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.

Fred. That's all one; she's forth-coming;
I have her sure, boy.

John. Hark you, Frederick;
What truck betwixt my infant——

Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir;
Stick to your charge^s, good Don John; I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this,
Did you not lately as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em;
It seems of noble breeding; I am sure brave mettle:
As I return'd to look you, I set in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heav'n) rescued him,
And came myself off safe too.

Fred. My work's done then:
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——

^s Stick to your charges.] Varied in 1750.

John. Oh, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure you;
And, which is more, fall'n under my protection.

John. I am glad of that. Forward, sweet Frederick!

Fred. And, which is more than that, by this night's
wandering;

And, which is most of all, she is at home too, Sir.

John. Come, let's be gone then.

Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, John.

John. Why?

Fred. She has sworn me

That none else shall come near her, not my mother,
'Till some few doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her?

What chamber is she in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say:

A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: We all know it.

Fred. No, I'll assure you, Sir.

John. Not see her?

I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
You talk'd to me of whoring: Let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish you.

Fred. When 'tis come

(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, Sir.

John. Tell me,

And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?

Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I am answer'd:

But let me see her tho'; leave the door open
As you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open,
But just so, as a jealous husband would

Level at his wanton wife thro'.

Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford you. Come, 'tis now near morning.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Peter and Anthony.

Peter. Nay, the old woman's gone too.

Antb. She's a-catterwauling
Among the gutters: But, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?

Peter. Where they should be
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—

Antb. Ay, there it goes: My master's bo-peeps
with me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause.

Peter. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel⁹.

Antb. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That 'till he spends his main-mast——

Peter. Pray remember
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak;
He had a sound one since he came.

Antb. Hark! [Lute sounds within.]

Peter. What?

Antb. Dost not hear a lute? Again!

Peter. Where is't?

Antb. Above, in my master's chamber.

Peter. There's no creature;
He hath the key himself, man. [Sing within.]

Antb. This is his lute¹⁰;

⁹ Carvel.] See note 13 on Wit without Money.

¹⁰ Ant. *This is his lute: Let him have it.*] The song was inserted before this line in the two former editions. The reason of the change of its place is very plain.

Seward.

Let

Let him have it.

Peter. I grant you; but who strikes it?

Anth. An admirable voice too; hark ye!

S O N G [within].

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity,
Never broke vow¹¹, from whose eyes never flew
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart none e'er slew,
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have pow'r, but not to kill.

Peter. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?

Anth. Without all doubt, Peter.

Peter. Then this must be the devil.

Anth. Let it be.

[Sing again.

Good devil, sing again! Oh, dainty devil!

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil!

The sweetest devil——

Enter Frederick and Don John.

Fred. If you could leave peeping!

¹¹ *Never broke vow, from whose eyes never
Flew disdainful dart,
Whose hard heart never
Slew those rewarders?*

Thou art young and fair.] The measure of all, except the last line quoted above, only wants to be replaced; but that last is deficient in sense as well as measure. I suppose the word *ill* to have been the monosyllable lost, and *rewarders* to have been put for *rewarded*, and then it would run, —— *Thus rewarders*: This being too glaringly absurd might be thought to be amended by making it, —— *Those rewarders.* Seward.

The above song is not in the first copy; however, it bears such strong internal marks of authenticity, that we cannot doubt its being genuine.

John.

John. I cannot; by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly;

And, as you love your faith, presume no further
Than you have promised.

John. Basta!

Fred. What make you up so early, Sir?

John. You, Sir, in your contemplations!

Peter. Oh, pray you peace, Sir.

Fred. Why peace, Sir?

Peter. Do you hear?

John. 'Tis your lute.

Fred. Pray ye speak softly;
She's playing on't.

Antb. The house is haunted, Sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.

Fred. Ye saw nothing?

Antb. Not I.

Peter. Nor I, Sir.

Fred. Get us our breakfast then;
And make no words on't. We'll undertake this
spirit,
If it be one.

Antb. This is no devil, Peter.
Mum! there be bats abroad. [Exeunt Servants.

Fred. Stay; now she sings. [Sing.

John. An angel's voice, I'll swear!

Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat; or, as I live,
I will not trust you.

John. Pafs! I warrant you, [Exeunt.

Enter Constantia.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And task the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter

Enter Frederick, and Don John peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations !

John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o'th' light.

Con. I crave your mercy, Sir ;
My mind, o'er-charg'd with care, made me unmannerly.

Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest ; all shall be perfect.

John. I like the body rare ; a handsome body,
A wondrous handsome body. 'Would she would turn !
See, an that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again.

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be : The gentleman
Is safely off all danger.

John. *Oh, de Dios !*

Con. How shall I thank you, Sir ? how satisfy ?

Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [*Aside.*

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on :
I hope thou art not honest.

Fred. None disturb'd you ?

Con. Not any, Sir, nor any found camè near me ;
I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

John. I would fain pray now,
But th' devil, and that flesh there o' the world—
What are we made to suffer¹² ?

¹² *But th' devil and that flesh there, o' the world,*

What are we made to suffer ?] There are two ways of correcting this, either by making it, (*Oh, the world !*) an exclamatory parenthesis, or by reading, *and the world*—the sense would then be, *That he would pray*, if that flesh there, the world and the devil did not prevent him. I prefer the former, as nearer the trace of the letters.

Seward.

Mr. Seward prints,

But th' devil and that flesh there, (O the world !)

What are we made to suffer ?

The interjection rather destroys the allusion to the world, the flesh, and the devil : A break makes sense of the old reading.

Fred.

Fred. He will enter :

Pull in your head, and be hang'd !

John. Hark you, Frederick !

I have brought you home your pack-saddle.

Fred. 'Pox upon you !

Con. Nay, let him enter. Fy, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends ?

Fred. You're cozen'd, lady ;
Here is no duke.

Con. I know him full well, Signor.

John. Hold thee there, wench !

Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all.

Con. I do beseech your Grace come in.

John. My grace ?

There was a word of comfort !

Fred. Shall he enter,

Whoe'er he be ?

John. Well follow'd, Frederick !

Con. With all my heart.

Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bless you, lady !

Fred. Nay, start not ; tho' he be a stranger to you,
He's of a noble strain : My kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller :
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him ;
He's truly honest.

John. That's a lie.

[*Aside.*

Fred. And trusty,
Beyond your wishes ; valiant to defend ;
And modest to converse with, as your blushes.

John. Now may I hang myself ; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes ; for now
Must I cry, ' No forsooth,' and ' Ay forsooth,' and
' surely,

' And truly as I live, and as I am honest.'

H' has done these things for 'nonce too ; for he knows,

Like a most envious rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,
Especially this way. H^{is} has watch'd his time;
But I shall quit him.

Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go kiss her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations!

Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady: Thus I seal
My faith, and all my service.

Con. One word, Signor.

John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest;
She kisses with a conjuration
Would make the devil dance! What points she at?
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:
Sit fast, don Frederick!

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of; his own being lost iⁿ th^e scuffle.

Con. With much joy may he wear it! 'Tis a right one,
I can assure you, gentleman; and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair service!

Fred. Why do you blush?

Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me;
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another master of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*]

Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand you a little close. Come in, Sir! [*Exit Con.*]
Now, what's the news with you?

Antb. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.

John. Who, Sir?

Antb. I do not know, Sir; but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.

Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.

Antb. Well, Sir.

Fred. How do you like her, John?

[*Exit Anthony.*]

John.

John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I'm honest; you shall find it so too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art not thou an ass*?

'And modest as her blushes!' What a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology,
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They're arguments to draw them to abhor us:
An honest moral man? 'tis for a constable!
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslak'd with service,
The same to-night, tomorrow-night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures;
These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have such a spic'd consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch you,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom;
And nothing but fair Honour, oh, sweet Honour!
Hang up your eunuch Honour! That I was trusty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?

Fred. I'm sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my codpiece-point! Fy on thee!
A man of thy discretion?

Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't.
How now? who is't?

Anth. A gentleman of this town,
And calls himself Petruchio.

John. I'll attend him.

[*Exit Anthony.*]

* *Art thou an ass?* Both sense and measure warrant our inserting the word NOT.

Enter Constantia.

Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. Petruccio:

Does it concern you aught?

Con. Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me;
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!
As ever ye had pity——

John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he shall come thro' me¹³:
Lost here, and we about ye?

Fred. Fall before us?

Con. Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers
Compar'd to his, to his——

Fred. Let his, and all mens',
Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heav'n
fake!

Con. I have offended Heav'n too; yet Heav'n
knows——

John. We are all evil:
Yet Heav'n forbid we should have our deserts!
What is he?

Con. Too, too near to my offence, Sir:
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!

Fred. 'Tis no treason?

John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear;
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heav'n, I'll fire the town before you perish!
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with you.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing? My return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.

Con. Heav'n grant it!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹³ Let the great devil come, he shall go thro' me.] Thus read Mr. Seward and octavo 1711.

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, with a letter.

Petr. This man should be of special rank; for these commends

Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em:
He shall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save you, Sir! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, Sir.
But is your name Don John?

John. It is, Sir.

Petr. Then,
First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace you:
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make you mine;
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and, for the goodness in you,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you;
Which, had I known sooner——

John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword, Sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. Gentle Sir,
That manly courtesy is half my business:
And, to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
And how above my friends (which are not few,
And those not slack) I estimate your virtues,
Make yourself understand, this day Petruchio
(A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits) hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward; I'm free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then:—
I do beseech you mark me.

John. I shall do it.

Petr. Ferrara's duke, ('would I might call him worthy!
But that h' has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy) this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house, to stock our memories,
My sifter and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths Heav'n has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealths,
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her:
I am asham'd to say the rest! This purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so.
He 'scap'd me yester-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heav'n pardon him!
I shall, with all my heart.

John. For me, brave Signor,
What do you intend?

Petr. Only, fair Sir, this trust,
(Which, from the commendations of this letter,
I dare presume well plac'd) nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.

John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home. When shall I visit you?

Petr. Please you, this afternoon. I will ride with you;
For at a castle, six miles hence, we're sure to find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. To attend you, my man shall wait;
With all my love*.

[*Exit.*

John. My service shall not fail you.

* *With all my love.*] We much doubt whether these words are not part of Don John's speech:

With all my love, my service shall not fail you.

Enter

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?

John. All's well. Who dost thou think this wench is?
Guess, an thou canst.

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two months after.

Fred. Who? Constantia?
Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.

John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and hens, don Frederick; this is the pullet
We two went proud after.

Fred. It can't be.

John. It shall be;
Sister to don Petruchio: I know all, man.

Fred. Now I believe.

John. Go to; there has been stirring,
Fumbling with linen, Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis impossible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.

John. That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead; she's crack'd:
We've all that hope of our side, boy.

Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.

John. That's all one,
She's loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven! But the world
Must know a fair way; upon vow of marriage!

Fred. There may be such a slip.

John. And will be, Frederick,
Whilst the old game's a-foot. I fear the boy
Will prove hers too I took up.

Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.

John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick.

Come, let's walk in and comfort her : Her being here
Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, (who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow) and what honour
H'has done to me, a stranger. There be irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods,
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.

Fred. Well, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Landlady and Peter.

Land. COME, you do know!
Peter. I do not, by this hand, mistress ;
But I suspect——

Land. What ?

Peter. That if eggs continue
At this price, women will ne'er be sav'd
By their good works.

Land. I will know.

Peter. You shall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorain now
Is seven thousand strong : I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.

Land. Sirrah, sirrah !

Peter. The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis
suspected
They shall be baited in England.

Land. Very well, Sir !

Peter. No, 'tis not so well neither.

Land. But I say to you,
Who is it keeps your master company ?

Peter. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say, what woman ?

Peter. I say so too.

Land.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Peter. I say, 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.

Peter. And I tell thee,
'Tis then the better for him.

Land. You are no bawd now?

Peter. 'Would I were able to be call'd unto it;
A worshipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy firrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I'll know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: If this geer hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the Signors,
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.

Enter Frederick.

Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Fred. How now?

Why, what's the matter, Landlady?

Land. What's the matter?

Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her? you, Sir?

Land. 'Ods my witness,

I will not be thus treated, that I will not!

Peter. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest lewdly;

Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a Maukin, a flirt Gillian¹⁴;
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, firrah——

¹⁴ As I had been a Maukin, a flirt-Gillian] Flirt-Gillian seems to be the origin of the modern expression, a gill-flirt. Maukin and Gillian are, we believe, both corruptions of Christian names of women, commonly applied in a bad or ridiculous sense.

Peter.

Peter. Let but the truth be known, Sir, I beseech ye;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, Sir.

Land. Go to; thou know'st too well, thou wicked
varlet,

Thou instrument of evil!

Peter. As I live, Sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.

Fred. Get you in;
I'll answer you anon, Sir.

Peter. By this hand,
I'll break your posset-pan!

[*Exit.*

Land. Then, by this hood,
I'll lock the meat up!

Fred. Now, your grief; what is't?
For I can guess——

Land. You may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst you! Nothing thought on,
But how you may abuse my house? not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too? My patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady! for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger;
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such an one there is indeed)——

Land. 'Tis well, son.

Fred. Leaving your devils' matins, and your melan-
cholics,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Land. You've much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
You had that might content
(At home, within yourselves too) right good gentlemen,
Wholesome, and you said handsome: But you gallants—
Beast that I was to believe ye——

Fred.

Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For, as I live, there's no such thing.

Land. Mine honour!
An 'twere not for mine honour——

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough. Sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, (she well deserves it)
Together with all secrecy: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful. When you know her,
You'll find your own fault: No more words, but do it.

Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? By this hand,
Thou look'st most amiably! Now could I willingly,
(An 'twere not for abusing thy Geneva print there)
Venture my body with thee.

Land. You'll leave this roguery
When you come to my years.

John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet! a mere girl;
Thou hast not half thy teeth: Come——

Fred. Prithee, John,
Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;
She'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I would see her mad;
An old mad woman——

Fred. Prithee be patient.

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with tooth-ach;
She'll make the rarest faces!

Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.

Land. Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, 'Oh, good mother,
'What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
'Oh, the green water, mother!'——

John.

John. Doting take you!
Do you remember that?

Fred. Sh' has paid you now, Sir.

Land. 'Clary, sweet mother! clary!'—

Fred. Are you satisfied?

Land. 'I'll never whore again; never give petticoats
'And waistcoats at five pound a-piece! Good mother!
'Quickly, mother!' Now mock on, son.

John. A devil grind your old chaps! [*Exit Land.*]

Fred. By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this.
Has she met with your lordship?

John. Touchwood take her!

Enter Anthony.

She's a rare ghostly mother.

Anth. Below attends you
The gentleman's man, Sir, that was with you.

John. Well, Sir. [*Exit Anth.*]
My time is come then; yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I'll rather trust

Enter Constantia.

A cat with sweet milk, Frederick. By her face,
I feel her fears are working.

Con. Is there no way,
(I do beseech you think yet) to divert
This certain danger?

Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their honours are engag'd.

Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, Sir,
Make all go less yet.

John. Lady, were't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but, loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on; tho' general massacres
As much I fear—

Con. Do you hear, Sir? For Heav'n's pity,

Let

Let me request one love of you!

Fred. Yes; any thing.

Con. This gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: As ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: Your fair temper,
And noble disposition, like wish'd show'rs,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour. Hark ye, John;
I will go with you.

John. No.

Fred. Indeed I will;
You go upon a hazard: No denial;
For, as I live, I'll go.

John. Then make you ready,
For I am straight o' horse-back.

Fred. My sword on,
I am as ready as you. What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she's both grave and private,
And you may trust her in all points——

Con. You're noble.

Fred. And so I kiss your hand ¹⁵.

John. That seal for me too;
And I hope happy issue, lady.

Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers!

John. So, now my mind's at rest.

Fred. Away; 'tis late, John. [Exeunt.

¹⁵ *Con.* You are noble;

And so I kiss your hand.] The latter part of this certainly belongs to *Frederick*. 'Tis the usual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman; and *John* confirms it by desiring the same favour. *Seward.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Come, Sir, be hearty; all the worst is past.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Sur. 'Tis death. Sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, Sir!

'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but sauces to my fores!

2 Gent. Fy, Antonio;
You must be govern'd.

Ant. H' has giv'n me a damn'd clyster,
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scower'd my guts out.

Sur. I have giv'n you that, Sir,
Is fittest for your state.

Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned chickens,
Stew'd pericraniums, and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heav'n, 'tis true, gentlemen)
He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i'th' almanack,
My head and face is Aries' place*!

Sur. Will't please you
To let your friends see you open'd?

Ant. Will't please you, Sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.

Sur. How! a wench?

Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen! thus I am us'd still;
I can get nothing that I want.

1 Gent. Leave these things,
And let him open you.

Ant. Do you hear, Surgeon?
Send for the musick; let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, (besides your fallads,

* In head and face.] Former editions.

Your green salves, and your searches¹⁶,) and some wine too,

That I may only smell to it; or, by this light,
I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom!

1 *Gent.* Let him have musick.

Enter Rowland with wine.

Sur. 'Tis in the house, and ready,
If he will ask no more¹⁷. But wine——

2 *Gent.* He shall not drink it.

Sur. Will these things please you?

Ant. Yes; and let 'em sing

John Dorrie.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.

Ant. I'll have John Dorrie!

For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.

Give me some drink. Have you stopt the leaks well,
Surgeon?

All will run out else.

Sur. Fear not.

Ant. Sit down, gentlemen:

And now, advance your plaisters. [*Song of John Dorrie.*
Give 'em ten shillings, friends. How do you find me?
What symptoms do you see now?

Sur. None, Sir, dangerous,
But, if you will be rul'd——

Ant. What time?

Sur. I can cure you

In forty days, so you will not transgress me.

Ant. I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.

In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

¹⁶ *Your green salves, and your searches.*] Neither Mr. Sympson or I reject *searches* as nonsense, but both think that *searchcloths* is probably the true word. *Seward.*

This conjecture is ingenious and plausible; and was there not such strong reason to suppose that the word *searches* is here particularly applied to their intention to *open him*, we should not hesitate to adopt *searchcloths*, as a better reading.

¹⁷ *If he will ask no more but wine—*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Ant.

Ant. Do it; there's more delight in't.

1 Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business! this foolish fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals
To hurt within these five days. Good man-mender,
Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad——

Sur. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. For I must find Petruchio.

2 Gent. Time enough.

1 Gent. Come, lead him in, and let him sleep.
Within these three days

We'll beg you leave to play.

2 Gent. And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform you.

Ant. But, Surgeon, promise me
I shall drink wine then too.

Sur. A little temper'd.

Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.

Sur. Well, as't please you,
So you exceed not.

Ant. Farewell! And if ye find
The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to
him,
And bid him keep his skin close.

1 Gent. Take your rest, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Constantia and Landlady.

Con. I've told you all I can, and more than yet
Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your counsel and concealment: For to me
You seem a worthy woman; one of those
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous.
Direct me, I beseech you.

Land. You say well, lady;
And hold you to that point; for, in these businesses,
A woman's

A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
 (Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, lady)
 Is worth ten mens' engagements: She knows something,
 And out of that can work like wax; when men
 Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
 Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,
 Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
 Than hold upon an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held fashion
 To defame now all they can.

Con. Ay, but these gentlemen——

Land. Do not you trust to that; these gentlemen
 Are as all gentlemen of the same barrel;
 Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be't granted,
 They've us'd you with respect and fair behaviour,
 E'er since you came; do you know what must follow?
 They're Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
 Things that will thresh the devil or his dam,
 Let 'em appear but cloven.

Con. Now Heav'n blefs me!

Land. Mad colts, will court the wind; I know 'em,
 lady,
 To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
 Old as I am, let but the pint pot blefs 'em,
 They'll offer to my years——

Con. How!

Land. Such rude gambols——

Con. To you?

Land. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I'm forc'd
 To fight of all four for my safety. There's the younger,
 Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:
 The other time has blasted, yet he'll stoop,
 If not o'erflown, and freely on the quarry;
 H' has been a dragon in his days. But Tarmont¹⁸,
 Don Jenkin, is the devil himself, the Dog-days,
 The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
 Twenty a-night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,
 And those so miserable they look like famine,

¹⁸ But Tarmont.] i. e. Termagant.

Seward.

Are all sweet ladies in his drink.

Con. He's a handsome gentleman;
Pity he should be master of such follies.

Land. He's ne'er without a noise of syringes
In's pocket, (those proclaim him) birding-pills¹⁹,
Waters to cool his conscience, in small viols,
With thousand such sufficient emblems: The truth is,
Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not;
He flies at all. Bastards, upon my conscience,
H' has now in making multitudes; the last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it!
(But we are all weak vessels) some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels; the bearing-cloth
No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How!

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in's getting; as, I'll say for him,
He's as well pac'd for that sport——

Con. May I see it?

For there's a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now, if you please
To be so courteous to me——

Land. You shall see it.

But what do you think of these men now you know 'em,
And of the cause I told you of? Be wise,
You may repent too late else; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you'll find it, lady.

Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that,
And instantly, I told you of; be ready.—

¹⁹ Birding-pills.] Mr. Seward, not finding *birding-pills* in 'any dictionary or glossary,' treats the reading as corrupt, and substitutes *purging-pills*. We have no doubt that *birding-pills* is genuine: *Wenches* are to this day spoken of as *game*; and to go *a-birding* is used in other parts of our old writers for *wenching*, alluding to *fowling*.

Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps!

Con. I shall be:

But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half-hour.

Let's in, and there think better; she that's wife²⁰,
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Petrucchio, Don John, and Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman

(If I that so much love him may commend him)
Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him)
Will not fly back for fillips.

Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.

Fred. Stay;

What troop is that below i' th' valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so: 'Tis the duke; 'tis ev'n he, gentlemen.

Sirrah, draw back the horses 'till we call you.
I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too

He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still

Within that covert 'till I call. You, Frederick,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!

Petr. I need no more instruct you?

John. Fear me not;

I'll give it him, and boldly. [*Exe. Petr. and Fred.*]

²⁰ ———— *she that's wife,*

Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it.] Mr. Seward thus explains this passage: 'The wife seizes the first occasion; the rest,

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke. Feed the hawks up ;
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest fortune !
Have I so fairly met the man——

John. You have, Sir ;
And him you know by this.

Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love——

John. I do beseech your Grace stay there ;
(For I know you too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive ; nor can you give it,
'Till you appear fair to the world. I must beseech you,
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye.—Now, Sir !

John. Last time we met, I was a friend.

Duke. And nobly
You did a friend's office : Let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John. Your pardon ;
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.

Duke. In what have I transgress'd it ?
You make a bold breach at the first, Sir.

John. Bolder——
You made that breach that let in infamy,
And ruin, to surprize a noble stock.

Duke. Be plain, Sir.

John. I will, and short : You've wrong'd a gentleman
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong ?

John. Petruchio ;
The wrong, you've whor'd his sister.

Duke. What's his will in't ?

John. His will is to oppose you like a gentleman,

' who do not do so, pay or suffer for it ;' but we think it may mean more literally, purchase it at great expence, which at first came cheap.

And,

And, single, to decide all.

Duke. Now stay you, Sir,
And hear me with the like belief: This gentleman,
His sister that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;
(Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it)
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, Sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heav'n;
(Witness I owe more tie to, than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous anger²¹.

John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my service.

Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I should convert you. Had we
But that rough man here now too——

John. And you shall, Sir.
Whoa, hoa, hoo!

Duke. I hope you've laid no ambush?

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother? Welcome!
Come, put your anger off; we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: The first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love ye;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions.

²¹ *But for his jealous danger.] i. e.* For the danger arising from his jealousy: But from what the Duke says to Petruchio below, *anger seems*, both to Mr. Sympson and me, to be most probably the true word.

Seward.

You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.
John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now? how goes it?

John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well, Frederick;

The duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen.

I must present you. May it please your Grace,
 To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
 And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants.

Duke. Oh, my brave friend! you show'r your bounties on me!

Amongst my best thoughts, Signor; in which number
 You being worthily dispos'd already,
 May place your friend to honour me.

Fred. My love, Sir,

And where your Grace dares trust me, all my service.

Petr. Why, this is wondrous happy. But now, brother,

Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Constantia——

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know.—

Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,
 She quit my house; but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good Sir; I've heard too much.

Petr. Nay, sink not;

She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen:

Be free again; the lady's found!—That smile, Sir,
 Shews you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you——

John. You shall believe me: By my soul, she's safe—

Duke. Heav'n knows, I would believe, Sir.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage: This fair gentleman

Met

Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.

Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
(For ye have both preserv'd me) when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your Grace,
Lose no more time in compliment; 'tis too precious:
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; especially
In way of lustly pleasures.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then; for this night I'll crown
With all the joys ye wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen! [Exeunt.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief! Never fool
Was so fobb'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myself mine own ass! Trust a woman?
I'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than's word sometime. What faith have I broke?
In what observance fail'd? Let me consider;

Enter Don John and Frederick.

For this is monstrous usage.

Fred. Let them talk;

We'll ride on fair and softly.

Fran. Well, Constantia——

Fred. Constantia!—What's this fellow? Stay, by
all means.

Fran. You've spun yourself a fair thread now.

Fred. Stand still, John.

Fran. What cause had you to fly? What fear pos-
sels'd you?

Were you not safely lodg'd from all suspicion?

Us'd with all gentle means? Did any know
How you came thither, or what your sin was?

Fred. John,

I smell some juggling, John!

John. Yes, Frederick;

I fear it will be found so.

Fran. So strangely,

Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately,
To put all dangers on you!

Fred. 'Tis she.

Fran. So deceitfully,

After a stranger's lure!

John. Did you mark that, Frederick?

Fran. To make ye appear more monster, and the law
More cruel to reward ye, to leave all,
All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,
He that incited you——

Fred. Mark that too!

John. Yes, Sir!

Fran. Had better have plough'd further off. Now,
lady,

What will your last friend, he that should preserve you,
And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,
Think of this slip? He'll to Petruchio,
And call for open justice.

John. 'Tis she, Frederick.

Fred. But what that he is, John?

Fran. I do not doubt yet

To bolt you out; for I know certainly
You are about the town still. Ha! no more words.

[Exit.]

Fred. Well!

John. Very well!

Fred. Discreetly!

John. Finely carried!

Fred. You have no more of these tricks?

John. Ten to one, Sir,

I shall meet with 'em, if you have.

Fred.

Fred. Is this honest?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no ass, don Frederick!

Fred. And, don John,
It shall appear I am no fool! Disgrace me,
To make yourself a letcher? 'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me;
Nor will I be your bolster, Sir.

Fred. Thou wanton boy, th'hadst better have been
eunuch,

Thou common-woman's courtesy, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour!
A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first.

John. Holla, holla!
Ye kick too fast, Sir! What strange brains have you
got,
That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an
eunuch?

I privy to this dog-trick? Clear yourself!
(For I know where the wind sits) and most nobly,
Or, as I have a life——

Fred. No more: Their horses.

[*A noise within like horses.*]

Nor shew no discontent. Tomorrow comes;
Let's quietly away: If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.

John. The fellow!

Enter Duke and Petruchio.

We've lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Duke. Come, gentlemen,
Now set on roundly. Suppose ye have all mistresses,
And mend your pace according.

Petr. Then have at ye. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petrucchio, Frederick, and John.

Petr. **N**OW to Bologna, my most-honour'd brother,

I dare pronounce y' a hearty and safe welcome!
Our loves shall now way-lay ye. Welcome, gentlemen!

John. The same to you, brave Sir.—Don Frederick,
Will you step in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?

Petr. Bid her be sudden;
(We come to see no curious wench) a night-gown
Will serve the turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Duke. My dear brother,
You are a merry gentleman.

Petr. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire
She'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,
Her conscience, and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a fowl at fouse, she'll sink.

Duke. Fair brother,
I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, Sir;
I will not chide her: Yet, ten ducats, Duke,
She falls upon her knees; ten more, she dare not——

Duke. I must not have her frightened.

Petr. Well, you shall not:

Enter Frederick and Peter.

But, like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks.

John. How now?

Fred.

Fred. You may, Sir²².——

Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance——
For ye must know——

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, Sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, Sir?

Fred. Gone, by Heav'n; remov'd!

The woman of the house too——

John. Well, don Frederick!

Fred. Don John, it is not well! but——

Petr. Gone?

Fred. This fellow

Can testify I lie not.

Peter. Some four hours after

My master was departed with this gentleman,
My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think, of purpose)——

Petr. Hang these circumstances;

They appear like owls, to ill ends.

John. Now could I eat

The devil in his own broth, I'm so tortur'd!

Gone?

Petr. Gone?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted:

What would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen,

Wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom,

²² *Fred.* You may, Sir:

Not to abuse your patience, &c.] I have ventured to give the three first words of *Frederick's* speech to the *Duke*: they are a proper answer to *Petruchio*, but are not intelligible in *Frederick's* mouth, without considering them as a broken sentence relating to the mutual suspicion between *John* and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting.

Seward.

Mr. Seward has, we think, interpreted the words right in the place they stood at first, though he has changed that place.

I will not be a knave, Sir.

John. He that is,

A rot run in his blood!

Petr. But hark ye, gentlemen;

Are ye sure ye had her here? did ye not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you're so short, believe your having her
Shall suffer more construction.

John. Let it suffer:

But if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monster!

Duke. I believe you.

John. I could lie with a witch now, to be reveng'd
Upon that rascal did this!

Fred. Only thus much

I would desire your Grace; (for my mind gives me,
Before night yet she's yours) stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, 'till full cause call it;
Then every man's own works to justify him!
And this day let us give to search. My man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) such a face
As our old landlady's, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it: Let's first thither;
For she being found, all's ended.

Duke. Come, for Heav'n's sake!

And, Fortune, an thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes. Away, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio and his Servant.

Ant. With all my jewels?

Serv. All, Sir.

Ant.

Ant. And that money
I left i'th' trunk?

Serv. The trunk broke, and that gone too.

Ant. Francisco of the plot?

Serv. Gone with the wench too.

Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they
thought

I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.

Serv. Sure they thought, Sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.

Ant. Whore and fidler?

Why, what a consort have they made! Hen and bacon?
Well, my sweet mistress! well, good madam Mar-tail!
You that have hung about my neck, and lick'd me,
I'll try how handsomely your ladyship
Can hang upon a gallows; there's your master-piece.
But, hark ye, firrah; no imagination
Of where they should be?

Serv. None, Sir; yet we've search'd
All places we suspected. I believe, Sir,
They've taken tow'rds the ports.

Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water-devil: I'll port 'em!
Play at duck and drake with my money? Take heed,
fidler!

I'll dance ye, by this hand; your fiddle-stick
I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my de-gambos²³! Get me a conjurer;
Enquire me out a man that lets out devils.
None but my C cliffe²⁴ serve your turn?

Serv. I know not——

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool! Any blear-ey'd
people,
With red heads, and flat noses, can perform it:

²³ To meddle with my degamboys.] *Viol de gambo* is often mentioned in the old writers as a musical instrument, played on at the time. R.

²⁴ C. Cliffe.] A musical term. *Cliffe* is a key, from *clef*, French.

Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.

Mount my mare, fidler? Ha, boy! up at first dash?
 Sit sure; I'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,
 Shall make your filly firke, I will, fine fidler;
 I'll put you to your plunge, boy! Sirrah, meet me
 Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,
 Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
 How he will let his devils by the day out.
 I'll have 'em, an they be above ground! [Exit.

Serv. Now blefs me,
 What a mad man is this! I must do something
 To please his humour: Such a man I'll ask for,
 And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
 Or have any thing to do with his don devils,
 I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, John, Peter; and
 Servant with bottles.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?

Peter. 'Tis hard by, Sir.
 And ten to one this wine goes thither.

Duke. Forward.

Petr. Are they grown so merry?

Duke. 'Tis most likely,
 Sh'has heard of this good fortune, and determines
 To wash her sorrows off.

Peter. 'Tis so; that house, Sir,
 Is it: Out of that window certainly
 I saw my old mistress' face.

Petr. They're merry, indeed. [Musick.
 Hark; I hear musick too.

Duke. Excellent musick.

John. 'Would I were ev'n amongst 'em, and alone
 now!

A pallet for the purpose in a corner,

And

And good rich wine within me; what gay sport
 Could I make in an hour now!

Fred. Hark; a voice too!

Let's not stir yet by any means²⁵.

S O N G.

Welcome, sweet Liberty, and Care farewell:

I am mine own!

She is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,

When Heav'n is shewn.

Budding beauty, blooming years,

Were made for pleasure. Farewell, fears;

For now I am myself, mine own command,

My fortune always in my hand.

John. Was this her own voice?

Duke. Yes, sure.

Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter Barwd, above.

Duke. The song confirms her here too; for, if ye
 mark it,

It spake of liberty, and free enjoying

The happy end of pleasure.

Peter. Look you there, Sir:

Do you know that head?

Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady.

I find fear has done all this.

John. She, I swear;

And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,

She's parcel drunk. Shall we go in?

Duke. Not yet, Sir.

Petr. No; let 'em take their pleasure.

Duke. When 'tis highest, [Musick.

We'll step in, and amaze 'em. Peace; more musick.

John. This musick murders me: What blood have

I now!

Fred. I should know that face. [Fran. passes by.

²⁵ *Hark, a voice too!*

Let's not stir, &c.] Till this edition, the Song was inserted before this speech.

John.

John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first suspicions; the same fellow.

Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discourfing of Constantia.

John. Still the fame.
Now he fliš in.

Duke. What's that?

Fred. She muſt be here, Sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your Grace

Enter Francisco.

We found upon the way; and what his talk was.

Petr. Why, ſure I know this fellow: Yes, 'tis he;
Franciſco, Antonio's boy, a rare muſician;
He taught my ſiſter on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice ſo well) about her. Certain,
Without all doubt, ſhe's here: It muſt be ſo.

John. Here? that's no queſtion: What ſhould our
hen o' th' game elſe
Do here without her? If ſhe be not here
(I am ſo confident) let your Grace believe
We two are arrant rafcals, and have abus'd you.

Fred. I ſay ſo too.

John. Why, there's the hood again now;
The card that guides us²⁶; I know the fabrick of it,
And know the old tree of that ſaddle yet;
'Twas made of a hunting-hood; obſerve it.

Duke. Who ſhall enter?

Petr. I'll make one.

John. I another.

Duke. But ſo carry it,
That all her joys flow not together.

²⁶ *The guard that guides us.*] In either ſenſe of the word *guard* as a *watch* or *ſentinel*, or as a *fringe*, or hem of a garment, the word is intelligible in this place; but ſure 'tis not a very natural expreſſion, and I have therefore ventured to diſcard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr. Sympſon's *card*, i. e. the chart or mariners compaſs.

Seward.

In p. 23, Frederick ſays, *We're all like ſea-CARDS*; which ſerves to confirm Mr. Sympſon's conjecture.

John.

John. If we told her,
Your Grace would none of her?

Duke. By no means, Signor;
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantick;

John. Or assur'd her——

Duke. Nothing of that stern nature. This ye may,
Sir,

That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings; or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.

John. 'Would I could draw her
To hate your Grace with these things!

Petr. Come, let's enter.—

And now he sees me not, I'll search her soundly.

Duke. Now luck of all sides! [*Exe. Petr. and John.*]

Fred. Doubt it not.—More musick? [*Musick.*]
Sure she has heard some comfort.

Duke. Yes; stand still, Sir²⁷.

Fred. This is the maddest song!

Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.

[*Clapping of a door.*]

Fred. Now all the sport begins. Hark!

Duke. They are amongst 'em.

The fears now, and the shakings! [*Trampling above.*]

Fred. Our old lady

(Hark how they run) is even now at this instant
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping thro' a cat-hole.

Petr. [*within.*] Bring 'em down;
And you, Sir, follow me.

Duke. He's angry with 'em.
I must not suffer this.

John [*within*]. Bowl down the Bawd there;
Old Erra-mater. You, lady Lechery,
For the good-will I bear to th' game, most tenderly
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

²⁷ Yes, stand still, Sir.] There should be another song here, which we suppose is now lost.

Enter Petruchio, John, Whore, and Bawd, with Francisco.

Duke. Is this Constantia?

Why, gentlemen, what do you mean? Is this she?

Whore. I am Constantia, Sir.

Duke. A whore you are, Sir!

Whore. 'Tis very true; I am a whore indeed, Sir.

Petr. She will not lie yet, tho' she steal.

Whore. A plain whore,

If you please to employ me.

Duke. And an impudent!

Whore. Plain-dealing now is impudence.

One, if you will, Sir, can shew you as much sport

In one half-hour, and with as much variety,

As a far wiser woman can in half-a-year:

For there my way lies.

Duke. Is she not drunk too?

Whore. A little gilded o'er²³, Sir.

Old sack, old sack, boys!

Petr. This is *saliant*.

John. A brave bold quean!

Duke. Is this your certainty?

Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen?

Is this the woman meant?

Fred. No.

Duke. That your Landlady?

John. I know not what to say.

Duke. Am I a person

To be your sport, gentlemen?

John. I do believe now certain

I am a knave! But how, or when——

Duke. What are you?

Petr. Bawd to this piece of pye-meat.

Bawd. A poor gentlewoman,

²³ *A little gilded o'er.*] The phrase of being *gilded* is frequently used to signify being *drunk*. In the *Tempest*, Alonzo says,

'And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they

'Find this grand liquor, that hath *gilded* them?' R.

That lies in town about law-business,
An't like your worships.

Petr. You shall have law, believe it.

Bawd. I'll shew your mastership my case.

Petr. By no means;
I'd rather see a custard.

Bawd. My dead husband
Left it e'en thus, Sir.

John. Bless mine eyes from blasting;
I was never so frightened with a case.

Bawd. And so, Sir——

Petr. Enough; put up, good velvet-head!

Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confessions?

Fred. What you shall think us;
Tho' to myself I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it——

John. We are sure of nothing, Frederick; that's
the truth on't:

I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment. Things are so carried,
What to entreat your Grace, or how to tell you
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning;
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And, o' my conscience, I should fight in't.

Duke. Thus then;
For we may be all abus'd——

Petr. 'Tis possible;
For how should this concern them?

Duke. Here let's part,
Until tomorrow this time; we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet again:
When, if she be not found——

Fred. We stand engag'd
To answer, any worthy way we're call'd to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Whore. Ye've done with us then?

Petr. No, dame.

Duke. But is her name Constantia?

Petr. Yes; a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine. Come out, fidler;
What say you to this lady? Be not fearful.

Fran. Saving the rev'rence of my master's pleasure,
I say, she is a whore, and that sh'has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.

Whore. Who provok'd me?
Nay, sirrah, squeak; I'll see your treble strings
Tied up too: If I hang, I'll ipoil your piping;
Your sweet face shall not save you.

Petr. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dried devil! Where's the officer?

Peter. He's here, Sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge these safe, 'till I send for 'em:
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why. Away.

John. By this hand,
A handsome whore! Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officer's. A stout whore;
I love such stirring ware!—Pox o' this business!
A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself! A quick-ey'd whore; that's
wildfire,
And makes the blood dance thro' the veins like billows.
I will reprieve this whore.

Duke. Well, good luck with ye!

Fred. As much attend your Grace.

Petr. Tomorrow, certain——

John. If we out-live this night, Sir.

Fred. Come, Don John,
We've something now to do.

John. I'm sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I'm glad on't;
I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die——

John. There's so much money sav'd in lechery. [*Exe.*

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, below; and Vecchio above.

Duke. IT should be hereabouts.

Petr. Your Grace is right;
This is the house, I know it.

Vec. Grace?

Duke. 'Tis further,
By the description we receiv'd.

Petr. Good my lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.

Vec. My lord the Duke?

Duke. Pray Heav'n this man prove right now!

Petr. Believe it, he's a most sufficient scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better: I've heard strange wonders of him.

Duke. But can he shew us where she is?

Petr. Most certain;
And for what cause too she departed.

Duke. Knock then;
For I am great with expectation,
'Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spaniards;
Yet they appear brave fellows: Can he tell us?

Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be false.

Duke. Away then.

Petr. Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your Grace may enter——

Duke. How can he know me?

Petr. He knows all.

Vec. And you, Sir. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter Don John and Frederick.

John. What do you call his name?

Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.

John. They say he can raise devils; can he make 'em
Tell truth too, when h' has rais'd 'em? for, believe it,
These devils are the lying'st rascals——

Fred. He can compel 'em.

John. With what?

Can he tie squibs i' their tails, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earthquake?

Fred. With spells, man.

John. Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an afs as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compell'd with cross and pile to run of errands?
With Aferoth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?
Why should he shake at sounds, that lives in a smith's
forge?

Or, if he do——

Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.

John. Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of
bullions²⁹?

They go as big as any; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses;—Make us tremble?
These make as fell a noise. Methinks the cholick,
Well handled, and fed with small-beer——

Fred. 'Tis the virtue——

John. The virtue? nay, an goodness fetch him up once,
H' has lost a friend of me; the wise old gentleman
Knows when, and how. I'll lay this hand to two-pence,
Let all the conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,

²⁹ *Bullions.*] This word occurs in *Beggars' Bush*, and there appears to mean *buttons*. It seems here to signify *round balls* or *bullets*.

And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs: Where's Virtue?

Fred. Thou art the most sufficient, (I'll say for thee)
Not to believe a thing——

John. Oh, Sir, slow credit
Is the best child of knowledge. I'll go with you;
And, if he can do any thing, I'll think
As you would have me.

Fred. Let's enquire along;
For certain we're not far off.

John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Vecchio.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.

Petr. How think you, Sir?

Duke. Is your name Vecchio?

Vec. Yes, Sir.

Duke. And you can shew me,
These things you promise?

Vec. Your Grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law shall seize me.

Duke. As I live, Sir!

Petr. And as I live, that can do something too, Sir!

Vec. I take your promises. Stay here a little,
'Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll satisfy ye.
The lady's name's Constantia?

Petr. Yes.

Vec. I come straight. [*Exit,*

Duke. Sure he's a learned man³⁰.

Petr. The most now living.

Did your Grace mark, when we told all these circum-
stances,

³⁰ *Sure, he's a learned man.]* The ridiculous absurdity of believing in conjurers and witches is finely expos'd both here and in Rollo; yet it is but a few years since our whole legislature have freed themselves from the imputation of this absurd belief, and it is to this day far from being worn out of the minds of the vulgar.

Seward.

How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?

Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar.

Petr. Not unlikely;
For sure he has 'em subject.

Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?

Petr. True.

Duke. Or hit upon mine honour³¹? or assure me,
The lady lov'd me dearly?

Enter Vecchio, in his habiliments.

Petr. 'Twas so.

Vec. Now,
I do beseech your Grace, sit down; and you, Sir:
Nay, pray sit close, like brothers.

Petr. A rare fellow!

Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,
Until I ask you; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition, and thin air,
Not to be held, nor spoken to. [*Knocking within.*]

Duke. We are counsell'd.

Vec. What noise is that without there?

Fred. [*within.*] We must speak with him!

Serv. [*within.*] He's busy, gentlemen.

John [*within.*] That's all one, friend;
We must and will speak with him.

Duke. Let 'em in, Sir:

We know their tongues and business; 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.

Vec. Let 'em in then.

Enter Frederick, John, and Servant.

Sit down; I know your meaning.

Fred. The Duke before us?

Now we shall sure know something.

³¹ Upon mine honour.] Meaning here, my rank and title.

Vec. Not a question; But make your eyes your tongues.

John. This is a strange juggler; Neither indent before-hand for his payment, Nor know the breadth o'th' business? Sure his devil Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds For dead drink and old doublets.

Fred. Peace; he conjures.

John. Let him; he cannot raise my devil.

Fred. Prithee peace!

Vec. Appear, appear!

And you soft winds so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them sing
Gentle love-lays to the spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure, as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound! [*Soft musick.*]

John. This is an honest conjurer, and a pretty poet: I like his words well; there's no bombast in 'em. But do you think now he can cudgel up the devil With this short staff of verses?

Fred. Peace; the spirits.

[*Two shapes of women passing by.*]

John. Nay, an they be no worse——

Vec. Do you know these faces?

Duke. No.

Vec. Sit still, upon your lives then, and mark what follows.

Away, away!

John. These devils do not paint sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?

Fred. Hark now, John.

Enter Constantia.

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like; this devil
Carries some mettle in her gait.

Vec.

Vec. I find you;
You'd see her face unveil'd?

Duke. Yes.

Vec. Be uncover'd.

Duke. Oh, Heav'n!

Vec. Peace!

Petr. See how she blushes.

John. Frederick,

This devil for my money! this is she, boy,

Why dost thou shake? I burn.

Vec. Sit still, and silent.

Duke. She looks back at me; now she smiles, Sir.

Vec. Silence!

Duke. I must rise, or I burst. [Exit Constantia.

Vec. Ye see what follows.

Duke. Oh, gentle Sir, this shape again!

Vec. I cannot;

'Tis all dissolv'd again. This was the figure?

Duke. The very same, Sir. No hope once more
to see it?

Vec. You might have kept it longer, had you
spar'd it;

Now 'tis impossible.

Duke. No means to find it?

Vec. Yes, that there is; sit still a while; there's wine,
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, Sir.

[Exit Vecchio.

John. This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two such devils more

Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?

Fred. Hock³².

John. The devil's in it then; look how it dances.
Well, if I be——

³² *Hollock.*] The difficulty of pronouncing German names often makes great confusion in the spelling. *Bacharach* and *Hochst* two neighbouring towns, one upon the Rhine, and the other a little higher upon the Main, give names to the two wines *Bacbrack* and *Hock*; the former oftenest occurs in our Authors and the writers of their age, though now all the wines that come from the neighbourhood of *Hochst* receive their name from thence.

Seward.

Petr.

Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your best comfort, Sir.

John. By th' mass, brave wine!
Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Duke. Here he comes.
Silence of all sides, gentlemen.

Vec. Good your Grace,
Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gallants;
You'll be deluded all else. This merry devil
That next appears, (for such a one you'll find it)
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation;
A song, and I must sing it: 'Pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere parting,
Twenty to one I please ye.

Duke. We are arm'd, Sir.

Petr. Nor shall you see us more transgress.

Fred. What think'st thou
Now, John?

John. Why, now do I think, Frederick,
(And, if I think amiss, Heav'n pardon me!)
This honest conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.

Fred. Peace; he conjures³³.

S O N G.

Vec. Come away, thou lady gay;
Hoist! how she stumbles!
Hark how she mumbles.

Dame Gillian!

Answer. I come, I come.

Vec. By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,

³³ *Peace; he conjures.]* Hitherto the Song preceded this speech; the absurdity of which must be obvious to every one.

By Britain Metheglin, and Peeter³⁴,
Appear, and answer me in metre.

Why when?

Why, Gill!

Why when?

Answer. You'll tarry till I am ready.

Vec. Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose in thy nose³⁵,
And the gout in thy toes;
By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of stuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch;
By the stakes, and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,

Appear,

Appear,

Appear!

Answer. Oh, I am here.

³⁴ *By Britain-metheglin, and peeter.*] *Peeter* is the name of a liquor that neither Mr. Sympson or I can find in any dictionary. It may, perhaps, be a wine from some part of the Pope's dominions, or *Peter's* Patrimony; but this is a mere conjecture. Another has since occurred that seems more probable. We find the Rhenish wines, *Backrack* and *Hock* to be in much repute in our Authors' age: Now *Hochst* stands near the confluence of the river *Weter* with the Main, might not *Weeter* therefore be the true reading? *Seward.*

We apprehend *peeter* to be an English liquor, as well as *metheglin*, and think we have somewhere else seen it mentioned.

³⁵ *By the pose.*] The *pose* is an old English word used by Chancer for a catarrh or defluxion of rheum. Mr. Sympson says that Hollingshed tells us, that the *pose* is a distemper which was rarely, if ever, known among the English till chimnies were introduc'd, which was not long before his time; that before then fires were made against *vert-doffes*, and the smoke got out how it could. This may be true: Rich people burnt chiefly coke or charcoal in the middle of their halls, as many of the colleges of Cambridge and Oxford do still; but why either this or smoky houses should so entirely prevent colds and rheums in the head seems somewhat strange. Hollingshed, perhaps, meant no more than that catarrhs were much more rife than formerly. I verily believe chimnies to be pernicious to health in general, and could wish to see stoves as customary here as they are both in warmer and colder climates abroad. *Seward.*

John.

John. Why, this is the song, Frederick. Twenty pound now,
To see but our don Gillian!

Enter Landlady and the child.

Fred. Peace; it appears.

John. I cannot peace! Devils in French hoods, Frederick?

Satan's old syringes?

Duke. What's this?

Vec. Peace!

John. She, boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, boy, I say.

Fred. Ha?

John. She, boy;

The very child too, Frederick.

Fred. She laughs on us

Aloud, John: Has the devil these affections?

I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not!

'Who calls Jeronimo³⁶ from his naked bed?'

³⁶ *Who calls Jeronimo.*] This play, which had a great run in queen Elizabeth's reign, is the butt which Shakespeare, Jonson, and our Authors, are continually shooting their wit at. For the fullest account of it, see Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. scene v. *Seward.*

We are told, that it was the production of Thomas Kyd, Author of a play entitled *Cornelia*. It is printed in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, and in the *Origin of the Drama*, by Mr. Hawkins, vol. ii. In the latter work, notice is taken of Langbaine's assertion, that there were two plays, First and Second Parts; 'But this, says Mr. Hawkins, is a mistake: They are both but one play, with varied titles by different printers the same year.' In this particular, however, Mr. Hawkins was himself mistaken; there were two different plays, but whether by the same Author we cannot but have some doubt. The former is entitled, 'The First Part of *Jeronimo*, with the Warres of Portugal, and the Life and Death of Don Andrea. Printed at London for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be solde at his shop at the entrance into the Exchange,' 1605. 4to. It is the Second Part which is so constantly the object of ridicule by contemporary writers.

R.
Sweet

Sweet lady, was it you? If thou be'st the devil,
 First, having cross'd myself, to keep out wildfire,
 Then said some special prayers to defend me
 Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!

Land. Hold, Sir! I am no devil——

John. That's all one.

Land. I am your very Landlady.

John. I defy thee!

Thus, as St. Dunstan blew the devil's nose
 With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful——

Land. Sweet son, I am old Gillian.

Duke. This is no spirit.

John. Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?

Land. I am, son.

Vec. Sit still, Sir; now I'll shew ye all. [Exit.

John. Where's thy bottle?

Land. Here, I beseech you, son——

John. For I know the devil

Cannot assume that shape.

Fred. 'Tis she, John, certain.

John. A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what
 makes you

Tumbling and juggling here?

Land. I'm quit now, Signor,

For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me;

For, to tell true, out of a trick I put

Upon your high behaviours, (which was a lie,

But then it serv'd my turn) I drew the lady

Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture

Your donships for a day or two, and secure her

Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

Enter Vecchio and Constantia.

Duke. May I yet speak?

Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,

For one that loves you dearer——

Duke. Oh, my sweetest!

Petr. Blush not; I will not chide you.

Con. To add more

Unto

Unto the joy I know, I bring you (see, Sir) Sweet
The happy fruit of all our vows! This having

Duke. Heav'n's blessing The first
Be round about thee ever! Ag

John. Pray blefs me too;
For if your Grace be well instructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting. and I

Duke. How, Sir? John

John. I'll tell you that anon. I have

Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman has
Has done a charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it, dear Sir. has

Duke. My best lady,
He has, and ever shall have. So must you, Sir,
To whom I'm equal bound as to my being. has

Fred. Your Grace's humble servant!

Duke. Why kneel you, Sir? John

Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet 'twas harmless,
And all the art I have, Sir. Those your Grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours'
children,

Whom I instruct in grammar here, and musick;
Their shapes (the peoples' fond opinions,
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stol'n from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readiness. By conjecture,
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fall'n out so; which way
(Having the persons here, I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your Grace. My end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.

Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleas'd me truly; so well pleas'd me,
That, when I shall forget it——

Petr. Here's old Antonio,
(I spied him at a window) coming mainly;
I know, about his whore; the man you lit on,
As you discover'd unto me. Good your Grace,
Let's stand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all,

T'observe

T' observe his pelting fury.

Vec. About a wench, Sir?

Petr. A young whore that has robb'd him.

Vec. But d'you know, Sir,
Where she is?

Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect.

Vec. I am instructed well then.

John. If he come

To have a devil shewn him, by all means

Let me be he; I can roar rarely.

Petr. Be so;

But take heed to his anger.

Vec. Slip in quickly;

There you shall find suits of all forts. When I call,

Be ready, and come forward. Who's there comes in?

[*Exeunt all but Vecchio.*]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?

Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me.

Ant. Presently,
Shew me a devil that can tell——

Vec. Where your wench is.

Ant. You are i'th' right; as also where the fidler,
That was consenting to her.

Vec. Sit you there, Sir;
You shall know presently. Can you pray heartily?

Ant. Why, is your devil so furious?

Vec. I must shew you
A form may chance affright you.

Ant. He must fart fire then:
Take you no care for me.

Vec. Ascend, Asht'roth!

Enter Don John, like a spirit.

Why, when? appear, I say!—Now question him.

Ant. Where is my whore, don devil?

John. Gone to China,
To be the great cham's mistress.

Ant.

Ant. That's a lie, devil.

Where are my jewels?

John. Pawn'd for petticoats.

Ant. That may be. Where's the fidler?

John. Condemn'd to th' gallows
For robbing of a mill.

Ant. The lying'st devil

That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!

What was that rascal hurt me?

John. I.

Ant. How!

John. I.

Ant. Who was he?

John. I.

Ant. Do you hear, conjurer?

Dare you venture your devil?

Vec. Yes.

Ant. Then I'll venture my dagger.

Have at your devil's pate! D'you mew?

Enter All.

Vec. Hold!

Petr. Hold there!

I do command you hold.

Ant. Is this the devil?

Why, conjurer—

Petr. H' has been a devil to you, Sir;

But now you shall forget all. Your whore's safe,
And all your jewels; your boy too.

John. Now the devil indeed

Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate

Finds what it is to be a fiend.

Ant. All safe?

Petr. 'Pray ye know this person; all's right now.

Ant. Your Grace

May now command me then. But where's my whore?

Petr. Ready to go to whipping.

Ant. My whore whipp'd?

Petr. Yes, your whore, without doubt, Sir.

Ant. Whipp'd! 'Pray, gentlemen——

Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye?

The young boy

You may forgive; he was entic'd.

John. The whore, Sir,

Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!

Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.

Petr. Let's in all;

And if we see contrition in your whore, Sir,
Much may be done.

Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,
And the full consummation of my vow! [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

WE have not held you long; nor do I see
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all rise pleas'd;
But such ambition soars too high: If we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a fair censure, we have our reward,
And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard.



The TRAGEDY of ROLLO DUKE of NORMANDY.



Sophia. *Oh, he hath slain his Brother! Curse him, Heaven!*
Rollo. *Curse, and be curs'd! It is the fruit of cursing.* Act III.

J. B. B. del.

W. G. sc.



T H E
T R A G E D Y

O F

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher, and his name alone appears in the title of the first copy we meet with, which was printed at Oxford in 1640, under the name we have adopted; instead of which the Editor of the second folio calls it, 'The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo. A Tragedy;' which variation the subsequent Editors have followed. We do not know of any alterations having been made in this Tragedy; and it has been neglected at the Theatres for very many years past.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

Rollo, } *sons to the deceased duke of Normandy.*
 Otto, }
 Aubrey, *their kinsman.*
 Gifbert, *the chancellor.*
 Baldwin, *the princes' tutor.*
 Grandpree, } *captains of Rollo's faction.*
 Verdon, }
 Trevile, } *captains of Otto's faction.*
 Duprete, }
 Latorch, *favourite to Rollo.*
 Hamond, *captain of the guard to Rollo.*
 Allan, *his brother.*
 Norbrett,
 La Fisk, } *five cheating rogues,*
 Rufee, }
 De Bube, }
 Pipeau,
 Cook.
 Yeoman of the Cellar.
 Butler.
 Pantler.

Lords, Sberiff, Guard, Officers, and Boys.

W O M E N.

Sophia, *the old duchess.*
 Matilda, *her daughter.*
 Edith, *daughter to Baldwin.*

T H E

T R A G E D Y

O F

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

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

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Baldwin. **T**HE brothers then are met?

Gif. They are.

Bald. 'Tis thought

They may be reconcil'd.

Gif. 'Tis rather wish'd;

For such, whose reason doth direct their thoughts,

Without self-flattery, dare not hope it, Baldwin.

The fires of love, which the dead duke believ'd

His equal care of both would have united,

Ambition hath divided: And there are

Too many on both parts, that know they cannot

Or rise to wealth or honour, (their main ends)

Unless the tempest of the princes' fury

Make troubled seas, and those seas yield fit billows

To heave them up; and these are too well practis'd

In their bad arts to give way to a calm,

F 3

Which,

Which, yielding rest to good men, proves their ruin.

Bald. And in the shipwreck of their hopes and fortunes,

The dukedom might be sav'd, had it but ten
That stood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd zeal which brave Aubrey does,

Gif. He is indeed the perfect character
Of a good man, and so his actions speak him.

Bald. But did you observe the many doubts and cautions

The brothers stood upon before they met?

Gif. I did; and yet, that ever brothers should
Stand on more nice terms than sworn enemies
After a war proclaim'd, would with a stranger
Wrong the reporter's credit. They saluted
At distance, and so strong was the suspicion
Each had of other, that, before they durst
Embrace, they were by several servants search'd,
As doubting conceal'd weapons; antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the room
Appointed for the interview was poison'd;
The chairs and cushions, with like care, survey'd;
And, in a word, in every circumstance,
So jealous on both parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, concord can never join
Minds so divided.

Bald. Yet our best endeavours
Should not be wanting, Gisbert.

Gif. Neither shall they.

Enter Grandpree and Verdon.

But what are these?

Bald. They are without my knowledge;
But, by their manners and behaviours,
They should express themselves.

Grandp. Since we serve Rollo,
The eldest brother, we'll be Rollians,
Who will maintain us, lads, as brave as Romans.
You stand for him?

Verd. I do.

Grandp.

Grandp. Why then, observe
 How much the business, the so-long'd-for business,
 By men that are nam'd from their swords, concerns you,
 Lechery, our common friend, so long kept under
 With whips, and beating fatal hemp, shall rise,
 And Bawdry, in a French hood, plead before her;
 Where it shall be concluded, after twelve
 Virginity shall be carted.

Verd. Excellent!

Grandp. And Hell but grant, the quarrel that's
 between

The princes may continue, and the business
 That's of the sword, t' out-last three suits in law!
 And we will make attornies lance-prizadoes¹,
 And our brave gown-men practisers of back-sword;
 The pewter of all sergeants' maces shall
 Be melted, and turn'd into common flaggons,
 In which it shall be lawful to carouse
 To their most lousy fortunes.

Bald. Here's a statesman!

Grandp. A creditor shall not dare, but by petition,
 To make demand of any debt; and that
 Only once every leap-year, in which, if
 The debtor may be won, for a French crown
 To pay a sous, he shall be register'd
 His benefactor.

Verd. The chancellor hears you.

Grandp. Fear not; I now dare speak as loud as he,
 And will be heard, and have all I speak law.
 Have you no eyes? There is a reverence due
 From children of the gown, to men of action.

Gif. How's this?

Grandp. Even so: The times, the times are chang'd;
 All business is not now prefer'd in parchment,
 Nor shall a grant pass which wants this broad seal;
 This seal, d'you see? Your gravity once laid

¹ *Lans-prizadoes.*] As we can annex no meaning to *lans*, we have varied it to *lance*, and suppose, from the context, it is meant they should fight for prizes with the *lance*.—But it is not improbable, that the original was *lancepeseade*, which Dr. Johnson tells us, 'is the officer under the corporal.'

My head and heels together in the dungeon,
 For cracking a scald officer's crown, for which
 A time is come for vengeance, and expect it;
 For know, you have not full three hours to live.

Gif. Yes, somewhat longer,

Grandp. To what end?

Gif. To hang you;

Think on that, ruffian!

Grandp. For you, schoolmaster,
 You have a pretty daughter: Let me see;
 Near three o'clock, (by which time, I much fear,
 I shall be tir'd with killing some five hundred)
 Provide a bath, and her to entertain me,
 And that shall be your ransom.

Bald. Impudent rascal!

Enter Trevile and Duprete.

Gif. More of the crew?

Grandp. What are you? Rollians?

Trev. No; this for Rollo, and all such as serve him!
 We stand for Otto.

Grandp. You seem men of fashion,
 And therefore I'll deal fairly; you shall have
 The honour this day to be chronicled
 The first men kill'd by Grandpree. You see this sword;
 A pretty foolish toy, my valour's servant,
 And I may boldly say a gentleman,
 It having made, when it was Charlemaign's,
 Three thousand knights; this, Sir, shall cut your throat,
 And do you all fair service else,

Trev. I kiss

Your hands for the good offer: Here's another,
 The servant of your servant, which shall be proud
 To be scoured in your sweet guts; 'till when,
 Pray you command me.

Grandp. Your idolater, Sir².

[*Exeunt omnes præter Gif. & Bald.*

² *Grand.* Your idolater, Sir.] The politeness of the French duellists is inimitably burlesqu'd, both here and in the first act of the Little French Lawyer.

Gif. That ever such should the names of men,
Or justice be held cruelty, when it labours
To pluck such weeds up!

Bald. Yet they are protected,
And by the great ones.

Gif. Not the good ones, Baldwin.

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Is this a time to be spent thus, by such
As are the principal ministers of the state,
When they that are the heads have fill'd the court
With factions, a weak woman only left
To stay their bloody hands? Can her weak arm
Alone divert the dangers ready now
To fall upon the commonwealth, and bury
The honours of it, leaving not the name
Of what it was? Oh, Gifbert, the fair trials
And frequent proofs which our late master made,
Both of your love and faith, gave him assurance,
To chuse you at his death a guardian, nay,
A father to his sons; and that great trust,
How ill do you discharge! I must be plain,
That, at the best, you're a sad looker-on
Of those bad practices you should prevent.
And where's the use of your philosophy
In this so needful time? Be not secure;
For, Baldwin, be assur'd, since that the princes
(When they were young, and apt for any form)
Were giv'n to your instruction and grave ordering,
'Twill be expected that they should be good,
Or their bad manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in me, my lord, to alter nature.

Gif. Nor can my counsels work on them, that will not
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Aub. Do these answers fort
Or with your place, or persons, or your years?
Can Gifbert, being the pillar of the laws,
See them trod under foot, or forc'd to serve
The princes' unjust ends, and, with a frown,

Be silenc'd from exclaiming on th' abuse?
 Or Baldwin only weep the desp'rate madness
 Of his seduced pupils? see those minds,
 (Which with good arts he labour'd to build up,
 Examples of succeeding times) o'erturn'd
 By undermining parasites? No one precept,
 Leading to any act or great or good,
 But is forc'd from their memory; in whose room
 Black counsels are receiv'd, and their retirements
 And secret conference producing only
 Dev'lish designs, a man would shame to father!
 But I talk when I should do, and chide others
 For that I now offend in³.

Enter

³ *But I talk when I should do, and chide others
 For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
 Now do, or never speak more.*

Gilb. We are yours.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, &c.

Rollo. *You shall know, &c.*] Thus the two last editions, without any regard to the quarto, which prints it thus:

*But I talk when I should do, and chide others
 For that I now offend in.*

S C E N E V.

Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon,
 Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Gilb. See't confirm'd:

Now do, or never speak more.

We are yours.

Rollo. *You shall know, &c.*

This is certainly much preferable to the former, but yet I believe there is a small mistake in it. *See it confirm'd*, is a mere pleonasm either in *Gisbert's* or *Aubrey's* mouth; but in *Rollo's* it is a fine continuation of a suppos'd previous dispute between the brothers, Otto having insisted upon the confirmation of his father's will, which appointed him co-heir of the dukedom, Rollo with indignation replies,

See't confirm'd?

The abrupt opening of a play or scene in this manner is a very great beauty. Terence almost always introduces his characters in the continuance of some passion, and it has the same effect which the like conduct has in the epic poem,

in medias res

Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.

Seward.

After a very close examination of this passage (which is a very difficult

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, and Duprete.

Trev. See't confirm'd.

Now do, or never speak more! We are yours.

Rollo. You shall know who I am!

Otto. I do; my equal!

difficult one) we are convinced that none of the books have yet exhibited the genuine reading. The quarto very properly finishes Aubrey's speech with,

*But I talk when I should do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.*

The two dukes and their several followers then enter, and commence a new scene, which opens abruptly, it is true; but the first line and half have never yet been assigned to the real speaker. From all that has gone before, it is absolutely impossible that *Gisbert*, *Baldwin*, or *Aubrey* should utter words tending to foment the dispute which they had shewn themselves so anxious to extinguish: They certainly belong to one or other of the adherents to the different dukes. If the point of interrogation is adopted, one of Rollo's captains, *Grandpree* or *Verdon*, is the speaker, advising him by no means to listen to the confirmation of his father's will (for which *Otto* and his party contend), and assuring him of their entire support in opposing. If the point of interrogation is rejected, then *Trevile* or *Duprete*, the captains of *Otto*, must be the speaker, counselling him to enforce the confirmation of the late duke's will. As *Rollo* immediately after says, 'You shall know *who I am!*' asserting his right of eldership, had the quarto exhibited the point of interrogation, we should have inclined to the first of these conjectures, and have assigned the speech to *Grandpree*; the initial letter of whose name being the same with that of *Gisbert*, might have occasioned the mistake. But as the point of interrogation occurs in no edition but that of *Mr. Seward*, we have given the words to one of *Otto's* faction: Their proceeding from that party, and *TREVILE* in particular, we think confirmed by *OTTO* himself saying afterwards,

— and, TO SEE THIS CONFIRM'D,

The oaths of these are yet upon record;

when *TREVILE* immediately subjoins,

— Nor will we see

The will of the dead duke infring'd.

The words, *See't confirm'd?* do not want spirit coming from *Rollo*, but no editions warrant *Mr. Seward's* assigning them to him, nor does the sense render it necessary. To confirm what we have said relative to *Gisbert* and *Aubrey*, we cannot close this long note without observing, that the very next words they deliver are entirely consonant to what we have said of them, and tending to make peace between the two dukes, not to enflame their disputes: *Aub. Sir! Gisb. Dear Lord!*

Rollo.

Rollo. Thy prince. Give way!—Were we alone,
I'd force thee,
In thy best blood, to write thyself my subject,
And glad I would receive it,

Aub. Sir!

Gisb. Dear lord!

Otto. Thy subject?

Rollo. Yes; nor shall tame patience hold me,
A minute longer, only half myself.
My birth gave me this dukedom, and my sword
Shall change it to the common grave of all
That tread upon her bosom, ere I part with
A piece of earth, or title, that is mine!

Otto. I need it not, and would scorn to receive,
Tho' offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know
From me, (tho' not deliver'd in great words,
Eyes red with rage, poor pride, and threatning action)
Our father at his death, then, when no accent
(Wert thou a son) could fall from him in vain,
Made us co-heirs, our part of land and honours
Of equal weight; and, to see this confirm'd,
The oaths of these are yet upon record,
Who, tho' they should forsake me, and call down
The plagues of perjury on their sinful heads,
I would not leave myself,

Trev. Nor will we see
The will of the dead duke infring'd.

Lat. Nor I
The elder robb'd of what's his right.

Grandp. Nor you?
Let me take place!—I say, I will not see't!
My sword is sharpest.

Aub. Peace, you tinder-boxes,
That only carry matter to make a flame
Which will consume you!

Rollo. You are troublesome: [To Baldwin,
This is no time for arguments! My title
Needs not your school-defences, but my sword,
With which the gordian of your sophistry

Being cut, shall shew th' imposture.—For your laws,
It is in me to change them as I please, *[To Gisbert.]*
I being above them, Gisbert! Would you have me
protect them?

Let them then now stretch their extremest rigor,
And seize upon that traitor; and your tongue
Make him appear first dang'rous, and then odious;
And after, under the pretence of safety
For the sick state, the land's and peoples' quiet,
Cut off his head: And I'll give up my sword,
And fight with them at a more certain weapon
To kill, and with authority.

Gif. Sir, I grant
The laws are useful weapons, but found out
T' assure the innocent, not to oppress.

Rollo. Then you conclude him innocent?

Gif. The power
Your father gave him must not prove a crime.

Aub. Nor should you so receive it.

Bald. To which purpose,
All that dare challenge any part in goodness
Will become suplicants to you.

Rollo. They have none
That dare move me in this. Hence! I defy you!
Be of his party, bring it to your laws,
And thou thy double heart, thou popular fool,
Your moral rules of justice, and her balance:
I stand on my own guard!

Otto. Which thy injustice
Will make thy enemy's. By the memory
Of him whose better part now suffers for thee,
Whose reverend ashes, with an impious hand,
Thou throw'st out to contempt, (in thy repining
At his so just decree) thou art unworthy
Of what his last will, not thy merit, gave thee!
That art so swoln within, with all those mischiefs
That e'er made up a tyrant, that thy breast,
The prison of thy purposes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own words,

Discover

Discover what a monster they must serve
That shall acknowledge thee!

Rollo. Thou shalt not live
To be so happy! [*He offers his sword at Otto, the
faction joining.*]

Aub. [*getting between the brothers.*] Nor your misery
Begin in murder. Duty, allegiance,
And all respects of what you are, forsake me!
Do ye stare on? Is this a theatre?
Or shall these kill themselves, like to mad fencers,
To make ye sport? Keep them asunder, or,
By Heav'n, I'll charge on all!

Grandp. Keep the peace!
I am for you, my lord; and, if you'll have me,
I'll act the constable's part.

Aub. Live I to see this?
Will you do that your enemies dare not wish,
And cherish in yourselves those furies, which
Hell would cast out?—Do, (I am ready) kill me,
And these, that would fall willing sacrifices
To any power that would restore your reason,
And make ye men again, which now ye are not!

Rollo. These are your bucklers, boy!

Otto. My hindrances;
And, were I not confirm'd, my justice in
The taking of thy life could not weigh down
The wrong in shedding the least drop of blood
Of these whose goodness only now protects thee,
Thou shouldst feel I in act would prove myself
What thou in words dost labour to appear!

Rollo. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break thro' all,
But I will reach thy heart.

Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it! Who are these?
My sons? my shames! Turn all your swords on me,
And make this wretched body but one wound,
So this unnatural quarrel find a grave

In

In the unhappy womb that brought ye forth!
 Dare you remember that you had a mother,
 Or look on these grey hairs, (made so with tears,
 For both your goods, and not with age) and yet
 Stand doubtful to obey her? From me you had
 Life, nerves, and faculties, to use those weapons;
 And dare you raise them against her, to whom
 You owe the means of being what you are?

Otto. All peace is meant to you.

Soph. Why is this war then?

As if your arms could be advanc'd, and I
 Not set upon the rack? Your blood is mine,
 Your danger's mine; your goodness I should share in,
 And must be branded with those impious marks
 You stamp on your own foreheads and on mine,
 If you go on thus. For my good name, therefore,
 Tho' all respects of honour in yourselves
 Be in your fury choak'd, throw down your swords,
 (Your duty should be swifter than my tongue)
 And join your hands while they are innocent!
 You've heat of blood, and youth apt to ambition,
 To plead an easy pardon for what's past;
 But all the ills beyond this hour committed,
 From gods or men must hope for no excuse.

Gif. Can you hear this unmov'd?

Aub. No syllable

Of this so pious charm, but should have power
 To frustrate all the juggling deceits,
 With which the devil blinds you.

Otto. I begin

To melt, I know not how.

Rollo. Mother, I'll leave you:

And, Sir, be thankful for the time you live,
 'Till we meet next, (which shall be soon and sudden)
 To her persuasion for you.

Soph. Oh, yet stay,

And, rather than part thus, vouchsafe me hearing
 As enemies!—How is my soul divided!
 My love to both is equal, as my wishes,

But

But is return'd by neither. My griev'd heart,
 Hold yet a little longer, and then break !
 I kneel to both, and will speak so, but this
 Takes the authority off a mother's power⁴;
 And therefore, like myself, Otto, to thee:
 (And yet observe, son, how thy mother's tears
 Outstrip her forward words, to make way for 'em)
 Thou art the younger, Otto; yet be now
 The first example of obedience to me,
 And grow the elder in my love.

Otto. The means
 To be so happy?

Soph. This; yield up thy sword,
 And let thy piety give thy mother strength
 To take that from thee, which no enemies' force
 Could e'er despoil thee of!—Why dost thou tremble,
 And with a fearful eye, fix'd on thy brother,
 Observ'st his ready sword, as bent against thee?
 I am thy armour, and will be pierc'd thro'
 Ten thousand times, before I will give way
 To any peril may arrive at thee;
 And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for myself,
 But for you, mother: You are now engag'd
 In more than lies in your unquestion'd virtue;
 For, since you have disarm'd me of defence,
 Should I fall now, tho' by his hand, the world
 May say it was your practice.

⁴ *Takes from me th' authority of a mother's power.*] Quarto reads,
Takes the authority of a mother's power;

If this latter be not more corrupt, it is evident that *of* should be *off*,
 as I first intended to read, and find that Mr. Theobald read so too:
 But there is a pleonasm and impropriety in *taking authority from power*,
 which I scarce think genuine, and I therefore insert in the text what
 seems the natural expression. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

Takes from me the authority of a mother.

Off for *of* is all the emendation necessary. Mr. Seward goes too far
 in rectifying what he thinks 'pleonasm and impropriety'; for which
 he substitutes a text of frigidity.

Soph.

Soph. All worlds perish,
 Before my piety turn Treason's parent!
 Take it again, and stand upon your guard,
 And, while your brother is, continue arm'd:
 And yet this fear is needless; for I know
 My Rollo, tho' he dares as much as man,
 So tender of his yet-untainted valour,
 So noble, that he dares do nothing basely.
 You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
 Both, for each other's safety^s, not mine own.
 Know yet, my sons, when of necessity
 You must deceive or be deceiv'd, 'tis better
 To suffer treason, than to act the traitor;
 And in a war like this, in which the glory
 Is his that's overcome—Consider then
 What 'tis for which you strive! Is it the dukedom?
 Or the command of these so-ready subjects?
 Desire of wealth? or whatsoever else
 Fires your ambition, 'tis still desp'rate madness,
 To kill the people which you would be lords of;
 With fire and sword to lay that country waste
 Whose rule you seek for; to consume the treasures,
 Which are the sinews of your government,
 In cherishing the factions that destroy it:
 Far, far be this from you! Make it not question'd
 Whether you can have interest in that dukedom
 Whose ruin both contend for.

Otto. I desire

But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.

Rollo. And rather than posterity shall have cause
 To say I ruin'd all, divide the dukedom:
 I will accept the moiety.

Otto. I embrace it.

Soph. Divide me first, or tear me limb by limb,
 And let them find as many several graves
 As there are villages in Normandy:
 And 'tis less sin, than so to weaken it.

^s Both; for others safety, not my own.] Mr. Seward added the word each.

To hear it mention'd doth already make me
 Envy my dead lord, and almost blaspheme
 Those powers which heard my prayers for fruitfulness,
 And did not with my first birth close my womb!
 To me alone my second blessing proves
 My first, my first of misery⁶; for if Heav'n,
 That gave me Rollo, there had staid his bounty,
 And Otto, my dear Otto, ne'er had been,
 Or being, had not been so worth my love,
 The stream of my affection had run constant
 In one fair current; all my hopes had been
 Laid up in one, and fruitful Normandy
 In this division had not lost her glories:
 For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair diamond,
 Which being preserv'd entire, exceeds all value,
 But cut in pieces (though these pieces are
 Set in fine gold by the best workman's cunning)
 Parts with all estimation: So this dukedom,
 As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring kings may covet,
 But cannot compass; which divided, will
 Become the spoil of every barbarous foe
 That will invade it.

Gif. How this works in both!

Bald. Prince Rollo's eyes have lost their fire.

Gif. And anger,

That but ev'n now wholly possess'd good Otto,
 Hath given place to pity.

Aub. End not thus,

⁶ *To me alone my second blessing proves my first,*

My first of misery, for if Heav'n, &c.] Sophia says, that her second blessing made her first become a curse to her, which was certainly the case, as Rollo was the incendiary. *Seward.*

We do not think she means to reflect on either Otto or Rollo; but to say, 'that her having a second son, rendered it unhappy for her 'that she had a first;' that is, that her misery arose from her having more than one, which fruitfulness was to other women commonly a blessing. This is plain from her saying immediately before, that she could

— almost blaspheme

Those powers that heard her prayers for FRUITFULNESS,

And did not WITH HER FIRST BIRTH CLOSE HER WOMB.

The rest of the speech confirms this interpretation.

Madam, but perfect what's so well begun.

Soph. I see in both fair signs of reconcilment;
 Make them sure proofs they are so: The fates offer
 To your free choice, either to live examples
 Of piety, or wickedness: If the latter
 Blinds so your understanding, that you cannot
 Pierce thro' her painted outside, and discover
 That she is all deformity within,
 Boldly transcend all precedents of mischief,
 And let the last and the worst act of tyrants⁷,
 The murder of a mother, but begin
 The scene of blood you after are to heighten!
 But if that Virtue, and her sure rewards,
 Can win you to accept her for your guide,
 To lead you up to Heaven, and there fix you
 The fairest stars in the bright sphere of honour;
 Make me the parent of an hundred sons,
 All brought into the world with joy, not sorrow,
 And every one a father to his country,
 In being now made mother of your concord!

Rollo. Such, and so good, loud Fame for ever speak
 you!

Bald. Ay, now they meet like brothers.

[*The brothers throw down their swords, and embrace.*]

Gis. My heart's joy
 Flows thro' my eyes.

Aub. May never woman's tongue
 Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's goodness!

Otto. If we contend, from this hour, it shall be
 How to o'ercome in brotherly affection.

Rollo. Otto is Rollo now, and Rollo, Otto;
 Or, as they have one mind, rather one name.
 From this atonement⁸ let our lives begin;
 Be all the rest forgotten!

⁷ *And let the last, and the worst act of tyrannies,*

The murder of a mother, &c.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon both concur with me in preferring *tyrants* to *tyrannies*, as the allusion to Nero's murdering his mother becomes more evident. *Seward.*

⁸ *Atonement.] i. e.* According to the old writers, *reconciliation.*

Aub. Spoke like Rollo!

Soph. And, to the honour of this reconciliation,
We all this night will, at a publick feast,
With choice wines, drown our late fears, and with
musick

Welcome our comforts.

Bald. Sure and certain ones.

Soph. Supported thus, I am secure! Oh, sons,
This is your mother's triumph!

Rollo. You deserve it. [Exeunt.

Manent Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile, and Duprete.

Grandp. Did ever such a hop'd-for business end thus?

Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all; and yet you, Grandpree,
Have the least cause to fear.

Grandp. Why, what's my hope?

Verd. The certainty that you have to be hang'd:
You know the chancellor's promise.

Grandp. Plague upon you!

Verd. What think you of a bath, and a lord's daughter,
To entertain you?

Grandp. Those desires are of
Frail thoughts⁹. All friends; no Rollians now, nor
Otto's!

The several court'sies of our swords and servants
Defer till apter consequence; let's make use
Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely¹⁰;

⁹ *Those desires are of frail thoughts.*

All friends, no Rollians now, &c.] Quarto. The subsequent editions read,

————— *Those desires are off.*

Frail thoughts, no Rollians now, nor Otto's.

¹⁰ ————— *let's make use*

Of this night's freedom, a short parliament to us,

In which it will be lawful to walk freely.] Mr. Sympsen thinks

that to carry on the metaphor from the *parliament* we should read, *TALK freely*, and indeed I at first alter'd it so myself; but considering the privilege of parliament exempting the members from imprisonment, and the fear Grandpree was in of having only one night's exemption from it, the present reading seems unexceptionable.

Seward.

Nay,

Nay, to our drink we shall have meat too, and that's
 No usual business to the men o'th' sword.
 Drink deep with me to-night, we shall tomorrow
 Or whip, or hang the merrier.

Trev. Lead the way then. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Latorch and Rollo.

Lat. WHY should this trouble you?
Rollo. It does, and must do
 'Till I find ease.

Lat. Consider then, and quickly;
 And, like a wise man, take the current with you,
 Which, once turn'd head, will sink you. Blest Occasion
 Offers herself in thousand safeties to you;
 Time standing still to point you out your purpose,
 And Resolution (the true child of Virtue)
 Ready to execute. What dull cold weakness
 Has crept into your bosom, whose mere thoughts,
 Like tempests, ploughing up the failing forests,
 Ev'n with their swing werewont to shake down hazards?
 What is't? your mother's tears——

Rollo. Prithee be patient.

Lat. Her hands held up? her prayers, or her curses?
 Oh, power of pray'r and tears dropp'd by a woman!
 Take

¹¹ *Oh, power of prayer, drop'd through by a woman.*] I suspect that there is a mistake in the latter part of this line; for what is the antecedent to *drop'd through by a woman*? We must go back to *thoughts or resolution*, and then indeed it is intelligible: But I rather think the true reading to be,

Oh, pow'r of pray'r and tears drop'd by a woman!

Seward.

We think Mr. Seward's conjecture so right that we have given it a place

Take heed the soldiers see it not; 'tis miserable,
 In Rollo below miserable; take heed your friends,
 The sinews of your cause, the strength you stir by,
 Take heed, I say, they find it not; take heed
 Your own repentance (like a passing-bell)
 Too late and too loud, tell the world you're perish'd!
 What noble spirit, eager of advancement,
 Whose employment is his plough; what sword whose
 sharpness -

Waits but the arm to wield it; or what hope,
 After the world has blown abroad this weakness,
 Will move again, or make a wish for Rollo?

Rollo. Are we not friends again, by each oath ratified?
 Our tongues the heralds of our hearts?

Lat. Poor hearts then!

Rollo. Our worthier friends——

Lat. No friends, Sir, to your honour;
 Friends to your fall! Where is your understanding,
 The noble vessel that your full soul sail'd in,
 Ribb'd round with honours? where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
 The tempest of a woman's sighs has sunk it.
 Friendship (take heed, Sir!) is a smiling harlot,
 That, when she kisses, kills! A folder'd friendship,
 Picc'd out with promises? Oh, painted ruin!

Rollo. Latorch, he is my brother.

Lat. The more doubted;
 For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tiger,
 May fawn and sport, but never leave his nature:
 The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
 Are like a small stone thrown into a river,
 The breach scarce heard, but view the beaten current,
 And you shall see a thousand angry rings
 Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing:

place in the text. Latorch asks, 'What is't? your mother's tears, or
 'her prayers?' And then exclaims,

Oh, pow'r of prayers and tears drop'd by a woman!

This reading meets with a still stronger confirmation by Rollo's after-
 wards saying (p. 105)

*My mother's tears, and womanish cold prayers,
 Farewell!*

So jars circle in distrusts; distrusts breed dangers,
 And dangers death (the greatest extreme) shadow,
 'Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves¹².
 There is no manly wisdom, nor no safety,
 In leaning to this league, this piece-patcht friendship,
 This rear'd-up reconciliation on a billow;
 Which, as it tumbles, totters down your fortune.
 Is't not your own you reach at, law and nature
 Ushering the way before you? Is not he
 Born and bequeath'd your subject?

Rollo. Ha!

Lat. What fool

Would give a storm leave to disturb his peace,
 When he may shut the casement? Can that man
 Has won so much upon you by your pity,
 And drawn so high¹³, that like an ominous comet
 He darkens all your light; can this couch'd lion

¹² *So jars circling distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,
 And dangers death, the greatest extreme SHADOW,
 'Till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.*] The old
 quarto reads,

*So jars circling in distrusts, distrusts pull down dangers,
 And dangers death, the greatest extreme SHADOW,
 'Till nothing bound them but the showers, their graves.*

The late editions have corrected *showers* right; but how does the
 word *shadow* carry on the metaphor? and what poor measure is the
 first line? I hope I have restored the true reading, as it perfects the
 measure, and makes the whole metaphor consistent. Seward.

Mr. Seward thus alters this passage:

*So jars distrusts encircle; distrusts dangers,
 And dangers death the greatest extreme FOLLOWS,
 'Till nothing bound 'em but the shoar, their graves.*

We apprehend the Editor of the folio made a mistake when intending
 to correct the first line, and left *circling* instead of altering it to *circle*,
 omitting *in*, which should have remained. This small variation from
 the second folio is all which seems necessary, instead of the violent
 alterations made by Mr. Seward. His asking, 'how does the word
shadow carry on the metaphor?' must have arose from his thinking
 it a *substantive*, instead of a *verb*.

¹³ *And drawn so high.*] Mr. Seward, thinking the sense incomplete,
 introduces an *auxiliary verb*, reading,

AND'S *drawn so high*——

We see no necessity for the addition, but think it flattens the text.

(Tho' now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
 Craftily humming, like a cat to cozen you)
 But (when ambition whets him, and time fits him) A
 Leap to his prey, and seiz'd once, suck your heart out?
 D' you make it conscience?

Rollo. Conscience, Latorch! what's that?

Lat. A fear they tie up fools in, Nature's coward,
 Taking the blood¹⁴, and chilling the full spirits
 With apprehension of mere clouds and shadows.

Rollo. I know no conscience, nor I fear no shadows!

Lat. Or if you did, if there were conscience,
 If the free soul could suffer such a curb¹⁵;
 The fiery mind such puddle to put it out;
 Must it needs, like a rank vine, run up rudely,
 And twine about the top of all our happiness,

¹⁴ Tasting *the blood*.] So quarto. The two following editions read, *palling*; and Mr. Seward proposes either *tainting* or *taking*, and adopts the former. We think the latter preferable; it is nearer the trace of the letters, and perfectly agreeable to the context. An explanation of *taking* will be found in note 57 of the False One.

¹⁵ *If the free soul could suffer such a curb*
To the fiery mind, such puddles to put it out.] The old quarto reads this passage thus;

If the free soul could suffer
The fiery mind, such puddle to put it out.

Mr. Symphon thinks that we should strike out the additions of the late editions, and that the old reading is right. To me it does not seem so, for two metaphors are confounded and have but one verb, which suits to the *fiery mind*, but not so well to the former; or if it does, the *free soul* and *fiery mind* will be mere tautology. I therefore approve the additions of the late editions, and believe them genuine, however they came by them. That they had them from some manuscript, and not from conjecture, I am persuaded: Because they have so printed them as evidently to shew that they did not understand the least syllable of them. They make the sense thus;

If the free soul could suffer such a curb
To the fiery mind? —

Here, therefore, is all the tautology and confusion of metaphors which is found in the deficient text of the old quarto; but how infinitely is it improv'd when each metaphor is preserv'd distinct and separate.

If the free soul could suffer such a curb;
The fiery mind such puddle t' put it out;

Mr. Theobald overlook'd the corruptions of this passage, so I cannot tell his sentiments:

Seward.
 Honour

Honour and Rule, and there sit shading of us ¹⁶]

Rollo. It shall not, nor it must not! I am satisfied,
And once more am myself again,
My mother's tears, and womanish cold prayers,
Farewell! I have forgot you. If there be Conscience,
Let it not come betwixt a crown and me,
(Which is my hope of bliss) and I believe it.
Otto, our friendship thus I blow to air,
A bubble for a boy to play withal;
And all the vows my weakness made, like this,
Like this poor heartless rush, I rend a-pieces.

Lat. Now you go right, Sir! now your eyes are open.

Rollo. My father's last petition's dead as he is,
And all the promises I clos'd his eyes with,
In the same grave I bury.

Lat. Now you are a man, Sir.

Rollo. Otto, thou shew'st my winding-sheet before me,
Which, e'er I put it on, like Heav'n's blest fire,
In my descent I'll make it blush in blood!
(A crown, a crown! Oh, sacred rule, now fire me!)
Nor shall the pity of thy youth, false brother,
Altho' a thousand virgins kneel before me,
And every dropping eye a court of mercy,
The same blood with me, nor the reverence
Due to my mother's blessed womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my doubts: Thou art a wolf here,
Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me *;
No safety else ¹⁷.

¹⁶ *Sit shading of us.*] Mr. Sympson proposes the variation in the text, and we think it a happy conjecture.

* *Fed with my fears, and I must cut thee from me,*
A crown, a crown, oh, sacred rule, now fire me!

No safety else.] We believe the second of these lines to be improperly repeated here, by some accidental interpolation.

¹⁷ *No safety else.*

Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, Sir,

Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters

Run deep, &c.] Mr. Seward here objects, 'the measure is quite lost,' and 'the sense very stiff;' and then prints as follows:

No safety else. Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, Sir,

Nor too high-THREATNING in your execution,

Lat. But be not too much stirr'd, Sir,
Nor too high in your execution: Swallowing waters
Run deep and silent, 'till they're satisfied,
And smile in thousand curls, to gild their craft;
Let your sword sleep, and let my two-edg'd wit work.
This happy feast, the full joy of your friendship,
Shall be his last!

Rollo. How, my Latorch?

Lat. Why thus, Sir:

I'll presently go dive into the officers
That minister at table; gold and goodness¹⁸,
With promise upon promise, and time necessary,
I'll pour into them.

Rollo. Canst thou do it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone; and such a bait it shall be,
Shall take off all suspicion.

Rollo. Go, and prosper!

Lat. Walk in then, and your smoothest face put
on, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*Enter the Master Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the
Cellar, with a jack of beer and a dish.*

Cook. A hot day, a hot day, vengeance hot, boys!
Give me some drink; this fire's a plaguy fretter!
Body of me, I am dry still! give me the jack, boy;
This wooden skiff holds nothing.

EVER REMEMBER, SIR, THAT *swallowing waters*, &c.
In which interpolations he professes to have copied a passage in Shake-
speare's Henry VIII. But we see no reason, nor shadow of authority,
for departing from the old text, merely to shew Mr. Seward's talent
of imitation.

¹⁸ *Gold and goodness.*] As *goodness* seems an odd motive to persuade
people to murder, I at first thought we should read, *Gold and GREAT-
NESS, or GOODS*; but I now believe the old reading right. As *Vice*
always assumes some pretence of *good*, so *Latorch*, in persuading the
servants to the murder, urges the *good* of the state, and the general
blessing. *Seward.*

Goodness means *good things*: Mr. Seward might have remembered
'filling the hungry with *good things*.'

Pant.

Pant. And 'faith, master,
What brave new meats? for here will be old eating.

Cook. Old and young, boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I've ballast for their bellies, if they eat a god's name.
Let 'em have ten tire of teeth a-piece, I care not.

But. But what new rare munition?

Cook. Pho! a thousand:
I'll make you pigs speak French at table¹⁹, and a fat
swan

Come sculling²⁰ out of England with a challenge;
I'll make you a dish of calves' feet dance the canaries,
And a consort of cramm'd capons fiddle to 'em;
A calf's head speak an oracle, and a dozen of larks
Rise from the dish, and sing all supper-time:
'Tis nothing, boys. I've fram'd a fortification
Out of rye-paste, which is impregnable;
And against that, for two long hours together,
Two dozen of marrow-bones shall play continually.
For fish, I'll make you a standing lake of white-broth,
And pikes come plowing up the plums before them;
Arion on a dolphin, playing Lachrymæ;
And brave king herring with his oil and onion
Crown'd with a lemon peel, his way prepar'd
With his strong guard of pilchers.

Pant. Ay marry, master!

Cook. All these are nothing: I'll make you a stubble
goose
Turn o'th' toe thrice, do a cross point presently,

¹⁹ *I'll make you pigs speak French at table, and a fat swan.*] Mr. Theobald very justly strikes out the words *at table*, as unnecessary to the sense and injurious to the measure. *Seward.*

We cannot think Theobald had any right to strike out the words, which are not foreign to the sense, and do not render the measure more irregular than it is in many other places. Editors are not to *correct* their Authors, but to *publish* them as the Authors left them. The measure too in this speech is particularly, and perhaps purposely, licentious.

²⁰ *Sculling.*] So quarto. Mr. Sympson reads *sculling*, which Mr. Seward calls an '*ingenious* emendation:' To be sure, if modernizing the orthography of a word which could not be mistaken is *ingenious*, this is so. The folio reads, *sailing*.

And then sit down again, and cry, ' come eat me !'
 These are for mirth. Now, Sir, for matter of mourning,
 I'll bring you in the lady Loin-of-veal,
 With the long love she bore the prince of Orange.

Omnes. Thou boy, thou?

Cook. I have a trick for thee too,
 And a rare trick, and I have done it for thee.

Yeo. What's that, good master?

Cook. 'Tis a sacrifice:

A full vine bending, like an arch, and under
 The blown god Bacchus, sitting on a hog'shead,
 His altar here; before that, a plump vintner
 Kneeling, and offering incense to his deity,
 Which shall be only this, red sprats and pilchers.

But. This when the table's drawn, to draw the wine on.

Cook. Thou hast it right; and then comes thy song,
 Butler.

Pant. This will be admirable!

Yeo. Oh, Sir, most admirable!

Cook. If you'll have the paffe speak, 'tis in my power;
 I've fire enough to work it. Come, stand close,
 And now rehearse the song, we may be perfect,
 The drinking song; and say I were the brothers.

THE SONG.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
 You shall perhaps not do it tomorrow.
 Best while you have it use your breath;
 There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
 There is no cure 'gainst age but it.
 It helps the head-ach, cough and ptisick,
 And is for all diseases physick.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
 Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.

And he that will to bed go sober,
 Falls with the leaf, still in October.

Well have you borne yourselves. A red deer pic, boys,
 And

And that no lean one, I bequeath your virtues.
What friends hast thou to-day? no citizens?

Pant. Yes, father, the old crew.

Cook. By the ma's, true wenches!

Sirrah, fet by a chine of beef, and a hot pasty,
And let the joll of sturgeon be corrected:
And (do you mark, Sir?) stalk me to a pheasant,
And see an you can shoot her into th' cellar.

But. God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roaring bottles²¹,
And with such nectar I will see 'em fill'd,
That all thou speak'st shall be pure Helicon.

Enter Latorch.

Monfieur Latorch? What news with him? Save you!

Lat. Save you, master! save you, gentlemen!
You're casting for this preparation,
This joyful supper for the royal brothers.

I'm glad I have met you fitly, for to your charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I must deliver
A bevy of young lasses, that must look on
This night's solemnity, and see the two dukes,
Or I shall lose my credit: You have stowage?

But. For such freight I'll find room, and be your
servant.

Cook. Bring them; they shall not starve here; I'll
send 'em victuals

Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days
hence, Sir.

Lat. God-a-mercy, noble master!

Cook. Nay, I'll do't.

Yeo. And wine they shall not want, let 'em drink
like ducks.

Lat. What misery it is that minds so royal,
And such most honest bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to uncertainties?

²¹ *Pant.* God-a-mercy, lad, send me thy roaring bottles.] Mr. Seward, we think properly, gives this speech to the *Butler*, instead of the 'sober, grave, honest *Pantler*, to whom it belongs neither by 'character nor office.' For *God-a-mercy* he reads, *Gramercy*, which we cannot think allowable. The quarto says, *dad*; the folio, *lad*.

But.

But. Ay, were the state once settled, then we had places!

Yeo. Then we could shew ourselves, and help our friends, Sir.

Cook. Ay, then there were some favour in't, where now We live between two stools, every hour ready To tumble on our noses; and for aught we know yet, For all this supper, ready to fast the next day.

Lat. I would fain speak unto you, out of pity, Out of the love I bear you, out of honesty, For your own goods; nay, for the general blessing.

Cook. And we would as fain hear you; pray go forward!

Lat. Dare you but think to make yourselves up certainties,

Your places and your credits ten times doubled?
The prince's favour? Rollo's?

But. A sweet gentleman!

Yeo. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his right too.

Cook. By the mass, a royal gentleman indeed, boys! He'll make the chimnies smook!

Lat. He would do, friends;
And you too, if he had his right, true courtiers.
What could you want then?—Dare you?

Cook. Pray be short, Sir.

Lat. And this, my soul upon't, I dare assure you,
If you but dare your parts——

Cook. Dare not me, monsieur;
For I that fear neither fire nor water, Sir,
Dare do enough, a man would think.

Yeo. Believe't, Sir,
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You shall not find us flinchers.

Lat. Then I'll be sudden.

Pant. What may this mean? and whither would he drive us?

Lat. And first, for what you must do (because all danger
Shall be apparently tied up and muzzled,

The

The matter seeming mighty) there's your pardons!

Pant. Pardons? is't come to that? Good God, defend us!

Lat. And here's five hundred crowns, in bounteous earnest:

And now, behold the matter. [*Gives each a paper.*]

But. What are these, Sir?

Yeo. And of what nature? to what use?

Lat. Imagine.

Cook. Will they kill rats? (they eat my pies abominably)

Or work upon a woman cold as Christmas?

I have an old jade sticks upon my fingers.

May I taste them?

Lat. Is your will made?

And have you said your prayers? for they'll pay you.

And now to come up to you, for your knowledge,

And for the good you never shall repent you,

If you be wise men now——

Cook. Wise as you will, Sir.

Lat. These must be put then into th' sev'ral meats

Young Otto loves; by you into his wine, Sir,

Into his bread by you; by you into his linnen.

Now, if you desire, you have found the means

To make ye; and, if ye dare not, ye have

Found your ruin: Resolve me ere I go.

But. You'll keep faith with us?

Lat. May I no more see light else!

Cook. Why, 'tis done then.

But. 'Tis done.

Pant. It is done which

Shall be undone.

Lat. About it then! farewell!

Ye're all of one mind?

Cook. All.

Omnes. All, all.

Lat. Why then, all happy!

[*Exit.*]

But. What did we promise him?

Yeo. D'you ask that now?

But.

But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.

Pant. I'll tell you;

It is to be all villains, knaves, and traitors.

Cook. Fine wholesome titles!

But. But, if we dare go forward——

Cook. We may be hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.

Pant. Very true, Sir!

Cook. Oh, what a goodly swing

Shall I give the gallows! Yet I think too

This may be done, and we may be rewarded,

Not with a rope, but with a royal master:

And yet we may be hang'd too.

Yeo. Say 'twere done;

Who is it done for? Is it not for Rollo,

And for his right?

Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too.

But. Or say he take it, say we be discover'd?

Yeo. Is not the same man bound still to protect us?

Are we not his?

But. Sure he will never fail us.

Cook. If he do, friends, we shall find that will hold us.

And yet, methinks, this prologue to our purpose,

These crowns should promise more. 'Tis easily done,

As easy as a man would roast an egg,

If that be all: For, look you, gentlemen!

Here stand my broths; my finger slips a little,

Down drops a dose; I stir him with my ladle,

And there's a dish for a duke; *olla podrida*.

Here stands a bak'd meat, he wants a little seasoning;

A foolish mistake! my spice-box, gentlemen,

And put in some of this, the matter's ended;

Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art on't;

Or in a galingale, a little does it²².

Yeo. Or as I fill my wine——

Cook. 'Tis very true, Sir,

²² Or in a galingale, a little does it.] This line is restored from the old quarto. *Galingale*, the dictionaries tell us, is an Indian herb, very flavoury. It was probably eat either as a salad, or pickle, or used in some sauce, otherwise it is scarcely intelligible in this place. *Seward.*

Blessing it with your hand, thus quick and neatly first,
'Tis past.

Yeo. And done once, 'tis as easy
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.

Pant. But 'tis a damned sin!

Cook. I never fear that;
The fire's my play-fellow. Now I'm resolv'd, boys.

But. Why then, have with you.

Yeo. The same for me.

Pant. For me too.

Cook. And now, no more our worships, but our
lordships.

Pant. [*aside.*] Not this year, on my knowledge; I'll
unlord you. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Servant and Sewer.

Serv. Perfume the room round, and prepare the
table.

Gentlemen officers, wait in your places.

Sewer. Make room there;

Room for the dukes' meat! Gentlemen, be bare there;
Clear all the entrance. Guard, put by those gapers;
And, gentlemen-ushers, see the gallery clear;
The dukes are coming on.

Hautboys; a banquet.

*Enter Sophia, between Rollo and Otto, Aubrey, Latorch,
Gisbert, Baldwin, attendants, Hamond, Matilda, and
Edith.*

Serv. 'Tis certainly inform'd,

Otto. Reward the fellow,
And look you mainly to it.

Serv. My life for yours, Sir!

Soph. Now am I straight, my lords, and young again;
My long-since-blasted hopes shoot out in blossoms,
The fruits of everlasting love appearing.

Oh! my blest boys, the honour of my years,
 Of all my cares the bounteous fair rewarders,
 Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
 Within a mother's love lock up your friendships!
 And, my sweet sons, once more with mutual twinings,
 As one chaste bed begot ye, make one body!
 Blessings from Heav'n in thousand show'rs fall on ye!

Aub. Oh, woman's goodness never to be equall'd!
 May the most sinful creatures of thy sex,
 But kneeling at thy monument, rise saints!

Soph. Sit down, my worthy sons; my lords, your
 places.

Ay, now methinks the table's nobly furnish'd;
 Now the meat nourishes; the wine gives spirit;
 And all the room, stuck with a general pleasure,
 Shews like the peaceful bower of happiness.

Aub. Long may it last! and, from a heart fill'd with it
 Full as my cup, I give it round, my lords.

Bald. And may that stubborn heart be drunk with
 sorrow

Refuses it! Men dying now should take it,
 And, by the virtue of this ceremony,
 Shake off their miseries, and sleep in peace.

Rollo. You're sad, my noble brother.

Otto. No, indeed, Sir.

Soph. No sadness, my sweet son, this day.

Rollo. Pray you eat;

Something is here you've lov'd; taste of this dish,
 It will prepare your stomach.

Otto. Thank you, brother:
 I am not now dispos'd to eat.

Rollo. Or that;

(You put us out of heart, man) come, these bak'd meats
 Were ever your best diet.

Otto. None, I thank you.

Soph. Are you well, noble child?

Otto. Yes, gracious mother.

Rollo. Give him a cup of wine, then. Pledge the
 health;

Drink

Drink it to me; I'll give it to my mother.

Soph. Do, my best child.

Otto. I must not, my best mother,
Indeed I dare not; for, of late, my body
Has been much weaken'd by excess of diet;
The promise of a fever hanging on me,
And e'en now ready, if not by abstinence—

Rollo. And will you keep it in this general freedom²³?
A little health preferr'd before our friendship?

Otto. I pray you excuse me, Sir.

Rollo. Excuse yourself, Sir;

Come, 'tis your fear, and not your fever, brother,
And you have done me a most worthy kindness!—
My royal mother, and you, noble lords,
Hear, for it now concerns me to speak boldly:
What faith can be expected from his vows;
From his dissembling smiles, what fruit of friendship;
From all his full embraces, what blest issue;
When he shall brand me here for base suspicion?
He takes me for a poisoner—

Soph. Gods defend it, son!

Rollo. For a foul knave, a villain, and so fears me²⁴.

Otto. I could say something too.

Soph. You must not so, Sir,

Without your great forgetfulness of virtue:
This is your brother, and your honour'd brother,
Indeed your loving brother.

Rollo. If he please so.

Soph. One noble father, with as noble thoughts,
Begot your minds and bodies; one care rock'd you;
And one truth to you both was ever sacred.
Now fy, my Otto! whither flies your goodness?

²³ Rollo. *And will you keep it in this general freedom;*
A little health preferr'd before our friendship?

Otto. *I pray you excuse me, Sir.* These lines are not found in the old quarto, yet no one can well doubt of their being genuine.

Seward.

²⁴ *For a foul knave, &c.* The octavos of 1711 and 1750 omit this line; not, as we suppose, meaning to reprobate it, but thro' inattention in the Editors of 1711, not sufficiently adverted to by those of 1750.

Because the right-hand has the power of cutting,
 Shall the left presently cry out 'tis main'd?
 They're one, my child, one power, and one performance,
 And, join'd together thus, one love, one body.

Aub. I do beseech your Grace, take to your thoughts
 More certain counsellors than doubts and fears;
 They strangle nature, and disperse themselves
 (If once believ'd) into such fogs and errors
 That the bright truth herself can never sever.

Your brother is a royal gentleman,
 Full of himself, honour, and honesty;
 And take heed²⁵, Sir, how nature bent to goodness,
 So straight a cedar in itself, uprightnes,
 Being wrested from its true base, prove not dangerous.

Rollo. Nay, my good brother knows I am too patient.

Lat. Why should your Grace think him a poisoner?
 Has he no more respect to piety?
 And, but he has by oath tied up his fury,
 Who durst but think that thought?

Aub. Away, thou firebrand!

Lat. If men of his fort, of his power, and place,
 The eldest son in honour to this dukedom—

Bald. For shame, contain thy tongue, thy poisonous
 tongue,
 That with her burning venom will infect all,
 And once more blow a wildfire thro' the dukedom.

Gif. Latorch, if thou be'st honest, or a man,
 Contain thyself.

²⁵ *And take heed, Sir, how Nature bent to goodness,
 (So straight a cedar to himself) uprightnes*

Be wrested from his true use, prove not dangerous.] This passage, which as it has been hitherto printed, seem'd to Mr. Symphon quite unintelligible, like a chrystal stream disturb'd in a bright day, contains the glittering fragments of a most poetic sentiment. I strike out the parenthesis, and read *itself* for *himself*, it being evident that *uprightnes* is the straight cedar. *Being* for *be* restores the grammar, and *line*, *growth*, or *course*, instead of *use*, will either of them carry on the metaphor; so will *base*, and as that is nearest the trace of the letters, though it but this instant occur'd, I shall venture it into the text.

Aub. Go to; no more! by Heav'n,
You'll find you've plaid the fool else! not a word

Soph. Prithee, sweet son!

Rollo. Let him alone, sweet mother. And, my Lords,
To make you understand how much I honour
This sacred peace, and next my innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Discourse may draw on to a way of danger,
I quit my place, and take my leave for this night,
Wishing a general joy may dwell among you.

Aub. Shall we wait on your Grace?

Rollo. I dare not break you.

Latorch!

[*Exe. Rollo and Lat.*

Soph. D'you now perceive your brother's sweetness?²⁶

Otto. Oh, mother, that your tenderness had eyes,
Discerning eyes, what would this man appear then!
The tale of Sinon, when he took upon him
To ruin Troy; with what a cloud of cunning
He hid his heart, nothing appearing outwards
But came like innocence and dropping pity,
Sighs that would sink a navy, and had tales
Able to take the ears of fainths' belief too;
And what did all these? blew the fire to Ilium!
His crafty art (but more refin'd by study²⁷)
My brother has put on: Oh, I could tell you,
But for the reverence I bear to nature,
Things that would make your honest blood move
backward.

Soph. You dare tell me?

Otto. Yes, in your private closet,
Where I will presently attend you. Rise!

I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Soph. Is this the joy I look'd for?

²⁶ *Soph.* Do you now perceive your brother's sweetness?] This line is restor'd from the old quarto. Seward.

²⁷ *His crafty art (but more refin'd by study).*] This line, so necessary to the sense and undoubtedly genuine, is not in the quarto, but in the folio of 1679. Seward.

Otto. All will mend; Be not disturb'd, dear mother; I'll not fail you.

[*Exeunt Sophia and Otto.*]

Bald. I do not like this.

Aub. That's still in our powers; But how to make it so that we may like it——

Bald. Beyond us ever!—Latorch, methought, was busy;

That fellow, if not look'd-to narrowly, Will do a sudden mischief.

Aub. Hell look to him!

For if there may be a devil above all yet, That rogue will make him. Keep you up this night; And so will I, for much I fear a danger.

Bald. I will, and in my watches use my prayers.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, and Editb.

Otto. **Y**OU wonder, madam, that, for all the shows My brother Rollo makes of hearty love, And free possession of the dukedom 'twixt us, I notwithstanding should stand still suspicious, As if, beneath those veils, he did convey Intents and practices of hate and treason?

Soph. It breeds indeed my wonder.

Otto. Which makes mine, Since 'tis so safe and broad a beaten way, Beneath the name of friendship to betray.

Soph. Tho', in remote and further-off affections, These falshoods are so common, yet in him They cannot so force nature.

Otto. The more near The bands of truth bind, the more oft they sever, Being better cloaks to cover falshood ever.

Soph.

Soph. It cannot be, that fruits the tree so blasting²³,
 Can grow in nature. Take heed, gentle son,
 Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
 Believ'd in him by you, provoke the rather
 His tender envies to such foul attempts;
 Or that your too-much love to rule alone
 Breed not in him this jealous passion²⁹:
 There is not any ill we might not bear,
 Were not our good held at a price too dear.

Otto. So apt is Treachery to be excus'd,
 That Innocence is still aloud abus'd;
 'The fate of Virtue ev'n her friends perverts,
 To plead for Vice oft-times against their hearts:

²³ *It cannot be, that fruits, the tree so blasting.*] Mr. Theobald, from the old quarto, puts — (*the tree so blasting*) in a parenthesis, and Mr. Sympson would read *blasted*; both join in the same sense, *the tree being so blasted, or of such a blasting nature.* But if the tree is so blasted, or blasting, where is the wonder that it should produce bad fruit? I strike out even the comma, and understand it in this sense. *It cannot be that fruits so blasting the tree from whence they sprung should grow in nature.* Here *Rollo* is the fruit, she herself the tree, one of whose natural branches *Rollo* would blast, and by consequence the tree itself. Seward.

Mr. Seward is certainly right in his reading and explanation; and yet, by a strange confusion of ideas, quite wrong in his commentary. It is plain from the speech of *Otto*, to which this is an immediate answer, that *Falshood* is the supposed fruit, and *Truth* the tree; *Rollo* being here accused of engrafting treachery on friendship, and murder on the shews of natural affection and consanguinity.

²⁹ ———— *Take heed, gentle son,
 Lest some suborn'd suggester of these treasons,
 Believ'd in him by you, provok'd the rather
 His tender envies to such foul attempts;
 Or that your too much love to rule alone,
 Bred not of him this jealous passion.*] So quarto. The two following editions read the last line,
 Breed not in him this jealous passion.

Mr. Seward, in the third line, reads *provoke* instead of *provok'd*; 'which word, says he, would imply *Sophia's* belief of *Rollo's* attempt, 'which she did not give credit to.' In this variation, we think him perfectly right; but not in his restoring the last line from the quarto, which appears evidently corrupt. The meaning of the passage is, 'Take care lest your suspicion should provoke his violence, or your ambition breed his jealousy.'

Heav'n's blessing is her curse, which she must bear,
That she may never love herself too dear³⁰.

Soph. Alas, my son, nor fate, nor Heav'n itself,
Can or would wrest my whole care of your good
To any least secureness in your ill :
What I urge issues from my curious fear,
Lest you should make your means to 'scape your snare ;
Doubt of sincereness is the only mean,
Not to incense it, but corrupt it clean.

Otto. I rest as far from wrong of all sincereness,
As he flies from the practice. Trust me, madam,
I know by their confessions he suborn'd,
What I should eat, drink, touch, or only have scented,
This evening-feast, was poison'd : But I fear
His open violence more, that treacherous odds,
Which he, in his insatiate thirst of rule,
Is like to execute.

Soph. Believe it, son,
If still his stomach be so foul to feed
On such gross objects, and that thirst to rule
The state alone be yet unquench'd in him,
Poisons, and such close treasons, ask more time
Than can suffice his fiery spirit's haste :
And, were there in him such desire to hide
So false a practice, there would likewise rest

³⁰ *Heav'n's blessing is her curse, which she must bear,
That she may never love.*

Soph. Alas, my son, &c.] The second line is left thus imperfect in sense and measure in all the editions. By observing the tendency of the sense one may ask, what is the moral reason why Virtue in this life should be permitted by Heav'n to fall under obloquy and disgrace? Lest self-approbation and self love should puff up the heart of the virtuous man to pride and vanity. The following words give this sense, and complete the rhyme.

————— *which she must bear,*

That she may never love herself too dear.

After this had occur'd, by looking back I found this made a direct parody to the conclusion of Sophia's last speech.

*There is not any ill we might not bear,
Were not our good held at a price too dear.*

This therefore adds greatly to the probability of the conjecture.

Seward.

Conscience

Conscience and fear in him of open force;
And therefore close nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good madam, stand not so inclin'd to trust
What proves his tendrest thoughts to doubt it just.
Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea³¹,
In which my brother Rollo's appetites
Alter and rage? with every puff and breath,
His swelling blood exhales; and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate brother cause to use
His readiest circumspection, and consult
For remedy 'gainst all his wicked purposes.
If he arm, arm; if he strew mines of treason,
Meet him with countermines: 'Tis justice still
(For goodness' sake) t' encounter ill with ill.

Soph. Avert from us such justice, equal Heav'n³²,
And all such cause of justice!

Otto. Past all doubt
(For all the sacred privilege of night)
This is no time for us to sleep or rest in:
Who knows not all things holy are prevented
With ends of all impiety? all but
Lust, gain, ambition³³?

Enter

³¹ *Who knows not the unbounded flood and sea,*
In which my brother Rollo's appetites

Alter and rage with every puff and breath?

His swelling blood exhales.] This punctuation, Mr. Seward truly remarks, 'greatly diminishes the extreme beauty of the metaphors. *Exhales* signifies, *boils and flings off vapours*, as the sea in storms does its spray. This is the true meaning of the word, from the Latin *exhalere*. We corrupt it when we say the sun *exhales vapours* from the sea.'

³² *Equal Heav'n.*] *Equal* is here used in the sense of the Latin word *æquus*, and means *favourable, propitious*.

³³ *Who knows not all things holy are prevented,*
With ends of all impiety, all but

Lust, gain, ambition.] When a passage is utterly darken'd, as this before us, and almost evidently by the loss of a whole sentence, 'tis impossible to restore it with certainty; but a due observance of the tendency of the context, the character that utters it, and the genius and spirit of the Author, may lead us with high probability to the sentiment,

Enter Rollo armed, and Latorch.

Rollo. Perish all the world
Ere I but lose one foot of possible empire,
By sleights and colour us'd by slaves and wretches!
I am exempt by birth from both those curbs,
And sit above them in all justice, since
I sit above in power: Where power is giv'n,
Is all the right suppos'd of earth and Heav'n.

Lat. Prove both, Sir; see the traitor!

Otto. He comes arm'd;
See, mother, now your confidence!

Soph. What rage affects this monster?

Rollo. Give me way, or perish!

Soph. Make thy way, viper, if thou thus affect it!

Otto. This is a treason like thee!

Rollo. Let her go!

Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy shield, my son;
And thro' my breast let his rude weapon run,
To thy life's innocence!

Otto. Play not two parts,
Traicher and coward both, but yield a sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Against my naked bosom!

Rollo. Loose his hold!

timent, though not to the exact words of the original. I suppose a small corruption both in the first and second line. The good Otto is in all his speeches full of moral and political reflections, and therefore the following one seems to suit both what precedes and follows it.

*Who knows not all things holy are perverted
To th' ends of all impiety? thus darkness
Lulls all things in security, all but
Lust, gain, ambition.*

Seward.

These variations and additions Mr. Seward inserts in the text; but though the passage really seems to be corrupt, we cannot venture to adopt them.—It has been suggested, that, by understanding the word *prevented* in a sense which it not infrequently bears, that of *being beforehand, or taking place*, Otto here inculcates the doctrine, 'That impiety *overshadows* righteousness, and all considerations but those of lust, gain, and ambition.'

Mat.

Mat. Forbear, base murderer!

Rollo. Forsake our mother!

Soph. Mother dost thou name me,
And put off nature thus?

Rollo. Forsake her, traitor,
Or, by the spoil of nature, thorough hers,
This leads unto thy heart!

Otto. Hold!

Soph. Hold me still.

Otto. For twenty hearts and lives, I will not hazard
One drop of blood in yours.

Soph. Oh, thou art lost then!

Otto. Protect my innocence, Heav'n!

Soph. Call out murder!

Mat. Be murder'd all, but save him!

Edith. Murder! murder!

Rollo. Cannot I reach you yet?

Otto. No, fiend.

Rollo. Latorch,
Rescue! I'm down.

Lat. Up then; your sword cools, Sir:
Ply it i'th' flame, and work your ends out.

Rollo. Ha!

Have at you there, Sir!

Enter Aubrey.

Aub. Author of prodigies,
What fights are these?

Otto. Oh, give me a weapon, Aubrey!

Soph. Oh, part 'em, part 'em!

Aub. For Heav'n's sake, no more!

Otto. No more resist his fury; no rage can
Add to his mischief done! [Dies.]

Soph. Take spirit, my Otto;
Heav'n will not see thee die thus.

Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but death of every goodness.

Soph. Oh, he hath slain his brother; curse him,
Heaven!

Rollo.

Rollo. Curse and be curs'd ! it is the fruit of cursing.
Latorch, take off here ; bring too of that blood
 To colour o'er my shirt ; then raise the court,
 And give it out how he attempted us,
 In our bed naked. Shall the name of Brother
 Forbid us to enlarge our state and powers ?
 Or place affects of blood above our reason,
 That tells us all things good against another,
 Are good in the same line against a brother ?

[*Exeunt Rollo and Latorch.*

Enter Gisbert and Baldwin.

Gis. What fears³⁴ inform these outcries ?

Aub. See, and grieve.

Gis. Prince Otto slain ?

Bald. Oh, execrable slaughter !

What hand hath author'd it ?

Aub. Your scholar's, Baldwin.

Bald. Unjustly urg'd, lord Aubrey ; as if I,
 For being his schoolmaster, must teach this doctrine.
 You are his counsellor ; did you advise him
 To this foul parricide ?

Gis. If rule affects this licence, who would live
 To worse than die, in force of his obedience ?

Bald. Heav'n's cold and lingering spirit to punish sin,
 And human blood so fiery to commit it,
 One so outgoes the other, it will never
 Be turn'd to fit obedience.

Aub. Burst it then

With his full swing given. Where it brooks no bound,
 Complaints of it are vain ; and all that rests
 To be our refuge (since our powers are strengthless)
 Is, to conform our wills to suffer freely³⁵

³⁴ *What affairs inform these outcries ?*] Varied by Mr. Theobald.

³⁵ *Is to conform our wills to suffer freely.*] Passive obedience and non-resistance to princes, being the absurd but almost universal doctrine of our Authors' age, *Aubrey* is upon that principle a very complete character. And every reader, who wants to form a true taste of any poem, should always use an occasional conformity to the doctrines and tenets of the age the Poet wrote in. Without this, the characters of

What with our murmurs we can never master.
 Ladies, be pleas'd with what Heav'n's pleasure suffers;
 Erect your princely countenances and spirits,
 And, to redress the mischief now resistless,
 Sooth it in show, rather than curse or cross it;
 Wish all amends, and vow to it your best,
 But, 'till you may perform it, let it rest.

Gif. Those temporizings are too dull and servile
 To breathe the free air of a manly soul,
 Which shall in me expire in execrations,
 Before for any life I sooth a murderer!

Bald. Pour lives before him, 'till his own be dry
 Of all life's services and human comforts!
 None left that looks at Heav'n's left half so base¹⁶
 To do these black and hellish actions grace!

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond, and Guard.

Rollo. Haste, Latorch,
 And raise the city, as the court is rais'd,
 Proclaiming the abhorr'd conspiracy
 In plot against my life.

Lat. I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

Rollo. You there that mourn upon the justly slain,
 Arise and leave it, if you love your lives!
 And hear from me what (kept by you) may save you.

Mat. What will the butcher do? I will not stir.

Rollo. Stir, and unforc'd stir, or stir never more!

Amintor in the *Maid's Tragedy*, of *Aecius* in *Valentinian*, and *Aubrey* here, together with many inferior characters, will not be near so interesting as they really deserve to be. *Seward.*

¹⁶ *None less that looks at Heav'n is half so base*

To do these black and bellish actions grace.] There is a stiffness in the first line which gives suspicion of a mistake. The old quarto reads,

None left that looks at Heaven's left half so base.

This was evidently wrong, and the folio and octavo are only the conjectural emendation of the former. Mr. Symphon has, I believe, restored the original, as he gives it a stronger connexion with the foregoing lines, and renders the sentence natural and easy:

'Till none that looks at Heaven's left half so base. Seward.

We think the quarto right, and perfectly intelligible. *Command*

Command her, you grave beldame, that know better
My deadly resolutions, since I drew them
From the infective fountain of your own;
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery prompter
Shall fix the fresh impressiion on your heart!

Soph. Rise, daughter; serve his will in what we may,
Lest what we may not he enforce the rather.
Is this all you command us?

Rollo. This addition
Only admitted; that, when I endeavour
To quit me of this slaughter, you presume not
To cros me with a syllable, nor your souls
Murmur³⁷ nor think against it; but weigh well,
It will not help your ill, but help to more,
And that my hand, wrought thus far to my will,
Will check at nothing 'till his circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, so I consent not; but who sooths it
Consents, and who consents to tyranny, does it.

Rollo. False traitrefs, die then with him!

Aub. Are you mad,
To offer at more blood, and make yourself
More horrid to your people? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your instrument will publish.

Rollo. Do, and take that along with you.—So nimble!

[*Aub. disarms him.*]

Resign my sword, and dare not for thy soul
To offer what thou insolently threatnest,
One word proclaiming cros to what Latorch
Hath in commission, and intends to publish.

Aub. Well, Sir, not for your threats, but for your
good,

Since more hurt to you would more hurt your country,
And that you must make virtue of the need
That now compels you, I'll consent, as far
As silence argues, to your will proclaim'd.

³⁷ *To cros me, &c.]* We have here followed the quarto. All other
copies exhibit,

To cros me with a syllable, for your souls;

Murmur, nor think, &c.

And since no more sons of your princely father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wish
You should rule like your father, with the love
And zeal of all your subjects, this foul slaughter
That now you have committed, made asham'd
With that fair blessing, that, in place of plagues,
Heav'n tries our mending disposition with,
Take here your sword; which now use like a prince,
And no more like a tyrant.

Rollo. This sounds well;
Live, and be gracious with us.

Gif. & Bald. Oh, lord Aubrey!

Mat. He flatter thus?

Soph. He temporizes fitly.

Gif. & Bald. Wonder invades me³⁸!

Rollo. Do you two think much
That he thus wisely, and with need, consents
To what I author for your country's good,
You being my tutor, you my chancellor?

Gif. Your chancellor is not your flatterer, Sir.

Bald. Nor is't your tutor's part to shield such
doctrine.

Rollo. Sir, first know you,
In praise of your pure oratory that rais'd you,
That when the people (who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their rests, and hast'ning hither
To witness what is done here) are arriv'd
With our Latorch, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall fashion an oration to acquit
And justify this forced fact of mine;
Or for the proud refusal lose your head.

³⁸ *Rollo.* *Wonder invades me; do you two think much, &c.*] The words *Wonder invades me*, which express a person wrapt up in wonder and horror, seem'd at first sight, both to Mr. Sympson and me, to be out of character in *Rollo's* mouth, and by joint consent we give it to *Sophia*, though it would be equally proper to *Matilda*, *Baldwin*, or *Gisbert*. As the verses are often divided between the speakers, this alone has produced several hundred mistakes in speakers in our Authors' plays.

Seeward.

We think the speech should be placed to *Gisbert and Baldwin*, as the words *Oh, lord Aubrey* are. *Rollo's* reply authorizes it.

Gif.

Gif. I fashion an oration to acquit you?
 Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing less easy
 T' excuse a parricide than to commit it.

Rollo. I do not wish you, Sir, to excuse me,
 But to accuse my brother, as the cause
 Of his own slaughter, by attempting mine.

Gif. Not for the world; I should pour blood on blood!
 It were another murder, to accuse
 Him that fell innocent.

Rollo. Away with him!
 Hence, hale him straight to execution!

Aub. Far fly such rigour your amendful hand.

Rollo. He perishes with him that speaks for him!
 Guard, do your office on him, on your lives' pain.

Gif. Tyrant, 'twill haste thy own death.

Rollo. Let it wing it!
 He threatens me: Villains, tear him piece-meal hence!

Guard. Avant, Sir.

Ham. Force him hence!

Rollo. Dispatch him, captain:
 And bring me instant word he is dispatch'd,
 And how his rhetorick takes it.

Ham. I'll not fail, Sir.

Rollo. Captain, besides remember this in chief;
 That, being executed, you deny
 To all his friends the rites of funeral,
 And cast his carcase out to dogs and fowls.

Ham. 'Tis done, my lord.

Rollo. Upon your life, not fail!

[*Exeunt Ham. Gif. and Guard.*]

Bald. What impious daring is there here of Heav'n!

Rollo. Sir, now prepare yourself, against the people
 Make here their entry, to discharge th' oration
 He hath denied my will.

Bald. For fear of death?

Ha, ha, ha!

Rollo. Is death ridiculous with you?
 Works misery of age this, or thy judgment?

Bald. Judgment, false tyrant!

Rollo. You'll make no oration then?

Bald.

Bald. Not to excuse,
But aggravate thy murder, if thou wilt;
Which I will so enforce, I'll make thee wreak it
(With hate of what thou win'st by't) on thyself,
With such another justly-merited murder!

Rollo. I'll answer you anon!

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The citizens
Are hastening, Sir, in heaps, all full resolv'd,
By my persuasion, of your brother's treasons.

Rollo. Honest Latorch!

Enter Hamond.

Ham. See, Sir, here's Gisbert's head.

Rollo. Good speed. Was't with a sword?

Ham. An axe, my lord.

Rollo. An axe? 'twas vilely done! I would have had
My own fine headsman done it with a sword.
Go, take this dotard here, and take his head
Off with a sword.

Ham. Your schoolmaster?

Rollo. Ev'n he.

Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the best
Of all thy damned justices! Away,
Captain; I'll follow.

Editb. Oh, stay there, duke;
And, in the midst of all thy blood and fury,
Hear a poor maid's petitions, hear a daughter,
The only daughter of a wretched father!
Oh, stay your haste, as you shall need this mercy!

Rollo. Away with this fond woman!

Editb. You must hear me,
If there be any spark of pity in you,
If sweet humanity and mercy rule you!
I do confess you are a prince, your anger
As great as you, your execution greater—

Rollo. Away with him!

Editb. Oh, captain, by thy manhood,

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By her soft soul that bare thee—I do confess, Sir,
Your doom of justice on your foes most righteous—
Good noble prince, look on me!

Rollo. Take her from me!

Editb. A curse upon his life that hinders me!
May father's blessing never fall upon him,
May Heav'n ne'er hear his prayers! I beseech you,
Oh, Sir, these tears beseech you, these chaste hands

That never yet were heav'd but to things holy,
Things like yourself! You are a god above us,
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy!

Mercy, oh, mercy, Sir, for his sake mercy,
That, when your stout heart weeps, shall give you
pity!

Here I must grow.

Rollo. By Heav'n, I'll strike thee, woman!

Editb. Most willingly; let all thy anger seize me,
All the most studied torments, so this good man,
This old man, and this innocent, escape thee!

Rollo. Carry him away, I say!

Editb. Now blessing on thee! Oh, sweet pity,
I see it in thy eyes. I charge you, soldiers,
Ev'n by the prince's power, release my father!
The prince is merciful; why do you hold him?
The prince forgets his fury; why do you tug him?
He is old; why do you hurt him? Speak, oh, speak, Sir!
Speak, as you are a man! a man's life hangs, Sir,
A friend's life, and a foster life, upon you.
'Tis but a word, but *mercy* quickly spoke, Sir.
Oh, speak, prince, speak!

Rollo. Will no man here obey me?

Have I no rule yet? As I live, he dies
That does not execute my will, and suddenly!

Bald. All thou canst do takes but one short hour
from me.

Rollo. Hew off her hands!

Ham. Lady, hold off!

Editb. No, hew 'em;

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you! *B*
 ————— [Exit Bald. with the Guard.]

They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee then?

Are all my tears lost? all my righteous prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus then?³⁹

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,

And to thy face, in Heav'n's high name, defy thee!

And may sweet Mercy, when thy soul sighs for it;

When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles;

When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor
 gold,

Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,

Wak'd from her dream of death, like fire shall melt
 thee;

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,

Thy peoples' fears and curses, and my loss,

My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee——

Rollo. Save him, I say; run, save him, save her father;

Fly, and redeem his head! [Exit Latorch.]

Editb. May then that pity,

That comfort thou expect'st from Heav'n, that Mercy,

³⁹ ————— *I stand up thus then;*

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant,

And to thy face in Heav'n's high name defy thee.] I am far from

thinking it necessary to fill up hemistichs where the sense does not require it: Here it does not, and yet I verily think there has been an omission.

This is one of the noblest and most correct scenes in the whole play, and a repetition of her defiance filling up the measure, and giving a fine clinax to the workings of her passion, I have ventur'd to insert it, and to divide the sentence into separate parts. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

————— *I stand up thus then;*

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, I defy thee;

And to thy face; in Heav'n's high name defy thee.

But were it necessary to fill up the hemistich, we should recommend this mode:

————— *I stand up thus then,*

Thus boldly, bloody tyrant, I stand up,

And to thy face, &c.

which supposes an omission easily accounted for; viz. the transcriber taking the words for an accidental repetition; or, finding words he had but just wrote, hastily passing on to the following line.

Be lock'd up from thee, fly thee! howlings find thee,
Despair, (oh, my sweet father!) storms of terrors,
Blood till thou burst again!

Rollo. Oh, fair sweet anger!

Enter Latorch and Hamond, with a head.

Lat. I came too late, Sir; 'twas dispatch'd before;
His head is here.

Rollo. And my heart there! Go, bury him;
Give him fair rites of funeral, decent honours.

Editb. Wilt thou not take me, monster? Highest
Heav'n,

Give him a punishment fit for his mischief!

Laf. I fear thy prayer is heard, and he rewarded.
Lady, have patience; 'twas unhappy speed;
Blame not the duke, 'twas not his fault, but Fate's;
He sent, you know, to stay it, and commanded,
In care of you, the heavy object hence
Soon as it came: Have better thoughts of him!

Enter the Citizens.

1 Cit. Where's this young traitor?

Lat. Noble citizens, here;
And here the wounds he gave your sovereign lord.

1 Cit. This prince, of force, must be
Belov'd of Heav'n, whom Heav'n hath thus preserv'd.

2 Cit. And if he be belov'd of Heav'n, you know,
He must be just, and all his actions so.

Rollo. Concluded like an oracle. Oh, how great
A grace of Heav'n is a wise citizen!
For Heav'n 'tis makes 'em wise, as't made me just,
As it preserv'd me, as I now survive
By his strong hand to keep you all alive:
Your wives, your children, goods and lands kept
yours,

That had been else prey to his tyrannous power,
That would have prey'd on me, in bed assaulted me,
In sacred time of peace. My mother here,
My sister, this just lord, and all had fill'd

The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy⁴⁰,
 Of which my tutor and my chancellor,
 (Two of the gravest, and most counted honest,
 In all my dukedom) were the monstrous heads.
 Oh, trust no honest men for their sakes ever,
 My politick citizens; but those that bear
 The names of cut-throats, usurers, and tyrants,
 Oh, those believe in; for the foul-mouth'd world
 Can give no better terms to simple goodness.
 Ev'n me it dares blaspheme, and thinks me tyrannous
 For saving my own life sought by my brother:
 Yet those that sought his life before by poison
 (Tho' mine own servants, hoping to please me)
 I'll lead to death for't, which your eyes shall see.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How just!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

Rollo. Well, now, my dearest subjects, or much rather
 My nerves, my spirits, or my vital blood,
 Turn to your needful rest, and settled peace,
 Fix'd in this root of steel, from whence it sprung,
 In Heav'n's great help and blessing⁴¹: But, ere sleep
 Bind in his sweet oblivion your dull senses,
 The name and virtue of Heav'n's king advance
 For yours (in chief), for my deliverance!

Citizens. Heav'n and his king save our most pious
 sovereign! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Rollo. Thanks, my good people.—Mother, and kind
 sister,

And you, my noble kinsman, things borne thus
 Shall make ye all command whatever I
 Enjoy in this my absolute empery.

⁴⁰ ———— *And all had felt*

The Curtian gulf of this conspiracy.] To *feel* a gulf is certainly a
 poor if not an absurd expression; but to *fill* the gulf, as Mr. Symphon
 reads, is the exact poetical idea which the metaphor demands.

Seward.

⁴¹ *In Heav'n's great help.*] The particle *in*, which renders this
 passage stiff and obscure, seems only to have slipped from the former line,
 and excluded the true one. *Seward.*

Either particle is sense.

Take in the body of my princely brother,
 For whose death, since his fate no other way
 Would give my eldest birth his supreme right,
 We'll mourn the cruel influence it bears,
 And wash his sepulchre with kindly tears!

Aub. If this game end thus, Heav'n's will rule the
 set!

What we have yielded to, we could not let*.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Latorch and Edith.*

Lat. Good lady, rise; and raise your spirits withal,
 More high than they are humbled: You have cause,
 As much as ever honour'd happiest lady;
 And when your ears are freer to take in
 Your most amendful and unmatched fortunes,
 I'll make you drown a hundred helpless deaths
 In sea of one life pour'd into your bosom;
 With which shall flow into your arms the riches,
 The pleasures, honours, and the rules of princes:
 Which, tho' death stop your ears, methinks should
 ope 'em.

Affay to forget death.

Edith. Oh, slaughter'd father!

Lat. Cast off what cannot be redress'd, and bless
 The fate that yet you curse so; since, for that
 You spake so movingly, and your sweet eyes
 With so much grace fill'd, that you set on fire
 The duke's affection, whom you now may rule
 As he rules all his dukedom: Is't not sweet?
 Does it not shine away your sorrows' clouds?
 Sweet lady, take wise heart; and hear, and tell me.

Edith. I hear no word you speak.

Lat. Prepare to hear then,
 And be not barr'd up from yourself, nor add
 To your ill fortune with your far worse judgment.
 Make me your servant⁴², to attend with all joys

Your

* *Let.] i. e.* Prevent.

⁴² *Make me your servant to attend with all joys*

Your sad estate, till they both bless and speak it:
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, &c.] This strange
 chaos has just light enough left to shew the general tendency of the
 passage,

Your sad estate, till they both blefs and ſpeak it;
See how they'll bow to you; make me wait, command
me

To watch out every minute, For the ſtay⁴³
Your modeſt ſorrow fancies, raiſe your graces,
And do my hopes the honour of your motion
To all the offer'd heights that now attend you.
Oh, how your touches raviſh! how the duke
Is ſlain already, with your flames embrac'd⁴⁴!
I will both ſerve and viſit you, and often.

Edith. I am not fit, Sir.

Lat. Time will make you, lady. [Exeunt.]

paſſage, *viz.* That both he and all the courtiers by their humbleſt obeiſance (if ſhe would accept it) would endeavour to turn her ſorrow into joy. From the word *amendful*, in Latorch's firſt ſpeech to her above, it's highly probable that *attend* ſhould be *amend*; that the word *courtiers*, or ſome one of the ſame import, is left out, ſeems almoſt evident, and a whole ſentence muſt have accompanied it. We may hope to come very near the ſenſe, however wide we are in gueſſing at the words of the original. But what is ———— *till they both bleſs and ſpeak it*? It ſeems probable that a miſtake in the points having join'd the two verbs together, the former part was chang'd, and *both* falſly inſerted to make out ſomething that look'd like grammar. I read the whole thus, marking in Italicks what I ſuppoſe only to contain ſomething like the ſenſe of the original.

Make me your ſervant, *make the courtiers all*

Your ſervants, *ſtudious to AMEND with joys*

Your ſad eſtate, till YOU ARE BLEST; ———— and ſpeak it,

See how they'll bow to you, &c.

Seward.

Thus runs Mr. Seward's reading; but we cannot follow it, becauſe the text is not in our opinion corrupt, and means (though perhaps with ſome little inaccuracy of expreſſion, not unuſual in our Authors) 'Let me attend your melancholy with amuſements, 'till they both remove your ſorrows, and make it manifeſt that they do ſo.'

⁴³ ———— *for the ſtay*

Your modeſt ſorrow fancies, &c.] Mr. Seward, we think improperly, ſubſtitutes *fall* for *ſtay*. *Stay* and *motion* are plainly oppoſed to each other: He deſires her 'not to remain in her preſent humble rank, but to let him have the honour of promoting her.'

⁴⁴ ———— *how the duke*

Is ſlain already with your flames imbrac't!] So quarto. Folio,

Is ſlain already with your flames embrac'd!

This Mr. Seward treats as corrupt, and prints,

Is ſlain already with your flames! embrace it.

But ſurely, the duke 'embrac'd with her flames,' is not at all unintelligible.

Enter Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, and Pantler, to Execution.

1 Guard. Come, bring these fellows on; away with 'em!

2 Guard. Make room afore there! room there for the prisoners!

1 Boy. Let's run afore, boys; we shall get no place else.

2 Boy. Are these the youths?

Cook. These are the youths you look for:

And pray, my honest friends, be not so hasty; There'll be nothing done till we come, I assure you.

3 Boy. Here's a wise hanging! Are there no more?

But. D' you hear, Sir?

You may come in for your share, if it please you.

Cook. My friend, if you be unprovided of a hanging, (You look like a good-fellow) I can afford you A reasonable pennyworth.

2 Boy. Afore, afore, boys!

Here's e'en enough to make us sport.

Yeo. Pox take you,

D' you call this sport? are these your recreations? Must we be hang'd to make you mirth?

Cook. D' you hear, Sir?

You custard-pate! we go to't for high-treason, An honourable fault; thy foolish father Was hang'd for stealing sheep.

Boys. Away, away, boys!

Cook. Do you see how that sneaking rogue looks now? You chip pantler, you peaching rogue, that provided us These necklaces! you poor rogue, you costive rogue you!

Pant. Pray, pray, fellows!

Cook. Pray for thy crusty soul? Where's your reward now,

Good goodman manchet, for your fine discovery?

I do beseech you, Sir, where are your dollars?

Draw with your fellows, and be hang'd!

Yeo. He must now;

For now he shall be hang'd first, that's his comfort:
A place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd rascal!

Cook. Hang handsomely, for shame! Come, leave
your praying,

You peaching knave, and die like a good courtier!

Die honestly, and like a man. No preaching,
With ' I beseech you, take example by me;

' I liv'd a lewd man, good people!' Pox on't,

Die me as thou hadst din'd; say grace, and God be
wi' you!

Guard. Come, will you forward?

Cook. Good master Sheriff, your leave too;

This hasty work was ne'er done well: Give's so much
time

As but to sing our own ballad, for we'll trust no man,

Nor no tune but our own; 'twas done in ale too,

And therefore cannot be refus'd in justice.

Your penny-pot poets are such pelting thieves,

They ever hang men twice; we have it here, Sir,

And so must every merchant of our voyage;

He'll make a sweet return else of his credit!

Yeo. One fit of our own mirth, and then we're for you.

Guard. Make haste then, and dispatch.

Yeo. There's day enough, Sir.

Cook. Come, boys, sing chearfully; we shall ne'er
sing younger.

We've chose a loud tune too, because it should like well.

S O N G.

Yeo. Come, Fortune's a whore, I care not who tell her,

Would offer to strangle a page of the cellar,

That should by his oath, to any man's thinking,

And place, have had a defence for his drinking;

But thus she does still when she pleases to palter,

Instead of his wages, she gives him a halter.

Chorus. Three merry boys *, and three merry boys,

And three merry boys are we,

As ever did sing three parts in a string

All under the triple tree!

* *Three merry boys, &c.*] In Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii.
scene

But. But I that was so lusty,
 And ever kept my bottles,
 That neither they were musty,
 And seldom less than pottles;
 For me to be thus stopt now,
 With hemp instead of cork, Sir,
 And from the gallows lopt now,
 Shews that there is a fork, Sir,
 In death, and this the token;
 Man may be two ways killed,
 Or like the bottle broken,
 Or like the wine be spilled.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. Oh, yet but look
 On the master cook,
 The glory of the kitchen,
 In fowing whose fate,
 At so lofty a rate,
 No taylor e'er had stitching;

scene iii. Sir Toby, repeating the names and some scraps of old songs, mentions '*Three merry men we be*;' which Mr. Steevens asserts to be a fragment of some old song, which he found repeated in Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607:

'Three merry men,
 'And three merry men,
 'And three merry men be we.'

And Sir John Hawkins, in the Appendix, produces the following passage, but without noticing from whence it is taken:

'The wise men were but seaven, ne'er more shall be for me;
 'The muses were but nine, the worthies three times three;
 'And three merry boyes, and three merry boyes, and three
 'merry boyes are wee.
 'The vertues they were seaven, and three the greater bee;
 'The Cæsars they were twelve, and fatall sisters three.
 'And three merry girles, and three merry girles, and three
 'merry girles are wee.'

To these proofs we shall add another, taken from Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks:

'Did I not bring you off, you arrant drub,
 'Without a counterbuff? looke who comes here,
 'And three merry men, and three merry men,
 'And three merry men be wee.'

R.

The Editor of the second folio thus varies the latter part of the chorus,
As ever did sing in a hempen string under the gallows-tree.

For tho' he make the man,
 The cook yet makes the dishes,
 The which no taylor can,
 Wherein I have my wishes,
 That I who at so many a feast,
 Have pleas'd so many tasters,
 Should now myself come to be drest,
 A dish for you, my masters.

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Pant. Oh, man or beast,
 Or you at least,
 That wears or brow or antler,
 Prick up your ears
 Unto the tears
 Of me, poor Paul the Pantler,
 That thus am clipt,
 Because I chipt
 The cursed crust of treason
 With loyal knife.
 Oh, doleful strife,
 To hang thus without reason!

Chorus. Three merry boys, &c.

Cook. There's a few copies for you. Now, farewell,
 Friends; and, good master Sheriff, let me not
 Be printed with a brass pot on my head.

But. March fair, march fair! afore, good captain
 Pantler! [*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Aubrey and Latorch.

Aub. **L**ATORCH, I have waited here to speak with
 you,
 And you must hearken—Set not forth your legs
 Of haste, nor put your face of business on;
 An honest affair than this I urge too,
 You will not easily think on; and 'twill be

Reward

Reward to entertain it; 'tis your fortune
 To have our master's ear above the rest
 Of us that follow him, but that no man envies⁴⁵—
 For I have well consider'd, truth sometimes
 May be convey'd in by the same conduits
 That falshood is. These courses that he takes
 Cannot but end in ruin; empire got
 By blood and violence, must so be held;
 And how unsafe that is, he first will prove,
 That, toiling still to remove enemies,
 Makes himself more. It is not now a brother,
 A faithful counsellor of state or two,
 That are his danger; they are fair dispatch'd:
 It is a multitude that 'gin to fear,
 And think what began there must end in them,
 For all the fine oration that was made 'em;
 And they are not an easy monster quell'd.
 Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
 And one by one employ 'em to the block⁴⁶;
 But when they once grow formidable to
 Their clowns, and coblers, ware then! guard them-
 selves⁴⁷.

⁴⁵ ——— but that no man envies;

For *I have well considered, &c.*] By this reading, Aubrey's design of employing Latorch to convey a truth to Rollo was the reason why no man envied Latorch the favour of his master; whereas the real reason was the knowledge of the vile means he had used to obtain it, and this will be imply'd by changing the particle *for* into *and*. *Seward.*

From the word *hearken* in the second line, to the particle *for* in the ninth, seems to be only a collection of different parentheses, and that particle to be genuine: 'Latorch, I have waited here to speak with *you*, and *you* must hearken——(pretend not haste) (the business is honest, and reward attends it) (you are in possession of the king's ear, and without envy)——FOR I have well considered, truth sometimes, &c.'

⁴⁶ *And one by one employ 'em to the block.*] *Convoy 'em* seems a more natural expression; but as the other is sense, I don't change the text. *Seward.*

⁴⁷ ——— *ware then, guard themselves.*] The omission of a letter in the quarto has made the subsequent editions turn a noble sentiment into a very poor one. The quarto has no comma between *then* and *guard*; undoubtedly, therefore, instead of closing Aubrey's fine speech with 'Then is their danger, ware then, let them then guard themselves;' we should read, ——— *ware then guards them-*
selves;

If thou durst tell him this, Latorch, the service
 Would not discredit the good name you hold
 With men, besides the profit to your master,
 And to the public.

Lat. I conceive not so, Sir :
 They're airy fears ; and why should I object them
 Unto his fancy ? woud what is yet found ?
 Your counsels colour not with reason of state,
 Where all that's necessary still is just.
 The actions of the prince, while they succeed,
 Should be made good and glorified, not question'd.
 Men do but shew their ill affections,
 That——

Aub. What ? Speak out !

Lat. Do murmur 'gainst their masters.

Aub. Is this to me ?

Lat. It is to whomsoever
 Mislikes of the duke's courses.

Aub. Ay ! is't so ?

At your stateward, Sir ?

Lat. I am sworn to hear
 Nothing may prejudice the prince.

Aub. Why, do you ?
 Or have you, ha ?

Lat. I cannot tell ; mens' hearts
 Shew in their words sometimes.

Aub. I ever thought thee
 Knave of the chamber ; art thou the spy too ?

Lat. A watchman for the state, and one that's known,
 Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aub. Bawd o' th' state,

selfes ; i. e. When a prince is hated by all his subjects, his very guards will become his enemies, and be the first to destroy him. The histories of almost all tyrants in the world confirm this observation. And it is a sort of prophesy of Rollo's fate, a hint of which Aubrey in the next scene gives Rollo himself, when he tells him,

You make your guards your terrors by these acts. — Seward.

We think the old reading right, and means simply, ' that it is then time for them to beware, and to guard themselves ; ' a sentiment which is familiarly enough expressed, after the manner of our Authors, by the words,

Ware then, guard themselves !

No less than of thy master's lusts! I now
 See nothing can redeem thee. Dar'st thou mention
 Affection, or a heart, that ne'er hadst any?
 Know'st not to love or hate, but by the scale,
 As thy prince does't before thee? That dost never
 Wear thy own face, but put'st on his, and gather'st
 Baits for his ears; liv'st wholly at his beck,
 And ere thou dar'st utter a thought thine own,
 Must expect his; creep'st forth and wad'st into him
 As if thou wert to pass a ford, there proving
 Yet if thy tongue may step on safely or no;
 Then sing'st his virtue asleep⁴⁸, and stay'st the wheel
 Both of his reason and judgment, that they move not;
 White'st over all his vices; and at last
 Dost draw a cloud of words before his eyes,
 'Till he can neither see thee nor himself?
 Wretch, I dare give him honest counsels, I,
 And love him while I tell him truth! Old Aubrey
 Dares go the straightest way, which still's the shortest,
 Walk on the thorns thou scatter'st, parasite,
 And tread 'em unto nothing; and if thou
 Then let't a look fall, of the least dislike,
 I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height⁴⁹,
 And pluck thy skin over thy face, in sight
 Of him thou flatter'st! Unto thee I speak it,
 Slave, against whom all laws should now conspire,
 And every creature that hath sense be arm'd,
 As 'gainst the common enemy of mankind;
 That creep'st within thy master's ear⁵⁰, and whisper'st

⁴⁸ *Then bring'st his virtue asleep.*] *That bring'st* is a corruption seems evident, but I was doubtful whether I should read *ring'st* or *sing'st*; the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter the more obvious metaphor. Mr. Symphon sending me the latter as his conjecture too, determined me to give it the preference. Seward.

⁴⁹ *I'll rip thy crown up with my sword at height,*
And pluck thy skin over thy face, &c.] I much suspect the first line, to which I can affix no clear idea. What would Aubrey do to him? It should seem, that he would with his sword strip open the crown of his head, and pluck his skin over his face. The following conjecture will give this reading more clearly than the former, but not so clearly as I could wish, and therefore I don't put it into the text.

I'll strip thy crown ope with my sword at height. Seward.

⁵⁰ *That sleep'st within thy master's ear.*] Mr. Seward, in his Postscript,

'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
 Bid'st him trust no man's friendship, spare no blood
 That may secure him; 'tis no cruelty
 ' That hath a specious end; for sovereignty
 ' Break all the laws of kind; if it succeed,
 ' An honest, noble, and praiseworthy deed.'
 While he that takes thy poisons in, shall feel
 Their virulent workings in a point of time
 When no repentance can bring aid, but all
 His spirits shall melt, with what his conscience burn'd,
 And dying in a flatterer's arms, shall fall unmourn'd.
 There's matter for you now.

Lat. My lord, this makes not
 From loving of my master⁵¹.

Aub. Loving? no;
 They hate ill princes most that make them so.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, and Guard.

Rollo. I'll hear no more!

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my brother

script, says, 'The tale-bearer, whisperer and sycophant, cannot be
 ' said to *sleep* within their master's ear, since they are generally vigi-
 ' lant and eager to instil their poisonous counsel. I read therefore,

' *That creep'st within thy master's ear.*'

We think this a happy emendation.

⁵¹ *My lord, this makes not*

For loving of my master.] How do Latorch's words express
 his sentiments? — *This makes not for loving of my master*, should
 seem to imply, that Aubrey's speech shew'd no love to Rollo; but
 Aubrey's answer plainly shews that Latorch spoke something of his
 own love to his master, and not of Aubrey's. Perhaps the reader
 may think the old reading may be construed to this sense, and there-
 fore without disturbing the text, I shall only offer a conjecture of which
 I am myself very dubious.

Lat. *My lord, this rating's*

For loving of my master.

i. e. *The real cause of your anger to me is my love to my master.*

Seward.

The simple change of *for* to *from* gives an easier and more natural
 reading:

My lord, this makes not

From loving of my master.

i. e. All this does not disprove my affection to my master; to which
 Aubrey's answer is a proper and apposite reply.

I beseech

I beseech your highness.

Rollo. How! a brother?

Had not I one myself? did title move me

When it was fit that he should die? Away!

Allan. Brother, lose no word more; leave my good
cause

T'upbraid the tyrant: I am glad I'm fall'n

Now in those times, that will'd some great example

T' assure men we can die for honesty.

Rollo. Sir, you are brave; 'pray that you hold your
neck

As bravely forth anon unto the headsman.

Allan. 'Would he would strike as bravely, and thou
by!

Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to see me die.

Aub. What's his offence?

Ham. For giving Gisbert burial,
Who was some time his master.

Allan. Yes, lord Aubrey,

My gratitude and humanity are my crimes.

Rollo. Why bear you him not hence?

Aub. My lord—(Stay, soldiers)—

I do beseech your highness, do not lose

Such men for so slight causes. This is one

Hath still been faithful to you; a tried soul

In all your father's battles;—I have seen him

Bestride a friend against a score of foes:

And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred

For you, Sir, were you in danger.

Allan. 'Till he kill'd

His brother, his chancellor, and then his master;

To which he can add nought to equal Nero,

But killing of his mother.

Aub. Peace, brave fool,

Thou valiant ass!—Here is his brother too, Sir,

A captain of your guard, hath serv'd you long,

With the most noble witness of his truth

Mark'd in his face, and every part about him;

That turns not from an enemy. But view him;

Oh, do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean

That

That he shall hold his place : It is not safe
 To tempt such spirits, and let them wear their swords ;
 You'll make your guards your terrors by these acts,
 And throw more hearts off from you than you hold.
 And I must tell you, Sir, (with my old freedom,
 And my old faith to boot) you have not liv'd so
 But that your state will need such men, such hands,
 Of which here's one, shall in an hour of trial
 Do you more certain service, with a stroke,
 Than the whole bundle of your flatterers,
 With all th' unfavory unktion of their tongues.

Rollo. Peace, talker !

Aub. One that loves you yet, my lord,
 And would not see you pull on your own ruins.
 Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him best ;
 Awe and affrights are never ties of love ;
 And when men 'gin to fear the prince, they hate him.

Rollo. Am I the prince, or you ?

Aub. My lord, I hope
 I have not utter'd aught should urge that question.

Rollo. Then practise your obedience. See him dead !

Aub. My lord !

Rollo. I'll hear no word more !

Aub. I am sorry then.
 There is no small despair, Sir, of their safety,
 Whose ears are blocked up against the truth.
 Come, captain.

Ham. I do thank you, Sir.

Aub. For what ?
 For seeing thy brother die a man, and honest ?
 Live thou so, captain ; I will, I assure thee,
 Altho' I die for't too. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Rollo and Lat.*]

Rollo. Now, Latorch,
 What do you think ?

Lat. That Aubrey's speech and manners
 Sound somewhat of the boldest.

Rollo. 'Tis his custom.

Lat. It may be so, and yet be worth a fear.

Rollo. If we thought so, it should be worth his life,

And quickly too.

Lat. I dare not, Sir, be author
Of what I would be, 'tis so dangerous:

But, with your highness' favour and your licence—

Rollo. He talks, 'tis true; and he is licens'd: Leave
him,

We now are duke alone, Latorch, secur'd;

Nothing left standing to obscure our prospect;

We look right forth, beside, and round about us,

And see it ours with pleasure: Only one

Wish'd joy there wants to make us so possess it,

And that is Edith, Edith, she that got me

In blood and tears, in such an opposite minute,

As had I not at once felt all the flames

And shafts of Love shot in me, his whole armory,

I should have thought him as far off as death.

Lat. My lord, expect a while, your happiness

Is nearer than you think it; yet her griefs

Are green and fresh; your vigilant Latorch

Hath not been idle; I have leave already

To visit her, and send to her.

Rollo. My life!

Lat. And if I find not out as speedy ways,

And proper instruments, to work and bring her

To your fruition, that she be not watch'd

Tame to your highness*, say you have no servant

Is capable of such a trust about you,

Or worthy to be groom of your delight⁵²:

Rollo. Oh, my Latorch, what shall I render thee

* *Tame to your highness, say &c.*] The folio reads,

Tame to your highness wish, say, &c.

⁵² *Or worthy to be secretary of your pleasure.*] This indeed is good sense, but 'tis only the conjectural reading of the late editions, and departs too much from the trace of the letters to be allow'd to stand. The old quarto reads,

Or worthy to be _____ of your delight.

Here a word was lost, *baron* or *pimp*, which are his true character, are too coarse names for a man to call himself; *secretary*, *steward*,

and all words but monosyllables are excluded by the measure. *Groom* therefore seems to bid fairest for being the original. *Steward*,

We believe the original to have been a coarse word, which occasioned the omission, as in some other instances.

For all thy travels, care and love?

Lat. Sir, one suit,
Which I will ever importune, 'till you grant me.

Rollo. About your mathematicians?

Lat. Yes, to have
The scheme of your nativity judg'd by them;
I have't already erected. Oh, my lord,
You do not know the labour of my fears;
My doubts for you are such as cannot hope
Any security but from the stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell man more
Than all pow'r else, there being no pow'r beyond
them.

Rollo. All thy petitions still are care of us;
Ask for thyself.

Lat. What more can concern me
Than this?

Rollo. Well, rise, true honest man, and go then;
We'll study ourselves a means how to reward thee.

Lat. Your Grace is now inspir'd; now, now your
highness

Begins to live! from this hour count your joys!
But, Sir, I must have warrants, with blanks figur'd,
To put in names, such as I like.

Rollo. You shall.

Lat. They dare not else, Sir, offer at your figure,
Oh, I shall bring you wonders! there's a friar,
Rufee, an admirable man; another,
A gentleman; and then la Fiske,
The mirror of his time; 'twas he that set it.
But there's one Norbret (him I never saw)
Has made a mirror, a mere looking-glass,
In show you'd think't no other; the form oval,
As I am given to understand by letter,
Which renders you such shapes, and those so differing,
And some that will be question'd and give answers;
Then has he set it in a frame, that wrought
Unto the revolutions of the stars,
And so compact by due proportions

Unto their harmony, doth move alone
A true automaton; thus Dædalus' statues,
Or Vulcan's stools——

Rollo. Dost thou believe this?

Lat. Sir?

Why, what should stay my faith, or turn my sense?
H' has been about it above twenty years,
Three sevens, the powerful, and the perfect numbers;
And art and time, Sir, can produce such things.
What do we read there of Hiarbas' banquet,
(The great gymnosophist) that had his butlers
And carvers of pure gold waiting at table?
The images of Mercury, too, that spoke?
The wooden dove that flew? a snake of brass
That hiss'd? and birds of silver that did sing?
All these were done, Sir, by the mathematicks,
Without which there's no science, nor no truth.

Rollo. You are in your own sphere, Latorch; and
rather

Than I'll contend w'ye for it, I'll believe it:
You've won upon me that I wish to see
My fate before me now, whate'er it be.

Lat. And I'll endeavour, you shall know't with
speed;

For which I should have one of trust go with me,
(If you please, Hamond) that I may by him
Send you my first dispatches; after, I
Shall bring you more⁵³, and as they come still more,
And accurate forth from them.

Rollo. Take your way,
Chuse your own means, and be it prosperous to us!

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵³ *Shall bring you more, as they come more,*
And accurate forth from them.] So quarto. The two following
editions exhibit,

Shall bring you more, and as they come still more,
and omit the last line. Mr. Seward reads,

Shall bring you more, and as they come forth from 'em,
More and more accurate.

SCENE II.

Enter Rusee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbret, and Pippeau.

Rusee. Come, bear up, Sirs; we shall have better days,
My almanack tells me.

Bube. What is that? your rump?

Rusee. It never itch'd in vain yet. 'Slid, la Fiske,
Throw off thy sluggish face; I can't abide
To see thee look like a poor jade i'th' pound,
That saw no meat these three days.

Fiske. 'Slight, to me
It seems thirteen days since I saw any.

Rusee. How!

Fiske. I can't remember that I ever saw
Or meat, or money; you may talk of both,
To open a man's stomach or his purse,
But feed 'em still with air.

Bube. Friar, I fear
You do not say your office well a-days;
I cannot hear your beads knock.

Norb. Pox, he feeds
With lechery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two eggs and pudding with the market-women!

Rusee. And what do you, Sir, with the advocate's
wife,
Whom you persuade, upon your doctoral bed,
To take the mathematical trance so often?

Fiske. Come, we are stark naught all; bad's the
best of us:

Four of the seven deadly spots we are:
Besides our lechery, we are envious,
And most, most gluttonous when we have it thus,
Most covetous now we want it; then our boy,
He is a fifth spot, sloth, and he undoes us.

Bube. 'Tis true the child was wont to be industrious,
And now and then sent in a merchant's wife
Sick of the husband, or a swearing butler
That mis'd one of his bowls, a crying maid

Had lost a silver spoon; the curry-comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was something gotten;
But now——

Pip. What now? Did I not yester-morning
Bring you in a cardecu⁵⁴ there from the peasant
Whose ass I'd driven aside, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and again, last night,
Six fous from the cook's wife you shar'd among you,
To set a figure for the pestle I stole;
It is not at home yet. These things, my masters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You
Talk of your lands and castles in the air,
Of your twelve houses there; but it is I
That bring you in your rents for 'em, 'tis Pippeau
That is your bird-call.

Norb. Faith, he does well,
And cuts thro' the elements for us, I must needs say,
In a fine dextrous line.

Fiske. But not as he did
At first; then he would sail with any wind,
Into every creek and corner.

Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd, when I came to you, gentlemen;
But now, with often and far venturing for you,
Here be leaks sprung, and whole planks wanting, see
you.

If you'll new-sheath me again, yet I am for you
To any gulf or streights⁵⁵, where-e'er you'll send me;

⁵⁴ *Cardecu.*] A corruption of *quart d'ecu*, the quarter part of a crown piece.

⁵⁵ —— yet I am for you

To any bog or sleights.] Mr. Theobald proposed reading *bog* or *sloughs*; Mr. Seward introduced *gulf* for *bog*; and he and Mr. Symphen concurred in altering *sleights* to *streights*, and quote the following passage from Jonson's *Underwoods* as a confirmation of its propriety:

—— their very trade
• Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade
• All as their prize, turn pirates here at land.
• Have their Bermudas and their *streights* in the Strand,
• Man out their boats to th' Temple, and not shift
• Now but command——

For as I am, where can this ragged bark
Put in for any service, 'less it be
O'th' isle of rogues, and there turn pirate for you?

Norb. Faith, he says reason, friar; you must leave
Your neat crisp claret, and fall to your cyder
A while; and you, la Fiske, your larded capons
And turkies for a time, and take a good
Clean tripe in your way; de Bube too must content him
With wholesome two-sous'd pettitoes⁵⁶; no more
Crown ordinaries, till we've cloath'd our infant.

Bube. So you'll keep
Your own good motions, doctor, your dear self.

Fiske. Yes, for we all do know the latitude
Of your concupiscence.

Rufee. Here about your belly.

Bube. You'll pick a bottle open, or a whimsey,
As soon as the best of us.

Fiske. And dip your wrist-bands
(For cuffs you've none) as comely in the fauce
As any courtier.—[*Bell rings.*] Hark, the bell! who's
there?

Rufee. Good luck, I do conjure thee! Boy, look out.
[*Exit Pip. and enter again.*]

Pip. They're gallants, courtiers; one of 'em is
Of the duke's bed-chamber.

Rufee. Latorch.—Down!
On with your gown[*to Norb.*]; there's a new suit arriv'd.
Did I not tell you, sons of hunger? Crowns,
Crowns, are coming toward you; wine and wenches.
You shall have once again, and fiddlers!
Into your studies close; each lay his ear
To his door, and as you hear me to prepare you,
So come, and put me on that vizard only.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Rufee and Pippeaz.*]

⁵⁶ With wholesome two souz'd pettitoes.] Mr. Theobald reads, from the old quarto, *two sous'd*; the idea which he would affix is, I suppose, *twice pickled*, or *twice salted*: But *solz*, *soulz*, or *sous*, the French coin, making a more natural expression, and a stronger antithesis to the crown ordinaries, I think that the true one. *Seward.*

Enter Latorch and Hamond.

Lat. You'll not be far hence, captain. When the business is done, you shall receive present dispatch.

Ham. I'll walk, Sir, in the cloister. *[Exit.*

Rufee. Monsieur Latorch? my son, The stars are happy still that guide you hither.

Lat. I'm glad to hear their secretary say so, My learned father Rufee. Where's la Fiske? Monsieur de Bube? how do they?

Rufee. At their studies; They are the secretaries of the stars, Sir, Still at their books, they will not be pull'd off, They stick like cupping-glasses. If ever men Spoke with the tongue of destiny, 'tis they.

Lat. For love's sake, let's salute 'em.

Rufee. Boy, go see; Tell them who's here; say, that their friends do challenge Some portion of their time; this is our minute, Pray 'em they'll spare it. They are the sun and moon *[Exit Pip.*

Of knowledge; pity two such noble lights Should live obscur'd here in an university, Whose beams were fit t'illumine any court Of Christendom!

Enter la Fiske, de Bube, and Pippeau.

Lat. The duke will shortly know 'em.

Fiske. Well, look upon the astrolabe; you'll find it Four almucanturies⁵⁷ at least.

Bube. It is so.

Rufee. Still of their learned stuff; they care for nothing, But how to know; as negligent of their bodies In diet, or else, especially in their cloaths, As if they had no change.

⁵⁷ Almucanturies.] *Almacantors, Almicanterabs, or Almicanturabs,* circles of altitude parallel to the horizon, the common pole of which is in the zenith. *Bailey.*

Pip. They have so little
As well may free them from the name of shifters. [*Aside.*]

Fiske. Monsieur Latorch!

Lat. How is it, learned gentlemen,
With both your virtues?

Bube. A most happy hour,
When we see you, Sir.

Lat. When you hear me then
It will be happier: The duke greets you both
Thus; and tho' you may touch no money, father,
Yet you may take it.

Rufee. 'Tis his highness' bounty,
But yet to me, and these that have put off
The world, superfluous.

Fiske. We have heard of late
His highness' good success.

Bube. And gratulate it.

Lat. Indeed h' hath 'scap'd a strange conspiracy,
Thanks to his stars; which stars he prays by me,
You would again consult, and make a judgment
On what you lately erected for my love.

Rufee. Oh, Sir, we dare not!

Fiske. For our lives!

Bube. It is
The prince's scheme!

Lat. T' encounter with that fear,
Here's, to assure you, his signet; write your names,
And be secur'd all three.

Bube. We must entreat some time, Sir.

Lat. I must then
Entreat, it be as present as you can.

Fiske. Have you the scheme here?

Lat. Yes.

Rufee. I would you had, Sir,
Another warrant!

Lat. What would that do?

Rufee. Marry,
We have a doctor, Sir, that in this business
Would not perform the second part.

Lat. Not him

That you writ to me of?

Rufee. The very same.

Lat. I should have made it, Sir, my suit to see him. Here is a warrant, father. I conceiv'd That he had solely applied himself to magick.

Rufee. And to these studies too, Sir; in this field He was initiated. But we shall hardly Draw him from his chair.

Lat. Tell him he shall have gold——

Fiske. Oh, such a syllable would make him forswear Ever to breath in your fight.

Lat. How then?

Fiske. Sir, he, if you do please to give him any thing, Must have't convey'd under a paper.

Rufee. Or left behind some book in his study.

Bube. Or in some old wall.

Fiske. Where his familiars

May tell him of it, and that pleases him, Sir.

Bube. Or else, I'll go and assay him^s.

Lat. Take gold with you.

Rufee. That will not be amiss. Give it the boy, Sir; He knows his holes, and how to bait his spirits.

Pip. We must lay in several places, Sir.

Rufee. That's true;

That if one come not, the other may hit.

[*Exeunt Rufee and Pippeau.*]

Lat. Well, go then. Is he so learned, gentlemen?

Fiske. The very top of our profession, mouth o'th' fates!

Pray Heav'n his spirits be in good humour to take, They'll fling the gold about the house else!

Bube. Ay,

And beat the friar, if he go not well

Furnish'd with holy water.

Fiske. Sir, you must observe him.

Bube. Not cross him in a word; for then he's gone.

Fiske. If he do come, which is a hazard, yet——

Bube. Or else I'll go and assay him.] The words *or else* were struck out by Seward and Sympson, as 'injurious to sense and measure.' In our opinion, they assist both.

'Mafs, he is here! this is fpeed!

Enter Norbret, Rufee, and Pippeau.

Norb. Where's your fcheme?

Let's fee't; difpatch; nay, fumbling now! Who's this?

Rufee. Chief gentleman of the duke's chamber,
doctor.

Norb. Oh, let him be; good ev'n to him! he's a
courtier;

I'll spare his compliment, tell him. What is here?

The geniture nocturnal, longitude

At twenty-one degrees⁵⁹, the latitude

At forty-nine and ten minutes? How are the *Cardines*?

Fiske. *Libra* in twenty-four, forty-four minutes;
And *Capricorn*—

Norb. I fee it; fee the planets,
Where, how they are difpos'd; the fun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the *Dragon's tail* in the third houfe,
And *pars Fortunæ* in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then *Jupiter* in the twelfth, the *Cacodemon*.

Bube. And *Venus* in the fecond *Inferna Porta*.

Norb. I fee it; peace! then *Saturn* in the fifth,
Luna i'th' feventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, rifing in th' *Ascendent*,
And join'd with *Libra* too, the houfe of *Venus*,
And *Imum Cæli*, *Mars* his exaltation
In the feventh houfe, *Aries* being his natural houfe
And where he is now feated, and all thefe fhew him
To be the *Almutter*.

Rufee. Yes, he's lord of the geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy's way*,
Or *Meffabalab's*⁶⁰, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.

Fiske. No other planet hath fo many dignities,

⁵⁹ At twenty-one degrees, the latitude.] This line, ftrange as it may appear, is in no edition but the old quarto.

⁶⁰ Or *Meffethales*.] The quarto reads, *Naffabales*. The right name is *Meffabalab*; he was a Jew famous for judicial astrology, and lived in the times of the chalifs Almanfor and Almamon. Vide *Salmafium de annis Climactericis*, p. 309. *Sympfon*.

156 THE TRAGEDY OF ROLLO,
 Either by himself, or in regard of the cuspes.

Norb. Why, hold your tongue then, if you know
 it; *Venus*

The lady of the horoscope, being *Libra*,
 The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the geniture,
 Being nocturnal, *Luna* is the highest,
 None else being in sufficient dignity,
 She being in *Aries* in the seventh house,
 Where *Sol* exalted, is the Alchoroden.

Bube. Yes, for you see he hath his termine
 In the degrees where she is, and enjoys
 By that six dignities.

Fiske. Which are clearly more
 Than any else that view her in the scheme.

Norb. Why, I saw this, and could have told you too,
 That he beholds her with a trine aspect
 Here out of *Sagittary*, almost quartile⁶¹,
 And how that *Mars* out of the self-same house,
 (But another sign) here by a platique aspect
 Looks at the hyleg, with a quartile ruling
 The house where the sun is; all this could I
 Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,
 That this same quartile aspect to the lady of life,
 Here in the seventh, promises some danger,
Cauda Draconis being so near *Mars*,
 And *Caput Algol* in the house of death.

Lat. How, Sir? I pray you clear that.

Norb. What is the question first?

Rufee. Of the duke's life; what dangers threaten him?

Norb. Apparent, and those sudden, when the hyleg
 Or Alchoroden by direction come
 To a quartile opposition of the place
 Where *Mars* is in the geniture, (which is now

⁶¹ — almost partile.] The old quarto reads, almost partly; quartile is undoubtedly the true word. It is difficult to us at present to relish the jargon of a science so long exploded, but it is certainly a very just banter upon the ridiculous credulity of our Authors' age. The words *Almuter* and *Alchoroden* are two words which Bailey, the only dictionary I found them in, makes pretty near the same thing, viz. the star that reigns at our nativity,

At hand) or else oppose to *Mars* himself; expect it.

Lat. But they may be prevented?

Norb. Wisdom only

That rules the stars, may do it; for *Mars* being

Lord of the geniture in *Capricorn*,

Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,

With *Venus* lady of the horoscope.

So she being in her exilium, which is *Scorpio*,

And *Mars* his gaudium, is o'er-rul'd by him,

And clear debilitated five degrees

Beneath her ordinary power, so

That, at the most, she can but mitigate.

Lat. You cannot name the persons bring this danger?

Norb. No, that the stars tell not us; they name
no man;

That is a work, Sir, of another place.

Rufee. Tell him whom you suspect, and he'll guess
shrewdly.

Lat. Sir, we do fear one Aubrey; if 'twere he,
I should be glad; for we should soon prevent him.

(*Fiske.* I know him; the duke's kinsman; a tall man.
Lay hold of 't, Norbret.)

Norb. Let me pause a little:

Is he not near of kin unto the duke?

Lat. Yes, reverend Sir.

(*Norb.* Fart for your reverence!

Keep it till then.)—And somewhat high of stature?

Lat. He is so.

(*Norb.* How old is he?

Fiske. About seven and fifty.)

Norb. His head and beard inclining to be grey.

Lat. Right, Sir.

(*Fiske.* And fat.)

Norb. He's somewhat corpulent, is he not?

Lat. You speak the man, Sir.

Norb. Well, look to him! Farewell! — [Exit

Lat. Oh, it is Aubrey. Gentlemen, I pray ye,
Let me receive this under all your hands.

Ruf. Why, he will shew you him in his magick-glass;

If you entreat him, and but gratify
A spirit or two more.

Lat. He shall eat gold,
If he will have it; so you shall all. There's that
Amongst you first. Let me have this to fend
The duke in the mean time; and then what sights
You please to shew. I'll have you so rewarded
As never artists were; you shall to court
Along with me, and there not wait your fortunes.

Bube. We have a pretty part of 't in our pockets,
Boy, we will all be new; you shall along too. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, and Edith.

Mat. Good madam, hear the suit that Edith urges,
With such submits beseeches; nor remain
So strictly bound to sorrow for your son,
That nothing else, tho' never so besitting,
Obtains your ears or observation.

Soph. What would she say? I hear.

Edith. My suit is, madam,
That you would please to think as well of justice
Due to your son's revenge, as of more wrong added
To both yourselves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted power of princes should not be
Confin'd in deedless cold calamity;
Anger (the twin of Sorrow) in your wrongs
Should not be smother'd, when his right of birth
Claims th' air as well, and force of coming forth.

Soph. Sorrow is due already⁶²; Anger never
Should

⁶² *Sorrow is due already.*] Thus read the old books; and who can read with Seward, HAS'S *due*, without the organs of a serpent? Edith desires them

*— to think as well of justice
Due to her son's revenge, as of more wrong
Added to both themselves, in only grieving.*
And farther says, that "Anger is the twin of Sorrow." Sophia replies, that Sorrow is due already, but that Anger, unless it could be brought forth

Should be conceiv'd, but where it may be born
 In some fact fit t' employ his active flame,
 That else consumes who bears it, and abides
 Like a false star that quenches as it glides.

Edith. I have such means t' employ it as your wish
 Can think no better, easier, or securer;
 And such as, but for th' honours I intend
 To your partakings, I alone could end.
 But your parts in all dues to crying blood
 For vengeance in the shedder, are much greater,
 And therefore should work your hands to his slaughter;
 For your consent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
 To your severe and most impartial justice,
 To move you to forget so false a son
 As with a mother's duty made you curse him.

Mat. Edith, he is forgot for any son
 Born of my mother, or to me a brother;
 For, should we still perform our rights to him,
 We should partake his wrongs, and as foul be
 In blood and damned parricide as he:
 And therefore tell the happy means that Heav'n
 Puts in thy hand, for all our long'd-for freedom
 From so abhorr'd and impious a monster.

Soph. Tell what she will, I'll lend nor hand nor ear
 To whatsoever Heav'n puts in her power. [*Exit.*]

Mat. How strange she is to what she chiefly wishes!
 Sweet Edith, be not any thought the more
 Discourag'd in thy purpose, but assur'd
 Her heart and prayers are thine; and that we two
 Shall be enough to all we wish to do.

Edith. Madam, myself alone, I make no doubt,
 Shall be afforded power enough from Heav'n
 To end the murderer.— All I wish of you,
 Is but some richer ornaments and jewels
 Than I am able to provide myself,

forth with effect, 'had better not be conceived;' by which answer she both replies to Edith's argument and her metaphor: At least, the reading is intelligible, and Mr. Seward's variation illegible. We have therefore followed the old books.

To help out the defects of my poor beauty,
 That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
 To make his fancy mad with my desire.
 But you know, madam, women never can
 Be too fair to torment an amorous man;
 And this man's torments I would heighten still,
 'Till at their highest he were fit to kill.

Mat. Thou shalt have all my jewels and my mother's;
 And thou shalt paint too, that his blood's desire
 May make him perish in a painted fire.
 Hast thou been with him yet?

Edith. Been with him? no;
 I set that hour back to haste more his longing:
 But I have promis'd to his instruments,
 The admittance of a visit at our house;
 Where yet I would receive him with all lustre
 My sorrow would give leave to, to remove
 Suspicion of my purpose.

Mat. Thou shalt have
 All I can add, sweet wench, in jewels, tires;
 I'll be myself thy dresser. Nor may I
 Serve my own love with a contracted husband
 More sweetly, nor more amply, than may'st thou
 Thy forward will with his bewitch'd affections!
 Affect'st thou any personal aid of mine,
 My noblest Edith?

Edith. Nought but your kind prayer,
 For full effect and speed of my affair.

Mat. They're thine, my Edith, as for me my own:
 For thou well know'st, if blood shed of the best
 Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
 To shed blood still? or where, alas, were then
 The endless love we owe to worthy men?

Edith. Love of the worthiest ever blefs your highness!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rollo (with a glass), Aubrey, and servants.

Rollo. I NEVER studied my glass till now;
It is exceeding well; now leave me. Cousin,
How takes your eye the object?

Aub. I have learn'd
So much, Sir, of the courtier, as to say
Your person does become your habit; but,
Being call'd unto it by a noble war,
Would grace an armour better.

Rollo. You are still
For that great art of which you are the master;
Yet I must tell you, that to the encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled blood, fears mix'd with flatt'ring hopes,
The danger in the service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite thro' and thro'
The body of an army.

Aub. I'll not argue
How you may rank the dangers, but will die in't,
The ends which they arrive at are as distant
In every circumstance, as far as honour
Is from shame and repentance.

Rollo. You are sour?

Aub. I would speak my free thoughts, yet not
appear so;
Nor am I so ambitious of the title
Of one that dares balk any thing that runs
Against the torrent of his own opinion⁶³,

That

⁶³ ——— dares TALK any thing that was

Against the torrent of his own opinion.] The old quarto for *was* reads *runs*, a word much preferable to the other. But what *daring* is there to talk only against *his own* opinion? To talk against such a man as Rollo's was daring indeed in an inferior. The words *his own* are

That I affect to speak aught may offend you:
 And therefore, gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think
 My manners or discretion have inform'd me,
 That I was born, in all good ends, to serve you,
 And not to check at what concerns me not:
 I look not with fore eyes on your rich outside,
 Nor rack my thoughts to find out to what purpose
 'Tis now employ'd; I wish it may be good,
 And that, I hope, offends not. For a subject
 Towards his prince, in things indifferent,
 To use th' austereness of a censuring Cato
 Is arrogance, not freedom.

Rollo. I commend
 This temper in you, and will cherish it.

Enter Hamond, with letters.

They come from Roan? Latorch employ'd you?

Ham. True, Sir.

Rollo. I must not now be troubled with a thought
 Of any new design. Good Aubrey, read 'em;
 And as they shall direct you, use my power,
 Or to reply or execute.

Aub. I will, Sir.

Rollo. And, captain, bring a squadron of our guard
 To th' house that late was Baldwin's, and there wait me.

Ham. I shall.

Rollo. Some two hours hence.

Ham. With my best care.

Rollo. Inspire me, Love; and be thy deity
 Or scorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'st me! [*Exit.*]

Ham. My stay to do my duty, may-be, wrongs
 Your lordship's privacy.

Aub. Captain, your love

probably a mere interpolation. *Opinion*, according to the constant usage of all the old poets, is four syllables, or two, at will; and to call it *opinion* in general, rather than *Rollo's* in particular, is more elegant.

Seward.

Mr. Seward, therefore, treating *opinion* as 'four syllables,' omits the words *his own*. The small change of *talk* into *balk*, gives good verse, and sound sense.

Is ever welcome. I entreat your patience
While I peruse these.

Ham. I attend your pleasure.

Aub. How's this? a plot on me?

Ham. What is contain'd

I' th' letters that I brought, that thus transports him?

Aub. To be wrought on by rogues, and have my head
Brought to the axe by knaves that cheat for bread?

The creatures of a parasite, a slave?

I find you here, Latorch, nor wonder at it;

But that this honest captain should be made

His instrument, afflicts me: I'll make trial

Whether his will or weakness made him do it.

Captain, you saw the duke, when he commanded

I should do what these letters did direct me;

And I presume you think I'll not neglect,

For fear or favour, to remove all dangers,

How near so'er that man can be to me

From whom they should have birth.

Ham. It is confirm'd.

Aub. Nor would you, captain, I believe, refuse,

Or for respect of thankfulness, or hopes,

To use your sword with fullest confidence

Where he shall bid you strike.

Ham. I never have done.

Aub. Nor will, I think.

Ham. I hope it is not question'd.

Aub. The means to have it so is now propos'd you.

Draw; so, 'tis well; and next, cut off my head!

Ham. What means your lordship?

Aub. 'Tis, Sir, the duke's pleasure;

My innocence hath made me dangerous,

And I must be remov'd, and you the man

Must act his will.

Ham. I'll be a traitor first,

Before I serve it thus!

Aub. It must be done;

And, that you may not doubt it, there's your warrant.

But as you read, remember, Hamond, that

I never wrong'd one of your brave profession;
 And, tho' it be not manly, I must grieve
 That man of whose love I was most ambitious
 Could find no object for his hate but me.

Ham. It is no time to talk now. Honour'd Sir,
 Be pleas'd to hear thy servant: I am wrong'd,
 And cannot, being now to serve the duke,
 Stay to express the manner how; but if
 I do not suddenly give you strong proofs
 Your life is dearer to me than my own,
 May I live base, and die so! Sir, your pardon. [*Exit.*]

Aub. I'm both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for
 slaughter!

On every side, about, behind, before me,
 My certain fate is fix'd! Were I a knave now,
 I could avoid this; had my actions
 But mere relations to their own ends, I could'scape now.
 Oh, Honesty! thou elder child of Virtue,
 Thou seed of Heav'n, why, to acquire thy goodness,
 Should malice and distrust stick thorns before us,
 And make us swim unto thee, hung with hazards?
 But Heav'n is got by suffering, not disputing!
 Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
 Or say he do not know it, where's my loyalty?
 I know his nature, troubled as the sea,
 And as the sea devouring where he's vex'd,
 And I know princes are their own expounders.
 Am I afraid of death? of dying nobly?
 Of dying in mine innocence uprightly?
 Have I met death in all his forms, and fears,
 Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances,
 In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,
 And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me,
 Smiling and full of sanctity? I'll meet him;
 My loyal hand and heart shall give this to him,
 And, tho' it bear beyond what poets feign
 A punishment, duty shall meet that pain;
 And my most constant heart, to do him good,
 Shall check at neither pale affright nor blood.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The duchess presently would crave your presence.

Aub. I come; and, Aubrey, now resolve to keep Thy honour living, tho' thy body sleep! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Edith and a Boy; a banquet set out.

Edith. Now for a father's murder, and the ruin
All chastity shall suffer if he reign!
Thou blessed soul, look down, and steel thy daughter,
Look on the sacrifice she comes to send thee,
And thro' that bloody cloud behold my piety!
Take from my cold heart fear, from my sex pity,
And as I wipe these tears off, shed for thee,
So all remembrance may I lose of mercy!
Give me a woman's anger bent to blood,
The wildness of the winds to drown his prayers!
Storm-like may my destruction fall upon him,
My rage, like roving billows as they rise,
Pour'd on his soul to sink it! Give me flattery,
(For yet my constant soul ne'er knew dissembling)
Flattery the food of fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the down of his desires;
That, in the height of all his hopes and wishes,
His Heav'n forgot, and all his lusts upon him,
My hand, like thunder from a cloud, may seize him!
I hear him come⁶⁴; go, boy, and entertain him.

S O N G.

⁶⁴ *I hear him come.*] The following scene is evidently writ in emulation of the famous courtship of Richard the Third to lady Ann, and though it may fall somewhat short, every reader of taste will be charm'd with so noble a resemblance of that consummate master of dramatic poetry. Rollo is certainly an inferior character to Richard, but Edith much excels lady Ann, and indeed almost any female character that Shakespeare has drawn. So does Juliana in the Double Marriage, and Lucina in Valentinian. I forgot to mention in the former scenes of

SONG*.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn,
 And those eyes, like break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are yet of those that April wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Enter Rollo.

Rollo. What bright star, taking Beauty's form upon
 her,

In all the happy lustre of Heav'n's glory,
 Has dropp'd down from the sky to comfort me?
 Wonder of nature, let it not prophane thee
 My rude hand touch thy beauty; nor this kiss,
 The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
 Be offer'd to the honour of thy sweetness.

Edith. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
 Nor nothing of that virtue, but obedience;

this play what were taken from Seneca's *Thebais*; but it is chiefly
 Sophia's speeches in the first act, which are almost literal translations.

Seward.

'The famous courtship of Richard to Lady Ann' is not one of the
 happiest scenes of Shakespeare; and if we should allow that 'Edith
 much excels Lady Ann,' we could not by any means add, with Mr.
 Seward, that she also excels 'almost any female character that Shake-
 speare has drawn.' Editors are not bound to be partial.

* *Song.*] The first stanza of this *Song* is to be found in Shakespeare's
Measure for Measure; and the whole of it is printed, as the production
 of that Author, in the edition of his Poems published by Sewel and
 Gildon. But Dr. Percy observes, these Gentlemen have inserted
 therein many pieces not written by our great Bard, and the present is
 not in Jaggard's old edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets: We cannot,
 therefore, with certainty ascribe it to him.

R.

The

The servant to your will affects no flattery.

Rollo. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are Love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with?
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?

Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty!

Edith. Your Grace is full of game.

Rollo. By Heav'n, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.

Edith. And thine on brambles, that have prick'd her
heart out!

Rollo. The sweetness of th' Arabian wind, still
blowing

Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress!

Edith. Will't please you sit, Sir?

Rollo. So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee;
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue! Pray speak to me.

Edith. Of what, Sir?

Rollo. Of any thing, and any thing is excellent.
Will you take my direction? Speak of love then;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith; and while thou speak'st,
Let me, thus languishing, give up myself, wench.

Edith. H'has a strange cunning tongue.—Why do
you sigh, Sir?—

How masterly he turns himself to catch me!

Rollo. The way to Paradise, my gentle maid,
Is hard and crooked, scarce repentance finding,
With all her holy helps, the door to enter.
Give me thy hand: What dost thou feel?

Edith. Your tears, Sir;
You weep extremely.—Strengthen me now, justice!—
Why are these sorrows, Sir?

Rollo. Thou'lt never love me.
If I should tell thee; and yet there's no way left
Ever to purchase this bless'd Paradise,
But swimming thither in these tears.

Edith. I stagger!

Rollo. Are they not drops of blood?

Edith. No.

Rollo. They're for blood then,
For guiltless blood! and they must drop, my Edith,
They must thus drop, 'till I have drown'd my mischiefs.

Edith. If this be true, I have no strength to touch him.

Rollo. I prithee look upon me; turn not from me!
Alas, I do confess I'm made of mischief,
Begot with all mens' miseries upon me;
But see my sorrows, maid, and do not thou learn,
Whose only sweetest sacrifice is softness,
Whose true condition tenderness of nature——

Edith. My anger melts; oh, I shall lose my justice!

Rollo. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done; to murder with thy eyes,
Those blessed eyes, as I have done with malice.
When thou hast wounded me to death with scorn,
(As I deserve it, lady) for my true love,
When thou hast loaden me with earth for ever,
Take heed my sorrows, and the stings I suffer,
Take heed my nightly dreams of death and horror,
Pursue thee not; no time shall tell thy griefs then,
Nor shall an hour of joy add to thy beauties.
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy father;
As I was smear'd in blood, do thou not hate me;
But thus, in whiteness of my wash'd repentance,
In my heart's tears and truth of love to Edith,
In my fair life hereafter——

Edith. He will fool me!

Rollo. Oh, with thine angel-eyes behold and bless me!
Of Heav'n we call for mercy, and obtain it;
To Justice for our right on earth, and have it;
Of thee I beg for love; save me, and give it!

Edith. Now, Heav'n, thy help, or I am gone for ever;
His tongue has turn'd me into melting pity!

Enter Hamond and Guard.

Ham. Keep the doors safe; and, upon pain of death,
Let

Let no man enter 'till I give the word.

Guard. We shall, Sir.

Ham. Here he is, in all his pleasure:
I have my wish.

Rollo. How now? why dost thou stare so?

Edith. A help, I hope!

Rollo. What dost thou here? who sent thee?

Ham. My brother, and the base malicious office
Thou mad'st me do to Aubrey. Pray!

Rollo. Pray?

Ham. Pray!

Pray, if thou canst pray; I shall kill thy soul else!
Pray suddenly!

Rollo. Thou canst not be so traiterous!

Ham. It is a justice.—Stay, lady!

(For I perceive your end) a woman's hand
Must not rob me of vengeance.

Edith. 'Tis my glory!

Ham. 'Tis mine; stay, and share with me.—By the
gods, Rollo,

There is no way to save thy life!

Rollo. No?

Ham. No:

It is so monstrous, no repentance cures it!

Rollo. Why then, thou shalt kill her first; and what
this blood

Will cast upon thy cursed head——

Ham. Poor guard, Sir!

Edith. Spare not, brave captain!

Rollo. Fear, or the devil have thee!

Ham. Such fear, Sir, as you gave your honour'd
mother,

When your most virtuous brother shield-like held her,
Such I'll give you. Put her away.

Rollo. I will not;

I will not die so tamely.

Ham. Murderous villain,

Wilt thou draw seas of blood upon thee?

Edith. Fear not;

Kill him, good captain! any way dispatch him!
My body's honour'd with that sword that thro' me
Sends his black soul to hell! Oh, but for one hand!

Ham. Shake him off bravely.

Editb. He is too strong. Strike him!

Ham. Oh, am I with you, Sir? Now keep you
from him!

What, has he got a knife⁶⁵?

Editb. Look to him, captain;
For now he will be mischievous.

Ham. Do you smile, Sir?

Does it so tickle you? Have at you once more!

Editb. Oh, bravely thrust. Take heed he come
not in, Sir.

To him again; you give him too much respite.

Rollo. Yet wilt thou save my life? and I'll forgive
thee,

And give thee all, all honours, all advancements,
Call thee my friend!

Editb. Strike, strike, and hear him not!

His tongue will tempt a saint.

Rollo. Oh, for my soul sake!

Editb. Save nothing of him!

Ham. Now for your farewell!

Are you so wary? take you that!

Rollo. Thou that too!

Oh, thou hast kill'd me basely, basely, basely! [*Dies.*]

Editb. The just reward of murder falls upon thee!

How do you, Sir? has he not hurt you?

Ham. No;

I feel not any thing.

Aub. [*witbin.*] I charge you let us pass!

Guard [*witbin.*]. You cannot yet, Sir.

Aub. I'll make way then.

Guard. We are sworn to our captain;

And, 'till he give the word——

Ham. Now let them in there.

⁶⁵ A knife.] i. e. A dagger.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, Lords and Attendants.

Soph. Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on sorrow seeks me!
Oh, in his blood he lies!

Aub. Had you spoke sooner,
This might have been prevented. Take the duchess,
And lead her off; this is no sight for her eyes.

Mat. Oh, bravely done, wench!

Edith. There stands the noble doer.

Mat. May honour ever seek thee for thy justice!
Oh, 'twas a deed of high and brave adventure,
A justice e'en for Heav'n to envy at!
Farewell, my sorrows, and my tears take truce,
My wishes are come round! Oh, bloody brother,
'Till this hour never beauteous; 'till thy life,
Like a full sacrifice for all thy mischiefs,
Flow'd from thee in these rivers, never righteous!
Oh, how my eyes are quarried⁶⁶ with their joys now!
My longing heart e'en leaping out for lightness!
But, die thy black sins with thee; I forgive thee!

Aub. Who did this deed?

Ham. I; and I'll answer it! [Dies.]

Edith. He faints! Oh, that same cursed knife has
kill'd him!

Aub. How?

Edith. He snatch'd it from my hand for whom I
bore it;

And, as they grappled——

Aub. Justice is ever equal!

Had it not been on him, th' hadst died too honest.
Did you know of his death?

Edith. Yes, and rejoice in't.

Aub. I'm sorry for your youth then, for tho' the
strictness

Of law shall not fall on you, that of life
Must presently. Go, to a cloyster carry her;

⁶⁶ *Quarried.*] This is an allusion to falconry. Latham, who wrote in the time of James I. explains the word *quarrie* 'to be taken for the fowle which is flowne at and slaine at any time, especially when young hawks are flowne thereunto.'

R.

And

And there for ever lead your life in penitence.

Edith. Best father to my soul, I give you thanks, Sir!
And now my fair revenges have their ends;
My vows shall be my kin, my prayers my friends!

[*Exit.*

Enter Latorch and Jugglers.

Lat. Stay there; I'll step in, and prepare the duke.

Norb. We shall have brave rewards!

Fiske. That's without question.

Lat. By this time, where's my huffing friend, lord
Aubrey?

Where's that good gentleman? Oh, I could laugh now,
And burst myself with mere imagination:

A wise man, and a valiant man, a just man,
Should suffer himself to be juggled out o'th' world,
By a number of poor gipsies! Farewell, swash-buckler;
For I know thy mouth is cold enough by this time.

A hundred of ye I can shave as neatly,
And ne'er draw blood in show. Now shall my honour,
My power, and virtue, walk alone; my pleasure
Observ'd by all; all knees bend to my worship;
All suits to me, as faint of all their fortunes,
Preferr'd and crowded to. What full place of credit,
And what stile now⁶⁷? your lordship? no, 'tis common;
But that I'll think tomorrow on: Now for my business.

Aub. Who's there?

Lat. Ha! dead? my master dead? Aubrey alive too?

Guard. Latorch, Sir.

Aub. Seize his body!

Lat. Oh, my fortune!

My master dead?

Aub. And you, within this half-hour,
Prepare yourself, good devil! you must to it;

⁶⁷ *what full place of credit,*

And what place now?] The second *place* seems to have been accidentally repeated, instead of some word that implies *title, honour, or dignity*. *Stile* seems to bid fairest of any monosyllable that occurs.

Seward.

Millions

Millions of gold shall not redeem thy mischiefs.
Behold the justice of thy practice, villain;
The mass of murders thou hast drawn upon us;
Behold thy doctrine! You look now for reward, Sir,
To be advanc'd, I'm sure, for all your labours;
And you shall have it. Make his gallows higher
By ten foot at the least, and then advance him.

Lat. Mercy, mercy!

Aub. It is too late, fool;

Such as you meant for me. Away with him!

[*He is led out.*]

What peeping knaves are those? Bring 'em in, fellows.
Now, what are you?

Norb. Mathematicians,
An't like your lordship.

Aub. And ye drew a figure?

Fiske. We have drawn many.

Aub. For the duke, I mean, Sir.

Latorch's knaves you are!

Norb. We know the gentleman.

Aub. What did he promise you?

Norb. We're paid already.

Aub. But I will see you better paid: Go, whip them!

Norb. We do beseech your lordship! we were hir'd.

Aub. I know you were, and you shall have your hire:
Whip 'em extremely; whip that doctor there,
'Till he record himself a rogue.

Norb. I am one, Sir.

Aub. Whip him for being one; and when they're
whipt,

Lead 'em to th' gallows to see their patron hang'd.
Away with them!

Norb. Ah, good my lord! [*They are led out.*]

Aub. Now to mine own right, gentlemen.

1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed; we all confess it,
And here stand ready to invest you with it.

2 *Lord.* Which to make stronger to you, and the surer
Than blood or mischiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this lady, Sir, this noble lady,

Full of the blood as you are, of that nearness;
How blessed would it be——

Aub. I apprehend you;
And, so the fair Matilda dare accept me,
Her ever constant servant——

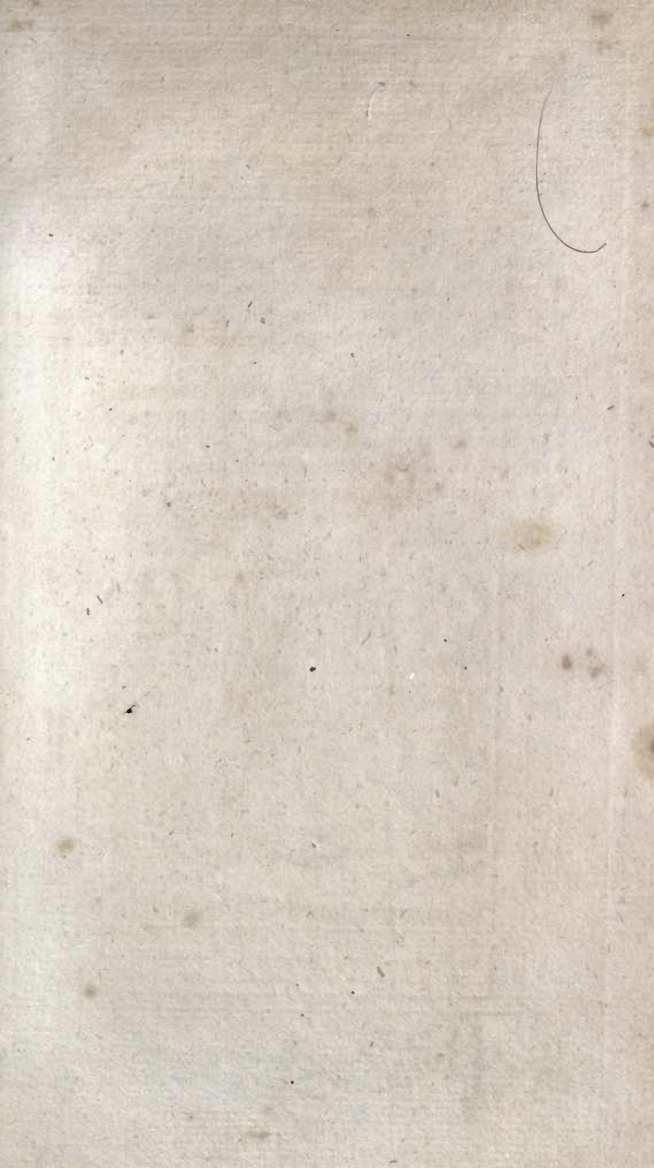
Mat. In all pureness,
In all humility of heart and service,
To the most noble Aubrey I submit me.

Aub. Then this is our first tie. Now to our business!

Lord. We're ready all to put the honour on you.

Aub. These sad rites must be done first: Take up
the bodies;

This, as he was a prince, so princely funeral
Shall wait upon him; on this honest captain,
The decency of arms; a tear for him too.
So, sadly on, and, as we view his blood,
May his example in our rule raise good!



THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.



Wilt thou, I say, forever play the Fool?
De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to School!

Act III.

Illustrated by J. G. Kneller. Engraved by C. Gignoux sc.



THE TRAGEDY OF ROLLO.
Full of the blood as you are of the nations
How blessed would I have been
And to the fair I have the secret
I have ever loved
WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

A C O M E D Y.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills ascribe this Comedy wholly to Fletcher. In 1647, (the Playhouse Copy having been lent out of the house, and lost) the Wild goose Chase could not be inserted among our Authors' other Plays: It was, however, afterwards recovered, and published in 1652, by Lowin and Taylor, two Players. Farquhar's Inconstant is built on this Play; the mad scene of Oriana, and others, are almost transcribed; although both the Author in his Preface, and Mr. Rowe in the Epilogue, assert that only the hint was taken from this piece of our Author.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

De Gard, *a noble gentleman.*
La Castre, *father to Mirabell.*
Mirabell, *the Wild-Goose.*
Pinac, *his fellow-traveller, servant to Lillia-Bianca.*
Belleur, *companion to both, in love with Rosalura.*
Nantolet, *father to Rosalura and Lillia-Bianca.*
Lugier, *tutor to the ladies.*
A young Factor.
Two Merchants.
Singing-Boy.

W O M E N.

Oriana, *betroth'd to Mirabell.*
Rosalura, } *daughters of Nantolet.*
Lillia-Bianca, }
Petella, *their waiting-woman.*
Mariana, *an English courtesan.*

Page, Servants, Priest, and four Women.

SCENE, PARIS.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur De Gard and a Footboy.

De Ga. **S**IRRAH, you know I have rid hard ;
 stir my horse well,
 And let him want no litter.

Boy. I am sure I've run hard ;
 'Would somebody would walk me, and see me litter'd,
 For I think my fellow horse cannot in reason
 Desire more rest, nor take up his chamber before me :
 But we are the beasts now, and the beasts are our
 masters.

De Ga. When you have done, step to the ten-crown
 ordinary——

Boy. With all my heart, Sir ; for I have a twenty-
 crown stomach.

De Ga. And there bespeak a dinner.

Boy [*going*]. Yes, Sir, presently.

De Ga. For whom, I beseech you, Sir ?

Boy. For myself, I take it, Sir.

De Ga. In truth, you shall not take it ; 'tis not
 meant for you ;

There's for your provender. Bespeak a dinner
 For monsieur Mirabell, and his companions ;

They'll be in town within this hour. When you
 have done, firrah,
 Make ready all things at my lodging, for me,
 And wait me there.

Boy. The ten-crown ordinary?

De Ga. Yes, Sir, if you have not forgot it.

Boy. I'll forget my feet first:

'Tis the best part of a footman's faith. [Exit Boy.

De Ga. These youths,
 For all they have been in Italy to learn thrift,
 And seem to wonder at mens' lavish ways,
 Yet they can't rub off old friends, their French itches;
 They must meet sometimes to disport their bodies
 With good wine, and good women; and good store too.
 Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at all points,
 And then hang saving, let the sea grow high!
 This ordinary can fit 'em of all sizes.
 They must salute their country with old customs.

Enter La Castre and Oriana.

Ori. Brother!

De Ga. My dearest sister!

Ori. Welcome, welcome!

Indeed, you are welcome home, most welcome!

De Ga. Thank ye!

You're grown a handsome woman, Oriana:
 Blush at your faults. I'm wondrous glad to see you!
 Monsieur La Castre, let not my affection
 To my fair sister make me held unmannerly:
 I'm glad to see you well, to see you lusty,
 Good health about you, and in fair company;
 Believe me, I am proud——

La Ca. Fair Sir, I thank you.

Monsieur De Gard, you're welcome from your journey!
 Good men have still good welcome: Give me your
 hand, Sir.
 Once more, you're welcome home! You look still
 younger.

De Ga. Time has no leisure to look after us;

We

We wander every where; age cannot find us.

La Ca. And how does all?

De Ga. All well, Sir, and all lusty.

La Ca. I hope my son be so: I doubt not, Sir,
But you have often seen him in your journies,
And bring me some fair news.

De Ga. Your son is well, Sir,
And grown a proper gentleman; he's well, and lusty.
Within this eight hours I took leave of him,
And over-rid him¹, having some slight business
That forc'd me out o'th' way: I can assure you,
He will be here to-night.

La Ca. You make me glad, Sir,
For, o' my faith, I almost long to see him!
Methinks, he has been away——

De Ga. 'Tis but your tenderness;
What are three years? a love-sick wench will allow it².

¹ *And over-ey'd him, having some slight business
That forc'd me out o'th' way.] Over-ey'd is plainly a corruption,
and out o'th' way unsatisfactory. Mr. Seward reads with me,
And over-rid him——*

—————on the way:—————

But yet I have some doubt whether *over-rid* is the true lection, there being a reading which has occur'd to me, much nearer the traces of the letters than that advanc'd above, *viz.*

And over-yed him,——

i. e. Over-went him; though I am afraid the reader will think this too obsolete a word to stand in the text, as fitter for Chaucer or Spenser, than Mr. Fletcher, and therefore I have chose to leave the passage just as I found it.

Sympson.

The opening of the play, *Sirrah, I have RID HARD*, seems to countenance the conjectural reading of *over-RID him*. Obsolete and uncouth indeed is Mr. Sympson's *over-YED him*. Were we to offer a reading 'near the trace of the letters,' we would rather propose *over HIED him*, which might, we think, much more familiarly express De Gard's having gone on before his fellow-traveller. As to *out of the way*, we see no difficulty requiring an alteration.

² *————— a love sick wench will allow it.]* As plausible as this passage may seem at first sight, yet I am afraid 'tis unsound; for whatever reasons the poor wench might have to induce her to *allow* her lover's absence, yet notwithstanding them, she might *bear* it still with the utmost impatience. Why may not we read therefore,

————— *love sick wench will swallow it:*

A three-years absence (De Gard says) is nothing; it will go easily down,

His friends, that went out with him, are come back too, Belleur, and young Pinac: He bid me say little, Because he means to be his own glad messenger.

La Ca. I thank you for this news, Sir. He shall be welcome,
And his friends too: Indeed, I thank you heartily!—
And how (for I dare say you will not flatter him)
Has Italy wrought on him? has he mew'd yet
His wild fantastic toys? They say, that climate
Is a great purger of those humorous fluxes.
How is he improv'd, I pray you?

De Ga. No doubt, Sir, well.
H'has borne himself a full and noble gentleman;
To speak him further is beyond my charter.

La Ca. I'm glad to hear so much good. Come, I see
You long to enjoy your sister; yet I must entreat you,
Before I go, to sup with me to-night,
And must not be denied.

De Ga. I am your servant.

La Ca. Where you shall meet fair, merry, and noble
company;
My neighbour Nantolet, and his two fair daughters.

De Ga. Your supper's season'd well, Sir: I shall
wait upon you.

La Ca. 'Till then I'll leave ye: And you're once
more welcome! [Exit.]

De Ga. I thank you, noble Sir!—Now, Oriana,
How have ye done since I went? have ye had your
health well?
And your mind free?

even with a love-sick girl. So, in the concluding scene of this play,
Mirabell says,

— I am pleas'd ye have deceiv'd me;
And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't. Sympson.

Mr. Sympson's conjecture, enforced by the authority which he quotes, is not unplaussible; yet he mistakes the sense of the word *allow* as here used, supposing it to be genuine: *A love-sick wench will ALLOW it*; not meaning that she will permit her lover to be absent for three years; but that she will *allow*, i. e. agree, that three years' absence are no such great matter.

Ori. You see, I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my meat.

De Ga. A good preservative.
And how have you been us'd? You know, Oriana,
Upon my going-out, at your request,
I left your portion in La Castre's hands,
The main means you must stick to: For that reason,
And 'tis no little one, I ask you, sister,
With what humanity he entertains you,
And how you find his courtesy?

Ori. Most ready:
I can assure you, Sir, I'm us'd most nobly.

De Ga. I'm glad to hear it: But, I prithee, tell me,
And tell me true, what end had you, Oriana,
In trusting your money here? He is no kinsman,
Nor any tie upon him of a guardian;
Nor dare I think you doubt my prodigality.

Ori. No, certain, Sir; none of all this provok'd
me;

Another private reason.

De Ga. 'Tis not private,
Nor carried so; 'tis common, my fair sister;
Your love to Mirabell: Your blushes tell it.
'Tis too much known, and spoken of too largely;
And with no little shame I wonder at it.

Ori. Is it a shame to love?

De Ga. To love indiscretely:
A virgin should be tender of her honour,
Close, and secure.

Ori. I am as close as can be,
And stand upon as strong and honest guards too;
Unless this warlike age need a portcullis,
Yet, I confess, I love him.

De Ga. Hear the people,

Ori. Now I say, hang the people! he that dares
Believe what they say, dares be mad, and give
His mother, nay, his own wife, up to rumour.
All grounds of truth, they build on, is a tavern;
And their best censure's sack, sack in abundance;

For as they drink, they think : They ne'er speak
 I modestly,
 Unless the wine be poor, or they want money.
 Believe them? Believe Amadis de Gaul,
 The Knight o'th' Sun, or Palmerin of England ;
 For these, to them, are modest and true stories !
 Pray understand me ; if their tongues be truth,
 And if *in vino veritas* be an oracle,
 What woman is, or has been ever honest ?
 Give 'em but ten round cups, they'll swear Lucretia
 Died not for want of power to resist Tarquin,
 But want of pleasure, that he stay'd no longer :
 And Portia, that was famous for her piety
 To her lov'd lord, they'll face ye out, died o'th' pox.

De Ga. Well, there is something, sister.

Ori. If there be, brother,
 'Tis none of their things ; 'tis not yet so monstrous :
 My thing is marriage ; and, at his return,
 I hope to put their squint eyes right again.

De Ga. Marriage ? 'Tis true, his father is a rich man,
 Rich both in land and money ; he his heir,
 A young and handsome man, I must confess too ;
 But of such qualities, and such wild flings,
 Such admirable imperfections, sister,
 (For all his travel³, and bought experience)
 I should be loth to own him for my brother.
 Methinks, a rich mind in a state indifferent
 Would prove the better fortune.

Ori. If he be wild,

³ *All his travel and bought experience.*] Mr. Theobald fills up the measure thus,

—— and his bought experience ;

Mr. Seward thus,

—— and dear-bought experience ;

which he thinks is not only a completion of the measure, but an improvement of the sense.

Sympson.

Theobald's *filling up the measure*, and Seward's *completion of the measure, and improvement of the sense*, are both unnecessary. The measure and sense are each sufficiently perfect ; especially supposing the word *experience*, after the manner of our Authors, to be resolved into distinct syllables.

The

The reclaiming him to good and honest, brother,
Will make much for my honour; which, if I prosper,
Shall be the study of my love, and life too.

De Ga. You say well; 'would he thought as well,
and lov'd too!
He marry? he'll be hang'd first; he knows no more
What the conditions and the ties of love are,
The honest purposes and grounds of marriage,
Nor will know, nor be ever brought t' endeavour,
Than I do how to build a church: He was ever
A loose and strong defier of all order;
His loves are wanderers, they knock at each door,
And taste each dish, but are no residents.
Or say, he may be brought to think of marriage,
(As 'twill be no small labour) thy hopes are strangers:
I know, there is a labour'd match now follow'd,
Now at this time, for which he was sent for home too:
Be not abus'd; Nantolet has two fair daughters,
And he must take his choice.

Ori. Let him take freely:
For all this I despair not; my mind tells me
That I, and only I, must make him perfect;
And in that hope I rest.

De Ga. Since you're so confident,
Prosper your hope! I'll be no adversary;
Keep yourself fair and right, he shall not wrong you.

Ori. When I forget my virtue, no man know me!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, and servants.

Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, gentlemen!
We have had a merry and a lusty ordinary,
And wine, and good meat, and a bouncing reckoning!
And let it go for once; 'tis a good physick:
Only the wenches are not for my diet;
They are too lean and thin, their embraces brawn-faln.
Give me the plump Venetian, fat, and lusty,
That meets me soft and supple; smiles upon me,

As if a cup of full wine leap'd to kiss me;
These slight things I affect not.

Pinac. They're ill built;
Pin-buttock'd, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i'th' pasterns; they'll endure no hardness.

Mir. There's nothing good or handsome bred
amongst us:

'Till we are travel'd, and live abroad, we're coxcombs.
You talk of France; a slight unseason'd country,
Abundance of gross food, which makes us blockheads!
We're fair set out indeed, and so are fore-horses:
Men say, we are great courtiers; men abuse us!
We are wise, and valiant too; *non credo*, signior!
Our women the best linguists; they are parrots;
O' this side the Alps they're nothing but mere drol-
leries⁴.

Ha! *Roma la Santa*, Italy for my money!
Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserv'd too,
As, when you think you're known best, you're a
stranger⁵;

Their very pick-teeth speak more man than we do,
And season of more salt!

Pinac. 'Tis a brave country;
Not pester'd with your stubborn precise puppies,
That turn all useful and allow'd contentments
To scabs and scruples: Hang 'em, capon-worshippers!

Bel. I like that freedom well, and like their women
too,

And would fain do as others do; but I'm so bashful,
So naturally an ass—Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to see 'em,
(There's no man willinger) and I can kiss 'em,

⁴ *Mere drolleries.*] This countenances, and perhaps confirms, our conjectural reading of *drolleries* for *dralleries* in the Tragedy of *Valentinian*. It is there as well as here applied to women: *Dralleries* too is, as far as we can discover, absolute nonsense; and the corruption is easy. If the reader has any curiosity to refer to the passage in question, he will find it p. 293, vol. iv.

⁵ *You're known best.*] *i. e.* are most acquainted with them.

And make a shift——

Mir. But if they chance to flout you,
Or say, ' You are too bold! fy, Sir, remember!

' I pray, sit further off——'

Bel. 'Tis true—I'm humbled,
I am gone; I confess ingenuously, I am silenc'd;
The spirit of amber cannot force me answer.

Pinac. Then would I sing and dance——

Bel. You have wherewithal, Sir.

Pinac. And charge her up again.

Bel. I can be hang'd first;
Yet, where I fasten well, I am a tyrant.

Mir. Why, thou dar'st fight?

Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight,
And fight with any man at any weapon;
'Would, the other were no more! but, a pox on't,
When I am sometimes in my height of hope,
And reasonable valiant that way, my heart harden'd,
Some scornful jest or other chops between me
And my desire: What would you have me to do then,
gentlemen?

Mir. Belleur, you must be bolder: Travel three
years,
And bring home such a baby to betray you
As bashfulness? a great fellow, and a soldier?

Bel. You have the gift of impudence; be
thankful;

Every man has not the like talent. I will study,
And if it may be reveal'd to me——

Mir. Learn of me,
And of Pinac: No doubt, you'll find employment;
Ladies will look for courtship.

Pinac. 'Tis but fleshing,
But standing one good brunt or two. Hast thou any
mind to marriage?

We'll provide thee some soft-natur'd wench, that's
dumb too.

Mir. Or an old woman that cannot refuse thee in
charity.

Bel.

Bel. A dumb woman, or an old woman, that were eager,
And car'd not for discourse, I were excellent at.

Mir. You must now put on boldness (there's no
avoiding it)
And stand all hazards, fly at all games bravely;
They'll say, you went out like an ox, and return'd like
an afs else.

Bel. I shall make danger sure.

Mir. I am sent for home now,
I know it is to marry; but my father shall pardon me:
Altho' it be a weighty ceremony⁶,
And may concern me hereafter in my gravity,
I will not lose the freedom of a traveller;
A new strong lusty bark cannot ride at one anchor.
Shall I make divers suits to shew to the same eyes?
'Tis dull and home-spun! study several pleasures,
And want employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd first!
Tie me to one smock? make my travels fruitless?
I'll none of that; for every fresh behaviour,
By your leave, father, I must have a fresh mistress,
And a fresh favour too.

Bel. I like that passingly;
As many as you will, so they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle!

Pinac. There's no reason
A gentleman, and a traveller, should be clapt up,

⁶ *A witty ceremony.*] Where the wit of the matrimonial ceremony lies, will, I believe, puzzle, at this time of the day, any of our wits to discover. Mr. Seward saw with me that the true reading ought to be,
———— a weighty ceremony. *Sympson.*

The old reading, however, is not entirely indefensible: *Wit* and *wisdom*, as the late learned Editor of Evelyn's *Silva* observes, were, at the time when his Author wrote, and long before, synonymous terms, of which he gives the following instance: '———— then might I by
'councell help my truth, which by mine own *witt* I am not able
'againste such a prepared thynge.' Sir Thomas Wyat's Defence,
No. ii. Walpole's *Miscell. Ant.* 22.

Mr. Evelyn's words are, 'Rather, therefore, we should take notice
'how many great *wits* and ingenious persons, who have leisure and
'faculty, are in pain for improvements of their heaths and barren
'hills, &c.'

Other examples might be produced.

R.

(For

(For 'tis a kind of bilboes⁷ to be married)
 Before he manifest to the world his good parts :
 Tug ever, like a rascal, at one oar ?
 Give me the Italian liberty !

Mir. That I study,
 And that I will enjoy. Come, go in, gentlemen ;
 There mark how I behave myself, and follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter La Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, Rosalura, and Lillia-Bianca.

La Ca. You and your beauteous daughters are most welcome !

Beshrew my blood they're fair ones ! Welcome, beauties,
 Welcome, sweet birds !

Nant. They're bound much to your courtesies.

La Ca. I hope, we shall be nearer acquainted.

Nant. That's my hope too ;

For, certain, Sir, I much desire your alliance.
 You see 'em ; they're no gypsies ; for their beeding,
 It has not been so coarse, but they are able
 To rank themselves with women of fair fashion.
 Indeed, they have been trained well⁸.

Lug. Thank me !

Nant. Fit for the heirs of that state I shall leave
 'em ;

To say more, is to sell 'em. They say, your son,
 Now he has travell'd, must be wondrous curious

⁷ *A kind of bæboes to be married.*] As this is a word I don't remember any where to be found, I have altered it, with Mr. Seward and Mr. Theobald, into one, which, as 'tis congruous to the sense of the place, might very probably have been the original.

— bilboes to be married.

Symphon.

⁸ *To rank themselves with women of fair fashion ;*

Indeed, they have been trained well.] Nantolet had expressed himself modestly and genteelly of his daughters education, in the former part of his speech, and the last line will be equally proper and genteel when given to *La Castre*, to whom it seems therefore evidently to belong.

We think the old reading best.

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And choice in what he takes ; these are no coarse ones.
 Sir, here's a merry wench—let him look to himself ;
 All heart, i'faith !—may chance to startle him ;
 For all his care, and travell'd caution,
 May creep into his eye : If he love gravity,
 Affect a solemn face, there's one will fit him.

La Ca. So young and so demure ?

Nant. She is my daughter,
 Else I would tell you, Sir, she is a mistress
 Both of those manners, and that modesty,
 You would wonder at : She is no often-speaker,
 But, when she does, she speaks well ; nor no reveller,
 Yet she can dance, and has studied the court ele-
 ments,

And sings, as some say, handsomely ; if a woman,
 With the decency of her sex, may be a scholar,
 I can assure you, Sir, she understands too.

La Ca. These are fit garments, Sir.

Lug. Thank them that cut 'em !

Yes, they are handsome women, they have handsome
 parts too,

Pretty becoming parts.

La Ca. 'Tis like they have, Sir.

Lug. Yes, yes, and handsome education they have
 had too,

Had it abundantly ; they need not blush at it :
 I taught it, I'll avouch it.

La Ca. You say well, Sir.

Lug. I know what I say, Sir, and I say but right, Sir :
 I am no trumpet of their commendations
 Before their father ; else I should say further.

La Ca. 'Pray you, what's this gentleman ?

Nant. One that lives with me, Sir ;

A man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter ;
 Yet it offends no wise man ; I take pleasure in't :
 Many fair gifts he has, in some of which,
 That lie most easy to their understandings,
 H'has handsomely bred up my girls, I thank him.

Lug. I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have
 urg'd it ;

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE. 189

It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.

Nant. He's wondrous blunt.

La Ca. By my faith, I was afraid of him;

Does he not fall out with the gentlewomen sometimes?

Nant. No, no; he's that way moderate and discrete,
Sir.

Rof. If he did, we should be too hard for him.

Lug. Well said, sulphur!

Too hard for thy husband's head, if he wear not armour.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, De Gard, and Oriana.

Nant. Many of these bickrings, Sir.

La Ca. I'm glad, they are no oracles!

Sure as I live, he beats them, he's so puissant.

Ori. Well, if you do forget——

Mir. Prithee, hold thy peace!

I know thou art a pretty wench; I know thou lov'st
me;

Preserve it 'till we have a fit time to discourse on't,
And a fit place; I'll ease thy heart, I warrant thee:
Thou see'st, I have much to do now.

Ori. I am answer'd, Sir:

With me you shall have nothing on these conditions.

De Ga. Your father and your friends.

La Ca. You're welcome home, Sir!

'Bless you, you're very welcome! 'Pray know this
gentleman,
And these fair ladies.

Nant. Monsieur Mirabell,

I am much affected with your fair return, Sir;

You bring a general joy.

Mir. I bring you service,

And these bright beauties, Sir.

Nant. Welcome home, gentlemen!

⁹ I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,

It seems, they are of years now to take hold on't.

He's wondrous blunt.] A small degree of attention will shew us,
that the two first lines can properly belong to no one but *Lugier*.

Symphon.

Welcome, with all my heart!

Bel. Pinac. We thank you, Sir.

La Ca. Your friends will have their share too.

Bel. Sir, we hope

They'll look upon us, tho' we shew like strangers.

Nant. Monsieur De Gard, I must salute you also,
And this fair gentlewoman: You're welcome from
your travel too!

All welcome, all!

De Ga. We render you our loves, Sir,
The best wealth we bring home ¹⁰. By your favours,
beauties!

One of these two ¹¹: You know my meaning.

Ori. Well, Sir;

They're fair and handsome, I must needs confess it,
And, let it prove the worst, I shall live after it:

Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve me;
For, if I die o'th' first fit, I'm unhappy,

¹⁰ *The best wealth, &c.*] Mr. Symphon has made a strange piece of work here; he puts no part of this line into the text of his edition, and yet has quoted the latter part of it in the following note.

¹¹ *One of these two: You know my meaning, &c.*] This *De Gard* speaks aside to his sister, as the text stands at present, and seemingly her answer that follows fixes it here; but what is there left then to introduce and make way for *Mirabell's*

To marry, Sir?

To remove all difficulties, it would perhaps be the best to make the whole run thus;

————— *by your favours, beauties.*

La Ca. One of these two: You know my meaning. [Aside to *Mir.*

Oriana. Well ————— [Aside to herself.

They are fair and handsome, I must needs confess it;

And let it prove the worst, I shall live after it,

Whilst I have meat and drink, love cannot starve me;

For if I die o'th' first fit I am unhappy,

And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mira. To marry, Sir?

Symphon.

During the dialogue in the text, *La Caſtre* has been talking apart to *Mirabell*, and it is their supposed conversation which is to introduce and make way for *Mirabell's*

To marry, Sir?

We do not see how *Symphon's* arrangement removes the difficulty he has created.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE. 191

And worthy to be buried with my heels upward.

Mir. To marry, Sir?

La Ca. You know, I am an old man,

And every hour declining to my grave,

One foot already in; more sons I have not,

Nor more I dare not seek whilst you are worthy;

In you lies all my hope, and all my name,

The making good or wretched of my memory,

The safety of my state.

Mir. And you've provided,

Out of this tenderness, these handsome gentlewomen,

Daughters to this rich man, to take my choice of?

La Ca. I have, dear son.

Mir. 'Tis true, you're old, and feebled;

'Would you were young again, and in full vigour!

I love a bounteous father's life, a long one;

I'm none of those, that, when they shoot to ripeness,

Do what they can to break the boughs they grew on;

I wish you many years, and many riches,

And pleasures to enjoy 'em: But for marriage,

I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,

Nor think it fit.

La Ca. You'll render me your reasons?

Mir. Yes, Sir, both short and pithy, and these they

are:

You would have me marry a maid?

La Ca. A maid? what else?

Mir. Yes, there be things called widows, dead mens'

wills,

I never lov'd to prove those; nor never long'd yet

To be buried alive in another man's cold monument.

And there be maids appearing, and maids being:

The appearing are fantastic things, mere shadows;

And, if you mark 'em well, they want their heads too;

Only the world, to cozen misty eyes,

Has clapt 'em on new faces. The maids being

A man may venture on, if he be so mad to marry,

If he have neither fear before his eyes, nor fortune;

And let him take heed how he gather these too;

For

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For look you, father, they are just like melons,
 Musk-melons are the emblems of these maids;
 Now they are ripe, now cut 'em they taste pleasantly,
 And are a dainty fruit, digested easily;
 Neglect this present time, and come tomorrow,
 They are so ripe¹², they're rotten—gone! their sweet-
 nefs

Run into humour, and their taste to surfeit!

La Ca. Why, these are now ripe, son.

Mir. I'll try 'em presently,

And, if I like their taste——

La Ca. 'Pray you please yourself, Sir.

Mir. That liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it.

Lady, what think you of a handsome man now?

Ros. A wholesome too, Sir?

Mir. That's as you make your bargain.

A handsome, wholesome man then, and a kind man,
 To cheer your heart up, to rejoice you, lady?

Ros. Yes, Sir, I love rejoicing.

Mir. To lie close to you?

Close as a cockle? keep the cold nights from you?

Ros. That will be look'd for too; our bodies ask it.

Mir. And get two boys at every birth?

Ros. That's nothing;

I've known a cobbler do it, a poor thin cobbler,
 A cobbler out of mouldy cheese perform it,
 Cabbage, and coarse black bread; methinks, a gentle-
 man

Should take foul scorn to have an awl out-name him.

Two at a birth? Why, every house-dove has it:

That man that feeds well, promises as well too,

I should expect indeed something of worth from.

You talk of two?

Mir. She would have me get two dozen,
 Like buttons, at a birth.

¹² *They are rotten gone.*] Probably, *rotten grown.* *Sympson.*

We think *rotten gone* better than *rotten grown*; but a *stop* renders it still better;

They are so ripe, they are rotten—gone! &c.

Rof. You love to brag, Sir;
If you proclaim these offers at your marriage,
(You are a pretty-timber'd man; take heed!)
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hop'd for at a higher rate too.

Mir. I will take heed, and thank you for your
counsel.—

Father, what think you?

La Ca. 'Tis a merry gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good wife.

Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and, happily, get nothing;
In what a state am I then, father? I shall suffer,
For any thing I hear to th' contrary, *more majorum*;
I were as sure to be a cuckold, father,
A gentleman of antler——

La Ca. Away, away, fool!

Mir. As I am sure to fail her expectation.
I had rather get the pox than get her babies!

La Ca. You're much to blame! If this do not affect
you,

Pray try the other; she's of a more demure way.

Bel. That I had but the audacity to talk thus!
I love that plain-spoken gentlewoman admirably;
And, certain, I could go as near to please her,
If down-right doing—Sh' has a perilous countenance!
If I could meet one that would believe me,
And take my honest meaning without circumstance—

Mir. You shall have your will, Sir; I will try the
other;

But 'twill be to small use.—I hope, fair lady,
(For, methinks, in your eyes I see more mercy)
You will enjoin your lover a less penance;
And tho' I'll promise much, as men are liberal,
And vow an ample sacrifice of service,
Yet your discretion, and your tenderness,
And thriftiness in love, good hufwife's carefulness
To keep the stock entire——

Lil. Good Sir, speak louder,

That these may witness too, you talk of nothing :
I should be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of so much indiscretion.

Mir. Hark ye, hark ye!

Ods-bobs, you're angry, lady!

Lil. Angry? no, Sir;
I never own'd an anger to lose poorly.

Mir. But you can love, for all this; and delight too,
For all your set austerity, to hear
Of a good husband, lady?

Lil. You say true, Sir;
For, by my troth, I've heard of none these ten years,
They are so rare; and there are so many, Sir,
So many longing women on their knees too,
That pray the dropping-down of these good husbands—
The dropping-down from Heav'n; for they're not bred
here—

That you may guess at all my hope, but hearing—

Mir. Why may not I be one?

Lil. You were near 'em once, Sir,
When ye came o'er the Alps; those are near Heaven:
But since you miss'd that happiness, there is no hope of
you.

Mir. Can ye love a man?

Lil. Yes, if the man be lovely;
That is, be honest, modest. I would have him valiant,
His anger slow, but certain for his honour;
Travell'd he should be, but thro' himself exactly,
For 'tis fairer to know manners well than countries;
He must be no vain talker, nor no lover
To hear himself talk; they are brags of a wanderer,
Of one finds no retreat for fair behaviour.
Would you learn more?

Mir. Yes.

Lil. Learn to hold your peace then:
Fond girls are got with tongues, women with tempers.

Mir. Women, with I know what; but let that
vanish:

Go thy way, good wife Bias! Sure, thy husband
Must

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE. 195

Must have a strong philosopher's stone, he will ne'er
please thee else.

Here's a starcht piece of austerity! Do you hear, father?
Do you hear this moral lecture?

La Ca. Yes, and like it.

Mir. Why, there's your judgment now; there's an
old bolt shot!

This thing must have the strangest observation,
(Do you mark me, father?) when she is married once,
The strangest custom too of admiration
On all she does and speaks, 'twill be past sufferance;
I must not lie with her in common language,
Nor cry, 'Have at thee, Kate!' I shall be his'd then;
Nor eat my meat without the fauce of sentences,
Your powder'd beef and problems, a rare diet!
My first son monsieur Aristotle, I know it,
Great master of the metaphysicks, or so;
The second, Solon, and the best law-setter;
And I must look Egyptian god-fathers,
Which will be no small trouble: My eldest daughter
Sappho, or such a fidling kind of poetess,
And brought up, *invitâ Minervâ*, at her needle;
My dogs must look their names too, and all Spartan,
Lelaps, Melampus; no more Fox and Baudiface.
I married to a fullen set of sentences?
To one that weighs her words and her behaviours
In the gold weights of discretion? I'll be hang'd first.

La Ca. Prithee reclaim thyself.

Mir. Pray ye, give me time then:

If they can set me any thing to play at,
That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!
'Till then see more, and try more¹³!

La Ca. Take your time then;

¹³ 'Till I see more, and try more.] The sense here seems to indicate a slight corruption; which, however, makes a material difference: We would read,

Mir. Pray ye, give me time then:

If they can set me any thing to play at,

That seems fit for a gamester, have at the fairest!

'Till then see more, and try more!

La Ca. Take your time then.

I'll bar you no fair liberty. Come, gentlemen;
And, ladies, come; to all, once more, a welcome!
And now let's in to supper. [Exit.

Mir. How dost like 'em?

Pinac. They're fair enough, but of so strange behaviours——

Mir. Too strange for me: I must have those have mettle,

And mettle to my mind. Come, let's be merry.

Bel. Bless me from this woman! I would stand the cannon,
Before ten words of hers.

De Ga. Do you find him now?
Do you think he will be ever firm?

Ori. I fear not. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Mir. **N**E'ER tell me of this happiness; 'tis nothing!
The state they bring with being sought-to,
scurvy!

I had rather make mine own play, and I will do.
My happiness is in mine own content,
And the despising of such glorious trifles*,
As I have done a thousand more. For my humour,
Give me a good free fellow, that sticks to me,
A jovial fair companion; there's a beauty!
For women, I can have too many of them;
Good women too, as the age reckons 'em,
More than I have employment for.

Pinac. You're happy.

Mir. My only fear is, that I must be forc'd,
Against my nature, to conceal myself:

* *Glorious trifles.*] i. e. *VAIN trifles.* The word occurs twice again, in the same sense, in this act, p. 203, lines 2 and 24. So the French often use *gloire* and *glorieux*.

Health and an able body are two jewels.

Pinac. If either of these two women were offer'd to me now,
I would think otherwise, and do accordingly;
Yes, and recant my heresies, I would, Sir,
And be more tender of opinion,
And put a little of my travell'd liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em seriously.
Methinks, this grave-carried wench——

Bel. Methinks, the other,
The home-spoken gentlewoman, that desires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full manage of the matter,
(For there lies all my aim) that wench, methinks,
If I were but well set on, for she is a fable¹⁴,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:
She speaks to th' matter, and comes home to th' point!
Now do I know I have such a body to please her,
As all the kingdom cannot fit her with, I'm sure on't,
If I could but talk myself into her favour.

Mir. That's easily done.

Bel. That's easily said; 'would 'twere done!
You should see then how I would lay about me.
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might justify my modesty;
But when my nature is prone to do a charity,
And my calf's tongue will not help me¹⁵——

¹⁴ —— *for she is a fable.*] The glaring nonsense of this passage strikes at first sight. I shall give the reader what I imagine was the original lection, and leave it to him whether it must stand or fall:

—— *for she is affable.*

Sympson.

Sympson's conjecture is ingenious, though we can't think the present reading *glaring nonsense*; and the next line seems to enforce it. The whole passage should be in a parenthesis, thus,

—— *that wench, methinks,*

If I were but well set on—(for she is a fable,

If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me)——

She speaks, &c.

¹⁵ *And my calf's tongue.*] *And* ought evidently to be changed into *Then.*

Sympson.

Leaving the sentence broken, as it ought to be, *And* is right, and most spirited.

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Mir. Will you go to 'em?
They can't but take it courteously.

Pinac. I'll do my part,
Tho' I am sure 'twill be the hardest I e'er play'd yet;
A way I never tried too, which will stagger me;
And, if it do not shame me, I am happy.

Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em; I give up my interest.

Pinac. What say you, monsieur Belleur?

Bel. 'Would I could say,
Or sing, or any thing that were but handsome!
I would be with her presently!

Pinac. Yours is no venture;
A merry, ready wench.

Bel. A vengeance squibber!
She'll flee me out of faith too.

Mir. I'll be near thee;
Pluck up thy heart; I'll second thee at all brunts.
Be angry, if she abuse thee, and beat her a little;
Some women are won that way.

Bel. Pray be quiet,
And let me think: I am resolv'd to go on;
But how I shall get off again——

Mir. I am persuad'd
Thou wilt so please her, she'll go near to ravish thee.

Bel. I would 'twere come to that once! Let me pray
a little.

Mir. Now for thine honour, Pinac! Board me this
modesty,
Warm but this frozen snow-ball, 'twill be a conquest
(Altho' I know thou art a fortunate wench,
And hast done rarely in thy days) above all thy ventures.

Bel. You will be ever near?

Mir. At all necessities;
And take thee off, and set thee on again, boy,
And cherish thee, and stroke thee.

Bel. Help me out too;
For I know I shall stick i'th' mire. If ye see us close
once,
Be gone, and leave me to my fortune, suddenly,
For I am then determin'd to do wonders.

Farewell,

Farewell, and fling an old shoe¹⁶. How my heart throbs!
'Would I were drunk! Farewell, Pinac! Heav'n send us
A joyful and a merry meeting, man!

Pinac. Farewell,
And cheer thy heart up! and remember, Belleur,
They are but women.

Bel. I had rather they were lions. [*Exe. Bel. & Pinac.*]

Mir. About it; I'll be with ye instantly.

Enter Oriana.

Shall I ne'er be at rest? no peace of conscience?
No quiet for these creatures? am I ordain'd
To be devour'd quick by these she-cannibals?
Here's another they call handsome; I care not for her,
I ne'er look after her: When I am half tipp'd,
It may be I should turn her, and peruse her;
Or, in my want of women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no fancy,
No maw to th' matter—Now! why do you follow me?

Ori. I hope, Sir, 'tis no blemish to my virtue;
Nor need you, out of scruple, ask that question,
If you remember you, before your travel,
The contract you tied to me: 'Tis my love, Sir,
That makes me seek you, to confirm your memory;
And that being fair and good, I cannot suffer.
I come to give you thanks too.

Mir. For what, prithee?

Ori. For that fair piece of honesty you shew'd, Sir,
That constant nobleness.

Mir. How? for I am short-headed.

Ori. I'll tell ye then; for refusing that free offer
Of monsieur Nantolet's, those handsome beauties,
Those two prime ladies, that might well have prest ye,
If not to have broken¹⁷, yet to have bow'd your promise.

¹⁶ *Fling an old shoe*] i. e. In order to produce good luck. It is a saying not yet obsolete. R.

¹⁷ *If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your promise.*] Butler probably had this place in his head when he wrote these lines,

Marriage, at best, is but a vow,

Which all men either break or bow.

Sympson.

I know it was for my sake, for your faith sake,
 You slipt 'em off; your honesty compell'd ye;
 And let me tell ye, Sir, it shew'd most handsomely.
Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no such matter;
 Nothing intended that way, of that nature:
 I have more to do with my honesty than to fool it,
 Or venture it in such leak barks as women.
 I put 'em off because I lov'd 'em not,
 Because they are too queasy for my temper,
 And not for thy sake, nor the contract sake,
 Nor vows nor oaths; I have made a thousand of 'em;
 They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
 Mere venial slips, that grow not near the conscience:
 Nothing concerns those tender parts; they are trifles:
 For, as I think, there was never man yet hop'd for
 Either constancy or secrecy, from a woman,
 Unless it were an ass ordain'd for sufferance;
 Nor to contract with such can be a tial¹⁸;
 So let them know again; for 'tis a justice,
 And a main point of civil policy,
 Whate'er we say or swear, they being reprobates,
 Out of the state of faith, we're clear of all sides,
 And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.

Ori. You do not mean this, sure?

Mir. Yes, sure, and certain;
 And hold it positively, as a principle,
 As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires and
 fluxes,

So we're allow'd as strange ways to obtain ye,
 But not to hold; we're all created errant.

Ori. You told me other tales.

Mir. I not deny it;
 I've tales of all sorts for all sorts of women,
 And protestations likewise of all fizes,

¹⁸ *Can be a tial.*] Mr. Theobald makes a query about *tial* in his margin; as it is a word I don't know any where to be found, I have, with Mr. Seward, taken the freedom to alter it. *Sympson.*

Mir. *Sympson* changes *tial* to *tie*: We have retained the old word, and think it is intelligible, though there be no other authority for it.

As they have vanities to make us coxcombs :
 If I obtain a good turn, so it is,
 I'm thankful for it; if I be made an afs,
 The 'mends are in mine own hands, or the surgeon's,
 And there's an end on't.

Ori. Do not you love me then ?

Mir. As I love others; heartily I love thee;
 When I am high and lusty, I love thee cruelly:
 After I've made a plenteous meal, and satisfied
 My senses with all delicates, come to me,
 And thou shalt see how I love thee.

Ori. Will not you marry me ?

Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet:
 I must not lose my liberty, dear lady,
 And, like a wanton slave, cry for more shackles.
 What should I marry for? do I want any thing?
 Am I an inch the further from my pleasure?
 Why should I be at charge to keep a wife of mine own,
 When other honest married mens' will ease me,
 And thank me too, and be beholden to me?
 Thou think'st I'm mad for a maidenhead; thou art
 cozen'd:

Or, if I were addicted to that diet,
 Can you tell me where I should have one? Thou art
 eighteen now,
 And if thou hast thy maidenhead yet extant,
 Sure, 'tis as big as cods-head; and those grave dishes
 I never love to deal withal. Dost thou see this book
 here?

Look over all these ranks; all these are women,
 Maids, and pretenders to maidenheads; these are my
 conquests;

All these I swore to marry, as I swore to thee,
 With the same reservation, and most righteously:
 Which I need not have done neither; for, alas, they
 made no scruple,

And I enjoy'd 'em at my will, and left 'em:
 Some of 'em are married since, and were as pure maids
 again,

Nay,

Nay, o' my conscience, better than they were bred for;
The rest, fine sober women.

Ori. Are you not ashamed, Sir?

Mir. No, by my troth, Sir; there's no shame
belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in pleasure,
As others do in rotten sheep and pasture!

Enter De Gard.

Ori. Are all my hopes come to this? Is there no
faith,

No troth, nor modesty, in men?

De Ga. How now, sister?

Why weeping thus? Did I not prophesy?

Come, tell me why—

Ori. I am not well; pray ye pardon me. [*Exit.*

De Ga. Now, monsieur Mirabell, what ails my sister?
You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,

She is crying for a cod-piece. Is she gone?

Lord, what an age is this! I was calling for ye;

For, as I live, I thought she would have ravish'd me.

De Ga. You're merry, Sir.

Mir. Thou know'st this book, De Gard, this in-
ventory?

De Ga. The debt-book of your mistresses; I re-
member it.

Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her; she was
stark mad

She found not her name here; and cried down-right,

Because I would not pity her immediately,

And put her in my list.

De Ga. Sure she had more modesty.

Mir. Their modesty is anger to be over-done;

They'll quarrel sooner for precedence here,

And take it in more dudgeon to be slighted,

Than they will in publick meetings; 'tis their natures;

And, alas, I have so many to dispatch yet,

And to provide myself for my affairs too,

That,

That, in good faith——

De Ga. Be not too glorious-foolish;
Sum not your travels up with vanities;
It ill becomes your expectation¹⁹!

Temper your speech, Sir! Whether your loose story
Be true or false, (for you're so free, I fear it)
Name not my sister in't, I must not hear it;
Upon your danger, name her not! I hold her
A gentlewoman of those happy parts and carriage,
A good man's tongue may be right proud to speak her.

Mir. Your sister, Sir? d'ye blench at that? d'ye cavil?
D'ye hold her such a piece she mayn't be play'd withal?
I've had an hundred handsomer and nobler,
Have sued to me too, for such a courtesy;
Your sister comes i'th' rear. Since ye're so angry,
And hold your sister such a strong Recusant,
I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will too;
It may be, have too; there's my free confession:
Work upon that now!

De Ga. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work such stubborn work should make your
heart ake!

But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious talker, and a legend-maker
Of idle tales, and trifles; a depraver
Of your own truth: Their honours fly above ye²⁰!
And so I take my leave; but with this caution,
Your sword be surer than your tongue! you'll smart
else.

¹⁹ *Your expectation.*] *i. e.* The expectation the world has of you.
Sympson.

²⁰ ——*their honours fly above ye.*] But for what? We have here a
manifest corruption, and the true reading is,
——*honours fly above ye*;

i. e. are out of the reach of your tongue, &c. *Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson, we think, has suggested the right reading, (which we
have placed in the text); but he has not rightly explained his own
emendation:

Their honours fly above you;

i. e. (not 'out of the reach of your tongue,' but) beyond your malice
to impeach, or power to subdue.

Mir. I laugh at thee, so little I respect thee!
 And I'll talk louder, and despise thy sister;
 Set up a chamber-maid that shall out-shine her,
 And carry her in my coach too, and that will kill her.
 Go, get thy rents up, go!

De Ga. You are a fine gentleman! [Exit.

Mir. Now have at my two youths; I'll see how they
 do;
 How they behave themselves; and then I'll study
 What wench shall love me next, and when I'll loose
 her²¹. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Pinac and a Servant.

Pinac. Art thou her servant, say'st thou?

Serv. Her poor creature;
 But servant to her horse, Sir.

Pinac. Canst thou shew me
 The way to her chamber, or where I may conveniently
 See her, or come to talk to her?

Serv. That I can, Sir;
 But the question is, whether I will or no.

Pinac. Why, I'll content thee.

Serv. Why, I'll content thee then; now you come
 to me.

Pinac. There's for your diligence.

Serv. There's her chamber, Sir,
 And this way she comes out; stand you but here, Sir,
 You have her at your prospect, or your pleasure.

Pinac. Is she not very angry?

Serv. You'll find that quickly:
 May-be she'll call you faucy scurvy fellow,
 Or some such familiar name; may-be she knows you,
 And will fling a piss-pot at you, or a pantofle,
 According as you are in acquaintance: If she like you,
 May-be she'll look upon you; may-be no;

²¹ *And when I'll lose her.*] Edit. 1652 reads,

And when I'll loose her, which we have followed.

And two months hence call for you.

Pinac. This is fine.

She's monstrous proud then?

Serv. She's a little haughty;

Of a small body, she has a mind well mounted.

Can you speak Greek?

Pinac. No, certain.

Serv. Get you gone then!

And talk of stars, and firmaments, and fire-drakes?

Do you remember who was Adam's schoolmaster,

And who taught Eve to spin? She knows all these,

And will run you over the beginning o' th' world

As familiar as a fidler. Can you

Sit seven hours together, and say nothing?

Which she will do, and, when she speaks, speak oracles,

Speak things that no man understands, nor herself
neither.

Pinac. Thou mak'st me wonder!

Serv. Can you smile?

Pinac. Yes, willingly;

For naturally I bear a mirth about me.

Serv. She'll ne'er endure you then; she's never
merry;

If she see one laugh, she'll swoon past *aqua vita*.

Never come near her, Sir; if you chance to venture,

And talk not like a doctor, you are damn'd too.

I've told you enough for your crown, and so good
speed you! [Exit.]

Pinac. I have a pretty task, if she be thus curious,

As, sure, it seems she is! If I fall off now,

I shall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,

I can but be abus'd, and that I look for;

And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.

Stay! in what mood and figure shall I attempt her?

A careless way? No, no, that will not waken her;

Besides, her gravity will give me line still,

And let me lose myself; yet this way often

Has hit, and handsomely. A wanton method?

Ay, if she give it leave to sink into her consideration;
But

But there's the doubt: If it but stir her blood once,
 And creep into the crannies of her fancy,
 Set her a-gog—But if she chance to slight it,
 And by the pow'r of her modesty fling it back,
 I shall appear the arrant'st rascal to her,
 The most licentious knave—for I shall talk lewdly.
 To bear myself austerely? rate my words?
 And fling a general gravity about me,
 As if I meant to give laws? But this I cannot do,
 This is a way above my understanding:
 Or, if I could, 'tis odds she'll think I mock her;
 For serious and sad things are ever still suspicious.
 Well, I'll say something:
 But learning I have none, and less good manners,
 Especially for ladies. Well; I'll set my best face.

Enter Lillia and Petella.

I hear some coming. This is the first woman
 I ever fear'd yet, the first face that shakes me.

Lil. Give me my hat, Petella; take this veil off,
 This fullen cloud; it darkens my delights.
 Come, wench, be free, and let the musick warble;
 Play me some lusty measure.

Pinac. This is she, sure,
 The very same I saw, the very woman,
 The gravity I wonder'd at. Stay, stay;
 Let me be sure. Ne'er trust me, but she danceth!
 Summer is in her face now, and she skippeth.
 I'll go a little nearer.

Lil. Quicker time, fellows!
 I cannot find my legs yet. Now, Petella!

Enter Mirabell.

Pinac. I am amaz'd! I'm founderd in my fancy!

Mir. Ha! say you so? Is this your gravity?
 This the austerity you put upon you?
 I'll see more o' this sport.

Lil. A song now!
 Call in for a merry, and a light song;

And

And sing it with a liberal spirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, madam.

Lil. And be not amaz'd, firrah, but take us for

Let's walk ourselves: Come, wench. 'Would we had
a man or two!

Pinac. Sure, she has spied me, and will abuse me
dreadfully;

She has put on this for the purpose; yet I will try her.—
Madam, I would be loth my rude intrusion,
Which I must crave a pardon for—

Lil. Oh, you are welcome,

You are very welcome, Sir! we want such a one.
Strike up again. I dare presume you dance well.

Quick, quick, Sir, quick! the time steals on.

Pinac. I would talk with you.

Lil. Talk as you dance.

Mir. She'll beat him off his legs first.

This is the finest mask!

Lil. Now, how do you, Sir?

Pinac. You have given me a shrewd heat.

Lil. I'll give you a hundred.

Come, sing now, sing; for I know you sing well;
I see you have a singing face.

Pinac. A fine modesty!

If I could, she'd never give me breath.—

Madam, 'would I might sit and recover.

Lil. Sit here, and sing now;

Let's do things quickly, Sir, and handsomely.

Sit close, wench, close. Begin, begin! [Song.]

Pinac. I'm leesson'd.

Lil. 'Tis very pretty, i'faith. Give me some wine
now.

Pinac. I would fain speak to you.

Lil. You shall drink first, believe me.

Here's to you a lusty health.

Pinac. I thank you, lady.—

?Would

'Would I were off again! I smell my misery:
I was never put to this rack! I shall be drunk too.

Mir. If thou be'st not a right one, I have lost mine
aim much:

I thank Heav'n, that I have 'scap'd thee! To her,
Pinac;

For thou'rt as sure to have her, and to groan for her—
I'll see how my other youth does; this speeds trimly.
A fine grave gentlewoman, and worth much honour!

Lil. Now, how do you like me, Sir? [*Exit Mir.*]

Pinac. I like you rarely.

Lil. You see, Sir, tho' sometimes we're grave and
silent,

And put on sadder dispositions,
Yet we're compounded of free parts, and sometimes too
Our lighter, airy, and our fiery mettles
Break out, and shew themselves: And what think you
of that, Sir?

Pinac. Good lady, sit, (for I am very weary)
And then I'll tell you.

Lil. Fy! a young man idle?
Up, and walk; be still in action;
The motions of the body are fair beauties:
Besides, 'tis cold. Odds-me, Sir, let's walk faster!
What think you now of the lady Felicia?
And Bella-Fronte, the duke's fair daughter? ha?
Are they not handsome things? There is Duarta,
And brown Olivia——

Pinac. I know none of 'em.

Lil. But brown must not be cast away, Sir. If
young Lelia
Had kept herself till this day from a husband,
Why, what a beauty, Sir! You know Ismena,
The fair gem of Saint Germans?

Pinac. By my troth, I do not.

Lil. And then, I know, you must hear of Brisac,
How unlike a gentleman——

Pinac. As I live, I have heard nothing.

Lil. Strike me another galliard!

Pinac.

Pinac. By this light, I cannot!
In troth, I have sprain'd my leg, madam.

Lil. Now sit you down, Sir,
And tell me why you came hither? why you chose
me out?

What is your business? your errand? Dispatch, dis-
patch!

May-be you are some gentleman's man, (and I mistook
you)

That have brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison,
Sent me from some friend of mine.

Pinac. Do I look like a carrier?
You might allow me, what I am, a gentleman.

Lil. Cry you mercy, Sir! I saw you yesterday:
You're new come out of travel; I mistook you.
And how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Pinac. Madam, I came with duty, and fair courtesy,
Service, and honour to you.

Lil. You came to jeer me!
You see I'm merry, Sir; I've chang'd my copy:
None of the fages now, and pray you proclaim it;
Fling on me what aspersion you shall please, Sir,
Of wantonness, or wildness; I look for it;
And tell the world, I am an hypocrite,
Mask in a forc'd and borrow'd shape, I expect it;
But not to have you believ'd: For, mark you, Sir,
I have won a nobler estimation,
A stronger tie by my discretion
Upon opinion (how'er you think I forc'd it)
Than either tongue or act²² of yours can flubber,
And, when I please, I will be what I please, Sir,
So I exceed not mean²³; and none shall brand it,
Either with scorn or shame, but shall be slighted.

²² *Tongue or art of yours.*] The sense is, *than either* what you can
say or do can flully. But haply this cannot be made out of the words
as they stand, and therefore I would read,

Tongue or act of yours.

So Mr. Theobald had wrote in his margin. *Act* and *art*, through our
Authors' plays, are frequently confounded. *Sympson.*

²³ *Exceed not mean.*] *i. e.* Moderation, discretion.

Pinac. Lady, I come to love you.

Lil. Love yourself, Sir;

And when I want observers, I'll fend for you.

Heigh-ho! my fit's almost off; for we do all by fits,
Sir.

If you be weary, fit till I come again to you. [*Exit.*]

Pinac. This is a wench of a dainty spirit; but

Hang me if I know yet either what to think

Or make of her; she had her will of me,

And baited me abundantly, I thank her;

And, I confess, I never was so blurted²⁴,

Nor ever so abus'd: I must bear my own sins.

You talk of travels; here's a curious country!

Yet I will find her out, or forswear my faculty. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalura and Oriana.

Ros. Ne'er vex yourself, nor grieve; you are a fool
then.

Ori. I'm sure I'm made so: Yet, before I suffer
Thus like a girl, and give him leave to triumph—

Ros. You say right; for as long as he perceives you
Sink under his proud scorings, he'll laugh at you:
For me, secure yourself; and for my sister,
I partly know her mind too: Howsoever,
To obey my father, we have made a tender
Of our poor beauties to the travell'd monsieur,
Yet two words to a bargain! He slights us
As skittish things, and we shun him as curious.
May-be, my free behaviour turns his stomach,
And makes him seem to doubt a loose opinion:

²⁴ ——— *I never was so blurted,*

Nor ever so abus'd.] Edit. 1652 reads, *blurted*. Mr. Symphon, disliking both words, is inclined to substitute *flurted*; but *blurted* is certainly the right word. It is used in the same sense in Edw. III. See Capell's Prolusions, p. 81.

'Oh, that I were some other countryman!

'This day hath set derision on the French,

'And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.'

I must be so sometimes, tho' all the world saw it.

Ori. Why should not you? Are not ^{our} minds only
measur'd?]

As long as here you stand secure——

Ros. You say true;

As long as mine own conscience makes no question,
What care I for report? that woman's miserable,
That's good or bad for their tongues' sake. Come,
let's retire.

And get my veil, wench. By my troth, your sorrow,
And the consideration of mens' humorous maddings,
Have put me into a serious contemplation.

Enter Mirabell and Belleur.

Ori. Come, 'faith, let's sit, and think.

Ros. That's all my business.

Mir. Why stand'st thou peeping here? Thou great
slug, forward!

Bel. She is there; peace!

Mir. Why stand'st thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou wouldst steal linen?
Hast thou not place and time?

Bel. I had a rare speech
Studied, and almost ready; and your violence
Has beat it out of my brains.

Mir. Hang your rare speeches!
Go me on like a man.

Bel. Let me set my beard up.
How has Pinac perform'd?

Mir. H'has won already:
He stands not thrumming of caps thus.

Bel. Lord, what should I ail!
What a cold I have over my stomach; 'would I had
some hum²⁵!

* *Are our minds only measur'd?*] The sense seems to require,

Are not minds only measur'd?

²⁵ 'Would I had some hum.] Mr. Theobald, doubtful of this term, queries whether *rum* ought not to supply its place. I once thought *num* was the more likely to be the true reading, but am convinced (so precarious, however likely, are all conjectural emendations) that the

Certain I have a great mind to be at her,
A mighty mind.

Mir. On, fool!

Bel. Good words, I beseech you;
For I will not be abus'd by both.

Mir. Adieu, then,
(I will not trouble you; I see you are valiant)
And work your own way.

Bel. Hift, hift! I will be rul'd;
I will, i'faith; I will go presently:
Will you forsake me now, and leave me i'th' fuds?
You know, I am false-hearted this way; I beseech you,
Good sweet Mirabell (I'll cut yout throat if you leave
me,
Indeed I will!) sweet-heart!

Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine elbow; take a man's heart to thee,
And speak thy mind; the plainer still the better.
She is a woman of that free behaviour,
Indeed, that common courtesy, she cannot deny thee;
Go bravely on:

Bel. Madam—keep close about me,
Still at my back.—Madam, sweet madam—

Rof. Ha!

What noise is that? what faucy sound to trouble me?

Mir. What said she?

Bel. I am faucy.

Mir. 'Tis the better.

Bel. She comes; must I be faucy still?

Mir. More faucy.

Rof. Still troubled with these vanities? Heaven bless
us!

What are we born to? Would you speak with any of
my people?

text is right upon credit of Ben Jonson in his *Devil's an Ass*, vol. iv.
p. 256.

• Chimney-sweepers and carmen, are got,

• To their tobacco, strong-waters, *hum*,

• Meath, and obarni.

Hum, the common cant for strong liquor. See *Beggars' Bush*.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE. 213

Go in, Sir; I am busy.

Bel. This is not she, sure:
Is this two children at a birth? I'll be hang'd then!
Mine was a merry gentlewoman, talk'd daintily,
Talk'd of those matters that befitted women;
This is a parcel-prayer-book; I'm serv'd sweetly!
And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd for th' other
way.

Ros. Do you know that man?

Ori. Sure, I have seen him, lady.

Ros. Methinks 'tis pity such a lusty fellow
Should wander up and down, and want employment.

Bel. She takes me for a rogue!—You may do well,
madam,
To stay this wanderer, and set him at work, forsooth;
He can do something that may please your ladyship;
I have heard of women that desire good breedings,
Two at a birth, or so.

Ros. The fellow's impudent.

Ori. Sure, he is craz'd.

Ros. I have heard of men too that have had good
manners;
Sure, this is want of grace! Indeed, 'tis great pity
The young man has been bred so ill; but this lewd age
Is full of such examples.

Bel. I am founder'd,
And some shall rue the setting of me on!

Mir. Ha! so bookish, lady? is it possible?
Turn'd holy at the heart too? I'll be hang'd then.
Why, this is such a feat, such an activity,

Enter Servant, with a veil.

Such fast and loose—A veil too for your knavery?

O Dio, Dio!

Ros. What do you take me for, Sir?

Mir. An hypocrite, a wanton, a dissembler,
How'er you seem, and thus you're to be handled;
(Mark me, Belleur) and this you love, I know it.

Ros. Stand off, bold Sir!

Mir. You wear good clothes to this end,

Jewels; love feasts, and masks.

Ros. Ye're monstrous faucy!

Mir. All this to draw on fools; and thus, thus, lady,
Ye're to be lull'd.

Bel. Let her alone, I'll swinge ye else,
I will, i'faith! for tho' I cannot skill o'this matter
Myself, I will not see another do it before me,
And do it worse.

Ros. Away! you're a vain thing!
You've travell'd far, Sir, to return again
A windy and poor bladder! You talk of women,
That are not worth the favour of a common one,
The grace of her grew in an hospital?
Against a thousand such blown fooleries,
I'm able to maintain good womens' honours,
Their freedoms, and their fames, and I will do it—

Mir. Sh'has almost struck me dumb too.

Ros. And declaim
Against your base malicious tongues, your noises,
For they are nothing else. You teach behaviours?
Or touch us for our freedoms²⁶? Teach yourselves
manners,

Truth and sobriety, and live so clearly
That our lives may shine in ye; and then task us.
It seems, ye're hot; the suburbs will supply ye:
Good women scorn such gamesters, so I'll leave ye!
I am sorry to see this: 'Faith, Sir, live fairly. [*Exit.*]

Mir. This woman, if she hold on, may be virtuous;
'Tis almost possible: We'll have a new day.

Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forc'd me to this foolery:
I'm sham'd, I'm scorn'd, I'm flurted! yes, I am so!
Tho' I cannot talk to a woman like your worship,
And use my phrases, and my learned figures,
Yet I can fight with any man.

Mir. Fy!

Bel. I can, Sir;
And I will fight.

²⁶ Or touch us for our freedoms.] On considering the turn of this speech, it seems probable we should substitute *task* for *touch*: 'You *teach*, or *task*?'—'Teach yourselves, and then *task* us.'

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE. 215

Mir. With whom?

Bel. With you, with any man;
For all men now will laugh at me.

Mir. Prithee be moderate.

Bel. And I'll beat all men. Come!

Mir. I love thee dearly.

Bel. I will beat all that love; love has undone me!
Never tell me! I will not be a history.

Mir. Thou art not.

Bel. 'Sfoot, I will not! Give me room,
And let me see the proudest of ye jeer me;
And I'll begin with you first.

Mir. Prithee, Belleur!
If I do not satisfy thee——

Bel. Well, look you do.
But, now I think on't better, 'tis impossible!
I must beat somebody; I am mau'd myself,
And I ought in justice——

Mir. No, no, no; ye're cozen'd:
But walk, and let me talk to thee.

Bel. Talk wisely,
And see that no man laugh, upon no occasion;
For I shall think then 'tis at me.

Mir. I warrant thee.

Bel. Nor no more talk of this.

Mir. Dost think I'm maddish?

Bel. I must needs fight yet; for I find it concerns me:
A pox on't! I must fight.

Mir. I'faith, thou shalt not. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter De Gard and Lugier.

De Ga. I KNOW you are a scholar, and can do wonders.

Lug. There's no great scholarship belongs to this, Sir; What I am, I am: I pity your poor sifter, And heartily I hate these travellers, These gim-cracks, made of mops * and motions; There's nothing in their houses here but hummings; A bee has more brains. I grieve and vex too²⁷ The insolent licentious carriage Of this out-facing fellow Mirabell; And I am mad to see him prick his plumes up.

De Ga. His wrongs you partly know.

Lug. Do not you stir, Sir; Since he has begun with wit, let wit revenge it: Keep your sword close; we'll cut his throat a new way. I am asham'd the gentlewoman should suffer Such base lewd wrongs.

De Ga. I will be rul'd; he shall live, And left to your revenge.

Lug. Ay, ay, I'll fit him: He makes a common scorn of handsome women;

* Mops.] *Mopping and mowing, and mops and mows, are used by Shakespeare for wild and extravagant behaviour.*

²⁷ ——— I grieve and vex too

The insolent licentious carriage.] Vex here is a neutral verb, and is used so a little lower:

Mir. ——— now vex, ladies,

Envy, and vex, and rail.

The text here I have not altered either as to pointing or reading, though I once thought the whole should thus have run,

————— I grieve and vex too.

The insolent licentious carriage

Of this out-facing fellow, Mirabell,

I'm mad to see; to see him prick his plumes up. Symphon.

Our Authors often use neutral verbs actively. *Vex* here signifies to vex AT.

Modesty and good manners are his may-games;
 He takes up maidenheads with a new commission;
 The church-warrant's out of date. Follow my counsel,
 For I am zealous in the cause. *M. T. O. A.*

De Ga. I will, Sir,
 And will be still directed; for the truth is,
 My sword will make my sister seem more monstrous:
 Besides, there is no honour won on reprobates.

Lug. You are i'th' right. The slight h' has shew'd
 my pupils
 Sets me a-fire too. Go; I'll prepare your sister,
 And, as I told you——

De Ga. Yes; all shall be fit, Sir.

Lug. And seriously, and handsomely.

De Ga. I warrant you.

Lug. A little counsel more. *[Whispers.]*

De Ga. 'Tis well.

Lug. Most stately!
 See that observ'd; and then!

De Ga. I have you every way.

Lug. Away then, and be ready.

De Ga. With all speed, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Enter Lillia, Rosalura, and Oriana.

Lug. We'll learn to travel too, may-be, beyond him.
 Good day, fair beauties!

Lil. You have beautified us,
 We thank you, Sir; you have set us off most gallantly
 With your grave precepts.

Ros. We expected husbands
 Out of your documents and taught behaviours,
 Excellent husbands; thought men would run stark
 mad on us,

Men of all ages, and all states; we expected
 An inundation of desires and offers,
 A torrent of trim suitors; all we did,
 Or said, or purpos'd, to be spells about us,
 Spells to provoke——

Lil. You have provok'd us finely!
 We follow'd your directions, we did rarely,

We

We were stately, coy, demure, careless, light, giddy,
And play'd at all points: This, you swore, would carry.

Ros. We made love, and contemn'd love; now
seem'd holy,
With such a reverent put-on reservation
Which could not miss, according to your principles;
Now gave more hope again; now close, now public,
Still up and down, we beat it like a billow;
And ever those behaviours you read to us,
Subtle, and new: But all this will not help us!

Lil. They help to hinder us of all acquaintance,
They've frightened off all friends! What am I better
For all my learning, if I love a dunce,
A handsome dunce? to what use serves my reading?
You should have taught me what belongs to horses,
Dogs, dice, hawks, banquets, masks, free and fair
meetings,
To have studied gowns and dressings.

Lug. Ye're not mad, sure!

Ros. We shall be, if we follow your encouragements:
I'll take mine own way now!

Lil. And I my fortune;
We may live maids else till the moon drop mill-stones.
I see, your modest women are taken for monsters;
A dowry of good breeding is worth nothing.

Lug. Since ye take it so to th' heart, pray ye give
me leave yet,
And you shall see how I'll convert this heretic:
Mark how this Mirabell——

Lil. Name him no more;
For, tho' I long for a husband, I hate him,
And would be married sooner to a monkey,
Or to a Jack of Straw²⁸, than such a juggler.

²⁸ *A Jack of Straw.*] In Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v. scene iv. Falstaff says, 'See now, how wit may be made a *Jack a lent*, when 'tis upon ill employment.' Upon which Mr. Steevens observes, that 'a *Jack o' Lent* appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks;' and, among other instances to prove it, produces this passage from our Author.

A man of straw is a phrase in use at this day.

Ros.

THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE. T 2 19 2

Ros. I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,
And plays at fast and loose too learnedly;
For a plain-meaning woman; that's the truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry;

[*Pointing to Oriana.*]
And reason why. No, no, we will not trouble you,
Nor him at this time: May he make you happy!
We'll turn ourselves loose now, to our fair fortunes;
And the down-right way—

Lil. The winning way we'll follow;
We'll bait that men may bite fair, and not be frightened,
Yet we'll not be carried so cheap neither; we'll have
some sport,
Some mad-morris or other for our money, tutor.

Lug. 'Tis like enough: Prosper your own devices!
Ye're old enough to chuse: But, for this gentlewoman,
So please her give me leave—

Ori. I shall be glad, Sir,
To find a friend whose pity may direct me.

Lug. I'll do my best, and faithfully deal for ye;
But then ye must be rul'd.

Ori. In all, I vow to you.

Ros. Do, do: He has a lucky hand sometimes, I'll
assure you;
And hunts the recovery of a lost lover deadly.

Lug. You must away straight.

Ori. Yes.

Lug. And I'll instruct you:
Here you can know no more.

Ori. By your leave, sweet ladies;
And all our fortunes arrive at our own wishes!

Lil. Amen, amen!

Lug. I must borrow your man.

Lil. Pray take him;
He is within: To do her good, take any thing,
Take us and all.

Lug. No doubt, ye may find takers;
And so we'll leave ye to your own disposes.

Lil. Now, which way, wench? [*Exe. Lug. and Ori.*]

Ros.

Ref. We'll go a brave way, fear not;
A safe and sure way too; and yet a bye-way.
I must confess, I have a great mind to be married.

Lil. So have I too a grudging of good-will that way;
And would as fain be dispatch'd. But this monsieur
Quicksilver—

Ref. No, no; we'll bar him, bye and main: Let
him trample;

There is no safety in his surquedry²⁹:
An army-royal of women are too few for him;
He keeps a journal of his gentleness,
And will go near to print his fair dispatches,
And call it his triumph over time and women:
Let him pass out of memory! What think you
Of his two companions?

Lil. Pinac, methinks, is reasonable;
A little modesty he has brought home with him,
And might be taught, in time, some handsome duty.

Ref. They say, he is a wench too.

Lil. I like him better;
A free light touch or two becomes a gentleman,
And sets him seemly off: So he exceed not,
But keep his compass clear, he may be look'd at.
I would not marry a man that must be taught,
And conjur'd up with kisses; the best game
Is play'd still by the best gamesters.

Ref. Fy upon thee!
What talk hast thou?

Lil. Are not we alone, and merry?
Why should we be asham'd to speak what we think?
Thy gentleman,

The tall fat fellow, he that came to see thee—

Ref. Is't not a goodly man?

Lil. A wondrous goodly!
H' has weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy upon me,
What a serpent wilt thou seem under such a St. George!

Ref. Thou art a fool! Give me a man brings mettle,
Brings substance with him, needs no broths to *lare* him.

²⁹ *Surquedry.*] See note 52 on Monsieur Thomas.

These little fellows shew like fleas in boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a stir to vex us:
Give me the puissant pike; take you the small shot.

Lil. Of a great thing, I have not seen a duller;
Therefore, methinks, sweet sister—

Ros. Peace, he's modest;
A bashfulness; which is a point of grace, wench:
But, when these fellows come to moulding, sister,
To heat, and handling—As I live, I like him;
And, methinks, I could form him.

Enter Mirabell.

Lil. Peace! the fire-drake.

Mir. Bless ye, sweet beauties, sweet incomparable ladies,
Sweet wits, sweet humours! Bless you, learned lady!
And you, most holy nun! Bless your devotions!

Lil. And bless your brains, Sir, your most pregnant
brains, Sir!

They are in travel; may they be deliver'd
Of a most hopeful Wild-Goose!

Ros. Bless your manhood!

They say you are a gentleman of action,
A fair-accomplish'd man, and a rare engineer;
You have a trick to blow up maidenheads,
A subtle trick, they say abroad.

Mir. I have, lady.

Ros. And often glory in their ruins.

Mir. Yes, forsooth;

I have a speedy trick, please you to try it:
My engine will dispatch you instantly.

Ros. I would I were a woman, Sir, fit for you,
As there be such, no doubt, may engine you too;
May, with a counter-mine, blow up your valour.
But, in good faith, Sir, we are both too honest;
And, the plague is, we cannot be persuaded:
For, look you, if we thought it were a glory
To be the last of all your lovely ladies—

Mir. Come, come; leave prating: This has spoil'd
your market!

This

This pride, and puffed-up heart, will make ye fast, ladies,
Fast, when ye're hungry too.

Ros. The more our pain, Sir.

Lil. The more our health, I hope too.

Mir. Your behaviours

Have made men stand amaz'd; those men that lov'd ye;
Men of fair states and parts. Your strange conver-
sions³⁰

Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore;
Your scorns of those that came to visit ye;
Your studied whim-whams, and your fine set faces:
What have these got ye? Proud and harsh opinions!
A travell'd monsieur was the strangest creature,
The wildest monster to be wonder'd at;
His person made a public scoff, his knowledge
(As if he had been bred 'mongst bears or bandogs)
Shunn'd and avoided; his conversation snuff'd at:
What harvest brings all this?

Ros. I pray you proceed, Sir.

Mir. Now ye shall see in what esteem a traveller,
An understanding gentleman, and a monsieur,
Is to be held; and to your griefs confess it,
Both to your griefs and galls!

Lil. In what, I pray ye, Sir?

We would be glad to understand your excellence.

Mir. Go on, sweet ladies; it becomes ye rarely!
For me, I have blest me from ye; scoff on seriously,
And note the man ye mock'd. You, lady Learning,
Note the poor traveller, that came to visit ye,
That flat unfurnish'd fellow; note him throughly!
You may chance to see him anon.

Lil. 'Tis very likely.

Mir. And see him courted by a travell'd lady,
Held dear, and honour'd, by a virtuous virgin;

³⁰ ———— *strange conventions.*

Into I know not what, &c.] Mr. Theobald too here has affix'd his query in the margin. I make no doubt but our Authors have suffer'd only at the press, and that the original reading was,

————— *strange conversions.* *Symphon.*

May-be, a beauty not far short of yours neither; T
It may be, clearer.

Lil. Not unlikely.

Mir. Younger;

As killing eyes as yours, a wit as poignant;

May-be, a state to that may top your fortune;

Enquire how she thinks of him, how she holds him;

His good parts, in what precious price already;

Being a stranger to him, how she courts him;

A stranger to his nation too, how she dotes on him;

Enquire of this; be sick to know: Curse, lady;

And keep your chamber; cry, and curse! A sweet

one,

A thousand in yearly land, well bred, well friended,

Travell'd, and highly follow'd for her fashions!

Lil. Bless his good fortune, Sir.

Mir. This scurvy fellow,

I think they call his name Pinac, this serving-man

That brought you venison, as I take it, madam,

Note but this scab! 'Tis strange, that this coarse

creature,

That has no more set-off but his jugglings,

His travell'd tricks—

Lil. Good Sir, I grieve not at him,

Nor envy not his fortune: Yet I wonder!

He's handsome, yet I see no such perfection.

Mir. 'Would I had his fortune! for it is a woman

Of that sweet-temper'd nature, and that judgment,

Besides her state, that care, clear understanding,

And such a wife to bless him—

Rof. Pray you whence is she?

Mir. Of England, and a most accomplish'd lady;

So modest that mens' eyes are frighted at her,

And such a noble carriage—How now, firrah?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great English lady—

Mir. What of her, Sir?

Boy. Has newly left her coach, and coming this way,

Where

Where you may see her plain: Monsieur Pinac
The only man that leads her.

Enter Pinac, Mariana, and attendants.

Mir. He's much honour'd;
'Would I had such a favour! Now vex, ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail!

Ros. You are short of us, Sir.

Mir. Bless your fair fortune, Sir!

Pinac. I nobly thank you.

Mir. Is she married, friend?

Pinac. No, no.

Mir. A goodly lady;

A sweet and delicate aspect! Mark, mark, and wonder!
Hast thou any hope of her?

Pinac. A little.

Mir. Follow close then;

Lose not that hope.

Pinac. To you, Sir. [*Mariana courtsies to him.*]

Mir. Gentle lady!

Ros. She's fair, indeed.

Lil. I've seen a fairer; yet
She's well.

Ros. Her cloaths fit handsome too.

Lil. She dresses prettily.

Ros. And, by my faith, she's rich; she looks still
sweeter.

A well-bred woman, I warrant her.

Lil. Do you hear, Sir?

May I crave this gentlewoman's name?

Pinac. Mariana, lady.

Lil. I will not say, I owe you a quarrel, monsieur,
For making me your stale! A noble gentleman
Would have had more courtesy, at least more faith,
Than to turn off his mistress at first trial:
You know not what respect I might have shew'd you;
I find you have worth.

Pinac. I cannot stay to answer you;
You see my charge. I am beholding to you

For all your merry tricks you put upon me,
Your bobs, and base accounts: I came to love you,
To woo you, and to serve you; I am much indebted
to you

For dancing me off my legs, and then for walking me,
For telling me strange tales I never heard of,
More to abuse me; for mistaking me,
When you both knew I was a gentleman,
And one deserv'd as rich a match as you are!

Lil. Be not so bitter, Sir.

Pinac. You see this lady:

She's young enough, and fair enough, to please me;
A woman of a loving mind, a quiet,
And one that weighs the worth of him that loves her;
I am content with this, and bless my fortune:
Your curious wits, and beauties——

Lil. Faith, see me once more.

Pinac. I dare not trouble you.

Lil. May I speak to your lady?

Pinac. I pray you content yourself: I know you're
bitter,

And, in your bitterness, you may abuse her;
Which, if she comes to know, (for she understands
you not)

It may breed such a quarrel to your kindred,
And such an indiscretion fling on you too
(For she is nobly friended)——

Lil. I could eat her!

Pinac. Rest as ye are, a modest noble gentlewoman,
And afford your honest neighbours some of your
prayers. [*Exe. Pin. Mar. and attendants.*]

Mir. What think you now?

Lil. Faith, she's a pretty whiting;
Sh'has got a pretty catch too!

Mir. You are angry,
Monstrous angry now, grievously angry;
And the pretty heart does swell now!

Lil. No, in troth, Sir.

Mir. And it will cry anon, 'a pox upon it!'

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And it will curse itself, and eat no meat, lady ;
And it will fight³¹ !

Lil. Indeed, you are mistaken ;
It will be very merry.

Ros. Why, Sir, do you think
There are no more men living, nor no handsomer,
Than he, or you ? By this light, there be ten thousand,
Ten thousand thousand ! Comfort yourself, dear
monieur !

Faces, and bodies, wits, and all abiliments³² ;
There are so many we regard 'em not.

Enter Belleur and two Gentlemen.

Mir. That such a noble lady—I could burst now !
So far above such trifles——

Bel. You did laugh at me ;
And I know why ye laugh'd !

1 *Gent.* I pray ye be fatisfied !
If we did laugh, we had some private reason,
And not at you.

2 *Gent.* Alas, we know you not, Sir.

Bel. I'll make you know me ! Set your faces soberly ;
Stand this way, and look sad ; I'll be no may-game !
Sadder, demurer yet !

Ros. What's the matter ?
What ails this gentleman ?

Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye :
And not a simper, on your lives ! [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Lil. He's mad, sure.

Bel. Do you observe me too ?

Mir. I may look on you.

Bel. Why do you grin ? I know your mind.

Mir. You do not.

³¹ *And it will fight.*] Mr. Sympson for *fight* substitutes *figh*, because the word *merry* occurs in Lillia's answer ; and thus ' the sentence, says ' he, is set sound by restoring of the *antithesis*.' We have not adopted his variation, because the text is sense, and spirited.

³² *Abiliments.*] Probably we should read, *habiliments* ; unless *abiliments* formerly signified *capacity*, or *accomplishments*.

You're strangely humorous : Is there no mirth, nor
 pleasure,
 But you must be the object ?

Bel. Mark, and observe me : Where-ever I am nam'd,
 The very word shall raise a general sadness,
 For the disgrace this scurvy woman did me,
 This proud pert thing ! Take heed you laugh not at me ;
 Provoke me not ; take heed !

Ros. I would fain please you ;
 Do any thing to keep you quiet.

Bel. Hear me :
 'Till I receive a satisfaction
 Equal to the disgrace and scorn you gave me,
 You are a wretched woman ; till thou woo'st me,
 And I scorn thee as much, as seriously
 Jeer and abuse thee ; ask, what Gill thou art,
 Or any baser name ; I will proclaim thee,
 I will so sing thy virtue, so be-paint thee——

Ros. Nay, good Sir, be more modest.

Bel. Do you laugh again ?—
 Because you are a woman, you are lawless,
 And out of compass of an honest anger.

Ros. Good Sir, have a better belief of me.

Lil. Away, dear sister. [*Exeunt ladies.*]

Mir. Is not this better now, this seeming madness,
 Than falling out with your friends ?

Bel. Have I not frightened her ?

Mir. Into her right wits, I warrant thee : Follow
 this humour,
 And thou shalt see how prosperously 'twill guide thee.

Bel. I'm glad I've found a way to wooe yet ; I was
 afraid once

I never should have made a civil suitor.

Well, I'll about it still.

[*Exit.*]

Mir. Do, do, and prosper.

What sport do I make with these fools ; what pleasure
 feeds me,

And fats my sides at their poor innocence !

Enter Lugier.

Wooring and wiving! hang it! give me mirth,
Witty and dainty mirth! I shall grow in love, sure,
With mine own happy head. Who's this? To me, Sir?
What youth is this?

Lug. Yes, Sir, I would speak with you,
If your name be monsieur Mirabell.

Mir. You have hit it:
Your business, I beseech you?

Lug. This it is, Sir;
There is a gentlewoman hath long time affected you,
And lov'd you dearly.

Mir. Turn over, and end that story;
'Tis long enough: I have no faith in women, Sir.

Lug. It seems so, Sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or sing her praises, tho' she well deserve 'em;
I come to tell you, you've been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, false of faith, and careless;
Taking more pleasure in abusing her,
Wresting her honour to your wild disposes,
Than noble in requiting her affection:
Which, as you are a man, I must desire you
(A gentleman of rank) not to persist in,
No more to load her fair name with your injuries.

Mir. Why, I beseech you, Sir?

Lug. Good Sir, I'll tell you,
And I'll be short; I'll tell you, 'cause I love you;
Because I'd have you shun the shame may follow.
There is a nobleman, new come to town, Sir,
A noble and a great man, that affects her,
(A countryman of mine, a brave Savoyan,
Nephew to th' duke) and so much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to pursue your old way,
To touch at any thing concerns her honour,
Believe, most dangerous: Her name is Oriana,
And this great man will marry her. Take heed, Sir,
For howsoe'er her brother, a staid gentleman,
Lets things pass upon better hopes, this lord, Sir,

Enter

Is

Is of that fiery and that poignant metal,
(Especially provok'd on by affection)

That 'twill be hard—But you are wise.

Mir. A lord, Sir?

Lug. Yes, and a noble lord.

Mir. 'Send her good fortune!

This will not stir her lord?—A baroness?

Say you so, say you so? By'r lady, a brave title!

Top, and top-gallant now! 'Save her great ladyship!

I was a poor servant of hers, I must confess, Sir,

And in those days I thought I might be jovy,

And make a little bold to call in to her;

But, *basta!* now, I know my rules and distance:

Yet, if she want an usher, such an implement,

One that is throughly pac'd, a clean-made gentleman,

Can hold a hanging up with approbation,

Plant his hat formally, and wait with patience,

I do beseech you, Sir——

Lug. Sir, leave your scoffing,

And, as you are a gentleman, deal fairly:

I have given you a friend's counsel; so I'll leave you.

Mir. But, hark ye, hark ye, Sir! Is't possible

I may believe what you say?

Lug. You may choose, Sir.

Mir. No baits? no fish-hooks, Sir? no gins? no

nooses?

No pitfalls to catch puppies?

Lug. I tell you certain:

You may believe; if not, stand to the danger! [*Exit.*]

Mir. A lord of Savoy, says he? the duke's nephew?

A man so mighty? By'r lady, a fair marriage!

By my faith, a handsome fortune! I must leave prating;

For, to confess the truth, I have abus'd her,

For which I should be sorry, but that will seem scurvy,

I must confess she was, ever since I knew her,

As modest as she was fair; I am sure she lov'd me;

Her means good, and her breeding excellent;

And for my sake she has refus'd fair matches:

I may play the fool finely.—Stay! who are these?

Enter De Gard, Oriana, and attendants.

'Tis she, I am sure; and that the lord, it should seem:
He carries a fair port, is a handsome man too.
I do begin to feel I am a coxcomb.

Ori. Good my lord, chuse a nobler; for I know
I am so far below your rank and honour,
That what you can say this way, I must credit
But spoken to beget yourself sport. Alas, Sir,
I am so far off from deserving you,
My beauty so unfit for your affection,
That I am grown the scorn of common railers,
Of such injurious things, that, when they cannot
Reach at my person, lie with my reputation.
I'm poor, besides.

De Ga. You are all wealth and goodness;
And none but such as are the scum of men,
The ulcers of an honest state, spite-weavers,
That live on poison only, like swoln spiders,
Dare once profane such excellence, such sweetness.

Mir. This man speaks loud indeed.

De Ga. Name but the men, lady;
Let me but know these poor and base depravers,
Lay but to my revenge their persons open,
And you shall see how suddenly, how fully,
For your most beauteous sake, how direfully,
I'll handle their despites. Is this thing one?
Be what he will——

Mir. Sir!

De Ga. Dare your malicious tongue, Sir——

Mir. I know you not, nor what you mean.

Ori. Good my lord!

De Ga. If he, or any he——

Ori. I beseech your honour!

This gentleman's a stranger to my knowledge;
And, no doubt, Sir, a worthy man.

De Ga. Your mercy!

But, had he been a tainter of your honour,
A blaster of those beauties reign within you——

But we shall find a fitter time. Dear lady,
As soon as I have freed you from your guardian,
And done some honour'd offices unto you,
I'll take you, with those faults the world flings on you,
And dearer than the whole world I'll esteem you!

[*Exeunt.*

Mir. This is a thundring lord; I'm glad I 'scap'd
him.

How lovingly the wench disclaim'd my villainy!
I am vex'd now heartily that he shall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to lose her,
But that this bilbo-lord shall reap that maidenhead
That was my due; that he shall rig and top her!
I'd give a thousand crowns now, he might miss her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Nay, if I bear your blows, and keep your
counsel,
You have good luck, Sir: I'll teach you to strike
lighter.

Mir. Come hither, honest fellow: Canst thou tell me
Where this great lord lies? this Savoy lord? Thou
met'st him;
He now went by thee, certain.

Serv. Yes, he did, Sir;
I know him, and I know you're fool'd.

Mir. Come hither;
Here's all this, give me truth.

Serv. Not for your money,
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten,
And by the worshipful contrivers beaten, and I'll tell
you.

This is no lord, no Savoy lord.

Mir. Go forward.

Serv. This is a trick, and put upon you grossly
By one Lugier: The lord is monsieur De Gard, Sir,
An honest gentleman, and a neighbour here:
Their ends you understand better than I, sure.

Mir. Now I know him;

Know him now plain!

Serv. I have discharg'd my choler³³; so God be wi' you, Sir! *[Exit.]*

Mir. What a purblind puppy was I! Now I remember him;

All the whole cast on's face, tho' it were umber'd,
And mask'd with patches.

What a dunder-whelp,
To let him domineer thus! How he strutted,
And what a load of lord he clapt upon him!

'Would I'd him here again! I would so bounce him,
I would so thank his lordship for his lewd plot——
Do they think to carry it away, with a great band made
of bird-pots,

And a pair of pin-buttock'd breeches?—Ha! 'tis he
Again; he comes, he comes, he comes! have at him.

Enter De Gard, Oriana, &c.

My Savoy lord, [*singing.*] why dost thou frown on me?
And will that favour never sweeter be?

Wilt thou, I say, for ever play the fool?

De Gard, be wise, and, Savoy, go to school!

My lord De Gard, I thank you for your antick;

My lady bright, that will be sometimes frantick;

You worthy train that wait upon this pair,

'Send you more wit, and them a bouncing baire³⁴!

And so I take my humble leave of your honours.

[Exit.]

De Ga. We are discover'd, there's no remedy.

Lillia-Bianca's man, upon my life,

In stubbornness, because Lugier corrected him——

A shameless slave³⁵! plague on him for a rascal!

³³ *I have discharged my colours.*] As it appears that the Servant betrays the plot out of resentment from having been beaten, Mr. Sympson properly reads, *I have discharged my cholER.*

³⁴ *And they a bouncing baire.*] It is clear that for *they* we should read *them*; but we know not what to make of the word *baire*.

³⁵ *A shameless slave's plague on him for a rascal.*] What a *shameless slave's plague* means, is possibly as much unknown to the reader as myself. I dispute not but the Poet gave the line thus,

A shameless slave! plague on him for a rascal. *Simpson.*

Ori. I was in a perfect hope. The bane on't is now,
He will make mirth on mirth, to persecute us.

De Ga. We must be patient; I am vex'd to th'
I will not proof too.

I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one speaks.

Ori. Let me be lost, and scorn'd first!

De Ga. Well, we'll consider.

Away, and let me shift; I shall be hooted else.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Lugier, Lillia, and Servants.

Lug. **F** AINT not, but do as I direct ye; trust me.
Believe me too, for what I have told you,
lady,

As true as you are Lillia, is authentic;
I know it, I have found it: 'Tis a poor courage
Flies off for one repulse. These travellers
Shall find, before we have done, a home-spun wit,
A plain French understanding, may cope with 'em.
They've had the better yet, thank your sweet squire
here!

And let 'em brag. You would be reveng'd?

Lil. Yes, surely.

Lug. And married too?

Lil. I think so.

Lug. Then be counsell'd;

You know how to proceed. I've other irons
Heating as well as yours, and I will strike
Three blows with one stone home. Be rul'd, and
happy;

And so I leave you. Now's the time. [*Exit.*]

Lil. I'm ready,

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If he do come to do me³⁶,

Serv. Will you stand here,
And let the people think you're God knows what,
mistress?

Let boys and prentices presume upon you?

Lil. Prithee hold thy peace.

Serv. Stand at his door that hates you?

Lil. Prithee leave prating.

Serv. Pray you go to th' tavern: I'll give you a pint
of wine there.

If any of the mad-cap gentlemen should come by,
That take up women upon special warrant,
You were in a wise case now.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Mariana, Priest, and attendants.

Lil. Give me the garland;

And wait you here.

Mir. She is here to seek thee, firrah:

I told thee what would follow; she is mad for thee!

Shew, and advance.—So early stirring, lady?

It shews a busy mind, a fancy troubled.

A willow garland too? Is't possible?

'Tis pity so much beauty should lie musty;

But 'tis not to be help'd now.

Lil. The more's my misery.

Good fortune to you, lady, you deserve it;

To me, too-late repentance, I have fought it.

I do not envy, tho' I grieve a little,

You are mistress of that happiness, those joys,

That might have been, had I been wise—But fortune—

³⁶ —do come to do me. } This unmeaning place I would reform thus,

If he do come to dor me.

The *dor* and *to dor* are common in our Authors, and Ben Jonson's writings. Thus in the *Lovers' Progress*, the second play after this, act i. scene i. Malfort says to Leon,

————— I would not

Receive the dor. —————

Sympson.

Possibly *do* is an accidental interpolation of the printer or transcriber: The measure, as well as sense, is better without it; and *Sympson's* alteration is hard and unplaussible. The *dor*, as a substantive, is common; but we remember no instance of its being used as a verb, *to dor*.

Pinac. She understands you not; pray you do not trouble her!

And do not cross me like a hare thus; 'tis as ominous.

Lil. I come not to upbraid your levity,
(Tho' you made show of love, and tho' I lik'd you)
To claim an interest, (we are yet both strangers;
But what we might have been, had you persever'd,
Sir!)

To be an eye-fore to your loving lady:
'This garland shews, I give myself forsaken,
(Yet she must pardon me, 'tis most unwillingly!)
And all the power and interest I had in you
(As, I persuade myself, somewhat you lov'd me!)
Thus patiently I render up, I offer
To her that must enjoy you, and so bless you!
Only, I heartily desire this courtesy,
And would not be denied, to wait upon you
This day, to see you tied, then no more trouble you.

Pinac. It needs not, lady.

Lil. Good Sir, grant me so much.

Pinac. 'Tis private, and we make no invitation.

Lil. My presence, Sir, shall not proclaim it public.

Pinac. May-be, 'tis not in town.

Lil. I have a coach, Sir,

And a most ready will to do you service.

Mir. Strike, now or never! make it sure! I tell thee,
She'll hang herself, if she have thee not.

Pinac. Pray you, Sir,

Entertain my noble mistress: Only a word or two
With this importunate woman, and I'll relieve you.—
Now you see what your flings are, and your fancies,
Your states, and your wild stubbornness; now you find
What 'tis to gird and kick at mens' fair services,
To raise your pride to such a pitch and glory,
That goodness shews like gnats, scorn'd under you,
'Tis ugly, naught; a self-will in a woman,
Chain'd to an over-weening thought, is pestilent,
Murders fair Fortune first, then fair Opinion:
There stands a pattern, a true patient pattern,

Humble,

Humble, and sweet.

Lil. I can but grieve my ignorance.

Repentance, some say too, is the best sacrifice;
For sure, Sir, if my chance had been so happy
(As I confess I was mine own destroyer)

As to have arriv'd at you, (I will not prophesy,
But certain, as I think) I should have pleas'd you;
Have made you as much wonder at my courtesy,
My love, and duty, as I have dishearten'd you.

Some hours we have of youth, and some of folly;
And being free-born maids, we take a liberty,
And, to maintain that, sometimes we strain highly.

Pinac. Now you talk reason.

Lil. But being yoak'd and govern'd,

Married, and those light vanities purg'd from us,
How fair we grow! how gentle, and how tender,
We twine about those loves that shoot up with us!

A fullen woman fear, that talks not to you;
She has a sad and darken'd soul, loves dully:

A merry and a free wench, give her liberty,
Believe her, in the lightest form she appears to you,
Believe her excellent, tho' she despise you;

Let but these fits and flashes pass, she'll shew to you
As jewels rubb'd from dust, or gold new burnish'd:
Such had I been, had you believ'd!

Pinac. Is't possible?

Lil. And to your happiness I dare assure you,
If true love be accounted so. Your pleasure,

Your will, and your command, had tied my motions:
But that hope's gone. I know you are young and
giddy,

And, 'till you have a wife can govern with you,
You sail upon this world's sea³⁷, light and empty;
Your bark in danger daily. 'Tis not the name neither
Of wife can steer you, but the noble nature,

³⁷ *You sail upon this world-sea.*] The reader, I dare say, will be pleased to see this dark place so well cleared up. The text, with only the trifling addition of a letter, is from the copy of 1652, which represents the line thus,

You sail upon this world-sea, light and empty. Symphon.

The diligence, the care, the love, the patience;
 She makes the pilot, and preserves the husband,
 That knows and reckons every rib he's built on,
 But this I tell you, to my shame.

Pinac. I admire you;
 And now am sorry that I aim beyond you.

Mir. So, so, so! fair and softly! She is thine own,
 boy;
 She comes now without lure.

Pinac. But that it must needs
 Be reckon'd to me as a wantonness,
 Or worse, a madness, to forsake a blessing,
 A blessing of that hope——

Lil. I dare not urge you:
 And yet, dear Sir——

Pinac. 'Tis most certain, I had rather,
 If 'twere in my own choice—for you're my country-
 woman,

A neighbour, here born by me; she a stranger,
 And who knows how her friends——

Lil. Do as you please, Sir;
 If you be fast, not all the world—I love you,
 It is most true, and clear, I would persuade you;
 And I shall love you still.

Pinac. Go, get before me:
 So much you have won upon me—do it presently;
 Here's a priest ready—I'll have you.

Lil. Not now, Sir;
 No, you shall pardon me!—Advance your lady;
 I dare not hinder you most high preferment:
 'Tis honour enough for me I have unmask'd you.

Pinac. How's that?

Lil. I've caught you, Sir! Alas, I am no states-
 woman,
 Nor no great traveller, yet I have found you:
 I've found your lady too, your beautiful lady;
 I've found her birth and breeding too, her discipline,
 Who brought her over, and who kept your lady,
 And, when he laid her by, what virtuous nunnery

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Receiv'd her in; I've found all these! Are you blank now?

Methinks, such travell'd wisdoms should not fool thus;
Such excellent indiscretions——

Mir. How could she know this?

Lil. 'Tis true, she's English born, but most part
French now,

And so I hope you'll find her, to your comfort.

Alas, I am ignorant of what she cost you!

The price of these hir'd clothes I do not know, gentlemen!

Those jewels are the brokers, how you stand bound
for 'em!

Pinac. Will you make this good?

Lil. Yes, yes; and to her face, Sir,

That she's an English whore! a kind of fling-dust,

One of your London light o'loves, a right one!

Came over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat,

One faith³⁸, and one smock, with a broken haberdasher:

I know all this without a conjurer.

Her name is Jumping-Joan, an ancient sin-weaver

She was first a lady's chambermaid, there slipp'd,

And broke her leg above the knee; departed,

And set up shop herself; stood the fierce conflicts

Of many a furious term; there lost her colours,

And last shipp'd over hither.

Mir. We're betray'd!

Lil. Do you come to fright me with this mystery?

To stir me with a stink none can endure, Sir?

I pray you proceed; the wedding will become you!

Who gives the lady? you? An excellent father!

A careful man, and one that knows a beauty!

Send you fair shipping, Sir! and so I'll leave you.

Be wise and manly, then I may chance to love you! [*Ex.*]

Mir. As I live, I'm asham'd this wench has reach'd
me,

Monstrous asham'd! but there's no remedy.

³⁸ One faith, and one smock.] The word *faith* seems a corruption here.

This skew'd-ey'd carrion——

Pinac. This I suspected ever.

Come, come, uncase; we have no more use of you;
Your cloaths must back again.

Mariana. Sir, you shall pardon me;
'Tis not our English use to be degraded.
If you will visit me, and take your venture,
You shall have pleasure for your properties:
And so, sweetheart—— [Exit.

Mir. Let her go, and the devil go with her!
We have never better luck with these preludiums.
Come, be not daunted; think she's but a woman,
And, let her have the devil's wit, we'll reach her! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter Rosalura and Lugier.

Ros. You have now redeem'd my good opinion, tutor,
And you stand fair again.

Lug. I can but labour,
And sweat in your affairs. I am sure Belleur
Will be here instantly, and use his anger,
His wonted harshness.

Ros. I hope he will not beat me.

Lug. No, sure, he has more manners. Be you ready?

Ros. Yes, yes, I am; and am resolv'd to fit him,
With patience to out-do all he can offer.
But how does Oriana?

Lug. Worse, and worse still;
There is a sad house for her; she is now,
Poor lady, utterly distracted.

Ros. Pity!
Infinite pity! 'Tis a handsome lady.
That Mirabell's a beast, worse than a monster,
If this affliction work not.

Enter Lillia-Bianca.

Lil. Are you ready?

Belleur

Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me :
 I have no leisure to relate my fortune ;
 Only I wish you may come off as handsomely.
 Upon the sign, you know what.

[Exit.

Ros. Well, well ; leave me !

Enter Belleur.

Bel. How now ?

Ros. You're welcome, Sir.

Bel. 'Tis well ye have manners !

That court'fy again, and hold your countenance staidly !
 That look's too light ; take heed ! so, sit ye down now ;
 And, to confirm me that your gall is gone,
 Your bitterness dispers'd, (for so I'll have it)
 Look on me stedfastly, and, whatsoe'er I say to you,
 Move not, nor alter in your face ; you're gone then !
 For if you do express the least distaste,
 Or shew an angry wrinkle, (mark me, woman !
 We are now alone) I will so conjure thee,
 The third part of my execution
 Cannot be spoke.

Ros. I am at your dispose, Sir.

Bel. Now rise, and wooe me a little ; let me hear
 that faculty :

But touch me not ; nor do not lie, I charge you !
 Begin now.

Ros. If so mean and poor a beauty
 May ever hope the grace——

Bel. You cog, you flatter !
 Like a lewd thing, you lie ! ' May hope that grace ?'
 Why, what grace canst thou hope for ? Answer not ;
 For if thou dost, and liest again, I'll swinge thee !
 Do not I know thee for a pestilent woman ?
 A proud at both ends ? Be not angry,
 Nor stir not, o'your life !

Ros. I am counsell'd, Sir.

Bel. Art thou not now (confess, for I'll have the
 truth out)
 As much unworthy of a man of merit,

Or

Or any of ye all, nay, of mere man,
 Tho' he were crooked, cold, all wants upon him,
 Nay, of any dishonest thing that bears that figure,
 As devils are of mercy?

Ros. We are unworthy.

Bel. Stick to that truth, and it may chance to save thee.

And is it not our bounty that we take ye?
 That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye,
 Our mere and special bounty?

Ros. Yes.

Bel. Our pity,
 That for your wickedness we swinge ye soundly;
 Your stubbornness, and your stout hearts, we belabour ye?

Answer to that!

Ros. I do confess your pity.

Bel. And dost not thou deserve in thine own person,
 Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change countenance!

Ros. I dare not, Sir.

Bel. For if you do——

Ros. I'm fettle.

Bel. Thou wagtail, peacock, puppy, look on me;
 I am a gentleman.

Ros. It seems no less, Sir.

Bel. And dar'est thou in thy furquedry——

Ros. I beseech you!

It was my weakness, Sir, I did not view you,
 I took not notice of your noble parts,
 Nor call'd your person³⁹, nor your proper fashion.

Bel. This is some amends yet.

Ros. I shall mend, Sir, daily,

³⁹ *Nor called your person, nor your proper fashion.*] If the passage was designed to be imperfect by the Poet, 'tis to no purpose to undertake the correction of it; if not, probably we should alter *called* into something like *skill'd*, i. e. Had no knowledge of, or did not know your person, &c. was so proper.

Sympson.

Called seems erroneous; yet we do not like *skill'd*. *Mark'd* would come nearer to the sense of the passage.

And study to deserve.

Bel. Come a little nearer!

Canst thou repent thy villainy?

Rof. Most seriously.

Bel. And be ashamed?

Rof. I am ashamed.

Bel. Cry!

Rof. It will be hard to do, Sir.

Bel. Cry now instantly;

Cry monstrously, that all the town may hear thee;

Cry seriously, as if thou hadst lost thy monkey;

And, as I like thy tears——

Rof. Now!

Enter Lillia, and four women laughing.

Bel. How! how! do you jeer me?

Have you broke your bounds again, dame?

Rof. Yes, and laugh at you,

And laugh most heartily.

Bel. What are these? whirlwinds?

Is hell broke loose, and all the furies? flutter'd!

Am I greas'd once again?

Rof. Yes, indeed are you;

And once again you shall be, if you quarrel!

Do you come to vent your fury on a virgin?

Is this your manhood, Sir?

1 Wom. Let him do his best;

Let's see the utmost of his indignation;

I long to see him angry. Come; proceed, Sir.

Hang him, he dares not stir; a man of timber!

2 Wom. Come hither to fright maids with thy bull-

faces?

To threaten gentlewomen? Thou a man? a may-pole!

A great dry pudding!

3 Wom. Come, come, do your worst, Sir;

Be angry if thou dar'st.

Bel. The Lord deliver me!

4 Wom. Do but look scurvily upon this lady,

Or give us one foul word—We are all mistaken;

This

This is some mighty dairy-maid in man's cloaths.

Lil. I am of that mind too.

Bel. What will they do to me?

Lil. And hir'd to come and abuse us: A man has manners;

A gentleman, civility and breeding.

Some tinker's trull, with a beard glew'd on.

Wom. Let's search him,
And as we find him——

Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Christian women!

Lil. Hear the thing speak, neighbours.

Bel. 'Tis but a small request: If e'er I trouble ye,
If e'er I talk again of beating women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handsome lady
But virtuously and well, of ever speaking
But to her honour—This I'll promise ye,
I will take rhubarb, and purge choler mainly,
Abundantly I'll purge.

Lil. I'll fend you broths, Sir.

Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently;
I will do any thing!

Rof. I'll be your bail then.

When you come next to wooe, pray you come not
boisterously,

And furnish'd like a bear-ward.

Bel. No, in truth, forsooth.

Rof. I scented you long since.

Bel. I was to blame sure;

I will appear a gentleman.

Rof. 'Tis the best for you,

For a true noble gentleman's a brave thing.

Upon that hope, we quit you. You fear seriously?

Bel. Yes, truly do I; I confess I fear you,
And honour you, and any thing!

Rof. Farewell then!

Wom. And when you come to wooe next, bring
more mercy! [Exeunt *Rof.* and *Women.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A dairy-maid! a tinker's strull! Heav'n blefs me! Sure, if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me. I am a most ridiculous afs, now I perceive it; For the
A coward, and a knave too.

1 Gent. 'Tis the mad gentleman;
Let's fet our faces right.

Bel. No, no; laugh at me,
And laugh aloud.

2 Gent. We are better manner'd, Sir.

Bel. I do deserve it; call me patch, and puppy,
And beat me, if you please.

1 Gent. No, indeed; we know you.

Bel. Death, do as I would have ye!

2 Gent. You are an afs then,
A coxcomb, and a calf!

Bel. I am a great calf.
Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient.
Now laugh aloud, and scorn me; so God b'ye!
And ever when ye meet me, laugh.

1 Gent. We will, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Nantolet, La Castre, De Gard, Lugier, and Mirabell.

Mir. Your patience, gentlemen! Why do ye bait me?

Nant. Is't not a shame you are so stubborn-hearted, So stony and so dull, to such a lady, Of her perfections, and her misery?

Lug. Does she not love you? Does not her distraction For your sake only, her most-pitied lunacy Of all but you, shew ye? Does it not compel ye?

Mir. Soft and fair, gentlemen; pray ye proceed temperately.

Lug. If you have any feeling, any sense in you, The least touch of a noble heart——

La-Ca. Let him alone;

It is his glory that he can kill beauty.
 You bear my stamp, but not my tenderness;
 Your wild unsavory courses set that in you!
 For shame, be sorry, tho' you cannot cure her;
 Shew something of a man, of a fair nature.

Mir. You make me mad!

De Ga. Let me pronounce this to you;
 You take a strange felicity in slighting
 And wronging women, which my poor sister feels now;
 Heav'n's hand be gentle on her! Mark me, Sir,
 That very hour she dies, (there's small hope otherwise)
 That minute, you and I must grapple for it;
 Either your life or mine!

Mir. Be not so hot, Sir;
 I am not to be wrought on by these policies,
 In truth, I am not! nor do I fear the tricks,
 Or the high-sounding threats, of a Savoyan.
 I glory not in cruelty, (ye wrong me)
 Nor grow up water'd with the tears of women.
 This let me tell ye, howsoe'er I shew to ye,
 Wild, as ye please to call it, or self-will'd,
 When I see cause I can both do and suffer,
 Freely, and feelingly, as a true gentleman.

Enter Rosalura and Lillia.

Ros. Oh, pity, pity! thousand, thousand pities!

Lil. Alas, poor soul! she'll die! she is grown senseless;
 She will not know, nor speak now.

Ros. Die for love?
 And love of such a youth? I'd die for a dog first!
 He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me!
 I'll know men better, ere I sigh for any of 'em.

Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, Sir, a most famous;
 Ye've kill'd a maid the wrong way; ye're a conqueror!

Ros. A conqueror? a cobbler! Hang him, sowter!
 Go hide thyself, for shame! go lose thy memory!
 Live not 'mongst men; thou art a beast, a monster,
 A blatant beast!

Lil. If you have yet any honesty,

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Or ever heard of any, take my counsel;
 Off with your garters, and seek out a bough,
 A handsome bough; for I would have you hang like a
 gentleman;
 And write some doleful matter to the world,
 A warning to hard-hearted men.
Mir. Out, kitlings!
 What catterwauling's here! what gibing!
 D'you think my heart is soften'd with a black fantis'⁴¹?
 Shew me some reason.

Enter Oriana on a bed.

Ros. Here then, here is a reason.

Nant. Now, if ye be a man, let this fight shake ye!

La Ca. Alas, poor gentlewoman! Do you know me,
 lady?

Lug. How she looks up, and stares!

Ori. I know you very well;

You are my godfather; and that's the monsieur.

De Ga. And who am I?

Ori. You are Amadis de Gaul, Sir.

Oh, oh, my heart! Were ye never in love, sweet lady?

And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?

I dream of walking fires: Take heed! It comes now!

Who's that? Pray stand away. I've seen that face sure.

How light my head is!

Ros. Take some rest.

Ori. I cannot;

For I must be up tomorrow to go to church,

And I must dress me, put my new gown on,

And be as fine to meet my love! Heigh-ho!

Will not you tell me where my love lies buried?

Mir. He is not dead. Beshrew my heart, she stirs me!

Ori. He's dead to me.

Mir. Is't possible my nature

Should be so damnable, to let her suffer?

Give me your hand.

⁴¹ *Black fantis*] This expression also occurs in the *Mad Lover*, vol. iii. p. 275. It seems to mean some *dirge* or *howl* at funerals.

Ori. How soft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Mir. How she stares on me!

Ori. You have a flattering face, but 'tis a fine one;
I warrant you may have a hundred sweethearts.
Will ye pray for me? I shall die tomorrow;
And will ye ring the bells?

Mir. I'm most unworthy,
I do confess, unhappy. Do you know me?

Ori. I would I did!

Mir. Oh, fair tears, how ye take me!

Ori. Do ye weep too? You have not lost your lover?
You mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Pray you pardon me;
Or, if it please you to consider justly,
Scorn me, for I deserve it; scorn and shame me,
Sweet Oriana!

Lil. Let her alone; she trembles:
Her fits will grow more strong, if ye provoke her.

La Ca. Certain she knows you not, yet loves to see
you.
How she smiles now!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. Where are ye? Oh, why don't you laugh? Come,
laugh at me!
Why a devil art thou sad, and such a subject,
Such a ridiculous subject, as I am
Before thy face?

Mir. Prithee put off this lightness;
This is no time for mirth, nor place; I've us'd too
much on't:

I have undone myself, and a sweet lady,
By being too indulgent to my foolery,
Which truly I repent. Look here!

Bel. What ails she?

Mir. Alas, she's mad.

Bel. Mad?

Mir. Yes, too sure; for me too.

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Bel. Dost thou wonder at that? By this good light,
 they're all so;
 They're coz'ning mad, they're brawling mad, they're
 proud mad;
 They're all, all mad. I came from a world of mad
 women,
 Mad as March hares: Get 'em in chains, then deal
 with 'em.
 There's one that's mad; she seems well, but she is
 dog-mad.
 Is she dead, dost think?

Mir. Dead? Heav'n forbid!

Bel. Heav'n further it!
 For, 'till they be key-cold dead, there's no trusting of
 'em.

Whate'er they seem, or howsoe'er they carry it,
 'Till they be chap-faln, and their tongues at peace,
 Nail'd in their coffins sure, I'll ne'er believe 'em.
 Shall I talk with her?

Mir. No, dear friend, be quiet,
 And be at peace a while.

Bel. I'll walk aside,
 And come again anon. But take heed to her:
 You say she is a woman?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. Take great heed;
 For if she do not cozen thee, then hang me.
 Let her be mad, or what she will, she'll cheat thee!

[*Exit.*
Mir. Away, wild fool! How vile this shews in him
 now!

Now take my faith, (before ye all I speak it)
 And with it my repentant love.

La Ca. This seems well.

Mir. Were but this lady clear again, whose sorrows
 My very heart melts for, were she but perfect,
 (For thus to marry her would be two miseries)
 Before the richest and the noblest beauty,
 France, or the world could shew me, I would take her:

As

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As she now is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

De Ga. This makes some small amends.

Ros. She beckons to you:
To us too, to go off.

Nant. Let's draw aside all.
[*Exeunt omnes præter Oriana and Mirabell.*]

Ori. Oh, my best friend! I would fain—

Mir. What? She speaks well,
And with another voice.

Ori. But I am fearful,
And shame a little stops my tongue—

Mir. Speak boldly.

Ori. Tell you, I'm well, I'm perfect well; (pray you
And that I did this to provoke your nature;

Out of my infinite and restless love,
To win your pity. Pardon me!

Mir. Go forward:
Who set you on?

Ori. None, as I live, no creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant.
Will you be mine?

Mir. 'Tis true, I pity you;
But when I marry you, you must be wiser.
Nothing but tricks? devices?

Ori. Will you shame me?

Mir. Yes, marry, will I.—Come near, come near! a
miracle!

The woman's well; she was only mad for marriage,
Stark mad to be ston'd to death; give her good counsel.
Will this world never mend? Are you caught, damsel?

*Enter Belleur, La Castre, Lugier, Nantolet, De Gard,
Rosalura, and Lillia.*

Bel. How goes it now?

Mir. Thou art a kind of prophet;
The woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;
Well, excellent well, and not a taint upon her.

Eel. Did not I tell you? Let 'em be what can be,
Saints,

Saints, devils, any thing, they will abuse us.
 Thou wert an ass to believe her so long, a coxcomb;
 Give 'em a minute, they'll abuse whole millions.

Mir. And am not I a rare physician, gentlemen,
 That can cure desperate mad minds?

De Ga. Be not insolent.

Mir. Well, go thy ways: From this hour I disclaim
 thee,
 Unless thou hast a trick above this; then I'll love thee.
 You owe me for your cure. Pray have a care of her,
 For fear she fall into relapse. Come, Belleur;
 We'll set up bills to cure diseas'd virgins.

Bel. Shall we be merry?

Mir. Yes.

Bel. But I'll no more projects:
 If we could make 'em mad, it were some mastery!

[*Exeunt.*

Lil. I'm glad she's well again.

Ros. So am I, certain.

Be not a sham'd.

Ori. I shall never see a man more.

De Ga. Come, you're a fool! had you but told me
 this trick,
 He should not have gloried thus.

Lug. He shall not long neither.

La Ca. Be rul'd, and be at peace: You have my
 consent,

And what power I can work with.

Nant. Come, leave blushing;
 We are your friends: An honest way compell'd you.
 Heav'n will not see so true a love unrecompenc'd.
 Come in, and slight him too.

Lug. The next shall hit him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter De Gard and Lugier.

De Ga. 'T WILL be discover'd,

Lug. That's the worst can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him,
Upon his nature suddenly, and catch him—That he
loves,

Tho' he dissemble it and would shew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'll lay my fortune;
Nay, more, my life.

De Ga. Is she won?

Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my designments set.

De Ga. They're now for travel;
All for that game again; they have forgot wooing.

Lug. Let 'em; we'll travel with 'em.

De Ga. Where's his father?

Lug. Within; he knows my mind too, and allows it,
Pities your sister's fortune most sincerely;
And has appointed, for our more assistance,
Some of his secret friends.

De Ga. 'Speed the plough!

Lug. Well said:
And be you serious too.

De Ga. I shall be diligent.

Lug. Let's break the ice for one, the rest will drink
too

(Believe me, Sir) of the same cup: My young gentle-
women

Wait but who sets the game a-foot; tho' they seem
stubborn,

Reserv'd, and proud now, yet I know their hearts,
Their pulses how they beat, and for what cause, Sir,
And how they long to venture their abilities

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In a true quarrel. Husbands they must and will have,
Or nunneries, and thin collations
To cool their bloods. Let's all about our business;
And, if this fail, let Nature work!

De Ga. You've arm'd me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Mirabell, Nantolet, and La Castré.

La Ca. Will you be wilful then?

Mir. Pray, Sir, your pardon;
For I must travel. Lie lazy here,
Bound to a wife? chain'd to her subtleties,
Her humours, and her wills, which are mere fetters?
To have her to-day pleas'd, to-morrow peevish,
The third day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You see, before they're married, what *moriscoes*,
What masks and mummeries they put upon us:
To be tied here, and suffer their *lavallo's*?

Nant. 'Tis your own seeking.

Mir. Yes, to get my freedom.
Were they as I could wish 'em——

La Ca. Fools, and meacocks,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em!
Come, change your mind.

Mir. Not before I have chang'd air, father.
When I know women worthy of my company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
'Till then, dear Sir, I'll ramble all the world over⁴⁵,
And run all hazards, misery, and poverty,
So I escape the dangerous bay of matrimony!

Enter Belleur and Pinac.

Pinac. Are you resolv'd?

Mir. Yes, certain; I will out again.

⁴⁵ *I'll amble all the world over.*] We have ventured to insert *ramble*, which is a much better word here than *amble*, and probably the right.

Pinac.

Pinac. We are for you, Sir; we are your servants
once more:

Once more we'll seek our fortune in strange countries;
Ours is too scornful for us.

Bel. Is there ne'er a land
That you have read, or heard of, (for I care not how
far it be,

Nor under what pestiferous star it lies)

A happy kingdom, where there are no women?

Nor have been ever? nor no mention

Of any such lewd things, with lewder qualities?

For thither would I travel; where 'tis felony

To confess he had a mother; a mistress, treason.

La Ca. Are you for travel too?

Bel. For any thing,

For living in the moon, and stopping hedges,

Ere I stay here to be abus'd, and baffled.

Nant. Why did you not break your minds to me?
they are my daughters;

And sure I think I should have that command over'em,

To see 'em well bestow'd. I know ye are gentlemen,

Men of fair parts and states; I know your parents;

And had ye told me of your fair affections——

Make but one trial more, and let me second ye.

Bel. No; I'll make hob-nails first, and mend old
kettles!

Can you lend me an armour of high proof, to appear in,

And two or three field-pieces to defend me?

The king's guard are mere pigmies.

Nant. They'll not eat you.

Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter monsieurs,

If their high stomachs hold: They came with chop-
ping-knives,

To cut me into rounds and sirloins⁴³, and so powder
me.

Come, shall we go?

⁴³ To cut me into rounds and sirloins.] As we can annex no meaning
to the word *rands* in this passage, we have inserted *rounds*. A round
of beef is almost as common a phrase as a *sirloin*.

Nant.

Nant. You cannot be so discourteous;
If ye intend to go, as not to visit 'em,
And take your leaves.

Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.

Pinac. Yes, Sir, we know that honesty⁴⁴.

Bel. I'll come i'th' rear, forty foot off, I'll assure you,
With a good gun in my hand; I'll no more Amazons,
I mean no more of their frights: I'll make my three legs,
Kiss my hand twice, and if I smell no danger,
If the interview be clear, may-be I'll speak to her;
I'll wear a privy coat too, and behind me,
To make those parts secure, a bandog⁴⁵.

La Ca. You are a merry gentleman.

Bel. A wary gentleman, I do assure you;
I have been warn'd, and must be arm'd.

La Ca. Well, son,
These are your hasty thoughts; when I see you are
bent to it,
Then I'll believe, and join with you; so we'll leave ye.
There is a trick will make ye stay. [*Exit.*]

Nant. I hope so. [*Exit.*]

Mir. We have won immortal fame now, if we leave
'em.

Pinac. You have, but we have lost.

Mir. Pinac, thou'rt cozen'd;
I know they love you; and to gain you handsomely,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give millions:

⁴⁴ *Honesty.*] *i. e.* Good-breeding, good-manners. *Sympson.*

⁴⁵ *Bandog.*] This word has often occurred before. It is frequently to be met with in our old writers, as a term of reproach; as in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, act ii. scene ii.

'Sirrah! bandog!'

It appears to have been the name of a dog of the fierce kind; thus in the same play, act iv. scene ii.

'What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?'
And again, act v. scene i.

'Bandogs (kept three days hungry) worried

'A thousand British rascals, &c.'

R.

It seems in this place to signify some part of dress which had derived its name from the dog; tho' it may mean literally a *bandog*.

Their

Their father's willingness, that must needs shew you.

Pinac. If I thought so——

Mir. You shall be hang'd, you recreant!
Would you turn renegado now?

Bel. No; let's away, boys,
Out of the air and tumult of their villainies.
Tho' I were married to that grasshopper,
And had her fast by th' legs, I should think she would
cozen me.

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monsieur Mirabell, I take it?

Mir. You're i'th' right, Sir.

Fac. I am come to seek you, Sir; I have been at
your father's,
And understanding you were here——

Mir. You're welcome.

May I crave your name?

Fac. Fofs, Sir, and your servant.

That you may know me better, I am factor
To your old merchant, Leverdure.

Mir. How does he?

Fac. Well, Sir, I hope; he is now at Orleans,
About some business.

Mir. You are once more welcome.

Your master's a right honest man, and one
I am much beholding to, and must very shortly
Trouble his love again.

Fac. You may be bold, Sir.

Mir. Your business, if you please now?

Fac. This it is, Sir.

I know you well remember, in your travel,
A Genoa merchant——

Mir. I remember many.

Fac. But this man, Sir, particularly; your own
benefit

Musts needs imprint him in you; one Alberto,
A gentleman you fav'd from being murder'd
A little from Bologna:

I was

I was then myself in Italy, and supplied you,
Tho' haply, you have forgot me now.

Mir. No, I remember you,
And that Alberto too; a noble gentleman.
More to remember were to thank myself, Sir.
What of that gentleman?

Fac. He's dead.

Mir. I'm sorry.

Fac. But on his death-bed, leaving to his sister
All that he had, beside some certain jewels,
(Which, with a ceremony, he bequeath'd to you,
In grateful memory) he commanded strictly
His sister, as she lov'd him and his peace,
To see those jewels safe and true deliver'd,
And, with them, his last love. She, as tender to
Observe this will, not trusting friend nor servant
With such a weight, is come herself to Paris,
And at my master's house.

Mir. You tell me a wonder.

Fac. I tell you a truth, Sir. She is young and
handsome,
And well attended; of much state and riches;
So loving and obedient to her brother,
That, on my conscience, if he had given her also,
She would most willingly have made her tender.

Mir. May not I see her?

Fac. She desires it heartily.

Mir. And presently?

Fac. She's now about some business,
Passing accounts of some few debts here owing,
And buying jewels of a merchant,

Mir. Is she wealthy?

Fac. I would you had her, Sir, at all adventure:
Her brother had a main state.

Mir. And fair too?

Fac. The prime of all those parts of Italy,
For beauty and for courtesy.

Mir. I must needs see her.

Fac. 'Tis all her business, Sir. You may now see her;
But

But tomorrow will be fitter for your visitation,
For she is not yet prepar'd.

Mir. Only her sight, Sir;

And, when you shall think fit, for further visit.

Fac. Sir, you may see her, and I'll wait your coming.

Mir. And I'll be with ye instantly. I know the house;
Mean time, my love, and thanks, Sir!

Fac. Your poor servant! [Exit.

Pinac. Thou hast the strangest luck! What was that
Alberto?

Mir. An honest noble merchant, 'twas my chance
To rescue from some rogues had almost slain him.
And he in kindness to remember this!

Bel. Now we shall have you
(For all your protestations, and your forwardness)
Find out strange fortunes in this lady's eyes,
And new enticements to put off your journey;
And who shall have honour then?

Mir. No, no, never fear it:
I must needs see her, to receive my legacy.

Bel. If it be tied up in her smock, Heav'n help thee!
May not we see too?

Mir. Yes, afore we go:
I must be known myself ere I be able
To make thee welcome. Wouldst thou see more women?
I thought you had been out of love with all.

Bel. I may be,
(I find that) with the least encouragement;
Yet I desire to see whether all countries
Are naturally possess'd with the same spirits,
For if they be, I'll take a monastery,
And never travel; for I had rather be a friar,
And live mew'd up, than be a fool, and flouted.

Mir. Well, well, I'll meet you anon, then tell you
more, boys;
However, stand prepar'd, prest for our journey⁴⁶;

⁴⁶ *Prest.*] Prepar'd, ready.

Sympson.

So in *The Four P's*, by John Heywood, (*Doddsley's Collection*,
vol. i. p. 95),

For certain, we shall go, I think, when I have seen her,
And view'd her well.

Pinac. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your fortune directs ours.

Bel. You shall find us i'th' tavern,
Lamenting in sack and sugar⁴⁷ for our losses.
If she be right Italian, and want servants,
You may prefer the properest man: How I could
Worry a woman now!

Pinac. Come, come, leave prating;
You may have enough to do, without this boasting.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Lugier, De Gard, Rosalura, and Lillia-Bianca.

Lug. This is the last adventure.

De Ga. And the happiest,
As we hope too.

Ros. We should be glad to find it.

Lil. Who shall conduct us thither?

Lug. Your man is ready,
For I must not be seen; no, nor this gentleman;
That may beget suspicion; all the rest
Are people of no doubt. I would have ye, ladies,
Keep your old liberties, and do as we instruct ye.
Come, look not pale, ye shall not lose your wishes,

* Who may not play one day in a week

* May think his thrift far to seek.

* Devise what pastime that ye think best,

* And make ye sure to finde me prest.

R.

⁴⁷ Sack and sugar.] *Sugar and sack* was a favourite liquor in Shakespeare's time. In a letter describing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-castle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the writer says, (p. 86.) 'Sipt I no more *sak and sager* than I do Malmzey, I should not blush so much a dayz as I doo.' And in another place, describing a minstrell, who, being somewhat irascible, had been offended by the company, he adds, 'at last, by sum treaty, and many fair woords, with *sak and sager*, we sweeten him again.' P. 52.

Dr. Percy's note on the First Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene iv.

R.

Nor

Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourselves, and happy.

Ros. I tell you true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard language.

De Ga. You shall not need.

Ros. I love the gentleman, and must now shew it:
Shall I beat a proper man out of heart?

Lug. There's none advises you.

Lil. 'Faith, I repent me too.

Lug. Repent, and spoil all;
Tell what you know, you had best!

Lil. I'll tell what I think;
For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
I'll tell him, yes, I can. The man's a kind man,
And out of his true honesty affects me.
Altho' he play'd the fool, which I requited,
Must I still hold him at the staff's end?

Lug. You are two strange women.

Ros. We may be, if we fool still.

Lug. Dare ye believe me?

Follow but this advice I have set you in now,
And if ye lose—Would ye yield now so basely?
Give up without your honours sav'd?

De Ga. Fy, ladies!

Preserve your freedom still.

Lil. Well, well, for this time.

Lug. And carry that full state—

Ros. That's as the wind stands;

If it begin to chop about, and scant us,
Hang me, but I know what I'll do! Come, direct us;
I make no doubt, we shall do handsomely.

De Ga. Some part o'th' way we'll wait upon you,
ladies;

The rest your man supplies.

Lug. Do well, I'll honour ye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Factor and Mirabell, Oriana, and two merchants.

Fac. Look you, Sir, there she is; you see how busy.

260 THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her journey.

Mir. How gloriously she shews! She is a tall woman.

Fac. Of a fair size, Sir. My master not being at home,

I have been so out of my wits to get her company! I mean, Sir, of her own fair sex, and fashion——

Mir. A far off, she is most fair too.

Fac. Near, most excellent.—

At length, I have entreated two fair ladies, (And happily you know 'em) the young daughters Of monsieur Nantolet——

Mir. I know 'em well, Sir.

What are those? jewels?

Fac. All.

Mir. They make a rich show?

Fac. There is a matter of ten thousand pounds too Was owing here: You see those merchants with her; They have brought it in now.

Mir. How handsomely her shape shews!

Fac. Those are still neat; your Italians are most curious.

Now she looks this way.

Mir. Sh'has a goodly presence!

How full of courtesy! Well, Sir, I'll leave you; And if I may be bold to bring a friend or two, Good noble gentlemen——

Fac. No doubt, you may, Sir; For you have most command.

Mir. I have seen a wonder!

[*Exit.*

Ori. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes.

Ori. How?

Fac. Taken to the utmost: A wonder dwells about him.

Ori. He did not guess at me?

Fac. No; be secure, you shew another woman. He is gone to fetch his friends.

Ori. Where are the gentlewomen?

Fac.

Fac. Here, here; now they are come,
Sit still, and let them see you.

Enter Rosalura, Lillia, and Servant.

Ros. Pray you, where's my friend, Sir?

Fac. She is within, ladies; but here's another gentlewoman,

A stranger to this town; So please you visit her,
'Twill be well taken.

Lil. Where is she?

Fac. There, above, ladies.

Serv. Bless me! what thing is this? Two pinacles
Upon her pate! Is't not a glode to catch woodcocks?

Ros. Peace, you rude knave!

Serv. What a bouncing bum she has too!
There's sail enough for a carrack⁴⁸.

Ros. What is this lady?

For, as I live, she's a goodly woman.

Fac. Guess, guess.

Lil. I have not seen a nobler presence.

Serv. 'Tis a lusty wench! Now could I spend my
forty-pence,

With all my heart, to have but one fling at her,
To give her but a swashing blow⁴⁹.

Lil. You rascal!

Serv. Ay, that's all a man has for's good will: 'Twill
be long enough

Before you cry, 'Come, Anthony, and kiss me.'

Lil. I'll have you whipt.

Ros. Has my friend seen this lady?

Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.

Ros. I much admire her presence.

Lil. So do I too;

For, I protest, she is the handsomest,
The rarest, and the newest to mine eye,
That ever I saw yet.

Ros. I long to know her;

⁴⁸ *Carrack.*] See note 4 on the Elder Brother.

⁴⁹ *A washing blow.*] Surely we should read, *swashing*.

My friend shall do that kindness.

Ori. So she shall, ladies :

Come, pray you come up.

Ros. Oh me !

Lil. Hang me, if I knew her !

Were I a man myself, I should now love you ;

Nay, I should dote.

Ros. I dare not trust mine eyes ;

For, as I live, you are the strangest alter'd——

I must come up to know the truth.

Serv. So must I, lady ;

For I am a kind of unbeliever too.

Lil. Get you gone, firrah ;

And what you have seen be secret in ; you are paid
else !

No more of your long tongue.

Fac. Will ye go in, ladies,

And talk with her ? These ventures will come straight.

Away with this fellow.

Lil. There, firrah ; go, disport you.

Serv. I would the trunk-hos'd woman would go with
me !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Mirabell, Pinas, and Belleur.

Pinac. Is she so glorious handsome ?

Mir. You would wonder ;

Our women look like gipsies, like Gills to her ;

Their cloaths and fashions beggarly, and bankrupt,

Base, old, and scurvy.

Bel. How looks her face ?

Mir. Most heavenly ;

And the becoming motion of her body

So sets her off !

Bel. Why, then we shall stay.

Mir. Pardon me,

That's more than I know ; if she be that woman

She appears to be——

Bel.

Bel. As 'tis impossible.

Mir. I shall then tell you more.

Pinac. Did you speak to her?

Mir. No, no, I only saw her, she was busy :

Now I go for that end; and mark her, gentlemen,
If she appear not to you one o'th' sweetest,

The handsomest, the fairest, in behaviour——

We shall meet the two wenches there too; they come
to visit her,

To wonder, as we do.

Pinac. Then we shall meet 'em.

Bel. I had rather meet two bears.

Mir. There you may take your leaves, dispatch that
business,

And, as ye find their humours——

Pinac. Is your love there too?

Mir. No, certain; she has no great heart to set out
again.

This is the house; I'll usher you.

Bel. I'll bless me,

And take a good heart, if I can.

Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Façor, Rosalura, Lillia, and Oriana.

Fac. They are come in. Sit you two off as strangers;

Enter Boy.

There, lady. Where's the boy? Be ready, firrah,
And clear your pipes; the music now; they enter.

[*Music.*

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, and Belleur.

Pinac. What a state she keeps! How far off they
sit from her!

How rich she is! Ay, marry, this shews bravely!

Bel. She is a lusty wench, and may allure a good
man;

But if she have a tongue, I'll not give two-pence for her.

There sits my fury ; how I shake to see her !

Fac. Madam, this is the gentleman.

Mir. How sweet she kisses !

She has a spring dwells on her lips, a Paradise !

This is the legacy.

S O N G.

From the honour'd dead I bring

Thus his love and last off'ring.

Take it nobly, 'tis your due,

From a friendship ever true.

From a faith, &c.

Ori. Most noble Sir,

This from my now-dead brother, as his love,

And grateful memory of your great benefit ;

From me my thanks, my wishes, and my service.

'Till I am more acquainted, I am silent ;

Only I dare say this, you are truly noble.

Mir. What should I think ?

Pinac. Think you've a handsome fortune :

'Would I had such another !

Ros. Ye are well met, gentlemen ;

We hear ye are for travel ?

Pinac. You hear true, lady ;

And come to take our leaves.

Lil. We'll along with ye :

We see you're grown so witty by your journey,

We cannot chuse but step out too. 'Tis his lady

We mean to wait upon as far as Italy.

Bel. I'll travel into Wales, amongst the mountains,

In hope they cannot find me⁵⁰.

Ros. If you go further,

So good and free society we hold ye,

We'll jog along too.

Pinac. Are you so valiant, lady ?

Lil. And we'll be merry, Sir, and laugh.

⁵⁰ I hope they cannot find me.] So all former editions.

Pinac. It may be
We'll go by sea.

Lil. Why, 'tis the only voyage;
I love a sea-voyage, and a blustering tempest;
And let all split!

Pinac. This is a dainty damsel!
I think 'twill tame you. Can you ride post?

Lil. Oh, excellently! I am never weary that way:
A hundred mile a-day is nothing with me.

Bel. I'll travel under ground. Do you hear, sweet
lady?

I find it will be dangerous for a woman.

Rof. No danger, Sir, I warrant; I love to be under.

Bel. I see she will abuse me all the world over!

But say we pass thro' Germany, and drink hard?

Rof. We'll learn to drink and swagger too.

Bel. She'll beat me!

Lady, I'll live at home.

Rof. And I'll live with thee;

And we'll keep house together.

Bel. I'll keep hounds first;

And those I hate right heartily.

Pinac. I go for Turkey;

And so it may be up into Persia.

Lil. We cannot know too much; I'll travel with
you.

Pinac. And you'll abuse me?

Lil. Like enough.

Pinac. 'Tis dainty!

Bel. I will live in a bawdy-house.

Rof. I dare come to you.

Bel. Say, I'm dispos'd to hang myself?

Rof. There I'll leave you.

Bel. I am glad I know how to avoid you.

Mir. May I speak yet?

Fac. She beckons to you.

Mir. Lady, I could wish I knew to recompence,
Even with the service of my life, those pains,

And

And those high favours you have thrown upon me:
 'Till I be more desertful in your eye,
 And 'till my duty shall make known I honour you,
 Noblest of women, do me but this favour
 To accept this back again, as a poor testimony.

Ori. I must have you too with 'em; else the will,
 That says they must rest with you, is infring'd, Sir;
 Which, pardon me, I dare not do.

Mir. Take me then;
 And take me with the truest love.

Ori. 'Tis certain,
 My brother lov'd you dearly, and I ought
 As dearly to preserve that love: But, Sir,
 Tho' I were willing, these are but your ceremonies.

Mir. As I have life, I speak my soul!

Ori. I like you:
 But how you can like me, without I've testimony,
 A stranger to you——

Mir. I'll marry you immediately;
 A fair state I dare promise you.

Bel. Yet she'll cozen thee.

Ori. 'Would some fair gentleman durst promise for
 you!

Mir. By all that's good——

Enter La Castre, Nantolet, Lugier, and De Gard.

All. And we'll make up the rest, lady.

Ori. Then, Oriana takes you. Nay, she has caught
 you!

If you start now, let all the world cry shame on you!
 I have out-travell'd you.

Bel. Did not I say she would cheat thee?

Mir. I thank you! I am pleas'd you have deceiv'd
 me,
 And willingly I swallow it, and joy in't:
 And yet, perhaps, I know you. Whose plot was this?

Lug. He's not ashamed that cast it: He that executed,
 Follow'd your father's will,

Mir. What a world's this!

Nothing

Nothing but craft and cozenage?

Ori. Who begun, Sir?

Mir. Well; I do take thee upon mere compassion;
And I do think I shall love thee. As a testimony,
I'll burn my book, and turn a new leaf over.

But these fine cloaths you shall wear still.

Ori. I obey you, Sir, in all.

Nant. And how, how, daughters? What say you to
these gentlemen?

What say ye, gentlemen, to the girls?

Pinac. By my troth—if she can love me.

Lil. How long?

Pinac. Nay, if once you love——

Lil. Then take me,

And take your chance.

Pinac. Most willingly! You are mine, lady;

And if I use you not, that you may love me——

Lil. A match, i'faith.

Pinac. Why, now you travel with me.

Ros. How that thing stands!

Bel. It will, if you urge it⁵¹.

Bless your five wits!

Ros. Nay, prithee stay; I'll have thee.

Bel. You must ask me leave first.

Ros. Wilt thou use me kindly,

And beat me but once a week?

Bel. If you deserve no more.

Ros. And wilt thou get me with child?

Bel. Dost thou ask me seriously?

Ros. Yes, indeed do I.

Bel. Yes, I will get thee with child. Come presently,

An't be but in revenge, I'll do thee that courtesy.

Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at thee!

Ros. I'll love you, and I'll honour you.

⁵¹ Bell. *It will, if ye urge it.*] The want of a negative makes Bel-
leur say just the contrary to what he design'd,

It will not if ye urge it. Symfson.

The insertion of the negative reverses what the Poets most clearly
intended to say.

Bel. I am pleas'd then.

Mir. This Wild-Goose Chase is done; we have won
o'both sides.

Brother, your love, and now to church of all hands;
Let's lose no time.

Pinac. Our travelling lay by.

Bel. No more for Italy; for the Low Countries⁵², I.

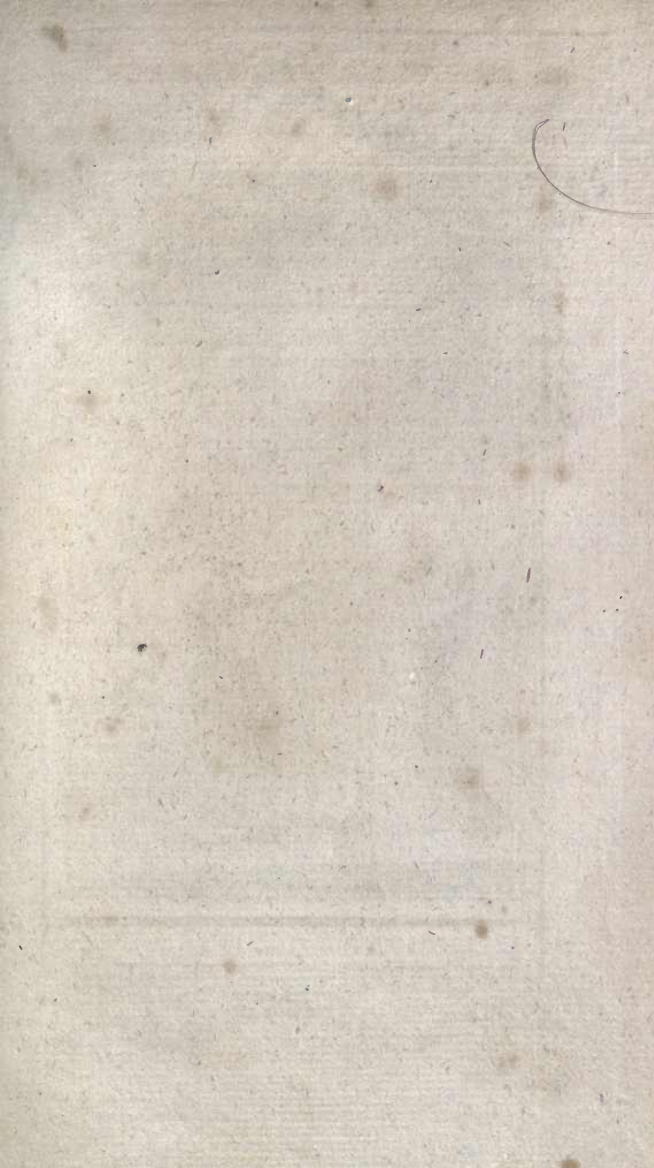
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

⁵² ——— lay by.

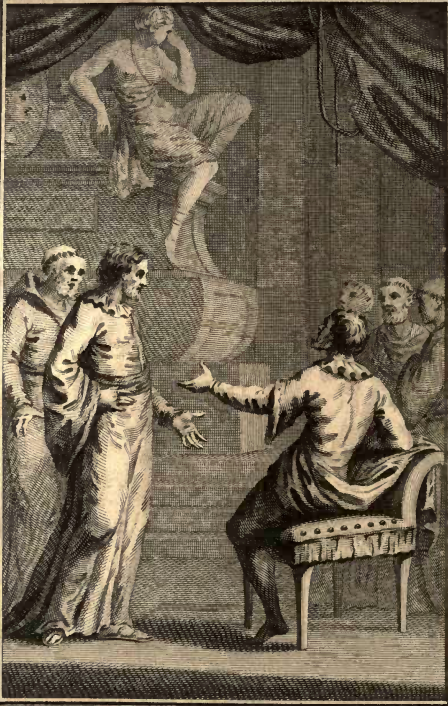
Bell. *No more for Italy, for the Low-Countries.*] The reading, which the present edition exhibits, is Mr. Theobald's, and an happy one it is, as it both completes the sense, and keeps up the solemn custom of not only the play-wrights of our Authors, but these of our present time, viz. of making each drama conclude in a jingle. *Sympson.*

A strong reason for supposing the *I* was lost at the press, is, that the first edition has a comma at the end of this play,

————— *for the Low Countries,*



A WIFE FOR A MONTH.



Rugio. — *He points to the Tomb.*
Marco. — *That is the place he honours.* Act III.

J. B. Bannister del.

J. Collyer sculp.



SEE THE WILD-GOOSE CHASE

But I am pleas'd that
This Wild-Goose Chase is good; we have won
a pair of
But your love and now to church of all hands

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

And No more for Italy for the Law Countries
[Laws & Courts]

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; and the Prologue speaks of the Author in the singular number. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. We do not know that it ever received any alterations; nor has it been performed in the course of many years past. And indeed, notwithstanding the noble flights of poetry with which this Tragi-Comedy abounds, the subject is of such a nature as must necessarily preclude its representation on the modern theatre.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E

YOURS welcome gentlemen, and without fail
Wrote to well known, to please every soul
Ingenious spirit, I hope we shall
And their examples may prevail in all
Our noble friends, who will not let
He'd rather die, upon a triumph day
My lord mayor's hall, and make his house too
Sauce for each of your mouths, and let us
He'd rather build up these magnificent parts
And castles will rise, that all eyes
By ear can see, and their artillery
Than dies for such a common company
One single hill; yet he has place of his own
And you've consider'd he knew well what to do
Be penny as you were want to be, and drop
Sharp tomahawks to the horses he shall use
And he that yet, he have prepared a table
shall thank you say, well done, and he will shew

P R O L O G U E.

YOU'RE welcome, gentlemen; and 'would our feast
Were so well season'd, to please ev'ry guest!
Ingenuous appetites, I hope we shall,
And their examples may prevail in all.
Our noble friend, who writ this, bid me say,
He'd rather dress, upon a triumph-day,
My lord-mayor's feast, and make him sauces too,
Sauce for each sev'ral mouth, nay further go,
He'd rather build up those invincible pies
And castle-custards that affright all eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their artillery,
Than dress for such a curious company
One single dish: Yet he has pleas'd ye too,
And you've confess'd he knew well what to do:
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharp stomachs to the stories he shall sing,
And he dare yet, he says, prepare a table
Shall make you say, well dress'd, and he well able.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Alphonso, *king of Naples.*

Frederick, *brother to Alphonso, and usurper of his kingdom.*

Sorano, *a lord, brother to Evantbe, Frederick's instrument.*

Valerio, *a noble young lord, servant, afterward married to Evantbe.*

Camillo, }
 Cleanthes, } *three honest court lords.*
 Menallo, }

Rugio, *an honest lord, friend to Alphonso.*

Marco, *a friar, Alphonso's friend.*

Podramo, *a necessary creature to Sorano.*

Tony, *Frederick's knavish fool.*

Castruccio, *captain of the citadel, an honest man.*

Cupid and Graces, *with other masquers.*

Lawyer.

Physician.

Captain.

Cutpurse.

Citizens, and Attendants.

W O M E N.

Queen, *wife to Frederick, a virtuous lady.*

Evanthe, *sister to Sorano, the chaste wife of Valerio; or*
A Wife for a Month.

Cassandra, *an old bawd, waiting-woman to Evantbe.*

Ladies, and City Wives.

SCENE, NAPLES.

A WIFE

A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleantbes, Menallo, and attendants.

Sorano. **W**ILL your Grace speak?
Fred. Let me alone, Sorano:
Altho' my thoughts seem sad, they're
welcome to me.

Sor. You know I'm private as your secret wishes,
Ready to fling my soul upon your service¹,
Ere your command be on't.

Fred. Bid those depart.

Sor. You must retire, my lords.

Cam. What new design
Is hammering in his head now?

Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our heads meet with't: My wife's old,
That's all my comfort.

Men. Mine's ugly, that I am sure on,
And I think honest too; 'twould make me start else.

Cam. Mine's troubled in the country with a fever,
And some few infirmities else. He looks again;
Come, let's retire: Certain 'tis some she-busines²,

¹ *Ready to fling my soul, &c.*] Sorano's readiness to assist his master's amours is equal to, and as infamous as, that of Pandarus, in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*.
R.

² — *Certain 'tis some she business,*
This new lord's employed.] Mr. Symphon, without authority, or notice, reads,

This new lord's employ'd in;
VOL. V. S

This new lord's employ'd. [Exeunt lords.]

Val. I'll not be far off,
Because I doubt the cause. [Retires.]

Fred. Are they all gone?

Sor. All but your faithful servant.

Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canst not like.

Sor. Pray you speak it:

Is it my head? I have it ready for you, Sir:

Is't any action in my power? my wit?

I care not of what nature, nor what follows.

Fred. I am in love.

Sor. That's the least thing of a thousand,
The easiest to atchieve.

Fred. But with whom, Sorano?

Sor. With whom you please, you must not be
denied, Sir.

Fred. Say, it be with one of thy kinswomen?

Sor. Say, with all;

I shall more love your Grace, I shall more honour
you;

And 'would I had enough to serve your pleasure!

Fred. Why, 'tis thy sister then, the fair Evanthe;
I'll be plain with thee.

Sor. I'll be as plain with you, Sir;

She brought not her perfections to the world,

To lock them in a case, or hang 'em by her;

The use is all she breeds 'em for; she's yours, Sir.

Fred. Dost thou mean seriously?

Sor. I mean my sister;

And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours.

Some aunts I have, they have been handsome women;

My mother's dead indeed; and some few cousins,

That are now shooting up, we shall see shortly.

Fred. No; 'tis Evanthe.

Sor. I've sent my man unto her,

which proves he did not understand the Poet. Camillo, a good man,
is intended to say, 'Certainly 'tis some illicit amour, as this [bad] lord
'is employ'd.'

J. N.

Upon

Upon some business to come presently³,
 Hither she shall come; your Grace dare speak unto her?
 Large golden promises, and sweet language, Sir,
 You know what they work; she's a complete courtier:
 Besides, I'll set in.

Fred. She waits upon my queen:
 What jealousy and anger may arise,
 Incensing her——

Sor. You have a good sweet lady,
 A woman of so even and still a temper,
 She knows not anger: Say, she were a fury,
 I'd thought you had been absolute, the great king,
 The fountain of all honours, place⁴, and pleasures,
 Your will and your commands unbounded also:
 Go, get a pair of beads and learn to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, your servant stays.

Sor. Bid him come hither,
 And bring the lady with him. [*Exit Serv.*]

Fred. I will wooe her,
 And either lose myself, or win her favour.

Sor. She's coming in.

Fred. Thy eyes shoot thro' the door;
 They are so piercing, that the beams they dart
 Give new light to the room!

Enter Podramo and Evanthe.

Evan. Whither dost thou go?
 This is the king's side, and his private lodgings;
 What business have I here?

Pod. My lord sent for you.

Evan. His lodgings are below; you are mistaken!

³ ———— *presently*

Hither, *she shall come.*] Hither, *i. e.* into your apartments. But Sorano could not say that he had sent for her to come *thither*. The comma therefore should be, as I have put it, after *presently*. *Sympson.*

Either reading comes to the same thing.

⁴ *The fountain of all honours, plays and pleasures.*] The variation in the text was proposed by Mr. *Sympson.*

We left them at the stair-foot.

Pod. Good sweet madam!

Evan. I am no counsellor, nor important suitor,
Nor have no private business thro' these chambers,
To seek him this way. O' my life, thou'rt drunk,
Or worse than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither
To some base end! Now I look on thee better,
Thou hast a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beastly bawdy face! I'll go no further.

Sor. Nay, shrink not back; indeed you shall, good
sister.

Why do you blush? the good king will not hurt you;
He honours you, and loves you.

Evan. Is this the business?

Sor. Yes, and the best you ever will arrive at,
If you be wife.

Evan. My father was no bawd, Sir,
Nor of that worshipful stock, as I remember.

Sor. You are a fool!

Evan. You're that I shame to tell you!

Fred. Gentle Evanthe!

Evan. The gracious Queen, Sir,
Is well and merry, Heav'n be thanked for it;
And, as I think, she waits you in the garden.

Fred. Let her wait there; I talk not of her garden;
I talk of thee, sweet flower.

Evan. Your grace is pleasant,
To mistake a nettle for a rose.

Fred. No rose,
Nor lily, nor no glorious hyacinth,
Are of that sweetness, whiteness, tenderness,
Softness, and satisfying blessedness,
As my Evanthe.

Evan. Your grace speaks very feelingly:
I would not be a handsome wench in your way, Sir,
For a new gown.

Fred. Thou art all handsomeness;
Nature will be ashamed to frame another
Now thou art made; th' hast robb'd her of her cunning:

Each

Each several part about thee is a beauty.

Sor. D' you hear this, sister?

Evan. Yes, unworthy brother!

But all this will not do.

Fred. But love, Evanthe,

Thou shalt have more than words, wealth, ease, and honours,

My tender wench.

Evan. Be tender of my credit,
And I shall love you, Sir, and I shall honour you.

Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my Evanthe,
To give thee the content of love.

Evan. Hold, hold, Sir,
You are too fleet: I have some business this way,
Your Grace can ne'er content.

Sor. You stubborn toy!

Evan. Good my lord Bawd, I thank you!

Fred. Thou shalt not go. Believe me, sweet Evanthe,
So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raise thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty——

Evan. Good your Grace, be patient;
I shall make the worst honourable wench that ever was,
Shame your discretion, and your choice.

Fred. Thou shalt not.

Evan. Shall I be rich, do you say, and glorious,
And shine above the rest, and scorn all beauties,
And mighty in command?

Fred. Thou shalt be any thing.

Evan. Let me be honest too, and then I'll thank you.
Have you not such a title to bestow too?
If I prove otherwise, I'd know but this, Sir;
Can all the power you have, or all the riches,
But tie mens' tongues up from discoursing of me,
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that shall come, from wond'ring at my impudence,

And they that read my wanton life, from curses?

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Can you do this? have you this magick in you?
This is not in your power, tho' you be a prince, Sir,
No more than evil is in holy angels,
Nor I, I hope. Get wantonness confirm'd
By act of parliament an honesty,
And so receiv'd by all, I'll hearken to you,
Heav'n guide your Grace!

Fred. Evanthe, stay a little!

I'll no more wantonness; I'll marry thee.

Evan. What shall the Queen do?

Fred. I'll be divorc'd from her.

Evan. Can you tell why? What has she done
against you?

Has she contriv'd a treason 'gainst your person?
Abus'd your bed? Does disobedience urge you?

Fred. That's all one; 'tis my will.

Evan. 'Tis a most wicked one,

A most absurd one, and will shew a monster!
I'd rather be a whore, and with less sin,
To your present lust, than queen to your injustice.
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taste of fair affection in it.

Some hellish flame abuses your fair body,
And hellish furies blow it. Look behind you:

Divorce you from a woman of her beauty,

Of her integrity, her piety,

Her love to you, to all that honours you,

Her chaste and virtuous love? are these fit causes?

What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd you?

You may find time out in eternity,

Deceit and violence in heav'nly justice,

Life in the grave, and death among the blest'd,

Ere stain or brack in her sweet reputation.

Sar. You've fool'd enough; be wise now, and a
woman!

You've shew'd a modesty sufficient,

If not too much, for court.

Evan. You've shew'd an impudence

A more experienc'd bawd would blush and shake at!
You'll make my kindred mighty?

Fred. Prizthee hear me!

Evan. I do, Sir, and I count it a great offer.

Fred. Any of thine.

Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them,
But how 'twill fit, and how men will adore it,
Is still the question. I'll tell you what they'll say, Sir,
What the report will be, and 'twill be true too;
(And it must needs be comfort to your master⁶!)

'These are the issues of her impudence.'

I'll tell your Grace, so dear I hold the queen,
So dear that honour that she nurs'd me up in,
I'd first take to me, for my lust, a Moor,
One of your galley-slaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepid misery, had made a mock-man,
Than be your queen!

Fred. You're bravely resolute.

Evan. I'd rather be a leper, and be shunn'd,
And die by pieces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Than be a high whore to eternity!

Fred. You have another gamester, I perceive by ye;
You durst not slight me else.

Sor. I'll find him out;
Tho' he lie next thy heart hid, I'll discover him;
And, ye proud peat, I'll make you curse your in-
solence!

Val. Tongue of an angel, and the truth of Heav'n,
How am I blest! [Exit.

Sor. Podramo, go in haste
To my sister's gentlewoman; (you know her well)
And bid her send her mistress presently

⁶ *And it must needs be comfort to your master.*] Who was Frederick's master? Preferment had been promis'd to her kindred, by whom her brother Sorano is chiefly intended, who was pandar and minister of Frederick's lusts. I read therefore,

And it must needs be comfort to your minister. Seward.

Undoubtedly, Evanthe turns to Sorano, and addresses this line to him.

The lesser cabinet she keeps her letters in,
And such-like toys, and bring it to me instantly:

Away!
Pod. I'm gone. [Exit.]

Enter the Queen, with two ladies.

Sor. The Queen!

Fred. Let's quit the place; she may grow jealous.
[Exeunt *Fred.* and *Sorano.*]

Queen. So suddenly departed! what's the reason?
Does my approach displease his Grace? are my eyes
So hateful to him? or my conversation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair *Evanthe!*
Are you there? then I see his shame.

Evan. 'Tis true, madam,
'T has pleased his goodness to be pleasant with me.

Queen. 'Tis strange to find thy modesty in this
place!

Does the king offer fair? does thy face take him?
Ne'er blush, *Evanthe,* 'tis a very sweet one.
Does he rain gold, and precious promises,
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, wench?

Evan. Never mock, madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At least reveng'd. I can be mighty, lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great as you are.

Queen. He'll marry thee?

Evan. Who would not be a queen, madam?

Queen. 'Tis true, *Evanthe,* 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dream, that may delude a good mind.
What shall become of me?

Evan. You must learn to pray;
Your age and honour will become a nunnery.

Queen. Wilt thou remember me? [Weeps.]

Evan. She weeps!—Sweet lady,
Upon my knees I ask your sacred pardon,
For my rude boldness; and know, my sweet mistress,
If e'er there were ambition in *Evanthe,*

It was and is to do you faithful duties.
 'Tis true I have been tempted by the king,
 And with no few and potent charms, to wrong ye,
 To violate the chaste joys of your bed ;
 And, those not taking hold, to usurp your state :
 But she that has been bred up under ye,
 And daily fed upon your virtuous precepts,
 Still growing strong by example of your goodness,
 Having no errant motion from obedience,
 Flies from these vanities, as mere illusions,
 And, arm'd with honesty, defies all promises !
 In token of this truth, I lay my life down
 Under your sacred foot, to do you service.

Queen. Rise, my true friend, thou virtuous bud of
 beauty !

Thou virgins' honour, sweetly blow and flourish !
 And that rude nipping wind that seeks to blast thee,
 Or taint thy root, be curs'd to all posterity !
 To my protection from this hour I take ye ;
 Yes, and the king shall know——

Evan. Give his heat way, madam,
 And 'twill go out again ; he may forget all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times ? we
 can't cure 'em.

Let 'em go on : When they are swoln with surfeits,
 They'll burst and stink ; then all the world shall
 smell 'em.

Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honest man.

Men. Yes, and a wise man too ; it is a virtuous
 calling.

Cam. To his own wife especially, or to his sister,
 The nearer to his own blood, still the honest :
 There want such honest men ; 'would we had more
 of 'em !

Men. To be a villain is no such rude matter.

Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect ;
 Art makes all excellent. What is it, gentlemen,

In a good cause to kill a dozen coxcombs,
That blunt rude fellows call good patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after.

Men. 'Tis e'en as much,
As easy too, as honest, and as clear,
To ravish matrons, and deflower coy wenches;
But here they are so willing, 'tis a compliment.

Cle. To pull down churches with pretension
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour;
And all this time believe no God.

Cam. I think so;
'Tis faith enough if they name him in their angers,
Or on their rotten tombs⁷ engrave an angel.
Well, brave Alphonso, how happy had we been,
If thou hadst reign'd!

Men. 'Would I had his disease,
Tied, like a leprosy, to my posterity,
So he were right again!

Cle. What is his malady?

Cam. Nothing but sad and silent melancholy,
Laden with griefs and thoughts, no man knows why
neither.

The good Brandino, father to the princes⁸,
Used all the art and industry that might be,
To free Alphonso from this dull calamity,
And seat him in his rule; he was his eldest,
And noblest too, had not fair Nature stopt in him,
For which cause this was chosen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.

Cle. Does he use his brother
With that respect and honour that befits him?

Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more ease and comfort to his sickness;
But he has honest servants, the grave Rugio,
And friar Marco, that wait upon his person,
And in a monastery he lives.

⁷ Or on *their rotten tombs engrave an angel.*] Mr. Sympfon wishes to read, O'ER *their rotten BONES*; but we see no need of change.

⁸ — *father to the princess.*] Altered in 1750.

Men. 'Tis full of sadness,
To see him when he comes to his father's tomb,
(As once a day that is his pilgrimage,
Whilst in devotion the choir sings an anthem)
How piously he kneels, and, like a virgin
That some cross fate had cozen'd of her love,
Weeps 'till the stubborn marble sweats with pity,
And to his groans the whole choir bears a chorus!

Enter Frederick, Sorano with the cabinet, and Podramo.

Cam. So do I too. The king, with his contrivers!
This is no place for us. [Exeunt lords.]

Fred. This is a jewel!
Lay it aside. What paper's that?

Pod. A letter;
But 'tis a woman's, Sir, I know by the hand,
And the false orthography; they write old Saxon.

Fred. May-be her ghostly mother's that instructs her.

Sor. No, 'tis a cousin's, and came up with a great
cake.

Fred. What's that?

Sor. A pair of gloves the duchess gave her;
For so the outside says.

Fred. That other paper?

Sor. A charm for the tooth-ach; here's nothing but
faints and crosses.

Fred. Look in that box; methinks, that should hold
secrets.

Pod. 'Tis paint, and curls of hair; she 'gins to exercise.
A glass of water too; I would fain taste it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill silence me;
Never a conduit-pipe to convey this water?

Sor. These are all rings, deaths'-heads, and such
memento's,
Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.

Fred. That, that?

Pod. They're written songs, Sir, to provoke young
ladies.

Lord,

Lord, here's a prayer-book! how these agree!
Here's a strange union!

Sor. Ever by a surfeit

You have a julep set, to cool the patient.

Fred. Those, those?

Sor. They're verses: 'To the blest Evanthe.'

Fred. Those may discover.

Read them out, Sorano.

To the blest Evanthe.

Let those complain that feel Love's cruelty,

And in sad legends write their woes;

With roses gently h'has corrected me,

My war is without rage or blows:

My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,

And hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,

With folded arms, and sighs all day,

Reck'ning the torments of my hell,

And flinging my sweet joys away:

I am call'd home again to quiet peace,

My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,

Or being blest with her sweet tongue,

If these no other joys imply?

A golden gyve^o, a pleasing wrong:

To be your own but one poor Month, I'd give

My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live!

Fred. This is my rival; that I knew the hand now!

Sor. I know it, I have seen it; 'tis Valerio's,

That hopeful gentleman's that was brought up

With you, and, by your charge, nourish'd and fed

At the same table, with the same allowance.

Fred. And all this courtesy to ruin me?

Cross my desires? I had better have fed humbler,

And stood at greater distance from my fury!

[Gyve?] See note 38 on Beggars' Bush.

Go for him quickly, find him instantly, W A 48s
 Whilst my impatient heart swells high with choler! I
 Better have lov'd Despair, and safer kiss'd her!

[*Exeunt Sorano and Podramo.*]

Enter Evanthe and Cassandra.

Evan. Thou old weak fool! dost thou know to
 what end,

To what betraying end, he got this casket?
 Durst thou deliver him, without my ring,
 Or a command from mine own mouth, that cabinet
 That holds my heart? You unconfid'rate afs,
 You brainless idiot!

Caf. I saw you go with him,
 At the first word commit your person to him,
 And make no scruple; he's your brother's gentleman,
 And, for any thing I know, an honest man;
 And might not I upon the same security
 Deliver him a box?

Evan. A bottle-head!

Fred. You shall have cause to chafe, as I will handle it.

Evan. I'd rather th'hadst deliver'd me to pirates,
 Betray'd me to uncurable diseases,
 Hung up my picture in a market-place¹⁰,
 And sold me to vile bawds¹¹!

Caf. As I take it, madam,
 Your maidenhead lies not in that cabinet;
 You have a closer, and you keep the key too:
 Why are you vex'd thus?

Evan. I could curse thee wickedly,
 And wish thee more deform'd than age can make thee!

¹⁰ *Hung up my picture, &c.*] This seems to allude to a custom which formerly was frequent at Naples, of hanging up the pictures of the most celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. See Mrs. Behn's play of the Rover, or Banished Cavaliers, where the scene is laid in the same place. R.

¹¹ *And sold me to wild bawds.*] This may possibly be right, but had any of the copies run thus, *to vild bawds*, I should have made no scruple to prefer it as better. Symphon.

There can be no doubt of the Author's writing *vildt*, which word, modernized, is *vile*.

Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it¹²,
 Wait on thee still, nor sleep be found to ease it!
 Those hands that gave the casket, may the palsy
 For ever make unuseful, ev'n to feed thee!
 Long winters, that thy bones may turn to icicles
 No hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee!
 Is thy care like thy body, all one crookedness?
 How scurvily thou criest now! like a drunkard!
 I'll have as pure tears from a dirty spout.
 Do, swear thou didst this ignorantly, swear it,
 Swear and be damn'd, thou half witch!

Cas. These are fine words!

Well, madam, madam!

Evan. 'Tis not well, thou mummy!

'Tis impudently, basely done, thou dirty——

Fred. Has your young sanctity done railing, madam,
 Against your innocent 'quire? Do you see this sonnet,
 This loving script? d'you know from whence it came
 too?

Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure and honest.

Fred. You've private visitants, my noble lady,
 That in sweet numbers court your goodly virtues,
 And to the height of adoration.

Evan. Well, Sir,

There's neither heresy nor treason in it.

Fred. A prince may beg at the door, whilst these
 feast with ye;

A favour or a grace¹³, from such as I am,

¹² *Perpetual hunger, and no teeth to satisfy it.*] That a person may be perpetually hungry whether he has teeth or no is very evident; may we not then wish that, instead of teeth, the Poets had wrote,

——— *No meat to satisfy it.*

Sympson.

¹³ *A favour or a grace from such as I am,*
Course common things.] The sense here is easy enough, but the
 expression labours. I would read,

A favour or a grace, for such as I am

Course common things—You're welcome, &c.

i. e. such course common things as I am are not worthy of a grace, &c.

Sympson.

¹⁰ We see no difficulty here, either of sense or expression.

Enter Valerio and Podramo.

Coarse common things—You're welcome! Pray come near, Sir :

D'you know this paper?

Val. I'm betray'd!—I do, Sir;

'Tis mine, my hand and heart. If I die for her, I am thy martyr, Love, and time shall honour me.

Caf. You saucy Sir, that came in my lady's name For her gilt cabinet, you cheating Sir too, You scurvy usher, with as scurvy legs, And a worse face, thou poor base hanging-holder, How durst thou come to me with a lie in thy mouth? An impudent lie——

Pod. Holla, good Gill! you hobble.

Caf. A stinking lie, more stinking than the teller? To play the pilfering knave? There have been rascals Brought up to fetch and carry, like your worship, That have been hang'd for less; whipt there are daily; And if the law will do me right——

Pod. What then, old maggot?

Caf. Thy mother was carted younger.—I'll have thy hide, Thy mangy hide, embroider'd with a dog-whip¹⁴, As it is now with potent pox, and thicker.

Fred. Peace, good antiquity! I'll have your bones else

Ground into gunpowder to shoot at cats with. One word more, and I'll blanch thee like an almond: There's no such cure for the she-falling sickness, As the powder of a dried bawd's skin. Be silent!—You're very prodigal of your service here, Sir; Of your life more, it seems.

Val. I repent neither; Because, your Grace shall understand, it comes From the best part of love, my pure affection;

¹⁴ —— embroider'd with a dog-whip,

And it is now, &c.] Mr. Symphon, without giving any reason, singly furnishes this reading.

And,

And, kindled with chaste flame, I will not fly from't.
 If it be error to desire to marry,
 And marry her that sanctity would dote on,
 I've done amifs; if it be a treason
 To graft my foul to virtue, and to grow there,
 *To love the tree that bears fuch happinefs,
 (Conceive me, Sir; this fruit was ne'er forbidden)
 Nay, to desire to tafte too, I am traitor.
 Had you but plants enough of this bleft tree, Sir,
 Set round about your court, to beautify it,
 Deaths twice fo many, to difmay the approachers,
 The ground would fcarce yield graves to noble lovers.

Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd. You wifh and pray to
 Fortune,

Here in your fonnet, (and fhe has heard your prayers)
 So much you dote upon your own undoing,
 But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
 Tho' at the expiring of that time you die for't.

Val. I could wifh many, many ages, Sir;
 To grow as old as Time in her embraces,
 If Heav'n would grant it, and you fmile upon it:
 But if my choice were two hours, and then perifh,
 I would not pull my heart back.

Fred. You've your wifh:
 Tomorrow I will fee you nobly married;
 Your Month take out in all content and pleafure;
 The firft day of the following Month you die for't.
 Kneel not! not all your prayers can divert me.—
 Now mark your fentence; mark it, fcornful lady!
 If, when Valerio's dead, within twelve hours,
 (For that's your lateft time) you find not out
 Another husband, on the fame condition
 To marry you again, you die yourfelf too!

Evan. Now you are merciful! I thank your Grace!

Fred. If, when you're married, you but feek to 'fcape
 Out of the kingdom, you, or fhe, or both,
 Or to infect mens' minds with hot commotions,
 You die both infantly!—Will you love me now,
 lady?

My

My tale will now be heard; but now I scorn you!

[*Exeunt omnes præter Valerio and Evanthe.*

Evan. Is our fair love, our honest, our entire,
Come to this hazard?

Val. 'Tis a noble one,
And I am much in love with Malice for it;
Envy could not have studied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if she had her eyes.
When I have once enjoy'd my sweet Evanthe,
And blest my youth with her most dear embraces,
I've done my journey here, my day is out:

All that the world has else is foolery,
Labour, and loss of time. What should I live for?
Think but man's life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my joys grow old for any thing:
A Paradise, as thou art, my Evanthe,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human eyes, and then to wander from.
Come, do not weep, sweet; you dishonour me!
Your tears and griefs but question my ability,
Whether I dare die. Do you love entirely?

Evan. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my felicity.

Evan. I'll to the Queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honest;
But, if you sue to him, in death I hate you! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo, Cleantbes, and Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of such a marriage?

Men. Marriage and hanging go by destiny;
'Tis the old proverb; now they come together.

Cle. But a Month married, then to lose his life for't?
I'd have a long Month sure, that pays the soldiers.

Enter Tony, with an urinal.

Cam. Or get all the almanacks burnt, (that were a rare trick)

And have no Month remember'd. How now, Tony? Whose water are you casting?

Tony. A sick gentleman's, Is very sick, much troubled with the stone; He should not live above a Month, by's urine: About St. David's Day ¹⁵ it will go hard with him; He'll then be troubled with a pain in his neck too.

Men. A pestilent fool! When wilt thou marry, Tony?

Tony. When I mean to be hang'd; and 'tis the furer contract.

Cle. What think you of this marriage of Valerio's?

Tony. They have given him a hot custard, And mean to burn his mouth with't. Had I known He had been given to die honourably, I would have help'd him to a wench, a rare one, Should have kill'd him in three weeks, and fav'd the sentence.

Cam. There be them would have spar'd ten days of that too.

Tony. It may be so; you've women of all virtues; There be some guns that I could bring him to, Some mortar-pieces that are plac'd i'th' suburbs, Would tear him into quarters in two hours; There be also of the race of the old cockatrices, That would dispatch him with once looking on him.

Men. What Month wouldst thou chuse, Tony, If thou hadst the like fortune?

Tony. I would chuse A mull'd sack Month, to comfort my belly; for sure My back would ake for it; and, at the Month's end, I'd be most dismally drunk, and scorn the gallows.

Men. I would chuse March, for I would come in like a lion.

¹⁵ This Play acted about the latter end of January. *Theobald.*

Tony. But you'd go out like a lamb, when you went to hanging.

Cam. I would take April, take the sweet o'th' year,
And kiss my wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every green, and, as the birds sung,
Embrace, and melt away my soul in pleasure.

Tony. You'd go a-maying gaily to the gallows.

Cle. Prithee tell us some news.

Tony. I'll tell ye all I know :

You may be honest, and poor fools, as I am,
And blow your fingers' ends.

Cam. That's no news, fool.

Tony. You may be knaves then when you please,
stark knaves,
And build fair houses; but your heirs shall have
none of 'em.

Men. These are undoubted.

Tony. Truth's not worth the hearing !

I'll tell you news then : There was a drunken sailor,
That got a mermaid with-child as she went a-milking,
And now she sues him in the bawdy-court for't;
The infant monster is brought up in Fish-street.

Cam. Ay, this is something !

Tony. I'll tell you more; there was a fish taken,
A monstrous fish, with a sword by's side, a long sword,
A pike in's neck, and a gun in's nose, a huge gun,
And letters of mart in's mouth, from the duke of
Florence.

Cle. This is a monstrous lie !

Tony. I do confess it :

Do you think I'd tell you truths, that dare not hear 'em ?
You're honest things, we courtiers scorn to converse
with. [Exit.

Cam. A plaguy fool ! But let's consider, gentlemen,
Why the Queen strives not to oppose this sentence;
The kingdom's honour suffers in this cruelty.

Men. No doubt the Queen, tho' she be virtuous,
Winks at the marriage; for by that only means
The king's flame lessens to the youthful lady,

292 A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock asleep his anger also.

Shall we go see the preparation?

'Tis time, for strangers come to view the wonder.

Cam. Come, let's away. Send my friends happier
weddings! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Evantbe.

Queen. You shall be merry; come, I'll have it so:
Can there be any nature so unnoble,
Or anger so inhuman, to pursue this?

Evan. I fear there is.

Queen. Your fears are poor and foolish.
Tho' he be hasty, and his anger death,
His will like torrents not to be resisted,
Yet law and justice go along to guide him;
And what law, or what justice, can he find
To justify his will? what act or statute,
By human or divine establishment,
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?
Honest fair wedlock? 'Twas given for encrease,
For preservation of mankind, I take it;
He must be more than man then that dare break it.
Come, dress you handsomely; you shall have my jewels,
And put a face on that contemns base fortune;
'Twill make him more insult to see you fearful:
Outlook his anger.

Evan. Oh, my Valerio!
Be witness my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for!

Queen. But shew it not. I would so crucify him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave strong pious scorn, that I would shake him!
Put all the wanton Cupids in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee;
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
(I'll help thee, and forgive thee) as if Venus
Were now again to catch the God of War,
In his most rugged anger. When thou hast him
(As 'tis impossible he should resist thee)

And

And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then shew thy virtue, then again despise him,
And all his power; then, with a look of honour
Mingled with noble chastity, strike him dead!

Evan. Good madam, dress me;
You arm me bravely.

Queen. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him first; he must suffer for it;
And that thy sentence is so welcome to thee,
And to thy noble lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp such a deep impression of thy beauty
Into his soul, and of thy worthiness,
That when Valerio and Evanthe sleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with blessings,
He may run mad, and curse his act. Be lusty;
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'st it.

Evan. I thank your Grace! you have prepar'd me
strongly;
And my weak mind——

Queen. Death is unwelcome never,
Unless it be to tortur'd minds and sick souls,
That make their own hells; it is such a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, shews so sweet too!
Tho' they paint it ugly, that's but to restrain us,
For every living thing would love it else,
Fly boldly to their peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The rest we have from labour and from trouble
Is some incitement; every thing alike,
The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his master¹⁶, in that tomb

¹⁶ *The poor slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his master, in that tomb,*

The earth as light upon him——] *Private* in its common ac-
ception would be flat here, but in its original sense *privatus* deprived
of life and motion, it gives the proper idea. But why in *that* tomb?
No particular tomb had been specified; I read *THE tomb* and add a
verb to the next sentence.

As amply as his master, in the tomb

The earth's as light upon him. Seward.

Mr. Seward's interpretation of *private* is a false refinement; *THE*
tomb may be right; but the addition of the verb flattens the text.

The earth as light upon him, and the flowers
 That grow about him smell as sweet, and flourish;
 But when we love with honour to our ends,
 When memory and virtues are our mourners,
 What pleasures there! they're infinite, Evanthe,
 Only, my virtuous wench, we want our senses,
 That benefit we're barr'd, 'twould make us proud else,
 And lazy¹⁷ to look up to happier life,
 The blessings of the people would so swell us.

Evan. Good madam, dress me; you have dress'd my
 soul:

The merriest bride I'll be, for all this misery,
 The proudest to some eyes too.

Queen. 'T will do better;

Come, shrink no more,

Evan. I am too confident. [Exeunt.]

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Sor. You're too remiss and wanton in your angers;
 You mould things handsomely, and then neglect 'em:
 A pow'rful prince should be constant to his power still,
 And hold up what he builds; then people fear him.
 When he lets loose his hand, it shews a weakness,
 And men examine or contemn his greatness:
 A scorn of this high kind should have call'd up
 A revenge equal, not a pity in you.

Fred. She is thy sister.

Sor. An she were my mother,
 Whilst I conceive 'tis you sh'has wrong'd, I hate her,
 And shake her nearness off. I study, Sir,
 To satisfy your angers that are just,
 Before your pleasures.

Fred. I've done that already,
 I fear, has pull'd too many curses on me!

¹⁷ *And lazy.*] The sense demands a word of a signification directly opposite to that which now occupies the text. *Crazy* is nearest to the present reading, in sound and trace of letters; but we do not approve it enough to obtrude it with confidence as genuine, though we have no doubt that *lazy* is corrupt.

Sor. Curfes, or envies, on Valerio's head
 (Would you take my counfel, Sir) they fhould all light,
 And with the weight not only crack his fcull,
 But his fair credit. The exquisite vexation
 I have devifed, (fo please you give way in't,
 And let it work) fhall more afflict his foul,
 And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
 Than fear of death in all the frights he carries.
 If you fit down here, they will both abufe you,
 Laugh at your poor relenting power, and fcorn you.
 What fatisfaction can their deaths bring to you,
 That are prepar'd, and proud to die, and willingly;
 And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
 How are you nearer the defire you aim at?
 Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
 How can their fingle deaths give you content, Sir?
 Petty revenges end in blood, flight angers;
 A prince's rage fhould find out new difeafes;
 Death were a pleafure too, to pay proud fools with.

Fred. What fhould I do?

Sor. Add but your power unto me,
 Make me but ftrong by your protection,
 And you fhall fee what joy, and what delight,
 What infinite pleafure this poor Month fhall yield him.
 I'll make him wifh he were dead on his marriage-day,
 Or bed-rid with old age; I'll make him curfe,
 And cry and curfe, give me but power.

Fred. You have it:

Here, take my ring; I am content he pay for't.

Sor. It fhall be now revenge, as I will handle it!
 He fhall live after this to beg his life too:
 Twenty to one, by this thread, as I'll weave it,
 Evanthe fhall be yours.

Fred. Take all authority,
 And be moft happy!

Sor. Good Sir, no more pity! [Exit.

Enter Tony, three Citizens, and three Wives.

Wife. Good mafter Tony, put me in.

Tony. Where do you dwell?

1 Wife. Forsooth, at the sign of the great shoulder of mutton.

Tony. A hungry man would hunt your house out instantly;

Keep the dogs from your door. Is this lettice ruff your husband?

A fine sharp sallad to your sign.

2 Wife. Will you put me in too?

3 Wife. And me, good master Tony?

Tony. Put ye all in?

You had best come twenty more; you think 'tis easy, A trick of legerdemain, to put ye all in:

'Twould pose a fellow that had twice my body,

Tho' it were all made into chines and fillets.

2 Wife. Put's into the wedding, Sir? we would fain see that.

1 Wife. And the brave masque too.

Tony. You two are pretty women:

Are you their husbands?

2 Cit. Yes, for want of better.

Tony. I think so too; you would not be so mad else To turn 'em loose to a company of young courtiers, That swarm like bees in May, when they see young wenches.

You must not squeak.

3 Wife. No, Sir; we're better tutor'd.

Tony. Nor, if a young lord offer you the courtesy—

2 Wife. We know what 'tis, Sir.

Tony. Nor you must not grumble,

If you be thrust up hard; we thrust most furiously.

1 Wife. We know the worst.

Tony. Get you two in then quietly,

And shift for yourselves.—We must have no old women,

They're out of use, unless they have petitions;

Besides, they cough so loud, they drown the music.—

You would go in too? but there's no place for ye;

I'm sorry for't; go, and forget your wives;

Or pray they may be able to suffer patiently:

You

You may have heirs may prove wise aldermen.
Go, or I'll call the guard.

3 *Cit.* We will get in;
We'll venture broken pates else!

Tony. 'Tis impossible, [Exeunt *Cit.* and *Wom.*
You're too securely arm'd. How they flock hither,
And with what joy the women run by heaps
To see this marriage! They tickle to think of it;
They hope for every Month a husband too.
Still how they run, and how the wittols follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the legs,
That brushing, dressing, nor new naps can mend,
How they post to see their own confusion!
This is a merry world.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Look to the door, firrah;
Thou art a fool, and mayst do mischief lawfully.

Tony. Give me your hand! you are my brother fool;
You may both make the law, and mar it presently.
D'you love a wench?

Fred. Who does not, Fool?

Tony. Not I,
Unless you'll give me a longer lease to marry her.

Fred. What are all these that come? what business
have they?

Tony. Some come to gape, those are my fellow fools;
Some to get home their wives, those be their own fools;
Some to rejoice with thee, those be the time's fools;
And some I fear to curse thee, those are poor fools,

Enter Cassandra, passing over.

A set people call them honest¹⁸. Look, look, king, look!

¹⁸ A set people call 'em honest.] Mr. Seward proposes correcting this place thus,

Yet people call 'em honest.

I had put in my margin

And yet yeop'le, &c.

The preference is left to the reader's judgment. *Symphon.*

A set people may signify 'formal, precise people that call those poor
'fools honest;' or that 'people call those poor fools an honest set.'

A weather-

A weather-beaten lady new careen'd!

Fred. An old one.

Tony. The glasses of her eyes are new rubb'd over,
And the worm-eaten records in her face
Are daub'd up neatly; she lays her breasts out too,
Like two poach'd eggs¹⁹ that had the yolks suck'd out:
They get new heads also, new teeth, new tongues,
(For the old are all worn out) and, as 'tis hop'd,
New tails.

Fred. For what?

Tony. For old courtiers;

The young ones are too stirring for their travels.

Fred. Go, leave your knav'ry, and help to keep
the door well;

I'll have no such prefs.

Tony. Lay thy hand o'thy heart, king!

Fred. I'll have you whipp'd!

Tony. The Fool and thou art parted. [Exit.

Fred. Sorano, work, and free me from this spell;
'Twixt love and scorn, there's nothing felt but hell!

[Exit.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleantes, Menallo, and servants.

Val. Tie on my scarf; you are so long about me!
Good my lords, help; give me my other cloak;
That hat and feather. Lord, what a taylor's this,
To make me up thus strait; one sigh would-burst me;
I have not room to breath; come, button, button,
Button, apace!

Cam. I'm glad to see you merry, Sir.

Val. 'Twould make you merry, had you such a wife,
And such an age to enjoy her in.

Men. An age, Sir?

Val. A Month's an age to him that is contented;
What should I seek for more?—Give me my sword.—
Ha, my good lords! that every one of you now
Had but a lady of that youth and beauty

¹⁹ Like to poach'd eggs.] Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in altering
the text.

To bless yourselves this night with! would ye not? A
Pray ye speak uprightly——

Cle. We confefs you happy,
And we could well wish fuch another banquet;
But on that price, my lord——

Val. 'Twere nothing, elfe;
No man can ever come to aim at Heav'n,
But by the knowledge of a hell.—Thefe fhoes are
heavy,

And, if I fhould be call'd to dance, they'll clog me;
Get me fome pumps.—I'll tell you, brave Camillo,
And you, dear friends; the king has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious favour, has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time; for who would live long?

Who would be old? 'tis fuch a wearinefs,
Such a difeafe, that hangs like lead upon us.
As it encreafes, fo vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrhs; we're but our living
coffins:

Befides, the fair foul's old too²⁰, it grows covetous;
Which fhews all honour is departed from us,
And we are earth again!

Cle. You make fair ufe, Sir.

Val. I would not live to learn to lie, Cleanthes,
For all the world; old men are prone to that too.
Thou that haft been a foldier, Menallo,
A noble foldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arm the heir to victory;
Wouldft thou live fo long till thy ftrength forfook thee?
'Till thou grew'ft only a long tedious ftory
Of what thou hadft been? 'till thy fword hang by,
And lazy fpiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?

Men. No, fure, I would not.

Val. 'Tis not fit you fhould;

²⁰ *Befides the fair foul's old too, &c.*] So Shakespear has the fame thought, in his Timon of Athens, act ii. fcene ii.

' And Nature, as it grows again toward earth,
' Is fafhion'd for the journey dull and heavy.'

300 A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our great²¹ good parts put wings unto our souls²²!—
Pray you tell me, is't a handsome masque we have?

Cam. We understand so.

Val. And the young gentlemen dance?

Cle. They do, Sir, and some dance well.

Val. They must, before the ladies.

We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,
A lusty one; 'twill make my blood dance too. [*Musick.*

Cam. Ten²³, if you please.

Val. And we'll be wondrous merry.

They stay sure! Come; I hear the musick; forward!
You shall have all gloves presently. [*Exit.*

Men. We attend, Sir,

But first we must look to the doors, the king has
charg'd us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants. [*Knocking within.*

1 Serv. What a noise d'you keep there? Call my
fellows o' th' guard!

You must cease now until the king be enter'd;
He's gone to the temple now.

2 Serv. Look to that back door,
And keep it fast; they swarm like bees about it.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo; Tony following.

Cam. Keep back those citizens; and let their wives in,
Their handsome wives.

Tony. They've crouded me to verjuice;
I sweat like a butter-box.

²¹ *Our great good parts.*] Mr. Seward wishes to read,
Our YET good parts.

²² ——— *Put wings unto our souls:*
We'll have a rouse before we go to bed, friends,
Pray ye tell me, &c.] The second line is surely an accidental in-
terpolation here; but comes in with great propriety six lines lower.
The former copies exhibit it in *both* places.

²³ *A lusty one, 'twill make my blood dance too.*
Cam. Ten, *if you please.*] This contemptible punning upon words
was the sin of the times, not of the Poets.

1 Serv. Stand further off there.

Men. Take the women aside, and talk with 'em in private;

Give 'em that they came for.

Tony. The whole court cannot do it;

Besides, the next masque, if we use 'em so, They'll come by millions to expect our largesse.

We've broke an hundred heads.

Cle. Are they so tender?

Tony. But 'twas behind; before they have all murrions.

Cam. Let in those ladies; make 'em room, for shame there!

Tony. They are no ladies; there's one bald before 'em, A gent. bald; they're curtail'd queans in hired clothes.

They come out of Spain, I think; they're very sultry.

Men. Keep 'em in breath for an ambassador.

Methinks, my nose shakes at their memories.

What bouncing's that?

[*Knocks within.*]

1 Cit. [*within*]. I'm one o'th' musick, Sir.

2 Cit. [*within*]. I've sweet-meats for the banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Tony. They lie, my lord! they come to seek their wives;

Two broken citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more; they are but brusled yet.

Bold rascals! offer to disturb your wives?

Cle. Lock the doors fast! the musick; hark! the king comes.

A curtain drawn.

The King, Queen, Valerio, Evantbe, ladies, attendants, Camillo, Cleantbes, Sorano, Menallo.

A MASQUE.

Cupid descends, the Graces sitting by him. Cupid being bound, the Graces unbind him; he speaks.

Cupid. Unbind me, my delight; this night is mine! Now let me look upon what stars here shine,

Let

Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
 My colour'd wings, proud of my deity.
 I'm satisfied; bind me again, and fast;
 My angry bow will make too great a waste
 Of beauty else. Now call my masquers in²⁵,
 Call with a song, and let the sports begin;
 Call all my servants, the effects of love,
 And to a measure let them nobly move.

[*One of the Graces sings.*]

Come, ye servants of proud Love,

Come away:

Fairly, nobly, gently move!

Too long, too long you make us stay.

Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
 Distrust, and Jealousy, be you too here;

Consuming Care, and raging Ire,

And Poverty in poor attire,

March fairly in, and last Despair.

Now full musick strike the air.

*Enter the masquers*²⁶, *Fancy, Desire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Distrust, Jealousy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Despair*; they dance, after which *Cupid speaks.*

Cupid. Away! I've done; the day begins to light.
 Lovers, you know your fate; good night, good night!

[*Cupid and the Graces ascend in the chariot.*]

King. Come, to the banquet! when that's ended, Sir,

²⁵ ——— Now call my masquers in

Call with a song.] *Cupid* bids some of his attendants call in the maskers with a song, but it seems it was to little purpose, since by the present disposition of the scene, he sings the song himself: To make the god's command of any signification or avail, we ought to insert some speaker before, *Come you servants, &c.* And who can be more proper than one of the *Graces* who descended with him, and waited at his side?

Symphon.

²⁶ *Enter the maskers,—Care, Ire, Despair.*] The stage direction here is faulty, as it does not set down the several names of the maskers in the foregoing song; for upon comparison we shall find, that out of eleven there are but ten reckon'd up, *Poverty* being dropt betwixt *Ire* and *Despair*. This observation I am not singular in, Mr. Theobald having before made the same in his margin.

Symphon.

I'll see you i' bed, and so good night. Be merry;
You've a sweet bed-fellow.

Val. I thank your Grace,
And ever shall be bound unto your nobleness.

King. I pray I may deserve your thanks. Set forward!

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter divers monks, Alphonso going to the tomb, Rugio and friar Marco.

Marco. **T**HE night grows on; lead softly to the tomb,
And sing not 'till I bid ye; let the musick
Play gently as he passes.

Rug. Oh, fair picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours!
How are we banish'd from the joy we dream'd of!
Will he ne'er speak more?

Mar. 'Tis full three months, lord Rugio,
Since any articulate sound came from his tongue.
Set him down gently. [*Alphonso sits in a chair.*]

Rug. What should the reason be, Sir?

Mar. As 'tis in nature with those loving husbands,
That sympathise their wives' pains, and their throes,
When they are breeding, (and 'tis usual too;
We have it by experience) so in him, Sir,
In this most noble spirit that now suffers;
For when his honour'd father good Brandino
Fell sick, he felt the griefs, and labour'd with them;
His fits, and his disease he still inherited,
Grew the same thing, and, had not Nature check'd him,
Strength and ability, h' had died that hour too.

Rug. Emblem of noble love!

Mar. That very minute
His father's breath forsook him, that same instant,

(A rare

(A rare example of his piety,
And love paternal) th' organ of his tongue
Was never heard to sound again; so near death
He seeks to wait upon his worthy father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.

Rug. He points to th' tomb.

Mar. That is the place he honours;
A house I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' tomb: Good my lord, lend your hand.
Now sing the funeral song, and let him kneel,
For then he's pleas'd. [A song.

Rug. Heav'n lend thy pow'rful hand,
And ease this prince!

Mar. He will pass back again. [Exeunt.

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly; I'm hot with wine too,
Lustily warm. I'll steal now to my happiness;
'Tis midnight, and the silent hour invites me:
But she is up still, and attends the queen.
Thou dew of wine and sleep, hang on their eye-lids,
Steep their dull senses in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my lov'd Evanthe!
The king is merry too, and drank unto me;
Sign of fair peace. Oh, this night's blessedness!
If I had forty heads, I would give all for't.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our human studies, and our travels,
Of our desires, th' obtaining of our wishes?
Certain, it is; and there man makes his centre.
I have obtain'd Evanthe, I have married her:
Can any fortune keep me from enjoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my wish; what's left me to accuse now?
I'm friends with all the world, but thy base malice:
Go, glory in thy mischiefs, thou proud man,
And cry it to the world, th' hast ruin'd virtue!
How I contemn thee, and thy petty malice!

And

And with what scorn I look down on thy practice!

Sor. You'll sing me a new song anon, Valerio,
And with these hot words——

Val. I despise thee, fellow!
Thy threats, or flatt'ries, all I fling behind me!
I have my end, I have thy noble sister,
A name too worthy of thy blood! I've married her,
And will enjoy her too.

Sor. 'Tis very likely.

Val. And that short Month I have to bless me with her,
I'll make an age: I'll reckon each embrace
A year of pleasure, and each night a jubilee,
Ev'ry quick kiss a spring; and when I mean
To lose myself in all delightfulness,
Twenty sweet summers I will tie together.
In spite of thee, and thy malignant master,
I will die old in love, tho' young in pleasure!

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee;
Thou art the poorest miserable thing
This day on earth! I'll tell thee why, Valerio:
All thou esteem'st, and build'st upon for happiness,
For joy, for pleasure, for delight, is past thee,
And, like a wanton dream, already vanish'd!

Val. Is my love false?

Sor. No, she is constant to thee;
Constant to all thy misery she shall be,
And curse thee too.

Val. Is my strong body weaken'd,
Charm'd or abus'd with subtle drink? Speak, villain!

Sor. Neither; I dare speak, thou art still as lusty
As when thou lov'dst her first, as strong and hopeful.
The Month th' hast given thee is a Month of misery,
And wherethou think'st each hour shall yield a pleasure,
Look for a killing pain, for thou shalt find it:
Before thou diest, each minute shall prepare it,
And ring so many knells to sad afflictions;
The king has giv'n thee a long Month to die in,
And miserably die!

Val. Undo thy riddle;

I am prepar'd, whatever fate shall follow.

Sor. Dost thou see this ring?

Val. I know it too.

Sor. Then mark me:

By virtue of this ring, this I pronounce to thee.

It is the king's will——

Val. Let me know it suddenly!

Sor. If thou dost offer to touch Evanthe's body,

Beyond a kiss, tho' thou art married to her,

And lawfully, as thou think'st, mayst enjoy her,

That minute she shall die!

Val. Oh, devil!

Sor. If thou discover this command unto her,

Or to a friend that shall importune thee,

And why thou abstainest, and from whose will, ye all

perish,

Upon the self-same forfeit!—Are you fitted, Sir?

Now, if you love her, you may preserve her life still;

If not, you know the worst. How falls your Month

out?

Val. This tyranny could never be invented

But in the school of hell, earth is too innocent!

Not to enjoy her when she is my Wife?

When she is willing too?

Sor. She is most willing,

And will run mad to miss; but if you hit her,

Be sure you hit her home, and kill her with it,

(There are such women that will die with pleasure)

The ax will follow else, that will not fail

To fetch her maidenhead, and dispatch her quickly;

Then shall the world know you're the cause of murder,

And as 'tis requisite, your life shall pay for't.

Val. Thou dost but jest; thou canst not be so

monstrous

As thou proclaim'st thyself; thou art her brother,

And there must be a feeling heart within thee

Of her afflictions: Wert thou a stranger to us,

And bred amongst wild rocks, thy nature wild too,

Affection in thee, as thy breeding, cold,

And

And unrelenting as the rocks that nourish'd thee,
 Yet thou must shake to tell me this; they tremble
 When the rude sea threatens divorce amongst 'em,
 They that are senseless things shake at a tempest;
 Thou art a man——

Sor. Be thou too then; 'twill try thee,
 And patience now will best become thy nobleness.

Val. Invent some other torment to afflict me,
 All, if thou please, put all afflictions on me,
 Study thy brains out for 'em, so this be none,
 I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
 Nor of what length.

Sor. This is enough to vex you.

Val. The tale of Tantalus is now prov'd true,
 And from me shall be register'd authentic!
 To have my joys within my arms, and lawful,
 Mine own delights, yet dare not touch? Even as
 Thou hat'st me, brother, let no young man know
 this,

As thou shalt hope for peace when thou most need'st
 it,

Peace in thy soul! Desire the king to kill me,
 Make me a traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,
 And give thee cause, so I may die immediately!
 Lock me in prison where no sun may see me,
 In walls so thick no hope may e'er come at me,
 Keep me from meat, and drink, and sleep, I'll bless
 thee!

Give me some damned potion to deliver me,
 That I may never know myself again, forget
 My country, kindred, name and fortune; last,
 That my chaste love may ne'er appear before me,
 This were some comfort!

Sor. All I have I've brought you,
 And much good may it do you, my dear brother!
 See you observe it well; you'll find about you
 Many eyes set, that shall o'er-look your actions:
 If you transgress, you know—and so I leave you.

[Exit.

Val.

Val. Heav'n be not angry²⁷; and I've some hope yet;
 Look on my harmless youth! Angels of pity,
 To whom I kneel, be merciful unto me,
 And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows!
 The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
 Of cruel men are bent against my innocence:
 You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
 And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,
 And when you please, and how, allay my miseries! [*Ex.*]

²⁷ *Val.* Heav'n be not angry, and I've some hope yet,
 And when you please, and how, allay my miseries.

Enter Frederick.

*To whom I kneel be merciful unto me,
 Look on my harmless youth angels of pity,
 And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows,
 The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
 Of cruel men are bent against my innocence.
 You that controul the mighty wills of princes
 And bow their stubborn armes, look on my weakness,*

And when you please, and how, allay my miseries. *Exit.*] This fine speech I have recovered from the folio of 1647, which why it should have been dropp'd, all but the first line, by the two later Editors, I am at a loss to understand. I have given it in the text, expressly as I found it, though I think it not so correct as to preclude all attempts toward its melioration and amendment. The second line I would strike out as supernumerary and tautological, as well as the stage direction, *Enter Frederick: Armes* in the last but one, is plainly corrupted; in short, I would propose to read and point the whole thus,

Val. Heav'n be not angry, and I've some hope yet,
 To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,
 Look on my harmless youth, angels of pity,
 And from my bleeding heart wipe off my sorrows;
 The power, the pride, the malice and injustice
 Of cruel men are bent against my innocence.
 You that controul the mighty wills of princes,
 And bow their stubborn arms, look on my weakness,
 And when you please, and how, allay my miseries. *Symphon.*

The striking out *Enter Frederick* is certainly right, and it only gained place by the omission of this speech, now restored. The first insertion of the line,

And when you please, and how, allay my miseries,
 is also an error, palpably arising from the same source: We have therefore omitted both. But there seems to be a more material mistake, and that is, a transposition of two verses in the beginning of the speech: We have placed the lines as we believe the Author intended them to stand; by which slight change the whole of this fine speech becomes extremely clear.

Enter

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. Hast thou been with him?

Sor. Yes, and given him that, Sir,

Will make him curse his birth; I told you which way.

Did you but see him, Sir, but look upon him,

With what a troubled and dejected nature

He walks now in a mist, with what a silence,

As if he were the shroud he wrapt himself in,

And no more of Valerio but his shadow,

He seeks obscurity to hide his thoughts in,

You'd wonder and admire, for all you know it.

His jollity is down, valed to the ground, Sir,

And his high hopes of full delights and pleasures

Are turn'd tormentors to him, strong diseases.

Fred. But is there hope of her?

Sor. It must fall necessary

She must dislike him, quarrel with his person,

(For women once deluded are next devils)

And, in the height of that opinion, Sir,

You shall put on again, and she must meet you.

Fred. I'm glad of this.

Sor. I'll tell you all the circumstance

Within this hour. But sure I heard your Grace,

To-day as I attended, make some stops,

Some broken speeches, and some sighs between;

And then your brother's name I heard distinctly,

And some sad wishes after.

Fred. You're i'th' right, Sir;

I would he were as sad as I could wish him,

Sad as the earth!

Sor. Would you have it so?

Fred. Thou hear'st me.

Tho' he be sick, with small hope of recovery,

That hope still lives, and mens' eyes live upon it,

And in their eyes their wishes: My Sorano,

Were he but cold once in the tomb he dotes on,

(As 'tis the fittest place for melancholy)

My court should be another Paradise,

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And flow with all delights.

Sor. Go to your pleasures;

Let me alone with this: Hope shall not trouble you,
Nor he, three days.

Fred. I shall be bound unto thee.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no doubt shall catch me.

Fred. Be gone. They're going to bed; I'll bid
good night to 'em.

Sor. And mark the man! you'll scarce know 'tis
Valerio. [*Exit.*

Cam. Cheer up, my noble lord; the minute's come,
You shall enjoy the abstract of all sweetness.

We did you wrong; you need no wine to warm you,
Desire shoots thro' your eyes like sudden wildfires.

Val. Beshrew me, lords, the wine has made me dull;
I am I know not what.

Fred. Good pleasure to ye!

Good night and long too! As you find your appetite,
You may fall to.

Val. I do beseech your Grace, [*Aside to Frederick.*
For which of all my loves and services
Have I deserv'd this?

Fred. I'm not bound to answer you.

Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjust actions.

Fred. Do as you please; you know the penalty,
And, as I have a soul, it shall be executed!
Nay, look not pale; I am not us'd to fear, Sir.
If you respect your lady—Good night to you! [*Exit.*

Val. But for respect to her, and to my duty,
That reverend duty that I owe my sovereign,
Which anger has no power to snatch me from,
The good night should be thine, good night for ever!
The king is wanton, lords; he would needs know
of me

How many nick chaces I would make to-night.

Men. My lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect
gamester.

Val.

Val. Faith, no; I'm unacquainted with the pleasure;
Bungle a set I may.—How my heart trembles,
And beats my breast as it would break his way out!
Good night, my noble friends.

Cle. Nay, we must see you
Toward your bed, my lord.

Val. Good faith, it needs not;
'Tis late, and I shall trouble you.

Cam. No, no;
'Till the bride come, Sir——

Val. I beseech you, leave me;
You'll make me bashful else, I am so foolish;
Besides, I have some few devotions, lords,
And he that can pray with such a book in's arms——

Cam. We'll leave you then; and a sweet night wait
upon ye!

Men. And a sweet issue of this sweet night crown ye!

Cle. All nights and days be such 'till you grow old,
Sir. [Exeunt lords.

Val. I thank ye; 'tis a curse sufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, tho' you mean a blessing.
What shall I do? I'm like a wretched debtor,
That has a sum to tender on the forfeit
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men see the sun, yet I must wink at it,
And tho' I know 'tis perfect day, deny it.
My veins are all on fire, and burn like *Ætna*,
Youth and desire beat 'larums to my blood,
And add fresh fuel to my warm affections.
I must enjoy her; yet, when I consider,
When I collect myself, and weigh her danger,
The tyrant's will, and his pow'r taught to murder,
My tender care controls my blood within me,
And, like a cold fit of a peevish ague,
Creeps to my soul, and flings an ice upon me,

Enter Queen, Evantbe, Ladies, and Tony.

That locks all pow'rs of youth up: But prevention—
Oh, what a blessedness 'twere to be old now,

To be unable, bed-rid with diseases,
 Or halt on crutches to meet holy Hymen;
 What a rare benefit! But I am curst!
 That that speaks other men most freely happy,
 And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
 Must prove the bane of me, Youth and Ability.
 She comes to bed; how shall I entertain her?

Tony. Nay, I come after too; take the Fool with ye,
 For lightly he is ever one at weddings.

Queen. Evanthe, make you unready, your lord stays
 for you,
 And prithee be merry!

Tony. Be very merry, chicken;
 Thy lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance
 too.

Lady. Will he so, goodman As?

Tony. Yes, goody filly:
 An you had such a pipe, that pip'd so sweetly,
 You'd dance to death; you've learnt your sinque-apace.

Evan. Your Grace desires that, that's too free in me;
 I'm merry at the heart.

Tony. Thou wilt be anon;
 The young smug boy will give thee a sweet cordial.

Evan. I am so taken up in all my thoughts,
 So possess'd, madam, with the lawful sweets
 I shall this night partake of with my lord,
 So far transported (pardon my immodesty)——

Val. Alas, poor wench, how shall I recompence thee!

Evan. That tho' they must be short, and snatch'd
 away too

Ere they grow ripe, yet I shall far prefer 'em
 Before a tedious pleasure with repentance.

Val. Oh, how my heart akes!

Evan. Take off my jewels, ladies,
 And let my ruff loose: I shall bid good night t' ye;
 My lord stays here.

Queen. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
 For learning how to use thy few hours handsomely;
 They will be years, I hope. Off with your gown now.

Lay

Lay down the bed there.

Tony. Shall I get into it,
And warm it for thee? A fool's fire's a fine thing!
And I'll so busf thee!

Queen. I'll have you whipp'd, you rascal!

Tony. That will provoke me more. I'll talk with
thy husband:

He's a wife man, I hope.

Evan. Good night, dear madam!

Ladies, no further service; I am well.

I do beseech your Grace to give us this leave;

My lord and I to one another freely,

And privately, may do all other ceremonies;

Woman and page we'll be to one another,

And trouble you no further.

Tony. Art thou a wife man?

Val. I cannot tell thee, Tony; ask my neighbours.

Tony. If thou be'st so, go lie with me to-night,

(The old fool will lie quieter than the young one,

And give thee more sleep) thou wilt look tomorrow else

Worse than the prodigal fool the ballad speaks of,

That was squeez'd thro' a horn.

Val. I shall take thy counsel²⁸!

Queen. Why then, good night, good night, my
best Evanthe!

My worthy maid! and, as that name shall vanish,

A worthy wife²⁹, a long and happy.—Follow, firrah!

²⁸ Val. *I shall take thy counsel.*] This is *aside* if the words are right; but perhaps they would be better join'd, with some little change, to the end of the Fool's speech:

That was squeez'd thro' a horn. Wilt take my counsel?

Sympson.

Valerio speaks ironically. F. N.

²⁹ *A worthy wife, a long and happy; follow firrah.*

Evan. *That shall be my care,*

Goodness rest with your grace.] Instead of, *follow firrah*, I could

wish to connect the verb with the preceding words. The relative

that too in the second line, can only refer to, *a worthy wife*, for all

Evanthe's care and prudence could not possibly make her *a long and*

happy one. *With* likewise in the last seems to have little business there.

In a word, I would propose reading the whole in this manner:

A worthy

Evan. That shall be my care. Goodness rest with your Grace!

Queen. Be lusty, lord, and take your lady to you; And that power that shall part you be unhappy!

Val. Sweet rest unto you! to ye all, sweet ladies! Tony, good night!

Tony. Shall not the Fool stay with thee?

Queen. Come away, firrah! [*Exe. Queen and ladies.*]

Tony. How the fool is fought for!

Sweet malt is made of easy fire;

A hasty horse will quickly tire;

A sudden leaper sticks i'th' mire;

Phlebotomy, and the word 'lie nigher,'

Take heed of, friend, I thee require.

This from an Almanack I stole,

And learn this lesson from a Fool.

Good night, my bird!

[*Exit Tony.*]

Evan. Good night, wise master Tony.

Will you to bed, my lord? Come, let me help you.

Val. To bed, Evanthe? art thou sleepy?

Evan. No;

I shall be worse, if you look sad upon me.

Pray you let's to bed!

Val. I am not well, my love.

Evan. I'll make you well; there's no such physic for you

As your warm mistress' arms.

Val. Art thou so cunning?

A worthy wife, a long and happy follow it.

Evan. That shall be my care; these—

Goodness rest your grace.—That shall—

i. e. to be a worthy wife shall be my study and endeavour; but *these, i. e.* long and happy, must be left to the gods (or something to that effect) and so, *Goodness rest, &c. i. e.* May the gods give your Grace good rest to-night.

Sympson.

There is no kind of difficulty in the text, and *Sympson's* reading is all uncouthness and confusion. *Evanthe* answers immediately to what the *Queen* addresses to her, taking no notice of the two words she speaks to the Fool: And why need she? or how do they create any obscurity to a reader of the least observation or taste?

Evan.

Evan. I speak not by experience; (pray you mistake not)

But, if you love me—

Val. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of desire,
I know not how to answer thee.

Evan. To bed then;
There I shall better credit you. Fy, my lord!
Will you put a maid to't, to teach you what to do?
An innocent maid? Are you so cold a lover?
In truth, you make me blush! 'Tis midnight too,
And 'tis no stolen love, but authoris'd openly,
No sin we covet. Pray let me undress you;
You shall help me. Prithee, sweet Valerio,
Be not so sad; the king will be more merciful.

Val. May not I love thy mind?

Evan. And I yours too;
'Tis a most noble one, adorn'd with virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our minds together,
And so make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blind superstition.
This is no school to argue in, my lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us:
Pray let's dispatch. If any one should come
And find us at this distance, what would they think?
Come, kiss me, and to bed!

Val. That I dare do,
And kiss again.

Evan. Spare not; they are your own, Sir.

Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious,
Too sensual in my love, and too ambitious!—
Oh, how I burn!—To pluck thee from the stalk
Where now thou grow'st a sweet bud and a beauteous,
And bear'st the prime and honour of the garden,
Is but to violate thy spring, and spoil thee.

Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger
you.

Val. Let's fit together thus, and, as we fit,

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Feed on the sweets of one another's souls,
 The happiness of love is contemplation,
 The blessedness of love is pure affection,
 Where no alloy of actual dull desire,
 Of pleasure that partakes with wantonness,
 Of human fire that burns out as it kindles,
 And leaves the body but a poor repentance,
 Can ever mix: Let's fix on that, Evanthé;
 That's everlasting, th' other casual;
 Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
 Blind as herself, and full of all afflictions:
 Shall we love virtuously?

Evan. I ever lov'd so.

Val. And only think our love: The rarest pleasure,
 (And that we most desire, let it be human)
 If once enjoy'd grows stale, and cloy's our appetites.
 I would not lessen in my love for any thing;
 Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,
 For my love's safety³⁰.

Evan. Now I see I am old, Sir,
 Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and despis'd,
 And am not worth your noble fellowship,
 Your fellowship in love; you would not else
 Thus cunningly seek to betray a maid,
 (A maid that honours you thus piously)
 Strive to abuse the pious love she brings you.
 Farewell, my lord; since you've a better mistress,
 (For it must seem so, or you are no man)
 A younger, happier, I shall give her room,
 So much I love you still.

Val. Stay, my Evanthé!

³⁰ *Nor find thee but the same in my short journey,*

For my love's safety.] Valerio would not suffer the least abatement of her affection if he might save,—what by it? his love? his life to be sure he design'd to save, and the true reading is,

For my life's safety.

Symphon.

Very good sense may be made out of the text: 'He would not lessen in his love, for any thing, and therefore wishes to find her still the same, that his love may not lessen.' In his 'short journey' his *life's safety* is quite out of the question.

Heav'n bear me witness, thou art all I love,
 All I desire! And now, have pity on me!—
 (I never lied before³¹; forgive me, Justice!
 Youth and Affection, stop your ears unto me!)[*Aside.*

Evan. Why do you weep? If I have spoke too harshly,
 And unbecoming (my beloved lord)
 My care and duty, pardon me!

Val. Oh, hear me,
 Hear me, Evanthe!—(I am all on torture,
 And this lie tears my conscience as I vent it!)—[*Aside.*
 I am no man.

Evan. How, Sir?

Val. No man for pleasure;
 No woman's man.

Evan. Goodness forbid, my lord!
 Sure you abuse yourself.

Val. 'Tis true, Evanthe;
 I shame to say you'll find it. [*Weeps.*

Evan. He weeps bitterly:
 'Tis my hard fortune; bless all young maids from it!
 Is there no help, my lord, in art will comfort ye?

Val. I hope there is.

Evan. How long have you been destitute?

Val. Since I was young.

Evan. 'Tis hard to die for nothing.—
 Now you shall know, 'tis not the pleasure, Sir,
 (For I'm compell'd to love you spiritually)
 That women aim at, I affect you for;
 'Tis for your worth: And kiss me; be at peace.
 Because I ever lov'd you, I still honour you,
 And with all duty to my husband follow you.

³¹ ——— have pity on me,

I never lied before, forgive me, Justice;

Youth and affection stop your ears unto me.] Valerio going to pretend impotency, prays, aside, that Heaven may forgive the lie, and (as the text at present runs) Evanthe not believe, but stop her ears against it. But is not this a contradiction glaring enough? 'Tis, I think, not only possible but very probable the Authors manuscript ran,

Youth and affection ope your ears unto me;

i. e. to hear and believe what he was going to discover. *Symphon.*

He desires them *not* to hear, and that is surely much best.

Will you to bed now? You're asham'd, it seems:
 Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold stone took life,
 You do not know with what zeal I shall ask, Sir,
 And what rare miracle that may work upon you.
 Still blush? Prescribe your law.

Val. I prithee pardon me!
 To bed, and I'll sit by thee, and mourn with thee,
 Mourn both our fortunes, our unhappy ones.
 Do not despise me; make me not more wretched!
 I pray to Heav'n, when I am gone, Evanthe,
 (As my poor date is but a span of time now)
 To recompense thy noble patience,
 Thy love and virtue, with a fruitful husband,
 Honest and honourable.

Evan. Come, you have made me weep now.
 All fond desire die here, and welcome chastity,
 Honour and chastity! Do what you please, Sir. [*Exe.*]

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

*Enter at one door Rugio and friar Marco, at the other
 door Sorano, with a little glass viol.*

Rug. **W**HAT ails this piece of mischief to look
 sad?

He seems to weep too.

Mar. Something is a-hatching,
 And of some bloody nature too, lord Rugio,
 This crocodile mourns thus cunningly.

Sor. Hail, holy father!
 And good day to the good lord Rugio!
 How fares the sad prince, I beseech you, Sir?

Rug. 'Tis like you know; you need not ask that
 question:

You have your eyes and watches on his miseries
 As near as ours; I would they were as tender!

Prince

Mar.

Mar. Can you do him good? As the king and you appointed him,

So he is still; as you desir'd I think too,
For ev'ry day he's worse: Heav'n pardon all!
Put off your sorrow; you may laugh now, lord;
He cannot last long to disturb your master:
You have done worthy service to his brother,
And he most memorable love.

Sor. You do not know, Sir,
With what remorse I ask, nor with what weariness
I groan and bow under this load of honour;
And how my soul sighs for the beastly services
I've done his pleasures, these be witness with me!
And from your piety believe me, father,
I would as willingly uncloth myself
Of title, (that becomes me not, I know;
Good men and great names best agree together)
Cast off the glorious favours, and the trappings
Of sound and honour, wealth and promises,
His wanton pleasures have flung on my weakness,
And chuse to serve my country's cause and Virtue's,
Poorly and honestly, and redeem my ruins,
As I would hope remission of my mischiefs.

Rug. Old and experienc'd men, my lord Sorano,
Are not so quickly caught with guilt hypocrisy.
You pull your claws in now, and fawn upon us,
As lions do to entice poor foolish beasts;
And beasts we should be too, if we believ'd you:
Go, exercise your art——

Sor. For Heav'n's sake, scorn me not,
Nor add more hell to my afflicted soul
Than I feel here! As you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me!
I will no more to court, be no more devil;
I know I must be hated even of him
That was my love now; and the more he loves me
For his foul ends, when they shall once appear to him,
Muste before his conscience, and accuse him,
The fouler and the more falls his displeasure:

Princes

Princes are fading things, so are their favours.

Mar. He weeps again;
His heart is touch'd sure with remorse.

Sor. See this,
And give me fair attention. Good my lord,
And worthy father, see; within this viol,
The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the sad prince, lie.

Rug. What new trick's this?

Sor. 'Tis true, I have done offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the prince Alphonso;
And, whilst I was a knave, I fought his death too.

Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet,

Sor. But, father, when I felt this part afflict me,
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my misdeeds and mischiefs—

Mar. Well; go on, Sir.

Sor. Oh, then, then, then! what was my glory
then, father!
The favour of the king, what did that ease me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worshipt, and courted? what did this avail me?
I was a wretch, a poor lost wretch!

Mar. Still better.

Sor. 'Till, in the midst of all my grief, I found
Repentance; and a learned man to give the means to it;
A Jew, an honest and a rare physician:
Of him I had this jewel; 'tis a jewel,
And, at the price of all my wealth, I bought it.
If the king knew it, I must lose my head;
And willingly, most willingly, I'd suffer.
A child may take it, 'tis so sweet in working.

Mar. To whom would you apply it?

Sor. To the sick prince;
It will in half a day dissolve his melancholy.

Rug. I do believe, and give him sleep for ever.
What impudence is this, and what base malice,
To make us instruments of thy abuses!
Are we set here to poison him?

Sor.

Sor. Mistake not;
 Yet I must needs say, 'tis a noble care,
 And worthy virtuous servants. If you'll see
 A flourishing estate again in Naples,
 And great Alphonso reign, that's truly good,
 And like himself able to make all excellent,
 Give him this drink; and this good health unto him!
 [*Drinks.*]

I'm not so desp'rate yet to kill myself.
 Never look on me as a guilty man,
 Nor on the water as a speedy poison:
 I am not mad, nor laid out all my treasure,
 My conscience and my credit, to abuse ye.
 How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
 Upon my heart and head! Sure I'm a new man!
 There is no sadness that I feel within me,
 But, as it meets it, like a lazy vapour
 How it flies off! Here, give it him with speed:
 You are more guilty than I ever was,
 And worthier of the name of evil subjects,
 If but an hour you hold this from his health.

Rug. 'Tis some rare virtuous thing sure³²; he's a
 good man!

It must be so; come, let's apply it presently,
 And may it sweetly work!

Sor. Pray let me hear on't;
 And carry't close, my lords.

Mar. Yes, good Sorano. [*Exeunt Rugio and Marco.*]

Sor. Do, my good fools, my honest pious coxcombs,
 My wary fools too! Have I caught your wisdoms?
 You never dream'd I knew an antidote,
 Nor how to take it to secure mine own life;
 I am an ass! Go, give him the fine cordial,
 And when you've done, go dig his grave, good friar.
 Some two hours hence we shall have such a bawling,
 And roaring up and down for *aqua vitæ*,
 Such rubbing, and such 'nointing, and such cooling!

³² 'Tis some rare virtuous thing.] So Milton in his *Il Penseroso*
 uses the word,

And of the virtuous ring and glass, &c.

Symphon.

I've sent him that will make a bonfire in's belly:
If he recover it, there's no heat in hell sure. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frederick and Podramo.

Fred. Podramo!

Pod. Sir.

Fred. Call hither lord Valerio;
And let none trouble us.

Pod. It shall be done, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
He has enough for human blood to carry;
(Yet I must vex him further †)
So many, that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred spirit breaks not into fury;
I must yet torture him a little further,
And make myself sport with his miseries;
My anger is too poor else. Here he comes.

Enter Valerio.

Now, my young-married lord, how do you feel your-
self?

You have the happiness you ever aim'd at,
The joy and pleasure.

Val. 'Would you had the like, Sir!

Fred. You tumble in delights with your sweet lady,
And draw the minutes out in dear embraces;
You live a right lord's life.

Val. 'Would you had tried it,
That you might know the virtue but to suffer!
Your anger, tho' it be unjust and insolent,
Sits handsomer upon you than your scorn;
To do a wilful ill, and glory in it,
Is to do't double, double to be damn'd too.

Fred. Hast thou not found a loving and free prince?
High in his favours too? that has conferr'd
Such hearts-ease, and such heaps of comfort on thee,
All thou couldst ask?

Val. You are too grown a tyrant,

† (*Yet I must vex him further*). This line seems to be an interpolation; and was perhaps occasioned by the players' omitting the three next lines.

Upon so suffering and so still a subject!
 You've put upon me such a punishment,
 That if your youth were honest it would blush at:
 But you're a shame to Nature, as to Virtue.
 Pull not my rage upon you! 'tis so just,
 It will give way to no respect. My life,
 My innocent life, (I dare maintain it, Sir)
 Like a wanton prodigal you've flung away;
 Had I a thousand more, I would allow 'em,
 And be as careless of 'em as your will is:
 But to deny those rights the law hath giv'n me,
 The holy law, and make her life the penance,
 Is such a studied and unheard-of malice,
 No heart that is not hir'd from hell † dare think of!
 To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
 High as my blood, all my desires upon me,
 My free affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Cassandra.

And she mine own—D'you smile at this? is't done well?
 Is there not Heav'n above you, that sees all? [Exit.

Fred. Come hither, Time. How does your noble
 mistress?

Caf. As a gentlewoman may do in her case
 That's newly married, Sir; sickly sometimes
 And fond on't, like your majesty³³.

Fred. She's breeding then?

Caf. She wants much of her colour, and has her qualms
 As ladies use to have, Sir, and her disgusts.

Fred. And keeps her chamber?

Caf. Yes, Sir.

Fred. And eats good broths and jellies?

Caf. I'm sure she sighs, Sir, and weeps, good lady!

Fred. Alas, good lady, for it!

† Hir'd from hell.] 'Hir'd is not nonsense, yet its being genuine
 is doubtful. Perhaps we should read *not from hell*.

³³ Sickly sometimes and fond on't, like your majesty.] This place I
 would read so,

Sickly sometimes and fond, an't like your majesty. Symphon.

She should have one could comfort her; Cassandra, if
 Could turn those tears to joys, a lusty comforter.

Caf. A comfortable man does well at all hours,
 For he brings comfortable things.

Fred. Come hither;
 And hold your fan between, you've eaten onions.
 Her breath stinks like a fox, her teeth are contagious;
 These old women are all elder-pipes.—Do you mark
 me? [*gives a purse.*]

Caf. Yes, Sir; but does your Grace think I am fit,
 That am both old and virtuous?

Fred. Therefore the fitter, th' older still the better;
 I know thou art as holy as an old cope,
 Yet, upon necessary use——

Caf. 'Tis true, Sir.

Fred. Her feeling sense is fierce still; speak unto her,
 (You are familiar) speak, I say, unto her,
 Speak to the purpose; tell her this, and this.

Caf. Alas, she's honest, Sir; she's very honest,
 And would you have my gravity——

Fred. Ay, ay;
 Your gravity will become the cause the better.
 I'll look thee out a knight shall make thee a lady too,
 A lusty knight, and one that shall be rul'd by thee;
 And add to these, I'll make 'em good. No mincing,
 Nor ducking out of nicety, good lady,
 But do it home. We'll all be friends too, tell her,
 And such a joy——

Caf. That's it that stirs me up, Sir;
 I would not for the world attempt her chastity,
 But that they may live lovingly hereafter.

Fred. For that I urge it too.

Caf. A little evil
 May well be suffer'd for a general good, Sir.
 I'll take my leave of your majesty. [*Exit.*]

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately;
 Be speedy too. Here comes Valerio;

If his afflictions have allay'd his spirit,
My work has end. Come hither, lord Valerio;
How do you now?

Val. Your majesty may guess,
Not so well, nor so fortunate as you are,
That can tie up mens' honest wills and actions.

Fred. You clearly see now, brave Valerio,
What 'tis to be the rival to a prince,
To interpose against a raging lion:

I know you've suffer'd, infinitely suffer'd,
And with a kind of pity I behold it;
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heal you, (yield up your Evanthe)
Take off my sentence also.

Val. I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor sad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the service of my life.

Fred. Do this then,
For without this 'twill be impossible:
Part with her for awhile.

Val. You've parted us;
What should I do with that I cannot use, Sir?

Fred. 'Tis well consider'd: Let me have the lady,
And thou shalt see how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference—

Val. Will she come, d'you think, Sir?

Fred. She must be wrought, (I know she is too
modest)

And gently wrought, and cunningly.

Val. 'Tis fit, Sir.

Fred. And secretly it must be done.

Val. As thought.

Fred. I'll warrant you her honour shall be fair still;
No soil nor stain shall appear on that, Valerio.

You see a thousand that bear sober faces,
And shew off as inimitable modesties;

You would be sworn too that they were pure matrons,
And most chaste maids; and yet, t'augment their for-
tunes,

326 A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

And get them noble friends——

Val. They are content, Sir,
In private to bestow their beauties on 'em.

Fred. They are so, and they're wise; they know
no want for't,
Nor no eye sees they want their honesties.

Val. If 't might be carried thus?

Fred. It shall be, Sir.

Val. I'll see you dead first! [*aside.*]—With this caution,
Why, sure, I think it might be done.

Fred. Yes, easily.

Val. For what time would your Grace desire her
body?

Fred. A month or two. It shall be carried still
As if she kept with you, and were a stranger,
Rather a hater, of the grace I offer;
And then I will return her, with such honour——

Val. 'Tis very like; I dote much on your honour!

Fred. And load her with such favour too, Valerio——

Val. She never shall claw off: I humbly thank you!

Fred. I'll make ye both the happiest, and the richest,
And the mightiest too——

Val. But who shall work her, Sir?

For, on my conscience, she is very honest,
And will be hard to cut as a rough diamond.

Fred. Why, you must work her; any thing from
your tongue,

Set off with golden and persuasive language,
Urging your dangers too——

Val. But all this time

Have you the conscience, Sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal?

Fred. There be a thousand;
Take where thou wilt.

Val. May I make bold with your Queen?

She's useless to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,

And but a loyal wife, that may be lost too:

I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.

Fred. How, Sir?

Val.

Val. 'Tis so, Sir. Thou most glorious impudence,
 Have I not wrongs enow to suffer under,
 But thou must pick me out to make a monster?
 A hated wonder to the world? D'you start
 At my entrenching on your private liberty,
 And would you force a highway thro' mine honour,
 And make me pave it too? But that thy Queen
 Is of that excellence in honesty,
 And guarded with divinity about her,
 No loose thought can come near, nor flame unhallow'd,
 I would so right myself——

Fred. Why, take her to you;
 I am not vex'd at this; thou shalt enjoy her:
 I'll be thy friend, if that may win thy courtesy.

Val. I will not be your bawd, tho' for your royalty.
 Was I brought up and nourish'd in the court,
 With thy most royal brother, and thyself,
 Upon thy father's charge, thy happy father's,
 And suck'd the sweetness of all human arts,
 Learn'd arms and honour, to become a rascal?
 Was this the expectation of my youth,
 My growth of honour? Do you speak this truly,
 Or do you try me, Sir? for I believe not,
 At least I would not, and methinks 'tis impossible,
 There should be such a devil in a king's shape,
 Such a malignant fiend!

Fred. I thank you, Sir!
 Tomorrow is your last day, and look to it——
 Get from my sight, away!

Val. You are——Oh, my heart's too high
 And full to think upon you! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Evantke and Cassandra.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified Cassandra,
 That I should be a whore?

Cas. Why a whore, madam?
 If every woman that upon necessity
 Did a good turn (for there's the main point, mark it)
 Were term'd a whore, who would be honest, madam?

Your lord's life, and your own, are now in hazard;
 Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
 Little or nothing; say, an hour's or day's sport,
 Or such a toy; the end to't is not wantonness³⁴,
 That we call lust, that maidens lose their fame for,
 But a compell'd necessity of honour,
 Fair as the day, and clear as Innocence;
 Upon my life and conscience, a direct way——

Evan. To be a rascal——

Caf. 'Tis a kind of rape too;
 That keeps you clear; for where your will's compell'd,
 Tho' you yield up your body, you are safe still.

Evan. Thou'rt grown a learned bawd; I ever look'd
 Thy great sufficiency would break out.

Caf. You may,
 You that are young and fair, scorn us old creatures;
 But you must know my years ere you be wise, lady,
 And my experience too. Say the king lov'd you?
 Say it were nothing else?

Evan. Ay, marry wench,
 Now thou com'st to me.

Caf. Do you think princes' favours
 Are such slight things, to fling away when you please?
 There be young ladies,
 Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
 And leap aloft too.

Evan. Such are light enough;
 I am no vaulter, wench. But canst thou tell me,
 Tho' he be a king, whether he be sound or no?
 I would not give my youth up to infection.

Caf. As sound as honour ought to be, I think, lady.
 Go to! be wise; I do not bid you try him;
 But, if he love you well, and you neglect him,
 Your lord's life hanging on the hazard of it——

³⁴ ——the end to it is wantonness.] For want of a negative particle here, the old procurers is made to contradict all she was contending for; the place ought to run so,

——the end to it is not wantonness.
 Mr. Seward likewise made the same observation. *Synopsis.*

If you be so wilful proud—
Evan. Thou speak'st to th' point still;
 But, when I've lain with him, what am I then,
 gentlewoman?

Caf. What are you? why, the same you're now, a
 woman,
 A virtuous woman, and a noble woman;
 Touching at what is noble, you become so.
 Had Lucrece e'er been thought of, but for Tarquin?
 She was before a simple unknown woman;
 When she was ravish'd, she was a reverend saint.
 And do you think she yielded not a little,
 And had a kind of will to have been re-ravish'd?
 Believe it, yes. There are a thousand stories
 Of wondrous loyal women, that have slipp'd,
 But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
 That kept them cool still to the world. I think
 You're blest, that have such an occasion in your hands
 To beget a chronicle, a faithful one.

Evan. It must needs be much honour!

Caf. As you may make it, infinite, and safe too;
 And when 'tis done, your lord and you may live
 So quietly, and peaceably together,
 And be what you please!

Evan. But suppose this, wench,
 The king should so delight me with his company,
 I should forget my lord, and no more look on him.

Caf. That's the main hazard; for I tell you truly,
 I've heard Report speak he's an infinite pleasure,
 Almost above belief. There be some ladies,
 And modest to the world too, wondrous modest,
 That have had the blessedness to try his body,
 That I have heard proclaim him a new Hercules.

Evan. So strongly able?

Caf. There will be the danger,
 You being but a young and tender lady,
 Altho' your mind be good, yet your weak body,
 At first encounter too, to meet with one
 Of his unconquer'd strength—

Evan.

Evan. Peace, thou rude bawd,
 Thou studied old corruptness³⁵! tie thy tongue up,
 Your hir'd base tongue! Is this your timely counsel?
 Dost thou seek to make me dote on wickedness,
 Because 'tis ten times worse than thou deliver'st it?
 To be a whore, because he has sufficiency
 To make a hundred? Oh, thou impudence!
 Have I reliev'd thy age to mine own ruin?
 And worn thee in my bosom, to betray me?
 Can years and impotence win nothing on thee
 That's good and honest, but thou must go on still?
 And where thy blood wants heat to sin thyself,
 Force thy decrepid will to make me wicked?

Caf. I did but tell you——

Evan. What the damned'st woman,
 The cunning'st and the skilful'st bawd, comes short of!
 If thou hadst liv'd ten ages to be damn'd in,
 And exercis'd this art the devil taught thee,
 Thou couldst not have express'd it more exactly!

Caf. I did not bid you sin.

Evan. Thou wooe'dst me to it;
 Thou, that art fit for prayer and the grave,
 Thy body earth already, and corruption,
 Thou taught'st the way. Go, follow your fine function:
 There are houses of delight, that want good matrons,
 Such grave instructors; get thee thither, monster,
 And read variety of sins to wantons;
 And when they roar with pains, learn to make plaisters.

Caf. This we've for our good wills.

Evan. If e'er I see thee more,
 Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
 By this fair light, I'll spoil thy bawdry!
 I'll leave thee neither eyes nor nose to grace thee!
 When thou want'st bread, and common pity towards
 thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a-starving in a ditch, think of me:

³⁵ *old corruptness.*] This in Martial's words is, *non vitiosa sed vitium.* *Symphon.*

Then

Then die, and let the wandring bawds lament thee!
Be gone; I charge thee leave me!

Caf. You'll repent this. *[Exit.]*

Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too; my suit
is cold:

I'll make your heart ake, stubborn wench, for this!
Turn not so angry from me; I will speak to you.
Are you grown proud with your delight, good lady?
So pamper'd with your sport, you scorn to know me?

Evan. I scorn you not; I would you scorn'd not me,
Sir,

And forc'd me to be weary of my duty!
I know your Grace; 'would I had never seen you!

Fred. Because I love you, 'cause I dote upon you,
Because I am a man that seek to please you.

Evan. I've man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the world can yield.

Fred. That's but your modesty:
You have no man—nay, never look upon me;
I know it, lady—no man to content you;
No man that can, or at the least, that dare,
Which is a poorer man, and nearer nothing.

Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd.

Fred. I'll tell thee, wench,
The poor condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee blush for shame at thine own error:
He never tender'd yet a husband's duty
To thy warm longing bed.

Evan. How should he know that? *[Aside.]*

Fred. I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him.
Could any brave or noble spirit stop here?
Was life to be preferr'd before affection?
Lawful and long'd-for too?

Evan. Did you command him?

Fred. I did, in policy, to try his spirit.

Evan. And could he be so dead-cold to observe it?
Brought I no beauty, nor no love along with me?

Fred.

Fred. Why, that is it that makes me scorn to name him, I should have lov'd him, if h'had ventur'd for't; Nay, doted on his bravery.

Evan. Only charg'd? And with that spell sit down? Dare men fight bravely, For poor slight things, for drink, or ostentation, And there endanger both their lives and fortunes, And for their lawful loves fly off with fear?

Fred. 'Tis true; And, with a cunning base fear too to abuse thee, Made thee believe, poor innocent Evanthe, Wretched young girl, it was his impotency: Was it not so? deny it.

Evan. Oh, my anger! At my years, to be cozen'd with a young man!

Fred. A strong man too; certain he lov'd you dearly!

Evan. To have my shame and love mingled together, And both flung on me like a weight to sink me! I would have died a thousand times!

Fred. So would any, Any that had the spirit of a man: I would have been kill'd in your arms.

Evan. I would h'had been, And buried in mine arms! that had been noble: And what a monument would I have made him! Upon this breast he should have slept in peace, Honour and everlasting Love his mourners; And I still weeping, 'till old Time had turn'd me, And pitying powers above, into pure crystal.

Fred. Hadst thou lov'd me, and had my way been stuck With deaths, as thick as frosty nights with stars, I would have ventur'd.

Evan. Sure there is some trick in't: Valerio ne'er was coward. [Aside.

Fred. Worse than this too, Tamer, and seasoning of a baser nature, He set your woman on you to betray you, Your baydy woman, or your sin-solicitor;

(I pray

(I pray but think what this man may deserve now)

I know he did, and did it to please me too.

Evan. Good Sir, afflict me not too fast! I feel

I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,

And sensible I am of my abuses.

Sir, you have lov'd me—

Fred. And I love thee still,

Pity thy wrongs, and dote upon thy person.

Evan. To set my woman on me! 'twas too base, Sir.

Fred. Abominable vile.

Evan. But I shall fit him.

Fred. All reason and all law allows it to you,

And you're a fool, a tame fool, if you spare him.

Evan. You may speak now, and happily prevail too;

And I beseech your Grace be angry with me.

Fred. I am at heart.—(She staggers in her faith,

And will fall off, I hope; I'll ply her still.)—

Thou abus'd innocence, I suffer with thee!

If I should give him life, he'd still betray thee;

That fool that fears to die for such a beauty,

Would for the same fear sell thee unto misery.

I don't say † he would have been bawd himself too.

Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay, then I smell the malice;

It tastes too hot of practis'd wickedness:

There can be no such man, I'm sure no gentleman.

Shall my anger make me whore, and not my pleasure?

My sudden inconsiderate rage abuse me?

Come home again, my frightened faith, my virtue,

Home to my heart again! [*Aside.*]—He be a bawd too?

Fred. I will not say he offer'd fair, Evanthe.

Evan. Nor do not dare! 'Twill be an impudence,

And not an honour, for a prince to lie.

Fy, Sir, a person of your rank to trifle!

I know you do lie.

Fred. How?

Evan. Lie shamefully;

And I could wish myself a man but one day,

To tell you openly, you lie too basely!

† I don't say, &c.] From Evanthe's answer, it seems probable the

Poet wrote, I DARE say, &c.

Fred. Take heed, wild fool!

Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame devil!
 Thou all Pandora's box, in a king's figure!
 Th'haft almost whor'd my weak belief already,
 And like an engineer blown up mine honour:
 But I shall countermine, and catch your mischief;
 This little fort you seek I shall man nobly,
 And strongly too, with chaste obedience
 To my dear lord, with virtuous thoughts that scorn you.
 Victorious Thomyris never won more honour
 In cutting off the royal head of Cyrus,
 Than I shall do in conqu'ring thee. Farewell!
 And, if thou canst be wise, learn to be good too;
 'Twill give thee nobler lights than both thine eyes do.
 My poor lord and myself are bound to suffer;
 And when I see him faint under your sentence,
 I'll tell you more; it may be, then I'll yield too.

Fred. Fool unexampled, shall my anger follow thee?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rugio and friar Marco, amazed.

Rug. Curse on our light³⁶, our fond credulities!
 A thousand curses on the slave that cheated us,
 The damned slave!

Mar. We have e'en sham'd our service,
 Brought our best care and loyalties to nothing:
 'Tis the most fearful poison, the most potent—
 Heav'n give him patience! Oh, it works most strongly,
 And tears him——Lord!

Rug. That we should be so stupid
 To trust the arrant'st villain that e'er flatter'd,
 The bloodiest too! to believe a few soft words from
 him,

And give way to his prepar'd tears!

Alph. [*within.*] Oh, oh, oh!

Rug. Hark, friar Marco;
 Hark, the poor prince! That we should be such
 blockheads,

³⁶ *Curst on our lights.*] Every body sees this is not sense; to make it so, I would read *Curse on our light* or (*flight*) *our fond*, &c. *Light* is our easiness in believing.

As to be taken with his drinking first,
 And never think what antidotes are made for!
 Two wooden sculls we have, and we deserve
 To be hang'd for't: For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
 As certain too, it will dispatch him speedily,
 Which way to turn or what to—

Mar. Let us pray! Heav'n's hand is strong.

Rug. The poison's strong, you'd say.

Enter Alphonso, carried on a couch by two friars.

'Would any thing—He comes; let's give him comfort.

Alph. Give me more air, air, more air! blow,
 blow!

Open, thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me!
 Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
 And rivers run thro' my afflicted spirit!
 I am all fire, fire, fire! The raging Dog-star
 Reigns in my blood! Oh, which way shall I turn me?
 Ætna, and all his flames burn in my head.

Fling me into the ocean, or I perish!
 Dig, dig, dig, till the springs fly up,
 The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into 'em,
 And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their purling pleasures!
 Or shoot me up into the higher region,
 Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,
 And banquets of sweet hail!

Rug. Hold him fast, friar; Oh, how he burns!

Alph. What, will ye sacrifice me?
 Upon the altar lay my willing body,
 And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense;
 And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
 Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you're ashes!

Both. Most miserable wretches!

Alph. Bring hither Charity,
 And let me hug her, friar: They say she's cold,
 Infinite cold; devotion cannot warm her.

Draw

Draw me a river of false lovers' tears
 Clean thro' my breast; they're dull, cold, and forgetful,
 And will give ease. Let virgins sigh upon me,
 Forsaken souls; their sighs are precious³⁷;
 Let them all sigh. Oh, hell, hell, hell! oh, horror!

Mar. To bed, good Sir.

Alpb. My bed will burn about me:
 Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
 I am enclosed! Let me fly, let me fly, give room!
 'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion³⁸,
 Lies my safe way. Oh, for a cake of ice now,
 To clap unto my heart to comfort me!
 Decrepid Winter, hang upon my shoulders,
 And let me wear thy frozen isicles
 Like jewels round about my head, to cool me!
 My eyes burn out, and sink into their sockets,
 And my infected brain like brimstone boils!
 I live in hell, and several furies vex me!
 Oh, carry me where no sun ever shew'd yet

³⁷ ——— the *sighs are precious.*] So all the copies. *Symphon.*

³⁸ *Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion.*] The learned reader need not to be told that the *bear* and *lion* here, by a beautiful *synecdoche*, stand for the *frigid* and the *torrid zones*, and betwixt the two means the *temperate zone*: But does safety dwell here to a man wrapt in flames? No, the *frigid zone* only, which might quench their violence, can bring him safety, and all his other wishes hurry him

*To night and cold, to nipping frosts and winds,
 That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver.*

The absurdity therefore of the old reading was no sooner observed than a probability occur'd of the manner how it came into the text. I believe the Authors' manuscript had accidentally omitted the *s* in *bears*, and run thus:

*'Twixt the cold bear, far from the raging lion,
 Lies my safe way.*

A playhouse prompter, or common corrector of the press, thinking this not English, without entering into the spirit of the Author, would naturally correct it into the old text:

Betwixt the cold bear and the raging lion.

And that I have therefore only restored the original is further probable from hence: The allusion to Phaeton is evidently carried on in this line, and Ovid makes Phcebus advise him particularly to avoid the *serpent*, i. e. the *constellation* that lies *betwixt the two bears*. The reverse of this therefore would naturally occur on this occasion. *Seward.*

A face

A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
 Never to be dissolv'd! where nought inhabits
 But night and cold, and nipping frosts, and winds
 That cut the stubborn rocks and make them shiver:
 Set me there, friends!

Rug. Hold fast; he must to bed, friar.
 What scalding sweats he has!

Mar. He'll scald in hell for'r,
 That was the cause.

Alph. Drink, drink, a world of drink!
 Fill all the cups, and all the antique vessels,
 And borrow pots; let me have drink enough!
 Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
 Th' experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
 And let them drink their worst, I'll make them idiots!
 I'll lie upon my back, and swallow vessels,
 Have rivers made of cooling wine run thro' me,
 Not stay for this man's health, or this great prince's,
 But take an ocean, and begin to all! Oh, oh!

Mar. He cools a little; now away with him,
 And to his warm bed presently.

Alph. No drink?
 No wind? no cooling air?

Rug. You shall have any thing.
 His hot fit lessens; Heav'n put in a hand now,
 And save his life! There's drink, Sir, in your chamber,
 And all cool things.

Alph. Away, away; let's fly to 'em! [Exeunt.]

Enter Valerio and Evantbe.

Evan. To say you were impotent! I'm ashamed on't!
 To make yourself no man? to a fresh maid too,
 A longing maid? upon her wedding-night also,
 To give her such a dor?

Val. I prithee pardon me!

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excusable;
 Or, like a gentleman, under the surgeon's hands,
 And so not able, there had been some colour;
 But wretchedly to take a weakness to you,

338. A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

A fearful weakness, to abuse your body,
 And let a lie work like a spell upon you,
 A lie to save your life——

Val. Will you give me leave, sweet?

Evan. You've taken too much leave, and too base
 leave too,

To wrong your love! Hast thou a noble spirit?
 And canst thou look up to the peoples' loves,
 That call thee worthy, and not blush, Valerio?
 Canst thou behold me that thou hast betray'd thus,
 And no shame touch thee?

Val. Shame attend the sinful!

I know my innocence.

Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a double weakness,
 And shews thee falser still! The king himself,
 Tho' he be wicked, and our enemy,
 But juster than thou art, in pity of my injuries,
 Told me the truth.

Val. What did he tell, Evanthe?

Evan. That, but to gain thy life a fortnight longer,
 Thy lov'd poor life, thou gav'st up all my duties.

Val. I swear 'tis false! my life and death are equal;
 I've weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one fortune.
 But kings are men, and live as men, and die too,
 Have the affections men have, and their falshoods;
 Indeed, they have more power to make 'em good.
 The king's to blame; it was to save *thy* life, wench,
 Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
 For if I'd touch'd thee thou hadst died; he swore it.

Evan. And was not I as worthy to die nobly,
 To make a story for the time that follows,
 As he that married me? What weakness, Sir,
 Or disability, do you see in me,
 Either in mind or body, to defraud me
 Of such an opportunity? D'you think I married you
 Only for pleasure, or content in lust?

To lull you in my arms, and kiss you hourly?
 Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
 If that had caught me, and have known all delicates:

There's

There's few that would have shunn'd so fair an offer.
 Oh, thou unfaithful fearful man, th' hast kill'd me!
 In saving me this way, thou hast destroy'd me,
 Robb'd me of that thy love can never give more!

To be unable, to save *me*? Oh, misery!

Had I been my Valerio, thou Evanthe,
 I would have lain with thee under a gallows,
 Tho' the hangman had been my Hymen, and the furies,
 With iron whips and forks, ready to torture me:

I would have hug'd thee too, tho' hell had gap'd at me.
 Save *my* life! that expected to die bravely,

That would have woo'd it too? 'Would I had married
 An eunuch, that had truly no ability³⁹,

Than such a fearful liar! Thou hast done me

A scurvy courtesy, that has undone me.

Val. I'll do no more; since you're so nobly fashion'd,
 Made up so strongly, I'll take my share with you;
 Nay, dear, I'll learn of you.

Evan. He weeps too, tenderly;
 My anger's gone. Good my lord, pardon me;
 And if I have offended, be more angry:
 It was a woman's flash, a sudden valour,
 That could not lie conceal'd.

Val. I honour you;
 By all the rites of holy marriage,
 And pleasures of chaste love, I wonder at you!
 You appear the vision of a Heav'n unto me,
 Stuck all with stars of honour shining clearly,
 And all the motions of your mind celestial!
 Man is a lump of earth; the best man's spiritless,
 To such a woman; all our lives and actions
 But counterfeits in arras to this virtue.

Chide me again; you have so brave an anger,
 And flows so nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
 That I could suffer like a child to hear you,

³⁹ ———— would I had married

An eunuch, that had truly no ability,

Than such a ———] The want of rather before than such, &c.
 has a fine effect, and the hurry of her passion fully justifies such a wilful
 omission in the Poet.

Symphon.

Nay, make myself guilty of some faults to honour you.

Evan. I'll chide no more; you've robb'd me of my courage,

And with a cunning patience check'd my impudence.
Once more, forgiveness! *[She kneels.*

Val. Will this serve, Evanthe? *[Kisses her.*

And this, my love? Heav'n's mercy be upon us!
But did he tell no more?

Evan. Only this trifle;
You set my woman on me, to betray me:

'Tis true, she did her best; a bad old woman!
It stirr'd me, Sir.

Val. I cannot blame thee, jewel.

Evan. And methought, when your name was
founded that way——

Val. He that will spare no fame, will spare no name,
sweet.

Tho', as I am a man, I'm full of weakness,

And may slip happily into some ignorance,

Yet at my years to be a bawd, and cozen

Mine own hopes with my doctrine——

Evan. I believe not,

Nor never shall.—Our time is out tomorrow.

Val. Let's be to-night then full of fruitfulness;

Now we are both of one mind, let's be happy!

I am no more a wanting man, Evanthe,

Thy warm embraces shall dissolve that impotence,

And my cold lie shall vanish with thy kisses.

You hours of night, be long as when Alcmena

Lay by the lusty side of Jupiter;

Keep back the day, and hide his golden beams

Where the chaste watchful morning may not find 'em:

Old doating Tython, hold Aurora fast,

And tho' she blush the day-break from her cheeks,

Conceal her still: Thou, heavy wain, stand firm,

And stop the quicker revolutions;

Or, if the day must come to spoil our happiness,

Thou envious sun, peep not upon our pleasure;

Thou that all lovers curse, be far off from us!

Enter

Enter Castruccio, with a guard.

Evan. Then let's to bed; and this night, in all joys
And chaste delights——

Cast. Stay! I must part ye both;
It is the king's command, who bids me tell you,
Tomorrow is your last hour.

Val. I obey, Sir:
In Heav'n we shall meet, captain, where king Frederick
Dare not appear to part us.

Cast. Mistake me not;
Tho' I am rough in doing of my office,
You shall find, Sir, you have a friend to honour you.

Val. I thank you, Sir.

Evan. Pray, captain, tell the king,
They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter friar Marco and Rugio.

Rug. **H**AVE you writ to the captain of the castle?

Mar. Yes, and charg'd him,
Upon his soul's health, that he be not cruel;
Told him Valerio's worth among the people,
And how it must be punish'd in posterity,
Tho' he scape now.

Rug. But will not he, friar Marco,
Betray this to the king?

Mar. Tho' he be stubborn,
And of a rugged nature, yet he's honest,
And honours much Valerio.

Rug. How does Alphonso?
For now, methinks, my heart is light again,
And pale fear fled.

Mar. He is as well as I am;

The rogue, against his will, has fav'd his life :
A desp'rate poison has re-cur'd the prince.

Rug. To me, 'tis most miraculous.

Mar. To me too,

'Till I consider why it should do so ;
And now I've found it a most excellent physick :
It wrought upon the dull, cold, misty parts,
That clog'd his soul, (which was another poison,
A desperate too) and found such matter there,
And such abundance also to resist it,
And wear away the dang'rous heat it brought with't,
The pure blood and the spirits scap'd untainted.

Rug. 'Twas Heav'n's high hand, none of Sorano's
pity.

Mar. Most certain 'twas ; had the malicious villain

Enter Castruccio.

Giv'n him a cooling poison, he had paid him.

Rug. The captain of the castle !

Mar. Oh, you're welcome.

How does your prisoner ?

Cast. He must go for dead ;

But when I do a deed of so much villainy,

I'll have my skin pull'd o'er mine ears, my lord !

Tho' I'm the king's, I'm none of his abuses.

How does your royal charge ? That I might see once !

Enter Alphonso and friars.

Mar. I pray see now ; you are a trusty gentleman.

Alph. Good fathers, I thank Heav'n, I feel no
sickness——

Cast. He speaks again !

Alph. Nothing that bars the free use of my spirit.

Methinks the air is sweet to me, and company

A thing I covet now. Castruccio ?

Cast. Sir.

He speaks and knows ! For Heav'n's fake, break my
pate, lord,

That I may be sure I sleep not !

Alph.

Alph. Thou wert honest,
 Ever among the rank of good men counted,
 I have been absent, long out of the world,
 A dream I've liv'd. How does it look, Castruccio?
 What wonders are abroad?

Cast. I fling off duty
 To your dead brother, (for he's dead in goodness)
 And to the living hope of brave Alphonso,
 The noble heir of Nature, and of Honour,
 I fasten my allegiance.

Mar. Softly, captain;
 We dare not trust the air with this bless'd secret.
 Good Sir, be close again; Heav'n has restor'd you,
 And by miraculous means, to your fair health,
 And made the instrument your enemies' malice,
 Which does prognosticate your noble fortune;
 Let not our careless joy lose you again, Sir,
 Help to deliver you to a further danger.

I pray you pass in, and rest a while forgotten;
 For if your brother come to know you're well again,
 And ready to inherit, as your right,
 Before we've strength enough to assure your life,
 What will become of you? and what shall we
 Deserve in all opinions that are honest,
 For our loss of judgment, care, and loyalty?

Rug. Dear Sir, pass in. Heav'n has begun the
 work,
 And bless'd us all; let our endeavours follow,
 To preserve this blessing to our timely uses,
 And bring it to the noble end we aim at:
 Let our cares work now, and our eyes pick out
 An hour to shew you safely to your subjects,
 A secure hour!

Alph. I'm counsell'd: Ye are faithful.

Cast. Which hour shall not be long, as we shall
 handle it.
 Once more, the tender of my duty!

Alph. Thank ye.

Cast. Keep you the monastery.

Rug. Strong enough, I'll warrant you. [Exeunt.

Enter Tony and Podramo.

Pod. Who are all these that croud about the court,
Fool?

Those strange new faces?

Tony. They are suitors, coxcomb,
Dainty fine suitors to the widow-lady.

Th' hadst best make one of 'em; thou'lt be hang'd as
handsomely

At the Month's end, and with as much joy follow'd,
(An'twere tomorrow) as many mourning bawds for thee,
And holy nuns, whose vestal fire ne'er vanishes,
In sackcloth smocks, as if thou wert heir apparent
To all the impious suburbs and the sink-holes.

Pod. Out, you base rogue!

Tony. Why dost abuse thyself?

Thou art to blame; I take thee for a gentleman.
But why does not thy lord and master marry her?

Pod. Why, she's his sister.

Tony. 'Tis the better, fool;

He may make bold with his own flesh and blood,
For o' my conscience there's none else will trust him;
Then he may pleasure the king at a dead pinch too,
Without a Mephestophilus⁴⁰, such as thou art,
And engross the royal disease like a true subject.

Pod. Thou wilt be whipp'd.

Tony. I'm sure thou wilt be hang'd;
I've lost a ducat else, which I'd be loath to venture
Without certainty. They appear⁴¹. [*Suitors pass by.*]

Pod. Why, these are rascals.

Tony. They were meant to be so;

Does thy master deserve better kindred?

Pod. There's an old lawyer,
Trimm'd up like a gally-foist⁴²; what would he do
with her?

⁴⁰ *Mephestophilus.*] A familiar spirit attending upon Dr. Faustus.

Sympson.

⁴¹ *They appear.*] Mr. Sympson supposes, we cannot tell why, that these words were a stage-direction, and not the original text.

⁴² *Gally-foist.*] *i. e.* Like a vessel dressed out and decorated. The city-

Tony. As usurers do with their gold; he would look
on her,

And read her over once a-day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keep his fingers itching:
For any thing else, she may appeal to a parliament;
Sub pœna's and *postea's*⁴³ have spoil'd his codpiece.
There's a physician too, older than he,
And Gallen Gallinaceus, but he has lost his spurs;
He would be nibbling too.

Pod. I mark'd the man,
If he be a man.

Tony. H'has much ado to be so;
Searchcloths and firrups glew him close together,
He'd fall a-pieces else: Mending of she-patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
In his own person, (there's the honest care on't)
Has mollified the man: If he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at Cupid's bonfire,
He'll bulge so subtilly and suddenly,
You may snatch him up by parcels, like a sea-wreck.
Will your worship go, and look upon the rest, Sir,
And hear what they can say for themselves?

Pod. I'll follow thee. [Exeunt.]

Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, and Castruccio.

Cam. You tell us wonders!

Cast. But I tell you truths;
They are both well.

Men. Why are not we in arms then?
And all the island given to know⁴⁴——

Cast. Discreetly
And privately it must be done; 'twill miss else,
And prove our ruins. Most o'th' noble citizens

city-berge, which was used upon the lord-mayor's day, when he was
sworn into his office at Westminster, used to be called the *gally-foist*.

See also note 38 in *Philaster*. R.

⁴³ *Sub pœna's* and *post kaes* have spoil'd.] Amended by Mr. Symphon.

⁴⁴ *And all the island given to know.*] As the scene is throughout at
Naples, this expression, if not a corruption, is a flagrant oversight.

Symphon.

Know

Know it by me, and stay the hour to attend it.
 Prepare your hearts and friends, let theirs be right too,
 And keep about the king, t'avoid suspicion.
 When you shall hear the castle-bell, take courage,
 And stand like men. Away! the king is coming.

[*Exit Cast.*] [Exeunt lords.]

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Fred. Now, captain! What have you done with
 your prisoner?

Cast. He's dead, Sir, and his body flung into the sea,
 To feed the fishes; 'twas your will, I take it;
 I did it from a strong commission,
 And stood not to capitulate.

Fred. 'Tis well done,
 And I shall love you for your faith. What anger
 Or sorrow did he utter at his end?

Cast. Faith, little, Sir, that I gave any ear to:
 He would have spoke, but I had no commission
 To argue with him, so I flung him off.
 His lady would have seen; but I lock'd her up,
 For fear her woman's tears should hinder us.

Fred. 'Twas trusty still. I wonder, my Sorano,
 We hear not from the monastery: I believe
 They gave it not, or else it wrought not fully.

Cast. Did you name the monastery?

Fred. Yes, I did, captain.

Cast. I saw the friar this morning, and lord Rugio,
 Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands;
 And all the holy men hung down their heads.

Sor. 'Tis done, I'll warrant you.

Cast. I ask'd the reason.

Fred. What answer hadst thou?

Cast. This in few words, Sir:
 Your brother's dead; this morning he deceas'd.
 I was your servant, and I wept not, Sir;
 I knew 'twas for you good.

Fred. It shall be for thine too,
 Captain; indeed it shall. Oh, my Sorano,

Now

Now we shall live!

Sor. Ay, now there's none to trouble you.

Fred. Captain, bring out the woman; and give way
To any suitor that shall come to marry her,
Of what degree so'er.

Cast. It shall be done, Sir. [Exit *Cast.*]

Fred. Oh, let me have a lusty banquet after it;

Enter Ewantbe, Camillo, Cleantbes, Menallo, and Tony.

I will be high and merry!

Sor. There be some lords
That I could counsel you to sling from court, Sir;
They pry into our actions. They are such
The foolish people call their country's honours,
(Honest brave things) and stile them with such titles,
As if they were the patterns of the kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our actions.

They should be lovers, Sir, of your commands,
And followers of your will, bridles and curbs
To the hard-headed commons that malign us;
They come here to do honour to my sister,
To laugh at your severity, and fright us:
If they had power, what would these men do!
Do you hear, Sir, how privily they whisper?

Fred. I shall silence 'em,
And to their shames, within this week, Sorano;
In the mean time, have patience.

Sor. How they leer ⁴⁵,
And look upon me as I were a monster!
And talk and jeer! How I shall pull your plumes,
 lords,
How I shall humble you within these two days!
Your great names, nor your country, cannot save ye.

⁴⁵ ——— How they JEER?

And look upon me as I were a monster,

And talk and JEER.] We have no doubt but *jeer*, in the first place, is corrupt, and have therefore substituted *leer*: *Leer* and *look*; talk and *jeer*.

Fred. Let in the suitors.—Yet submit, I'll pardon you.
You're half undone already; do not wind
My anger to that height, it may consume you,

Enter Evanike, Lawyer, Physician, Captain, and Cutpurse.
And utterly destroy thee, fair Evanthe!
Yet I have mercy.

Evan. Use it to your bawds;
To me use cruelty, it best becomes you,
And shews more kingly! I contemn your mercy!
It is a coz'ning and a bawdy mercy.
Can any thing be hop'd for, to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a pity,
When you have kill'd my lord?

Fred. Who will have her?

Evan. My tears are gone,
My tears of love unto my dear Valerio,
But I have fill'd mine eyes again with anger;
Oh, were it but so powerful to consume you!
My tongue with curses I have arm'd against you,
(With maiden curses, that Heaven crowns with horrors)
My heart set round with hate against thy tyranny.
Oh! 'would my hands could hold the fire of Heav'n,
Wrapt in the thunder that the gods revenge with,
That like stern justice I might fling it on thee!
Thou art a king of monsters, not of men,
And shortly thou wilt turn this land to devils!

Fred. I'll make you one first, and a wretched devil.
Come, who will have her?

Law. I, an't like your majesty. I am a lawyer,
I can make her a jointure of any man's land in Naples.
And shall keep it too; I have a trick for it.

Tony. Canst thou make her a jointure of thine
honesty,
Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgment?
Those are non-suited and flung o'er the bar.

Phy. An't please your majesty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and tho' old I seem, lady,
Like Æson, by my art I can renew
Youth and ability.

Tony.

Tony. In a powdering-tub
Stew thyself tender again, like a cock-chicken;
The broth may be good, but the flesh is not fit for
dogs, sure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine
honour:

I'm a poor captain, as poor people call me,
Very poor people; for my soldiers, they
Are quarter'd in the outside of the city,
Men of ability to make good a highway;
We have but two grand enemies that oppose us,
The don Gout, and the gallows.

Tony. I believe you;
And both these you will bind her for a jointure,
Now, Signor Firk!

Cutpurse. Madam, take me, and be wife:
I'm rich and nimble, and those are rare in one man;
Every man's pocket is my treasury,
And no man wears a suit but fits me neatly.
Cloaths you shall have, and wear the purest linen:
I have a tribute out of every shop, lady.
Meat you shall eat, (I have my cat'ers out too,
The best and lustiest) and drink good wine, good lady,
Good quick'ning wine, wine that will make you caper.
And at the worst——

Tony. It is but cap'ring short, Sir.
You seldom stay for agues or for surfeits;
A shaking fit of a whip sometimes o'ertakes ye.
Marry, you die most commonly of choakings;
Obstructions of the halter are your ends ever:
Pray leave your horn and your knife for her to live on.

Evan. Poor wretched people, why d' you wrong
yourselves?
Tho' I fear'd death, I should fear you ten times more;
You're every one a new death, and an odious!
The earth will purify corrupted bodies;
You'll make us worse, and stink eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good nurses for you;
Dream not of wives.

Fred.

Fred. You shall have one of 'em,
If they dare venture for you.

Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diseases that must creep into
The next grave they find open: Are these fit husbands
For her you've lov'd, Sir? Tho' you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleness, (in that you have done otherwise,
And nam'd Evanthe once as your poor mistress)
Might offer worthier choice.

Fred. Speak, who dare take her
For one Month, and then die?

Pby. Die, Sir?

Fred. Ay, die, Sir!
That's the condition.

Pby. One Month is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleasure,
To go still on, unless I were sure she'd kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day.
Make it up a year; for by that time I must die,
My body will hold out no longer.

Fred. No, Sir;
It must be but a Month.

Law. Then farewell, madam ⁴⁶!
This is like to be a great year of dissention
Among good people, and I dare not lose it;

⁴⁶ *Law.* Then farewell, madam.] This farewell line is most probably the *Physician's*. The three that follow I would give to the *Lawyer*, as they are mighty well adapted to a sly quirking practitioner, who would rather empty the pockets of his clients of their money, for one whole year longer, than fill a grave for his pleasure, in a twelfth part of the time. *Sympson.*

There is no doubt the three last lines belong to the *Lawyer*; but no authority, nor indeed foundation, to assign the first hemistich to the *Physician*. It might be spoken by either; but, on attending to the whole context, the Poet (we think) intended the words for the *Lawyer*. The *Physician* first declares off; then all the three other suitors severally take leave of her:

Law. Farewell, madam!

Capt. Bless your good ladyship!

Cutpurse. Adieu, sweet lady!

There

There will be money got.

Capt. Bless your good ladyship!

'There's nothing in the grave but bones and ashes;
In taverns there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And surgeons while we live.

Cutpurse. Adieu, sweet lady!

Lay me, when I am dead, near a rich alderman,
I cannot pick his purse: No, I'll no dying;
Tho' I steal linnen, I'll not steal my shrowd yet.

All. Send you a happy match! [*Exeunt.*]

Tony. And you all halts!

You've deserv'd 'em richly. These do all villainies,
And mischiefs of all sorts, yet those they fear not:
To flinch where a fair wench is at the stake!

Evan. Come, your sentence! let me die! You see,
Sir,

None of your valiant men dare venture on me;
A Month's a dangerous thing⁴⁷.—Will you then be
willing

⁴⁷ *A Month's a dangerous thing.*

Enter Valerio disguised.

Fred. Away with her,
Let her die instantly.

Evan. *Will you then be willing, &c.*] There certainly are some speeches wanting between Frederick's order in the fourth line, and Evanthe's question in the fifth; the reader cannot but perceive a want of connection here, and as such I have marked an *hiatus*, which I fear we shall never be able to fill up.

Symphon.

We much doubt whether 'there are some speeches wanting' here, but believe that 'Frederick's order,' which occurs again very soon, should not be inserted in this place. It is plain from the whole tenor of the scene, that he has given Evanthe the alternative of the sentence of death and marriage, or submission to his will and pardon. The suitors having all refused to accept her, like Valerio, as *a Wife for a Month*, she calls on Frederick to pronounce sentence of death on her. He then, as may be gathered from her answer, proposes himself to her; and if (as is not improbable) the Poet meant this proposal should be supposed to be made in a whisper, no speech is wanting. She then asks him, if he will accept her on the terms allotted to other suitors; and continuing her scorn, provokes him to condemn her, and cry out,

Away with her! let her die instantly!

The entrance of Valerio immediately on those words, confirms the above conjecture. He certainly enters just as Evanthe is condemned, but certainly not till three speeches later than he has hitherto been introduced;

To die at the time prefix'd? That I must know too,
And know it beyond doubt.

Fred. What if I did, wench?

Evan. On that condition, if I had it certain,
I'd be your any thing, and you should enjoy me.

However in my nature I abhor you,
Yet, as I live, I'd be obedient to you:

But when your time came, how I should rejoice!

How then I should bestir myself to thank you!

To see your throat cut, how my heart would leap, Sir!

I'd die with you; but first I would so torture you,

And cow you in your end, so despise you,

For a weak and wretched coward, you must end sure!

Still make you fear, and shake, despis'd, still laugh
at you——

Fred. Away with her! let her die instantly!

Enter Valerio, disguised.

Cam. Stay; there's another, and a gentleman;
His habit shews no less. May-be, his business
Is for this lady's love.

Fred. Say why you come, Sir,
And what you are.

Val. I am descended nobly,
A prince by birth, and by my trade a soldier,
A prince's fellow; Abydos brought me forth;
My parents, duke Agenor and fair Eglia;
My business hither, to renew my love
With a young noble spirit, call'd Valerio:
Our first acquaintance was at sea, in fight
Against a Turkish man of war, a stout one,
Where lion-like I saw him shew his valour,
And, as he had been made of complete virtue,
Spirit, and fire, no dregs of dull earth in him——

introduced; which makes it still more probable that the line should not have place till that moment. In the first instance, it destroys the connection of the dialogue, which is restored by the omission; and in the second, it adds peculiar grace and force to the scene, by making the entrance of Valerio arrest the execution of sentence of death upon Evanthe.

Evan.

Evan. Thou'rt a brave gentleman, and bravely
speak'st him!

Val. The vessel dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whistling winds becalm'd to view him;
I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,
(His tow'ring sword flew like an eager falcon⁴³)
And round about his reach invade the Turks,
He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries,
The silver crescents on the tops they carried
Shrunk in their heads to see his rage so bloody,
And from his fury suffer'd sad eclipses;
The game of death was never play'd more nobly;
The meagre thief grew wanton in his mischiefs,
And his shrunk hollow eyes smil'd on his ruins.

Evan. Heav'n keep this gentleman from being a
sutor,
For I shall ne'er deny him, he's so noble!

Val. But what can last long? Strength and spirit
wasted,
And fresh supplies flew on upon this gentleman,
Breathless and weary with oppression,
And almost kill'd with killing. 'Twas my chance
(In a tall ship I had) to view the fight;
I set into him, entertain'd the Turk,
And for an hour gave him so hot a breakfast,
He clapp'd all linnen up he had to save him,
And like a lover's thought he fled our fury:

⁴³ *Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,
His towring sword flew like an eager falcon,
And round about his reach invade the Turks
He had intrench'd himself.*] The construction of the verb in the
second line is manifestly wrong, and an addition to the fourth is as
manifestly wanting. I read the whole so,

*Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful Pagans,
His towring sword fly like an eager falcon,
And round about bis reach invade the Turks,*

'Till he had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries. *Sympson.*

It is more in the stile of our Authors, to preserve the connection
by putting the second line in a parenthesis. Mr. Sympson's reading
is prosaick.

There first I saw the man I lov'd, Valerio;
There was acquainted, there my soul grew to him,
And his to me; we were the twins of friendship.

Evan. Fortune protect this man, or I shall ruin him!

Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warm my love anew at his affection;
But since I landed, I have heard his fate:
My father's had not been to me more cruel.
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treasure of a few tears, for you, lady;
For, by description, you were his Evanthe.

Evan. Can he weep that's a stranger to my story,
And I stand still and look on? Sir, I thank you!
If noble spirits after their departure
Can know, and wish, certain his soul gives thanks too.
There are your tears again; and when yours fail, Sir,
Pray you call to me, I've some store to lend you.
Your name?

Val. Urbino.

Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendships,
My tongue shall study both⁴⁹.

Fred. Do you come hither
Only to tell this story, prince Urbino?

Val. My business now is, Sir, to wooe this lady.

Evan. Blessing defend you! do you know the danger?

Val. Yes, and I fear it not; danger's my playfellow;
Since I was man, 't has been my best companion.
I know your doom; 'tis for a Month you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.

Fred. 'Tis true; nor can your being born a prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.

Val. I not desire it; I have cast the worst,
And ev'n that worst to me is many blessings.
I lov'd my friend, not measur'd out by time,
Nor hir'd by circumstance of place and honour;
But for his wealthy self and worth I lov'd him,
His mind and noble mold he ever mov'd in;

⁴⁹ My tongue shall study both.] i. e. Shall talk of both. *Symphon.*

And wooe his friend, 'cause she was worthy of him,
 The only relick that he left behind, Sir,
 To give his ashes honour. Lady, take me,
 And in me keep Valerio's love alive still.
 When I am gone, take those that shall succeed me:
 Heav'n must want light, before you want a husband,
 To raise up heirs of love and noble memory,
 To your unfortunate——

Evan. Am I still hated?
 Hast thou no end, oh, Fate, of my affliction?
 Was I ordain'd to be a common murtheress?
 And of the best men too? Good Sir——

Val. Peace, sweet! look on my hand. *[Apart.]*

Evan. I do accept the gentleman.—
 I faint with joy! *[Aside.]*

Fred. I stop it! None shall have her!
 Convey this stranger hence.

Val. I am no stranger!—Hark to the bell that rings!
 Hark, hark, proud Fred'rick, that was king of
 mischief!

Hark, thou abhorr'd man! dost thou hear thy sentence?
 Does not this bell ring in thine ears thy ruin?

Fred. What bell is this?

Cam. The castle-bell. Stand sure, Sir,
 And move not; if you do, you perish.

Men. It rings your knell!——Alphonso! king
 Alphonso!

All. Alphonso! king Alphonso!

Fred. I'm betray'd!
 Lock fast the palace.

Cam. We have all the keys, Sir,
 And no door here shall shut without our licence.

Cle. D'you shake now, lord Sorano? no new trick?
 Nor speedy poison to prevent this business?
 No bawdy meditation now to fly to?

Fred. Treason, treason, treason!

Cam. Yes, we hear you,
 And we have found the traitor in your shape, Sir;
 We'll keep him fast too,

Enter Alphonso, Rugio, Marco, Castruccio, and Queen, with guard.

Fred. Recover'd! Then I'm gone;
The fun of all my pomp is set and vanish'd.

Alph. Have you not forgot this face of mine, king
Frederick?

Brother, I'm come to see you, and have brought
A banquet, to be merry with your Grace:

I pray sit down, I do beseech your majesty,
And eat, eat freely, Sir. Why do you start?

Have you no stomach to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taste? have ye no antidotes?

You need not fear; Sorano's a good apothecary.
Methinks you look not well; some fresh wine for him,

Some of the same he sent me by Sorano;
I thank you for't, it sav'd my life, I'm bound to you;

But how 'twill work on you—I hope your lordship
Will pledge him too; methinks you look but scurvily,

And would be put into a better colour;
But I've a candied toad for your good lordship.

Sor. 'Would I had any thing that would dispatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once!

Fred. Sir, thus low, as my duty now compels me,
I do confess my unbounded sins, my errors,

And feel within my soul the smarts already.
Hide not the noble nature of a brother,

The pity of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my misery,

And cast the load off of my wantonness,
Before I find your fury, (then strike home;

I do deserve the deepest blow of Justice)
And then how willingly, oh, Death, I'll meet thee!

Alph. Rise, madam⁵⁰; those sweet tears are potent
speakers:

⁵⁰ *Rise, madam.*] A speech of the Queen might have past here; but here, as in many other instances, our Author most probably supplied the place of words by dumb-show, the nature of which the next speaker commonly explains: A circumstance to which the reader of these dramas should always attend.

And,

And, brother, live; but in the monastery
 Where I liv'd, with the self-same silence too:
 I'll teach you to be good against your will, brother!
 Your tongue has done much harm; that must be
 dumb now:

The daily pilgrimage to my father's tomb
 (Tears, sighs, and groans, you shall wear out your
 days with,

And true ones too) you shall perform, dear brother;
 Your diet shall be slender to enforce these;
 Too light a penance, Sir!

Fred. I do confess it.

Alph. Sorano, you shall——

Sor. How he studies for it!

Hanging's the least part of my penance certain.

[*Evanthe kneels.*

Alph. What lady's that that kneels?

Cast. The chaste Evanthe.

Alph. Sweet, your petition?

Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, Sir,

Abominable bad, but yet my brother.

Alph. The bad man shall attend as bad a master,

And both shall be confin'd within the monastery:

His rank flesh shall be pull'd with daily fasting;

But once a-week he shall smell meat, (he'll surfeit else)

And his immodest mind compell'd to prayer;

On the bare boards he shall lie, (to remember

The wantonness he did commit in beds)

And drink fair water; that will ne'er enflame him:

He sav'd my life, tho' he purpos'd to destroy me,

For which I'll save his, tho' I make it miserable.

Madam, at court I shall desire your company;

You're wife and virtuous; when you please to visit

My brother Frederick, you shall have our licence.

My dear best friend Valerio!

Val. Save Alphonso!

Omnes. Long live Alphonso, king of us, and
 Naples!

Alph. Is this the lady that the wonder goes on?

358 A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

Honour'd sweet maid ! Here, take her, my Valerio ;
 The king now gives her, she's thine own without fear.
 Brother, have you so much provision that is good,
 Not season'd by Sorano and his cooks,
 That we may venture on with honest safety,
 We and our friends ?

Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.

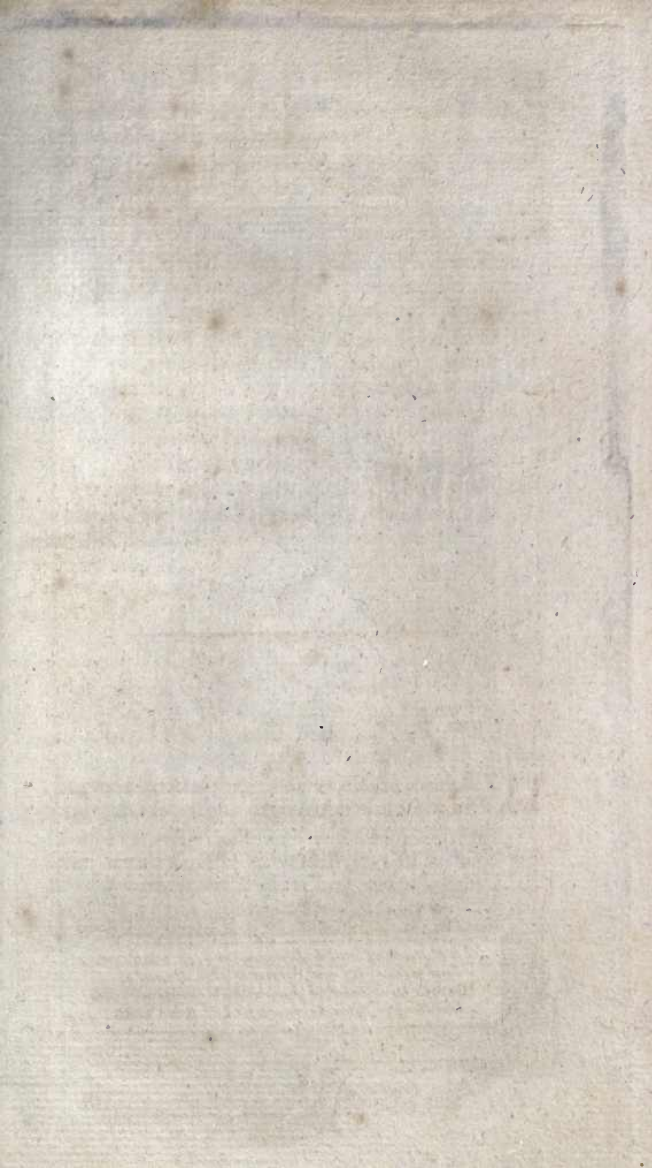
Alph. Come then ; let's in, and end this nuptial ;
 Then to our coronation with all speed !
 My virtuous maid, this day I'll be your bride-man,
 And see you bedded to your own desires too.
 Beshrew me, lords, who is not merry hates me !
 Only Sorano shall not bear my cup.
 Come, now forget old pains and injuries,
 As I must do, and drown all in fair healths :
 That kingdom's blessed, where the king begins
 His true love first, for there all loves are twins.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

WE have your favours, gentlemen, and you
 Have our endeavours (dear friends, grudge
 not now).

There's none of you, but when you please can sell
 Many a lame horse, and many a fair tale tell ;
 Can put off many a maid unto a friend,
 That was not so since th' action at Mile-end :
 Ours is a virgin yet, and they that love
 Untainted flesh, we hope our friends will prove.





THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.



*That part of noble Love which is most sweet,
And gives eternal being to fair Beauty,
Honour, you hack a-pieces with your swords;
And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair Credit! Act II.*

M.A. Rooker delin.

J. Goldar sculp.



328 A WIFE FOR A MONTH
THE
Honour'd sweet maid
The king now gives her, she's thine own without fear
Brother, have you so much provision that is good
Not feign'd by Gaius and his cooks
That we may bring up with proud Gaius
LOVERS' PROGRESS.

A T R A G E D Y.

This Play is by Gardiner, in the Commendatory Verses, ascribed to Fletcher alone. It appears to have been one of those pieces which were left unfinished by him, and completed by another writer. From the difference in the language and measure of the fifth act from the other parts of this performance, we imagine that Fletcher had no concern in the conclusion of it. As Shirley is said to have sometimes assisted our Author, possibly his unfinished pieces fell into that writer's hands, and therefore we may impute the alterations to him. The Lovers' Progress was first printed in the folio of 1647; and has not been acted for many years past.

P R O L O G U E

A STORY, and a known one, long since writ
 (Truth must take place) and by an able wit
 (Foul-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
 To give so much to Fletcher's memory)
 It to some may object, why then do you
 Present an old piece to us for a new?
 Or whither will your profest writer be
 (Not tax'd of their before) a plagiarist?
 To this he answers in his just defence,
 And to maintain to all our innocents
 Thus much; tho' he hath travell'd the same way
 Demanding, and receiving too the pay
 For a new poem, you may find it soe,
 He having neither choic'd or not your
 He vows, and deeply, that he did not write
 The utmost of his strength, and his best care
 In the reviving it, and tho' his power
 Could not as he desir'd, in three short hours
 Contract the length, and much less
 The changes, and the various passages
 That will be look'd for, you may see at this day
 Some lines that will confirm my say,
 He being ambitious that it should be known
 What a good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.

The very ambition that it should be known
 What a good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.
 is a standing contradiction to an author's book-keeper, in his pre-
 face or the edition of text, which the reader will see in the intro-
 ductory note upon the Compend, and which I refer him for what I
 have said upon that occasion.
 This passage is new in our opinion, and is inserted at all to the
 book-keeper's satisfaction. See the remark at the beginning of the Compend.

P R O L O G U E.

A STORY, and a known one, long since writ,
 (Truth must take place) and by an able wit!
 (Foul-mouth'd detraction daring not deny
 To give so much to Fletcher's memory;)

If so, some may object, why then do you
 Present an old piece to us for a new?
 Or wherefore will your profest writer be
 (Not tax'd of theft before) a plagiarist?
 To this he answers in his just defence,
 And to maintain to all our innocence,
 Thus much; tho' he hath travell'd the same way,
 Demanding, and receiving too the pay
 For a new poem, you may find it due,
 He having neither cheated us, nor you:
 He vows, and deeply, that he did not spare
 The utmost of his strengths, and his best care
 In the reviving it; and tho' his pow'rs
 Could not, as he desir'd, in three short hours
 Contract the subject, and much less express
 The changes, and the various passages
 That will be look'd for, you may hear this day
 Some scenes that will confirm it is a play,
 He being ambitious that it should be known
What's good was Fletcher's', and what ill his own.

¹ *He being ambitious that it should be known*

What's good was Fletcher's, and what ill his own.] This passage is a flaming contradiction to an assertion of the Bookseller, in his preface to the edition of 1647, which the reader will see in the introductory note upon the Coxcomb, and thither I refer him for what I have said upon that occasion.

Symphon.

This passage is *not*, in our opinion, any *contradiction* at all to the Bookseller's assertion. See our remark at the beginning of the Coxcomb,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King of France.
Cleander, *husband to Calista.*
Lidian, *brother to Calista, in love with Olinda.*
Clarangè, *rival to Lidian.*
Dorilaus, *father to Lidian and Calista, a merry old man.*
Lisander, *friend to Cleander, and lover to Calista.*
Alcidon, *friend to Lidian.*
Beronte, *brother to Cleander.*
Lemure, *a noble courtier.*
Leon, *a villain, lover of Clarinda.*
Malfort, *a foolish steward of Cleander.*
Lancelot, *servant to Lisander.*
Friar.
Hoff's Ghost:
Chamberlain.
Servants.

W O M E N.

Calista, *a virtuous lady, wife to Cleander.*
Olinda, *a noble maid, and rich heir, mistress to Lidian
and Clarangè.*
Clarinda, *a lustful wench, Calista's waiting-woman.*

SCENE, FRANCE.

DRAMA IN THREE ACTS
BY M. N.
LOVERS' PROGRESS.

ACT I.

Enter Leon and Malfort.

Malfort. **A**ND, as I told you, Sir—
Leon. I understand you;
Clarinda's still perverse.

Malf. She's worse; obdurate,
Flinty, relentless; my love-passions jeer'd at,
My presents scorn'd!

Leon. 'Tis strange, a waiting-woman,
In her condition, apt to yield, should hold out,
A man of your place, reverend beard and shape,
Besieging her.

Malf. You might add too, my wealth,
Which she contemns; five hundred crowns *per annum*
(For which I've ventur'd hard, my conscience knows it)
Not thought upon, tho' offer'd for a jointure;
This chain³, which my lord's peasants worship, flouted;
My

² *The Lovers' Progress.*] *Progress*, in this title, signifies *Pilgrimage*.

³ *This chain.*] Mr. Steevens observes, that stewards anciently wore a *chain*, as a mark of superiority over other servants; in proof of which he cites the following authorities:

'Dost thou think I shall become the *steward's* chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a *chain*?' *Martial Maid*.

364 THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

My solemn hum's and ha's, the servants quake at,
No rhetorick with her; ev'ry hour she hangs out
Some new flag of defiance to torment me:

Last Lent my lady call'd me her Poor-John,
But now I'm grown a walking skeleton;
You may see thro' and thro' me.

Leon. Indeed you are
Much fall'n away.

Malf. I am a kind of nothing,
As she hath made me: Love's a terrible clifter,
And if some cordial of her favours help not,
I shall, like an Italian, die backward,
And breath my last the wrong way.

Leon. As I live,
You have my pity; but this is cold comfort,
And in a friend lip-physick; and, now I think on't,
I should do more, and will, so you deny not
Yourself the means of comfort.

Malf. I'll be hang'd first:
One dram of't, I beseech you!

Leon. You're not jealous
Of any man's access to her?

Malf. I would not
Receive the dor; but as a bosom friend
You shall direct me; still provided, that
I understand who is the man, and what
His purpose that pleads for me.

Leon. By all means.
First, for the undertaker, I am he:
The means that I will practise, thus——

Malf. Pray you forward!

* *Pio.* Is your *chain* right?

* *Bob.* It is both right and just, Sir;

‘For though I am a steward, I did get it

‘With no man's wrong.’ *Ibid.*

Nash, in his piece entitled, *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1559,
taxes *Gabriel Harvey* with *having stolen a nobleman's steward's chain*,
at his lord's installing at Windsor.

So in *Middleton's Mad World my Masters*, 1608.

‘Gag that gaping rascal, though he be my grandfire's chief gentleman
‘in the *chain* of gold.’ See Notes on *Twelfth Night*.

R.

Leon.

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS. 365

Leon. You know your lady chaste Calista loves her.

Malf. Too well; that makes her proud.

Leon. Nay, give me leave.

This beauteous lady (I may stile her so,
Being the paragon of France for feature)

Is not alone contented in herself
To seem and be good, but desires to make
All such as have dependance on her like her:

For this, Clarinda's liberty's restrain'd,
And, tho' her kinsman, the gate's shut against me:

Now if you please to make yourself the door
For my conveyance to her, tho' you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.

Malf. It being for mine own ends?

Leon. I'll give it o'er,
If that you make the least doubt otherwise.
Studying upon't? good morrow!

Malf. Pray you stay, Sir!

You are my friend; yet, as the proverb says,
'When love puts in, friendship is gone:' Suppose
You should yourself affect her?

Leon. Do you think
I'll commit incest! for it is no less,
She being my cousin-german. Fare you well, Sir.

Malf. I had forgot that; for this once, forgive me.
Only, to ease the throbbing of my heart,
(For I do feel strange pangs) instruct me what
You will say for me.

Leon. First, I'll tell her that
She hath so far besotted you, that you have
Almost forgot to cast account.

Malf. Mere truth, Sir.

Leon. That, of a wise and provident steward,
You're turn'd stark ass.

Malf. Urge that point home; I am so.

Leon. That you adore the ground she treads upon,
And kifs her foot-steps.

Malf. As I do when I find
Their print i' th' snow.

Leon.

Leon. A loving fool; I know it,
By your bloodless frosty lips. Then, having related
How much you suffer for her, and how well
You do deserve it——

Malf. How! to suffer?

Leon. No, Sir;

To have your love return'd——

Malf. That's good; I thank you.

Leon. I will deliver her an inventory
Of your good parts; as this, your precious nose,
Dropping affection; your high forehead, reaching
Almost to th' crown of your head; your slender waist,
And a back not like a thresher's, but a bending
And court-like back, and so forth, for your body.
But when I touch your mind, (for that must take her,
Since your outside promises little) I'll enlarge it,
Tho' ne'er so narrow; as, your arts to thrive,
Your composition with the cook and butler
For the coney-skins and chippings; and half a share
With all the under-officers o' th' house,
In strangers' bounties; that she shall have all,
And you as 'twere her bailiff.

Malf. As I will be.

Leon. As you shall⁴, so I'll promise.—Then your
qualities;

As playing on a cittern, or a Jew's trump——

Malf. A little too on the viol.

Leon. Fear you nothing.

Then singing her asleep with curious catches
Of your own making; for, as I have heard,
You are poetical.

Malf. Something giv'n that way:

⁴ *Mal.* As I will be.

Leon. As you shall, so I'll promise.] To restore lost puns has been an office, that critics have been laugh'd at, rather than praised for; but the original, be it bad or good, ought to be restored; and therefore we should not drop a *conundrum* here intended. *Leon* should answer,

As you shall, so I'll promise.

s. e. I'll promise you shall be made an *ast* of. *Seward.*

Yet my works seldom thrive; and the main reason
The poets urge for't is, because I am not
As poor as they are.

Leon. Very likely. Fetch her,
While I am in the vein.

Malf. 'Tis an apt time,
My lady being at her prayers.

Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay, go; and if, upon my intercession

She do you not some favour, I'll disclaim her.
I'll ruminatè on't the while.

Malf. A hundred crowns
Is your reward.

Leon. Without 'em—Nay, no trifling. *[Exit Malf.]*
That this dull clod of ignorance should know

How to get money, yet want eyes to see
How grossly he's abus'd, and wrought upon!

When he should make his will, the rogue's turn'd
rampant,

As h'had renew'd his youth. A handsome wench
Love one a spital whore would run away from?

Well, master steward, I will plead for you
In such a method, as it shall appear

You are fit to be a property.

Enter Malfort and Clarinda.

Malf. Yonder he walks
That knows my worth and value, tho' you scorn it.

Clari. If my lady know not this—
Malf. I'll answer it.

If you were a nun, I hope your cousin-german
Might talk with you thro' a grate; but you are none,

And therefore may come closer: Ne'er hang off;
As I live, you shall bill; you may salute as strangers,

Custom allows it. Now, now, come upon her
With all your oratory, tickle her to the quick,

As a young advocate should, and leave no virtue
Of mine unmention'd. I'll stand centinel;

Nay, keep the door myself. *[Exit,*
Clari.

Clari. How have you work'd
This piece of motley to your ends ?

Leon. Of that
At leisure, mistress.

[*Kissing.*

Clari. Lower ; you're too loud ;
Tho' the fool be deaf, some of the house may hear you.

Leon. Suppose they should, I am a gentleman,
And held your kinsman ; under that, I hope,
I may be free.

Clari. I grant it, but with caution ;
But be not seen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit distance ; or not seen at all,
It were the better : You know my lady's humour ;
She is all honour, and compos'd of goodness,
As she pretends ; and you having no business,
How jealous may she grow !

Leon. I will be rul'd ;
But you have promis'd, and I must enjoy you.

Clari. We shall find time for that ; you are too
hasty :
Make yourself fit, and I shall make occasion ;
Deliberation makes best in that business,
And contents every way.

Leon. But you must feed
This foolish steward with some shadow of
A future favour, that we may preserve him
To be our instrument.

Clari. Hang him !

Leon. For my sake, sweet !
I undertook to speak for him ; any bauble
Or slight employment in the way of service,
Will feed him fat.

Clari. Leave him to me.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. She comes !
My lady !

Clari. I will satisfy her.

Malf. How far

Have

Have you prevail'd?

Leon. Observe.

Clari. Monsieur Malfort,

I must be brief; my cousin hath spoke much

In your behalf, and, to give you some proof

I entertain you as my servant, you

Shall have the grace——

Leon. Upon your knee receive it.

Clari. And take it as a special favour from me—

To tie my shoe.

Malf. I am o'erjoy'd.

Leon. Good reason.

Clari. You may come higher in time.

Enter Calista.

Leon. No more; the lady!

Malf. She frowns.

Clari. I thank you for this visit, cousin;

But without leave hereafter from my lady,

I dare not change discourse with you.

Malf. Pray you take

Your morning's draught.

Leon. I thank you: Happiness attend

Your honour!

[*Exeunt Leon and Malfort.*]

Cal. Who gave warrant to

This private parley?

Clari. My innocence; I hope

My conference with a kinsman cannot call

Your anger on me.

Cal. Kinsman? Let me have

No more of this, as you desire you may

Continue mine!

Clari. Why, madam, under pardon,

Suppose him otherwise; yet, coming in

A lawful way, it is excusable.

Cal. How's this?

Clari. I grant you're made of pureness,

And that your tenderness of honour holds

The sovereignty o'er your passions: Yet you have
 A noble husband, with allow'd embraces
 To quench lascivious fires, should such flame in you,
 As I must ne'er believe. Were I the wife
 Of one that could but zany brave Cleander⁵,
 Ev'n in his least perfections, (excuse
 My o'er-bold inference) I should desire
 To meet no other object.

Cal. You grow faucy!

Do I look further?

Clari. No, dear madam; and
 It is my wonder, or astonishment rather,
 You could deny the service of Lifander;
 A man without a rival, one the king
 And kingdom gazes on with admiration,
 For all the excellences a mother could
 Wish in her only son.

Cal. Did not mine honour
 And obligation to Cleander, force me
 To be deaf to his complaints?

Clari. 'Tis true; but yet
 Your rigour to command him from your presence
 Argu'd but small compassion; the groves
 Witness his grievous sufferings; your fair name
 Upon the rind of every gentle poplar⁶,

And

⁵ ———— but zany brave Cleander,
 Ev'n in his least perfections.] i. e. But faintly imitate his virtues.
 The old Zany was a mimick or buffoon.

⁶ Upon the rind of ev'ry gentle poplar,
 And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus sacred).] Our Poet has either
 committed an oversight, in making the *poplar* and the *myrtle* both
 sacred to Venus, or if he had any authority for so doing, I don't know
 it at present: 'Tis true, as the *poplar* delights in moisture, and grows
 upon the banks of rivers, and has leaves with dark and white sides, it
 may be a pretty symbol of the unlimited command of that powerful
 goddess, throughout the three allotments of Jupiter, Neptune, and
 Pluto. But, notwithstanding this, I am inclined to think, that the
 reading and pointing was originally thus,
 ———— of ev'ry gentle poplar,
 And amorous myrtle tree, to Venus sacred.

By changing the number, and altering the comma, we affix the epithet
 'sacred,'

And amorous myrtle, (trees to Venus sacred,)
 With adoration carv'd, and kneel'd unto.
 This you, unseen of him, both saw and heard
 Without compassion; and what received he
 For his true sorrows, but the heavy knowledge
 That 'twas your peremptory will and pleasure,
 How-e'er my lord liv'd in him, he should quit
 Your sight and house for ever?

Cal. I confess

I gave him a strong potion to work
 Upon his hot blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:
 Yet I could wish the cause had concern'd others,
 I might have met his sorrows with more pity;
 At least, have lent some counsel to his miseries.
 Tho' now, for honour sake, I must forget him,
 And never know the name more of Lifander;
 Yet in my justice I am bound to grant him,
 Laying his love aside, most truly noble:
 But mention him no more. This instant hour
 My brother Lidian, new return'd from travel,
 And his brave friend Clarangè, long since rivals
 For fair and rich Olinda, are to hear
 Her absolute determination, whom
 She pleases to elect. See all things ready
 To entertain 'em; and, on my displeasure,
 No more words of Lifander!

Clari. She endures

To hear him nam'd by no tongue but her own:
 Howe'er she carries it, I know she loves him. [*Exit.*]

Cal. Hard nature, hard condition of poor women,
 That, where we are most su'd to, we must fly most!
 The trees grow up, and mix together freely,

'sacred,' solely to the *myrtle*, and take away the confusion, which before subsisted, of appropriating two trees to one deity, when in reality the case was very far otherwise, as any one knows who is the least vers'd in the *Classicks*.
Symphon.

We believe the old reading genuine, and that it ought to be followed. We do not, indeed, recollect that there is any authority for making the *poplar*, as well as the *myrtle*, sacred to *Vénus*; but think the Poets here meant it.

The oak not envious of the sailing cedar,
 The lusty vine not jealous of the ivy
 Because she clips the elm; the flowers shoot up,
 And wantonly kiss one another hourly,
 This blossom glorying in the other's beauty,
 And yet they smell as sweet, and look as lovely:
 But we are tied to grow alone. Oh, honour,
 Thou hard law to our lives, chain to our freedoms!
 He that invented thee had many curses.
 How is my soul divided! Oh, Cleander,
 My best-deserving husband! Oh, Lifander,
 The truest lover that e'er sacrific'd
 To Cupid against Hymen! Oh, mine honour,
 A tyrant, yet to be obey'd! and 'tis
 But justice we should thy strict laws endure,
 Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. [Exit.

Enter Cleander, Lidian, and Clarange.

Cle. How insupportable the difference
 Of dear friends is, the sorrow that I feel
 For my Lifander's absence (one that stamps
 A reverend print on friendship) does assure me.
 You're rivals for a lady, a fair lady;
 And, in the acquisition of her favours,
 Hazard the cutting of that gordian knot
 From your first childhood to this present hour,
 By all the ties of love and amity fasten'd.
 I am blest in a wife (Heav'n make me thankful!)
 Inferior to none, *sans* pride I speak it;
 Yet if I were a freeman, and could purchase
 At any rate the certainty to enjoy
 Lifander's conversation while I liv'd,
 (Forgive me, my Calista, and the sex!)
 I never would seek change.

Lid. My lord and brother,
 I dare not blame your choice, Lifander's worth
 Being a mistress to be ever courted;
 Nor shall our equal suit to fair Olinda
 Weaken, but add strength to our true affection,

With

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With zeal so long continued.

Clara. When we know
Whom she prefers, as she can chuse but one,
By our so-long-tried friendship we have vow'd
The other shall desist.

Cle. 'Tis yet your purpose ;
But how this resolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not alone
Doubtful, but dang'rous.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. The rich heir is come, Sir.

Cle. Madam Olinda ?

Malf. Yes, Sir ; and makes choice,
After some little conference with my lady,
Of this room to give answer to her suitors.

Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your despair to lose
What you contend for.

Lid. No, Sir ; I am arm'd.

Clara. I confident of my interest.

Cle. I'll believe you
When you've endur'd the test.

Enter Calista, Olinda, and Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter
Untied ? You promis'd that I should grow higher
In doing you service.

Clari. Fall off, or you lose me ! [Exit Malf,

Cle. Nay, take your place ; no Paris now fits judge
On the contending goddeffes : You are
The deity that must make curst, or happy,
One of your languishing servants.

Olin. I thus look
With equal eyes on both ; either deserves
A fairer fortune than they can in reason
Hope for from me : From Lidian I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleasures that
The sweetness of his manners, youth, and virtues,
Can give assurance of : But turning this way.

To brave Clarangè, in his face appears
 A kind of majesty which should command,
 Not sue for favour. If the fairest lady
 Of France, set forth with nature's best endowments,
 Nay, should I add a princess of the blood,
 Did now lay claim to either for a husband,
 So vehement my affection is to both,
 My envy at her happiness would kill me.

Cle. The strangest love I ever heard !

Cal. You can
 Enjoy but one.

Clari. The more, I say, the merrier.

Olin. Witness these tears I love both, as I know
 You burn with equal flames, and so affect me ;
 Abundance makes me poor ; such is the hard
 Condition of my fortune. Be your own judges ;
 If I should favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
 And that before my life I must prefer :
 If one I lean to, th'other is disvalued ;
 You're fiery both, and love will make you warmer.

Clari. The warmer still the fitter. You're a fool, lady.

Olin. To what may love, and the devil jealousy, spur
 you,
 Is too apparent ; my name's call'd in question ;
 Your swords fly out, your angers range at large :
 Then what a murder of my modesty follows !

Clari. Take heed of that by any means. Oh, innocent,
 That will deny a blessing when 'tis offer'd !
 'Would I were murder'd so, I'd thank my modesty.

Cle. What pause you on ?

Olin. It is at length resolv'd.

Clara. We're on the rack ; uncertain expectation
 The greatest torture !

Lid. Command what you please,
 And you shall see how willingly we'll execute.

Olin. Then hear what, for your satisfaction,
 And to preserve your friendship, I resolve
 Against myself ; and 'tis not to be alter'd :
 You're both brave gentlemen, I'll still profess it,

Both

Both noble servants, for whose gentle offers
 The undeserving and the poor Olinda
 Is ever bound; you love both, fair and virtuously;
 'Would I could be so happy to content both!
 Which since I cannot, take this resolute answer:
 Go from me both contentedly, and he
 That last makes his return, and comes to visit,
 Comes to my bed. You know my will; farewell!
 My heart's too big to utter more. Come, friend!

Cal. I'll wait on you to your coach.

[*Exeunt Olin. Cal. and Clari.*]

Cle. You both look blank;
 I cannot blame you.

Lid. We have our dispatches.

Clara. I'll home.

Lid. And I'll abroad again: Farewell!

Clara. Farewell to ye! [*Exeunt Clara. and Lid.*]

Cle. Their blunt departure troubles me: I fear,
 A sudden and a dangerous division
 Of their long love will follow. Have you took
 Your leave of fair Olinda?

Enter Calista.

Cal. She is gone, Sir.

Cle. Had you brought news Lisander were return'd
 too,

I were most happy.

Cal. Still upon Lisander?

Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health;
 And Heav'n knows I love him.

Cal. I find it so;

For me you have forgot, and what I'm to you.

Cle. Oh, think not so. If you had lost a sister
 You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you;
 A little you would wander from the fondness
 You ow'd your husband: I have lost a friend,
 A noble friend; all that was excellent
 In man, or mankind, was contain'd within him.
 That loss, my wife——

Enter Malfort.

Malf. Madam, your noble father—
A fee for my good news!

Cal. Why, what of him, Sir?

Mal. Is lighted at the door, and longs to see you.

Cal. Attend him hither.

Cle. Oh, my dear Lifander!

But I'll be merry. Let's meet him, my Calista.

Cal. I hope Lifander's love will now be buried:
My father will bring joy enough for one month,
To put him out of 's memory.

Enter Dorilaus; bis arm in a scarf.

Dor. How do you, son?

Ble's my fair child! I'm come to visit you,
To see what house you keep; they say you're bountiful;
I like the noise well, and I come to try it.

Ne'er a great belly yet? How have you trifled!

If I had done so, son, I should have heard on't

On both sides, by saint Dennis!

Cle. You're nobly welcome, Sir!

We've time enough for that.

Dor. See how she blushes;

'Tis a good sign, you'll mend your fault, How dost
thou,

My good Calista?

Cal. Well, now I see you, Sir;

I hope you bring a fruitfulness along with you.

Dor. Good luck, I ne'er miss; I was ever good at it:
Your mother groan'd for't, wench; so did some other,
But I durst never tell.

Cal. How does your arm, Sir?

Cle. Have you been let blood of late?

Dor. Against my will, Sir.

Cal. A fall, dear father?

Dor. No, a gun, dear daughter;

Two or three guns; I've one here in my buttock,

'Twould trouble a surgeon's teeth to pull it out.

Cal.

Cal. Oh, me! oh, me!

Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,

'Tis time for me to trudge: Art such a coward,
At the mere name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been shot that men might see clean thro' me,
And yet I fainted not. Besides myself,
Here are an hospital of hurt men for you.

Enter Servants, wounded in several places.

Cle. What should this wonder be?

Cal. I'm amaz'd at it.

Dor. What think ye of these? they're every one
hurt soundly,

Hurt to the proof; they're thro' and thro', I assure ye;
And that's good game; they scorn your puling scratches.

Cal. Who did this, Sir?

Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you;
And get your plaisters, and your warm stoops ready:
Have you ne'er a shepherd that can tar us over?
'Twill prove a business else, we are so many.

Coming to see you, I was set upon,
I and my men, as we were singing frolickly;
Not dreaming of an ambush of base rogues,
Set on i'th' forest, I've forgot the name——

Cle. 'Twixt this and Fontainebleau? in the wild
forest?

Dor. The same, the same, in that accursed forest,
Set on by villains, that make boot of all men;
The peers of France are pillage there. They shot at us,
Hurt us, unhors'd us, came to th' sword, there plied us,
Oppress'd us with fresh multitudes, fresh shot still;
Rogues that would hang themselves for a fresh doublet,
And for a scarlet cassock kill their fathers!

Cle. Lighted you among these?

⁷ *And your warm stoops ready.] Stoops, (for so it should be spelt) here signifies liquids to bathe their wounds: A stoop of wine is mentioned by Shakespeare in Othello, and we believe in Twelfth-Night. The like expression occurs in other old authors; and in this very play, act iii. where Dorilaus says,*

And forty stoops of wine, drank at thy funeral.

Dor.

Dor. Among these murderers
Our poor bloods were engag'd; yet we struck bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them shun us,
And shrink their rugged heads; but we were hurt all.

Cle. How came you off? for I ev'n long to hear that.

Dor. After our prayers made to Heav'n to help us,
Or to be merciful unto our souls,
So near we were—Alas, poor wench, wipe, wipe!
See, Heav'n sends remedy.

Cal. I'm glad 'tis come, Sir;
My heart was ev'n a-bleeding in my body.

Dor. A curl'd-hair gentleman stepp'd in, a stranger;
As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our distresses, drew his sword, and prov'd
He came to execute, and not to argue.

Lord, what a lightning methought flew about him,
When he once toss'd his blade! In face Adonis⁸,
While Peace inhabited between his eye-brows;
But when his noble anger stirr'd his mettle,
And blew his fiery parts into a flame,
Like Pallas, when she sits between two armies,
Viewing with horrid brows their sad events,
Such then he look'd, and as her shield had arm'd him.

Cal. This man, Sir, were a friend to give an age for.

⁸ ————— in face Adonis,

While Peace, &c.] These lines, though spoken by a comic personage, are almost worthy to cope with the famous passage in Shakespeare's *Henry V.* which breathes the very spirit of Tyrtæus:

- ' In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
- ' As modest stillness and humility:
- ' But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
- ' Then imitate the action of the tyger;
- ' Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
- ' Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd rage:
- ' Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
- ' Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
- ' Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
- ' As fearfully as doth a galled rock
- ' O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,
- ' Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
- ' Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
- ' Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
- ' To his full height!

This gentleman I must love nat'rally;
Nothing can keep me off. I pray you go on, Sir.

Dor. I will, for now you please me. This brave youth,

This bud of Mars, (for yet he is no riper)
When once he had drawn blood, and flesh'd his sword,
Fitted his manly mettle to his spirit,
How he bestirr'd him! what a lane he made,
And thro' their fiery bullets thrust securely,
The harden'd villains wondring at his confidence!
Lame as I was, I follow'd, and admir'd too,
And stirr'd, and laid about me with new spirit;
My men too with new hearts thrust into action,
And down the rogues went.

Cle. I am struck with wonder!

Dor. Remember but the story of strong Hector,
When like to lightning he broke thro' his vanguard,⁹
How the Greeks frighted ran away by troops,
And trod down troops to save their lives; so this man
Dispers'd these slaves: Had they been more and
mightier,
He had come off the greater and more wonder.

Cle. Where is the man, good Sir, that we may
honour him?

Cal. That we may fall in superstition to him.

Dor. I know not that; from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to see safe
Me, and my weak men lodg'd, and drefs'd. I urg'd
him

First hither, that I might more freely thank him:
He told me he had business, crav'd my pardon,
Business of much import.

Cle. Know you his name?

Dor. That he denied me too; a vow had barr'd him.

⁹ *When like to lightning he broke through his vanguard.*] Mr. Seward says, 'to break from his vanguard is the true image;' but as *from* would hurt the measure, the corruption, says he, 'is probably in the relative *his*, which should be *the* or *their*, i. e. the Grecian vanguard.' We think it means his *own* vanguard, and that *THROUGH his vanguard* conveys the same image as *FROM it*, with more warmth of expression.

Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameless.

Dor. Daughter, you must remember him when I am
dead,

And in a noble sort requite his piety!

'Twas his desire to dedicate this service

To your fair thoughts.

Cal. He knows me then?

Dor. I nam'd you,

And nam'd you mine: I think that's all his knowledge.

Cle. No name? no being?

Cal. Now I'm mad to know him!

Saving mine honour, any thing I had now,

But to enjoy his sight, but his bare picture—

Make me his saint? I must needs honour him.

Serv. I know his name.

Cal. There's thy reward for't; speak it.

[Gives a purse.]

Serv. His man told me; but he desir'd my silence.

Cal. Oh, Jasper, speak! 'tis thy good master's cause
too:

We all are bound in gratitude to compel thee.

Serv. Lifander? yes, I'm sure it was Lifander.

Cal. Lifander? 'twas Lifander.

Cle. 'Tis Lifander.

Oh, my base thoughts, my wicked! to make question

This act could be another man's! it is Lifander.

A handsome-timber'd man?

Serv. Yes.

Cle. My Lifander!

Was this friend's absence to be mourn'd?

Cal. I grant it;

I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it seriously.

When you weep for him, Sir, I'll bear you company.

That so much honour, so much honesty,

Should be in one man, to do things thus bravely!

Make me his saint? to me give this brave service?

What may I do to recompense his goodness?

I cannot tell.

Cle. Come, Sir, I know you're sickly,

So are your men.

Dor.

Dor. I must confess I'm weak,
 And fitter for a bed than long discourses:
 You shall hear tomorrow.—Tomorrow—Provide
 surgeons ¹⁰.

Cle. Lisander!

Cal. What new fire is this? *Lisander!* [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Lisander and Lancelot.

Lif. **P**RITHEE, good Lancelot, remember that
 Thy master's life is in thy trust; and therefore
 Be very careful.

Lan. I will lose mine own,
 Rather than hazard yours.

Lif. Take what disguise
 You in your own discretion shall think fittest,
 To keep yourself unknown.

Lan. I warrant you;
 'Tis not the first time I have gone invisible:
 I am as fine a fairy in a business
 Concerning night-work——

Lif. Leave your vanities.
 With this purse (which deliver'd, you may spare
 Your oratory) convey this letter to
 Calista's woman.

Lan. 'Tis a handsome girl;
 Mistress Clarinda.

Lif. I have made her mine.
 You know your work.

¹⁰ *Cle.* You shall hear tomorrow, tomorrow provide surgeons.

Dor. *Lisander*——] So all former editions; but we think the speakers and the punctuation wrong. The first line we apprehend, should come from the old man, *Dorilaus*; and the pointing be as we have placed it in the text, which expresses his faintness: He is proceeding to speak, but is forced to desist, and to call for assistance. The exclamation, '*Lisander!*' should then come from *Cleander*.

Lan. And if I sweat not in it,
At my return discard me. [Exit.

Lif. Oh, Calista!
The fairest, cruellest——

Enter Clarange.

Clara. So early stirring?
A good day to you!

Lif. I was viewing, Sir,
The site of your house, and th' handsomeness about it:
Believe me it stands healthfully and sweetly.

Clara. The house and master of it really
Are ever at your service.

Lif. I return it:
Now, if you please, go forward in your story
Of your dear friend and mistress.

Clara. I will tell it,
And tell it short, because 'tis breakfast time,
And (love's a tedious thing to a quick stomach)
You eat not yester-night.

Lif. I shall endure, Sir.

Clara. Myself and (as I then deliver'd to you)
A gentleman of noble hope, one Lidian,
Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company, one friendship¹¹, and one exercise
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One grief and one joy parted still between us,
More than companions, twins in all our actions,
We grew up till we were men, held one heart still:
Time call'd us on to arms, we were one soldier,
Alike we fought our dangers and our honours,
Gloried alike one in another's nobleness:
When arms had made us fit, we were one lover,
We lov'd one woman, lov'd without division,

¹¹ *One company, one friendship, &c.*] In this description of the friendship of Clarange and Lidian, our Author seems to have intended an imitation of the excellent account of female friendship in Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; to which this, however, cannot be entitled to a comparison. A much better, on the same subject, will be seen in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act i. scene v. R.

And woo'd a long time with one fair affection;
 And she, as it appears, loves us alike too.
 At length, considering what our love must grow to
 And covet in the end, this one was parted;
 Rivals and honours make men stand at distance.
 We then woo'd with advantage, but were friends still,
 Saluted fairly, kept the peace of love;
 We could not both enjoy the lady's favour,
 Without some scandal to her reputation;
 We put it to her choice; this was her sentence,
 ' To part both from her, and the last returning
 ' Should be her lord;' we obey'd; and now you
 know it:

And, for my part, (so truly I am touch'd with't)
 I will go far enough, and be the last too,
 Or ne'er return.

Lis. A sentence of much cruelty,
 But mild, compar'd with what's pronounc'd on me.
 Our loving youth is born to many miseries.
 What is that Lidian, pray you?

Clara. Calista's brother,
 If ever you have heard of that fair lady.

Lis. I've seen her, Sir.

Clara. Then you have seen a wonder.

Lis. I do confess. Of what years is this Lidian?

Clara. About my years; there is not much between us.

Lis. I long to know him.

Clara. 'Tis a virtuous longing:
 As many hopes hang on his noble head,
 As blossoms on a bough in May, and sweet ones.

Lis. You're a fair story of your friend.

Clara. Of truth, Sir.

Now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's a gentleman
 At door would speak with you on private business.

Clara. With me?

Serv. He says so, and brings haste about him.

Clara.

Clara. Wait on him in. [Exit Servant.

Lis. I will retire the while, to the next room. [Exit.

Clara. We shall not long disturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Save you, Sir!

Clara. The like to you, fair Sir! Pray you come near.

Alc. Pray you instruct me, for I know you not :
With monsieur Clarange I would speak.

Clara. I'm he, Sir :

You are nobly welcome. I wait your business.

Alc. This will inform you.

[Gives him a letter, which he reads.

Clara. Will you please to sit down?

He shall command me, Sir ; I'll wait upon him
Within this hour.

Alc. You are a noble gentleman.

Will't please you bring a friend ? we are two of us,
And pity either, Sir, should be unfurnish'd.

Clara. I have none now ; and the time's set so short,
'Twill not be possible.

Alc. Do me the honour :

I know you are so full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner ;
I would be loath to stand still, Sir. Besides,
You know the custom and the vantage of it,
If you come in alone.

Clara. And I must meet it.

Alc. Send ; we'll defer an hour, let us be equal :
Games won and lost on equal terms shew fairest.

Clara. 'Tis to no purpose to send any whither,
Unless men be at home by revelation.
So please you breath a while, when I have done with
him

You may be exercis'd too : I'll trouble no man.

Enter Lisander.

Lis. They're very loud. Now, what's the news?

Clara. I must leave you,

Leave

Leave you a while ; two hours hence I'll return, friend.

Lis. Why, what's the matter ?

Clara. A little business.

Lis. An't be but a little, you may take me with you.

Clara. 'Twill be a trouble to you.

Lis. No, indeed ;

To do you service I account a pleasure.

Clara. I must alone.

Lis. Why ?

Clara. 'Tis necessity.

Before you pass the walks, and back again,
I will be with you.

Lis. If 't be not unmannerly

To press you, I would go.

Clara. I'll tell you true, Sir ;

This gentleman and I, upon appointment,
Are going to visit a lady.

Lis. I'm no Capuchin ;

Why should not I go ?

Alc. Take the gentleman ;

Come, he may see the gentlewoman too,

And be most welcome ; I do beseech you take him.

Lis. By any means ; I love to see a gentlewoman,
A pretty wench too.

Clara. Well, Sir, we will meet you,
And at the place. My service to the lady.

Alc. I kiss your hand.

[*Exit.*

Clara. Prithee read o'er her letter.

Lis. [*reading.*] ' Monsieur,

' I know you have consider'd ¹² the dark sentence
' Olinda gave us ; and that, however she disguis'd it,
' It pointed more at our swords' edges than
' Our bodies' banishments : The last must enjoy her !
' If we retire, our youths are lost in wandering ;
' In emulation we shall grow old men

¹² *I know you have consider'd, &c.*] This letter has hitherto been printed as prose ; but we think it was intended for metre, and is as smooth verse as many other passages of our Authors.

' And feeble, (which is the scorn of love, and rust of
 honour,)
 ' And so return more fit to wed our sepulchres,
 ' Than the saint we aim at; let us therefore make
 ' Our journey short and our hearts ready, and,
 ' With our swords in our hands, put it to fortune
 ' Which shall be worthy to receive that blessing.
 ' I'll stay you on the mountain, our old hunting-place.
 ' This gentleman alone runs the hazard with me:
 ' And so I kiss your hand.

' Your servant, Lidian.'

Is this your wench? You'll find her a sharp mistress.
 What have I thrust myself into? Is this that Lidian
 You told me of?

Clara. The same.

Lis. My lady's brother!

No cause to heave my sword against but his?
 To save the father yesterday, and this morning
 To help to kill the son? This is most courteous;
 The only way to make the daughter dote on me!

Clara. Why do you muse? would you go off?

Lis. No, no;

I must on now.—This will be kindly taken;
 No life to sacrifice, but part of hers?—
 Do you fight straight?

Clara. Yes, presently.

Lis. Tomorrow, then,

The baleful tidings of this day will break out,
 And this night's fun will set in blood. I'm troubled!
 If I am kill'd, I'm happy.

Clara. Will you go, friend?

Lis. I'm ready, Sir. Fortune, th'ha'st made me
 monstrous! [*Exeunt*]

Enter Malfort and Clarinda.

Malf. Your cousin, and my true friend, lusty Leon,
 Shall know how you use me.

Clari. Be more temperate,
 Or I will never use, nor know you more

I'th'

Pth' way of a servant: All the house takes notice
Of your ridiculous foppery; I've no sooner
Perform'd my duties in my lady's chamber,
And she scarce down the stairs, but you appear
Like my evil spirit to me.

Malf. Can the fish live
Out of the water, or the salamander
Out of the fire? or I live warm, but in
The frying-pan of your favour?

Clari. Pray you forget
Your curious comparisons, borrow'd from
The pond and kitchen, and remember what
My lady's pleasure is for th' entertainment
Of her noble father.

Malf. I would learn the art
Of memory in your table-book.

Clari. Very good, Sir!
No more but up and ride? I apprehend
Your meaning; soft fire makes sweet malt, Sir: I'll
Answer you in a proverb.

Malf. But one kifs from
Thy honey lip!

Clari. You fight too high; my hand is
A fair ascent from my foot. His slav'ring kiffes
Spoil me more gloves—Enough for once; you'll surfeit
With too much grace.

Malf. Have you no employment for me?

Clari. Yes, yes; go fend for Leon, and convey him
Into the private arbour; from his mouth
I hear your praises with more faith.

Malf. I'm gone.
Yet one thing ere I go; there's at the door
The rarest fortune-teller—he hath told me
The strangest things! he knows you are my mistress,
And under seal deliver'd how many children
I shall beget on you; pray you give him hearing,
He'll make it good to you.

Clari. A cunning man
Of your own making! howsoe'er, I'll hear him

At your entreaty.

Mal. Now I perceive you love me.

At my entreaty!—Come in, friend: Remember

Enter Lancelot like a fortune-teller, with a purse, and two letters in it.

To speak as I directed.—He knows his lesson,

And the right way to please her: This it is

To have a head-piece! [*Exit.*

Clari. 'Tis said you can tell

Fortunes to come.

Lan. Yes, mistress, and what's past:

Un-glove your hand. By this straight line, I see

You have lain crooked.

Clari. How! lain crooked?

Lan. Yes;

And in that posture play'd at the old game,

(Nobody hears me, and I'll be no blab)

And at it lost your maidenhead.

Clari. A shrewd fellow!

'Tis truth, but not to be confess'd.—In this

Your palmistry deceives you. Something else, Sir.

Lan. You're a great woman with your lady, and

Acquainted with her counsels!

Clari. Still more strange!

Lan. There is a noble knight, Lifander, loves her,

Whom she regards not; and the destinies,

With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd

That by your means alone he must enjoy her.

Your hand again! Yes, yes, you have already

Promis'd him your assistance, and, what's more,

Tasted his bounty; for which, from the sky

There are two hundred crowns dropp'd in a purse;

Look back, you'll find it true. Nay, open it;

'Tis good gold, I assure you.

Clari. How! two letters?

The first indors'd to me? this to my lady.—

Subscrib'd Lifander¹³.

¹³ *Clari.* How, two letters?

The first indors'd to me? this to my lady?

Subscrib'd Lifander.

Lan. And the fortune-teller
His servant Lancelot.

Clari. How had I lost my eyes,
That I could not know thee! Not a word o'th' loss
Of my virginity!

Lan. Nor who I am.

Clari. I'll use all speedy means for your dispatch
With a welcome answer; but till you receive it
Continue thus disguis'd. Monsieur Malfort
(You know the way to humour him) shall provide
A lodging for you, and good entertainment;
Nay, since we trade both one way, thou shalt have
Some feeling with me: take that.

Lan. Bountiful wench,
Mayst thou ne'er want employment!

Clari. Nor such pay, boy! [Exeunt.]

*Enter Lidian and Alcidon at one door, Lisander and
Clarange at another.*

Lid. You're welcome.

Probably the Author wrote thus:

————— *Two letters?*
The first endors'd to me? ————— Subscrib'd Lisander.

————— *This to my lady?*] I have made a dash after *The first endors'd to me*, to give time for the opening or reading of her own letter; otherwise how could she know it was from Lisander, before she had either broke the seal or perus'd its contents? And it seems as odd as can be, for Lisander to set his name on the outside of Calista's billet, since the subscribing it at the bottom, was all that was requisite.

Sympson.

The old reading is right, and as it stands, ending *subscrib'd Lisander*, more naturally introduces Lancelot's answer: *And the fortune teller his servant Lancelot.* Clarinda certainly could not 'know the letter was from Lisander, before she had either broke the seal, or perus'd its contents;' nor was it necessary, to establish the old reading, for 'Lisander to set his name on the outside of Calista's billet.' Clarinda receives *two letters*, and after looking at the direction of each, her own first, cries,

The first indors'd to me? this to my lady.

She then breaks open that address'd to herself, and finds it, as she declares aloud,

Subscrib'd Lisander.

All this is very natural, and requires nothing more than a necessary attention to the theatrical action of the performer, to be easily understood.

Alc. Let us do our office first,
And then make choice of a new piece of ground
To try our fortunes.

Lif. All's fair here.

Alc. And here :
Their swords are equal.

Lif. If there be any odds
In mine, we will exchange.

Alc. We'll talk of that
When we are further off. Farewell !

Lif. Farewell, friend ! [Exeunt *Lif.* and *Alc.*]

Lid. Come, let us not be idle !

Clara. I will find you
Employment, fear not.

Lid. You know, Sir, the cause
That brings us hither.

Clara. There needs no more discoursing ;
No time nor place for repetition now.

Lid. Let our swords argue ; and I wish, Clarange,
The proud Olinda saw us.

Clara. 'Would she did !
Whatever estimation she holds of me,
She should behold me like a man fight for her.

Lid. 'Tis nobly said. Set on. Love and my for-
tune ! [They fight.]

Clara. The same for me ! Come home, brave Lidian !
'Twas manly thrust : This token to the lady !
You have it, Sir ; deliver it. Take breath ;
I see you bleed apace ; you shall have fair play.

Enter Lisander.

Lif. You must lie there a while ; I cannot help you¹⁴.

Lid. Nay, then my fortune's gone ; I know I must
die :

Yet dearly will I sell my love. Come on both,
And use your fortunes ; I expect no favour :
Weak as I am, my confidence shall meet you !

Clara. Yield up your cause, and live.

¹⁴ You must lie there, &c.] These words are addressed to Alcidon
without, whom Lisander has overcome.

Lid. What, dost thou hold me
A recreant; that prefers life before credit?
Tho' I bleed hard, my honour finds no issue;
That's constant to my heart.

Clara. Have at your life then!

Lif. Hold, or I'll turn, and bend my sword against
you;

My cause, Clarangè, too. View this brave gentleman,
That yet may live to kill you; he stands nobly,
And has as great a promise of the day
As you can tie unto yourself; as ready¹⁵;
His sword as sharp: View him with that remembrance
That you deliver'd him to me, Clorange,
And with those eyes; that clearness will become
you:

View him, as you reported him; survey him;
Fix on your friendship, Sir. I know you're noble,
And step but inward to your old affection,
Examine but that soul grew to your bosom,
And try then if your sword will bite; it cannot,
The edge will turn again, asham'd and blunted.
Lidian, you are the pattern of fair friendship,
Example'd for your love, and imitated;
The temple of true hearts, stor'd with affections,
For sweetness of your spirit made a saint:
Can you decline this nobleness to anger?
To mortal anger? 'gainst the man you love most?
Have you the name of virtuous, not the nature?

Lid. I will sit down.

Clara. And I'll sit by you, Lidian.

Lif. And I'll go on. Can Heav'n be pleas'd with
these things?

To see two hearts that have been twin'd together,

¹⁵ He's ready.] From the context, there is reason to suppose we should read, *as ready*:

————— *He stands nobly,
And has as great a promise of the day
As you can tie unto yourself; as ready;
His sword as sharp;*

Besides, *HE'S ready* is very flat, and in this place scarce sense.

Married in friendship, to the world two wonders¹⁶,
 Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,
 Thus mortally divorc'd for one weak woman?
 Can Love be pleas'd? Love is a gentle spirit;
 The wind that blows the April flowers not softer;
 She's drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness;
 Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.
 Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,
 Without a noise, with still prayers, and soft murmurs;
 Upon her altars offer your obedience,
 And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:
 That fire you kindle to her deity,
 Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs*,
 And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence;
 You wound her now; you are too superstitious:
 No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.

Lid. Came he from Heav'n?

Clara. He tells us truth, good Lidian.

Lis. That part of noble love which is most sweet,
 And gives eternal being to fair beauty,
 Honour, ye hack a-pieces with your swords;
 And that ye fight to crown ye kill, fair credit!

Clara. Thus we embrace; no more fight, but all
 friendship!

And where Love pleases to bestow his benefits,
 Let us not argue.

Lid. Nay, brave Sir, come in too,
 You may love also, and may hope; if you do,
 And not rewarded for't, there is no justice.
 Farewell, friend! here let's part upon our pilgrimage:

¹⁶ ——— that have been twin'd together,
 Married in friendship to the world, to wonder.] The Editors of
 1750 propose reading,

———— that have been twinn'd together,
 Married in friendship, to the world a wonder.

Have been TWIN'D is clearly the true reading; the whole, we apprehend, should run thus:

To see two hearts, that have been twin'd together,
 Married in friendship, to the world two wonders, &c.

* When it blows with sighs.] This is the reading of the first folio, which Sympsen follows. Our lection is from the second folio.

It must be so, Cupid draws on our sorrows,
And where the lot lights——

Clara. I shall count it happiness.
Farewell, dear friend!

Lis. First, let's relieve the gentleman
That lies hurt in your cause, and bring him off,
And take some care for your hurts; then I'll part too,
A third unfortunate, and willing wanderer. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olinda and Calista.

Olin. My fears foresaw 'twould come to this.

Cal. I would
Your sentence had been milder.

Olin. 'Tis past help now.

Cal. I share in your despair, and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me, since all possible means
Are practis'd to prevent the mischief following
Their mortal meeting: My lord's coasted one way;
My father, tho' his hurts forbid his travel,
Hath took another; my brother-in-law Beronte,
A third; and ev'ry minute we must look for
The certain knowledge, which we must endure
With that calm patience Heav'n shall please to lend us.

Enter Dorilaus and Cleander, severally.

Dor. Dead both?

Cle. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.

Olin. I hear my passing-bell.

Cal. I'm in a fever.

Cle. They say, their seconds too; but what they are
Is not known yet; some worthy fellows certain.

Dor. Where had you knowledge?

Cle. Of the country people;
'Tis spoken every where.

Dor. I heard it too¹⁷;
And 'tis so common, I do half believe it.
You've lost a brother, wench; he lov'd you well,
And might have liv'd t'have done his country service;

¹⁷ *I heard it so too.*] So is clearly an interpolation, and gained place here from its occurring in the next line.

But he is gone. Thou fell'st untimely, Lidian,
 But by a valiant hand, that's some small comfort,
 And took'st him with thee too; thou lov'dst brave
 company.

Weeping will do no good: You lost a servant,
 He might have liv'd t' have been your master, lady;
 But you fear'd that.

Olin. Good Sir, be tender to me;
 The news is bad enough, you need not press it¹⁷:
 I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.

Dor. It seems so.
 How many more have you to love so, lady?
 They were both fools to fight for such a fiddle¹⁸!
 Certain there was a dearth of noble anger,
 When a slight woman was thought worth a quarrel.

Olin. Pray you think nobler.

Dor. I'll tell thee what I think; the plague, war,
 famine,
 Nay, put in dice and drunkenness, (and those
 You'll grant are pretty helps) kill not so many
 (I mean so many noble) as your loves do,
 Rather your lewdness. I crave your mercy, women!
 Be not offended, if I anger ye:
 I'm sure ye've touch'd me deep. I came to be merry,
 And with my children; but to see one ruin'd

Enter Beronte and Alcidon; Clarinda following.

By this fell accident—Are they all dead?
 If they be, speak.

Cle. What news?

Ber. What dead? Ye pose me;
 I understand you not.

Cle. My brother Lidian,
 Clarangè, and their seconds.

Ber. Here is one of 'em;

¹⁷ ——— you need not press it.] i. e. Make it worse. *Sympson.*

¹⁸ They were both fools to fight for such a FIDDLE.] Considering the whimsical terms that Olinda had imposed on her two lovers, it is not improbable that the Authors wrote,

They were both fools to fight for such a RIDDLE.

And sure this gentleman's alive.

Alc. I hope so;

So is your son, Sir; so is brave Clarange:

They fought indeed, and they were hurt sufficiently;

We were all hurt; that bred the general rumour;

But friends again all, and like friends we parted.

Cle. Heard you of Lifander?

Ber. Yes, and mis'd him narrowly;

He was one o'th' combatants, fought with this gentleman,

Second against your brother; by his wisdom

(For certainly good fortune follows him)

All was made peace. I'll tell you the rest at dinner,

For we are hungry.

Alc. I, before I eat,

Must pay a vow I'm sworn to. My life, madam,

Was at Lifander's mercy, I live by it;

And, for the noble favour, he desir'd me

To kiss your fair hand for him, offering

This second service as a sacrifice

At the altar of your virtues.

Dor. Come, joy on all sides!

Heav'n will not suffer honest men to perish.

Cle. Be proud of such a friend.

Dor. Forgive me, madam;

It was a grief might have concern'd you near too.

Cle. No work of excellence but still Lifander?

Go thy ways, worthy!

Olin. We'll be merry too.

Were I to speak again, I would be wiser. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Calista and Clarinda.

Cal. Too much of this rare cordial makes me sick;

However, I obey you.

Clari. Now or never

Is an apt time to move her. Madam!

Cal. Who's that?

Clari. Your servant: I would speak with your ladyship.

Cal.

Cal. Why dost thou look about ?

Clari. I've private business
That none must hear but you. Lisander——

Cal. Where ?

Clari. Nay, he's not here, but would entreat this
favour ;

Some of your balsam from your own hand given,
For he's much hurt, and that he thinks would cure him.

Cal. He shall have all my pray'rs too.

Clari. But conceive me,

It must be from yourself immediately :
Pity so brave a gentleman should perish !
He's superstitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power. I would not urge this, madam,
But only in a man's extremes, to help him.

Cal. Let him come,

Good wench ! 'tis that I wish ; I'm happy in't :
My husband his true friend, my noble father,
The fair Olinda, all desire to see him ;
He shall have many hands.

Clari. That he desires not,

Nor eyes, but yours, to look upon his miseries ;
Forthen he thinks 'twould be no perfect cure, madam :
He would come private.

Cal. How can that be here ?

I shall do wrong unto all those that honour him,
Besides my credit.

Clari. Dare you not trust a hurt man ?

Not strain a courtesy to save a gentleman ?
To save his life, that has sav'd all your family ?
A man that comes, like a poor mortified pilgrim,
Only to beg a blessing, and depart again ?
He would but see you ; that he thinks would cure him :
But since you find fit reasons to the contrary,
And that it cannot stand with your clear honour,
(Tho' you best know how well he has deserv'd of you)
I'll send him word back (tho' I grieve to do it,
Grieve at my soul, for certainly 'twill kill him)
What your will is.

Cal.

Cal. Stay! I will think upon't.
Where is he, wench?

Clari. If you desire to see him,
Let not that trouble you, he shall be with you,
And in that time that no man shall suspect you:
Your honour, madam, is in your own free keeping;
Your care in me, in him all honesty;
If you desire him not, let him pass by you,
And all this business reckon but a dream!

Cal. Go in, and counsel me; I would fain see him,
And willingly comfort him.

Clari. 'Tis in your power;
And, if you dare trust me, you shall do't safely.
Read that, [*giving a letter.*] and let that tell you how
he honours you. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Enter Clarinda and Leon.

Leon. THIS happy night— [*Kisses her.*]

Clari. Preserve this eagerness
'Till we meet nearer; there is something done
Will give us opportunity.

Leon. Witty girl! the plot?

Clari. You shall hear that at leisure.
The whole house reels with joy at the report
Of Lidian's safety, and that joy encreas'd
From their affection to the brave Lisander,
In being made the happy instrument to compound
The bloody difference.

Leon. They'll hear shortly that
Will turn their mirth to mourning: He was then
The principal means to save two lives; but, since,
There are two fall'n, and by his single hand,
For which his life must answer, if the king,
Whose arm is long, can reach him.

Clari.

Clari. We have now
No spare time to hear stories: Take this key;
'Twill make your passage to the banqueting-house
In the garden free.

Leon. You will not fail to come?

Clari. For mine own sake, ne'er doubt it. Now for
Lisander! [Exit Leon.

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, and servants with lights.

Dor. To bed, to bed! 'tis very late.

Cle. To bed all!

I've drank a health too much.

Dor. You'll sleep the better;
My usual phyfic that way.

Cle. Where's your mistress?

Clari. She is above, but very ill and aguish;
The late fright of her brother has much troubled her:
She would entreat to lie alone.

Cle. Her pleasure.

Dor. Commend my love to her, and my pray'rs for
her health:

I'll see her ere I go. [Exeunt omnes præter Clari.

Clari. All good rest to ye!

Now to my watch for Lisander! when he's furnish'd,
For mine own friend! Since I stand centinel,
I love to laugh i' th' evenings too; and may,
The privilege of my place will warrant it. [Exit.

Enter Lisander and Lancelot.

Lis. You've done well hitherto. Where are we now?

Lan. Not far from the house, I hear by th' owls;
there are

Many of your Welch falconers about it.
Here were a night to chuse to run away with
Another man's wife, and do the feat!

Lis. Peace, knave;

The house is here before us, and some may hear us.
'The candles are all out.

Lan. But one i' th' parlour;

I see

I see it glimmer hither¹⁹. Pray come this way.

Lif. Step to the garden-door, and feel an't be open.

Lan. I'm going; luck deliver me from the saw-pits;
Or I am buried quick! I hear a dog;
No, 'tis a cricket. Ha! here's a cuckold buried;
Take heed of his horns, Sir. Here's the door; 'tis
open.

Clari. [at the door.] Who's there?

Lif. A friend.

Clari. Sir! Lifander!

Lif. I.

Clari. You're welcome; follow me, and make no
noise.

Lif. Go to your horse, and keep your watch with
care, firrah,

And be sure you sleep not. [Exeunt *Lif.* and *Clari.*

Lan. Send me out the dairy-maid,

To play at trump with me, and keep me waking.

My fellow horse and I now must discourse

Like two learn'd almanack-makers, of the stars,

And tell what a plentiful year'twill prove of drunkards.

If I'd but a pottle of sack, like a sharp prickle,

To knock my nose against when I am nodding,

I should sing like a nightingale; but I must

Keep watch without it. I am apt to dance;

Good Fortune, guide me from the fairies' circles!

[Exit.

Enter *Clarinda* (with a taper) and *Lifander*. *Calista*
sitting behind a curtain.

Clari. Come near!

I'll leave you now; draw but that curtain,

And have your wish.—Now, Leon, I'm for thee:

We that are servants must make use of stol'n hours,

And be glad of snatch'd occasions.

[Exit.

¹⁹ *I see it simper hither.*] We suspect this to be a corruption, and that we should read *glimmer*. *Simper*, we apprehend, never occurs in this sense; and Lancelot, though a servant, is not made a speaker of barbarisms.

Lif.

Lif. She's asleep ;
 Fierce love hath clos'd his lights, (I may look on her)
 Within her eyes h' has lock'd the Graces up ;
 I may behold and live. How sweet she breathes !
 The orient morning breaking out in odours
 Is not so full of perfumes as her breath is ;
 She is the abstract of all excellence,
 And scorns a parallel.

Cal. Who's there ?

Lif. Your servant,
 Your most obedient slave, adored lady,
 That comes but to behold those eyes again,
 And pay some vows I have to sacred beauty,
 And so pass by : I'm blind as ignorance,
 And know not where I wander, how I live,
 'Till I receive from their bright influence
 Light to direct me. For devotion's sake,
 (You are the saint I tread these holy steps to,
 And holy saints are all relenting sweetness)
 Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me ;
 The greatest attribute of Heav'n is mercy,
 And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,
 Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.

Cal. Why do you kneel ? I know you come to
 mock me,

To upbraid me with the benefits you've given me,
 Which are too many, and too mighty, Sir,
 For my return ; and I confess 'tis justice,
 That for my cruelty you should despise me ;
 And I expect, however you are calm now,
 (A foil you strive to set your cause upon)
 It will break out : Calista is unworthy,
 Coy, proud, disdainful, (I acknowledge all)
 Colder of comfort than the frozen north is,
 And more a stranger to Lifander's worth,
 His youth and faith, than it becomes her gratitude ;
 I blush to grant it : Yet take this along,
 (A sovereign medicine to allay displeasure,
 May-be, an argument to bring me off too)

She's

She's married, and she's chaste; how sweet that sounds!
How it perfumes all air 'tis spoken in!

Oh, dear Lifander, would you break this union?

Lif. No; I adore it: Let me kiss your hand,
And seal the fair faith of a gentleman on it!

Cal. You're truly valiant: Would it not afflict you
To have the horrid name of coward touch you?
Such is the whore to me.

Lif. I nobly thank you:
And may I be the same when I dishonour you.
This I may do again. [Kissing her hand.]

Cal. You may, and worthily;
Such comforts maids may grant with modesty,
And neither make them poor, nor wrong their bounty²⁰.
Noble Lifander, how fond now am I of you!
I heard you were hurt.

Lif. You dare not heal me, lady?
I am hurt here. How sweetly now she blushes!
Excellent objects kill our sight; she blinds me:
The roses in the pride of May shew pale to her.
Oh, tyrant Custom, and, oh, coward Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own chains!
May I not kiss you now in superstition?
For you appear a thing that I would kneel to:
Let me err that way! [Kisses her.]

Cal. You shall err for once;
I have a kind of noble pity on you.
Among your manly sufferings, make this most,
To err no further in desire; for then, Sir,
You add unto the gratuities I owe you;
And after death, your dear friend's soul shall bless you.

Lif. I'm wondrous honest.

Cal. I dare try. [Kiss.]

Lif. I've tasted
A blessedness too great for dull mortality:

²⁰ *Make her poor, nor wrong her bounty*] As *her* has nothing to refer to but *maids* in the line above, we must certainly change the number, and write,

— *make them poor, nor wrong their bounty.* *Symphon.*

Once more, and let me die!

Cal. I dare not murder:

How will maids curse me, if I kill with kisses,
And young men fly th' embraces of fair virgins!
Come, pray sit down; but let's talk temperately.

Lif. Is my dear friend a-bed?

Cal. Yes, and asleep,
Secure asleep: 'Tis midnight too, Lisander;
Speak not so loud.

Lif. You see I am a statue;
I could not stand else as I'd eaten ice,
Or took into my blood a drowsy poison,
And Nature's noblest, brightest flame burn in me.
Midnight? and I stand quietly to behold so?
The alarm rung, and I sleep like a coward?
I'm worn away; my faith, my dull obedience,
Like crutches, carry my decayed body
Down to the grave; I have no youth within me.
Yet happily you love too?

Cal. Love with honour.

Lif. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a specious title
We should not prize too high.

Cal. Dearer than life.

Lif. The value of it is as time has made it,
And time and custom have too far insulted:
We are no gods, to be always tied to strictness;
'Tis a presumption to shew too like 'em:
March but an hour or two under Love's ensigns!
We have examples of great memories——

Cal. But foul ones too, that greatness cannot cover!
That wife that by example sins, sins double,
And pulls the curtain open to her shame too.
Methinks, to enjoy you thus——

Lif. 'Tis no joy, lady:
A longing bride, if she stop here, would cry;
The bridegroom too, and with just cause, curse
Hymen.

But yield a little, be one hour a woman,
(I do not speak this to compel you, lady)

And

And give your will but motion, let it stir,
But in the taste of that weak fears call evil;
Try it to understand it, (we'll do nothing)
You'll never come to know pure good else.

Cal. Fy, Sir!

Lis. I've found a way; let's slip into this error
As innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both, let us embrace;
The sin is none of ours then, but our fancies'.—
What have I said? what blasphemy to honour?
Oh, my base thoughts! Pray you take this, and shoot me.
My villain thoughts! [*Offering her a pistol.*]

Cal. I weep your miseries, [*Noise within.*]
And would to Heav'n—What noise?

Lis. It comes on louder.

Kill me, and save yourself; save your fair honour,
And lay the fault on me; let my life perish,
My base lascivious life! Shoot quickly, lady!

Cal. Not for the world. Retire behind the hangings,
And there stand close.—My husband! close, Lisander!

Enter Cleander, with a taper.

Cle. Dearest, are you well?

Cal. Oh, my sad heart!

My head, my head!

Cle. Alas, poor soul! what do you
Out of your bed? you take cold, my Calista.
How do you?

Cal. Not so well, Sir, to lie by you:
My brother's fright—

Cle. I had a frightful dream too,
A very frightful dream, my best Calista:
Methought there came a dragon to your chamber,
A furious dragon, wife; I yet shake at it.
Are all things well?

Lis. [*from behind the hangings.*] Shall I shoot him?

Cal. No.—All well, Sir.

'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which always watches.

Cle. And methought he came
As if he had risen thus out of his den,
As I do from these hangings——

Lis. Dead?

Cal. Hold, good Sir!

Cle. And forc'd you in his arms thus.

Cal. 'Twas but fancy

That troubled you; here's nothing to disturb me.

Good Sir, to rest again; and I'm now drowsy,

And will to bed. Make no noise, dear husband,

But let me sleep; before you can call any body

I am a-bed.

Cle. This, and sweet rest dwell with you! [*Exit.*]

Cal. Come out again; and, as you love, Lisander,

Make haste away! You see his mind is troubled:

D'you know the door you came in at?

Lis. Well, sweet lady.

Cal. And can you hit it readily?

Lis. I warrant you.

And must I go? must here end all my happiness,

Here in a dream, as if it had no substance?

Cal. For this time, friend, or here begin our ruins;

We are both miserable.

Lis. This is some comfort

In my afflictions, they're so full already,

They can find no encrease.

Cal. Dear, speak no more!

Lis. You must be silent then.

Cal. Farewell, Lisander,

Thou joy of man, farewell!

Lis. Farewell, bright lady,

Honour of woman-kind, a heav'nly blessing!

Cal. Be ever honest!

Lis. I will be a dog else!

The virtues of your mind I'll make my library,

In which I'll study the celestial beauty:

Your constancy, my armour that I'll fight in:

And on my sword your chastity shall sit,

Terror to rebel blood.

Cal. Once more, farewell! [Noise within.]
Oh, that my modesty could hold you still, Sir!
He comes again.

Lif. Heav'n keep my hand from murder,
Murder of him I love!

Cal. Away, dear friend,
Down to the garden-stairs; that way, Lifander!
We are betray'd else.

Lif. Honour guard the innocent! [Exit.]

Enter Cleander.

Cle. Still up? I fear'd your health.

Cal. H' has mis'd him happily.—
I'm going now; I've done my meditations,
My heart's almost at peace.

Cle. To my warm bed then!

Cal. I will; pray you lead. [A pistol shot within.]

Cle. A pistol shot i' th' house?
At these hours? Sure some thief, some murderer!
Rise, ho! rise all! I am betray'd.

Cal. Oh, Fortune!
Oh, giddy thing! H' has met some opposition,
And kill'd! I am confounded, lost for ever!

Enter Dorilaus.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?

Cle. Thieves, my noble father,
Villains and rogues.

Dor. Indeed, I heard a pistol:
Let's search about.

Enter Malfort, Clarinda, and Servants.

Malf. To bed again; they're gone, Sir,
(I will not bid you thank my valour for't)
Gone at the garden-door; there were a dozen,
And bravely arm'd; I saw 'em.

Clari. I am glad,
Glad at the heart.

Serv. One shot at me, and mis'd me.

Malf. No, 'twas at me; the bullet flew close by me,
Close by my ear: Another had a huge sword,
Flourish'd it thus, but at the point I met him;
But the rogue taking me to be your lordship,
(As sure your name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike i'th' dark) roar'd out aloud,
'It is the kill-cow²¹ Dorilaus!' and away
They ran as they had flown.—Now you must love me,
Or fear me for my courage, wench. [*Aside to Clar.*

Clari. Oh, rogue!
Oh, lying rogue! Lifander stumbled, madam,
At the stairs' head, and in the fall the shot went off;
Was gone before they rose.

Cal. I thank Heav'n for't!
Clari. I was frighted too; it spoil'd my game with
Leon.

Cle. You must sit up; an they'd come to your chamber
What pranks would they have play'd? How came the
door open?

Malf. I heard 'em when they forc'd it; up I rose,
Took Durindana²² in my hand, and like
Orlando issu'd forth.

Clari. I know you're valiant.
Cle. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident! At sun-rising
We must part for a while.

Dor. When you're a-bed,
Take leave of her; there 'twill be worth the taking,
Here 'tis but a cold ceremony. Ere long
We'll find Lifander, or we have ill fortune.

Cle. Lock all the doors fast.
Malf. Tho' they all stood open,
My name writ on the door, they dare not enter! [*Exe.*

Enter Clarange, and Friar with a letter.

Clara. Turn'd hermit?

²¹ Kill-cow.] An allusion to the story of Guy Earl of Warwick.
²² Durindana.] The name of Orlando's sword. The heroes, in
the old romances, gave names to their swords.

Friar.

Friar. Yes, and a devout one too ;
I heard him preach.

Clara. That lessens my belief ;
For tho' I grant my Lidian a scholar,
As far as fits a gentleman, h'hath studied
Humanity, and in that he's a master,
Civility of manners, courtship, arms,
But never aim'd at, as I could perceive,
The deep points of divinity.

Friar. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With ostentation or hypocrisy,
The cankers of religion ; his sermon
So full of gravity, and with such sweetness
Deliver'd, that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers, on him ; his own letters
To you, which witness he will leave the world,
And these to fair Olinda, his late mistress,
In which he hath, with all the moving language
That ever express'd rhetorick, solicited
The lady to forget him, and make you
Blessed in her embraces, may remove
All scrup'lous doubts.

Clara. It strikes a sadness in me !
I know not what to think of't.

Friar. Ere he enter'd
His solitary cell, he penn'd a ditty,
His long and last farewell to love and women,
So feelingly, that I confess, however
It stands not with my order to be taken
With such poetical raptures, I was mov'd,
And strangely, with it.

Clara. Have you the copy ?

Friar. Yes, Sir :
My Novice too can sing it, if you please
To give him hearing.

Clara. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Against which I have heard, with reason, musick
To be the speediest cure ; pray you apply it.

SONG by the Novice.

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton pow'rs!
 I'm free again;
 Thou dull disease of blood and idle hours,
 Bewitching pain,
 Fly to the fools that sigh away their time!
 My nobler love, to Heaven climb,
 And there behold beauty still young,
 That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
 Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
 And honour'd by eternity and joy!
 There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire;
 Fond love declines, this heav'nly love grows higher.

Friar. How do you approve it?

Clara. To its due desert;

It is a heav'nly hymn, no ditty, father;
 It passes thro' my ears unto my soul,
 And works divinely on it. Give me leave
 A little to consider:—Shall I be
 Out-done in all things? nor good of myself,
 Nor by example? shall my loose hopes still,
 The viands of a fond affection, feed me
 As I were a sensual beast? spiritual food
 Refus'd by my sick palate? 'tis resolv'd.
 How far off, father, doth this new-made hermit
 Make his abode?

Friar. Some two days' journey, son.

Clara. Having reveal'd my fair intentions to you,
 I hope your piety will not deny me
 Your aids to further 'em.

Friar. That were against
 A good man's charity.

Clara. My first request is,
 You would some time, for reasons I will shew you,
 Defer delivery of Lidian's letters
 To fair Olinda.

Friar. Well, Sir.

Clara. For what follows,

You

You shall direct me. Something I will do,
A new-born zeal and friendship prompts me to. [*Exe.*

*Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Chamberlain; a table,
tapers, and chairs.*

Cle. We have supp'd well, friend: Let our beds be
ready;

We must be stirring early.

Cham. They are made, Sir.

Dor. I cannot sleep yet. Where's the jovial host
You told me of? It has been my custom ever
To parly with mine host.

Cle. He's a good fellow,
And such a one I know you love to laugh with.
Go call your master up.

Cham. He cannot come, Sir.

Dor. Is he a-bed with his wife?

Cham. No, certainly.

Dor. Or with some other guests?

Cham. Neither, an't like you.

Cle. Why then he shall come, by your leave, my
friend;

I'll fetch him up myself.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail, Sir.

Dor. Is he i'th' house?

Cham. No, but he is hard by, Sir;

He's fast in's grave; he has been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then o'my conscience he will come but lamely,
And discourse worse.

Cle. Farewell, mine honest host then,
Mine honest merry host! Will you to bed yet?

Dor. No, not this hour; I prithee sit and chat by me.

Cle. Give us a quart of wine then; we'll be merry.

Dor. A match, my son. Pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your master.

Cham. It shall be quick, Sir. [*Exit.*

Dor. Has not mine host a wife?

Cle. A good old woman.

Dor. Another coffin! that is not so handsome;
Your

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Your hostesses in inns should be blith things,
 Pretty and young, to draw in passengers;
 She'll never fill her beds well, if she be not beautiful.

Enter Chamberlain with wine.

Cle. And courteous too.

Dor. Ay, ay; and a good fellow,
 That will mistake sometimes a gentleman
 For her good man. Well done: Here's to Lifander!

Cle. My full love meets it. Make fire in our lodgings;
 We'll trouble thee no further. To your son!

[Exit Chamberlain.]

Dor. Put in Clarangè too; off with't. I thank you.
 This wine drinks merrier still. Oh, for mine host now!
 Were he alive again, and well dispos'd,
 I would so claw his pate!

Cle. You're a hard drinker.

Dor. I love to make mine host drunk; he'll lie then
 The rarest, and the roundest, of his friends,
 His quarrels, and his guests; and they're the best
 bawds too,
 Take 'em in that tune.

Cle. You know all.

Dor. I did, son;
 But time and arms have worn me out.

Cle. 'Tis late, Sir;
 I hear none stirring. *[A lute is struck.]*

Dor. Hark! what's that? a lute?
 'Tis at the door, I think.

Cle. The doors are shut fast.

Dor. 'Tis morning; sure, the fiddlers are got up
 To fright mens' sleeps. Have we ne'er a piss-pot ready?

Cle. Now I remember, I've heard mine host that's
 dead

Touch a lute rarely, and as rarely sing too,
 A brave still man.

Dor. I'd give a brace of French crowns
 To see him rise and fiddle.

Cle. Hark; a song!

A SONG.

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A S O N G.

'Tis late and cold; stir up the fire;
Sit close, and draw the table nigher;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty med'cine 'gainst a cold!
Your beds of wanton down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest;
I could wish you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do.
Call for the best the house may ring,
Sack, white, and claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while breath you have;
You'll find but cold drink in the grave:
Plover, partridge, for your dinner,
And a capon for the finner,
You shall find ready when you're up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcome, welcome, shall fly round,
And I shall smile, tho' under ground.

Cle. Now, as I live, it is his voice!

Dor. He sings well; the devil has a pleasant pipe.

Cle. The fellow lied sure.

Enter Host.

He is not dead; he's here. How pale he looks!

Dor. Is this he?

Cle. Yes.

Host. You're welcome, noble gentlemen!

My brave old guest, most welcome!

Cle. Lying knaves,

To tell us you were dead. Come, sit down by us.

We thank you for your song.

Host. 'Would it had been better!

Dor. Speak, are you dead?

Host. Yes, indeed am I, gentlemen;

I have been dead these three weeks.

Dor. Then here's to you,

To comfort your cold body!

Cle.

Cle. What d'you mean?
Stand further off.

Dor. I will stand nearer to him.
Shall he come out on's coffin to bear us company,
And we not bid him welcome? Come, mine host,
Mine honest host, here's to you!

Host. Spirits, Sir, drink not.

Cle. Why do you appear?

Host. To wait upon ye, gentlemen;
('Thas been my duty living, now my farewell)
I fear ye are not us'd accordingly.

Dor. I could wish you warmer company, mine host,
Howe'er we're us'd.

Host. Next, to entreat a courtesy;
And then I go to peace.

Cle. Is't in our power?

Host. Yes, and 'tis this; to see my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the clerk's fault; let my new grave be made
Amongst good fellows, that have died before me,
And merry hosts of my kind.

Cle. It shall be done.

Dor. And forty stoops of wine drank at thy funeral.

Cle. Do you know our travel?

Host. Yes, to seek your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.

Cle. Alas!

Host. Seek 'em no further, but be confident
They shall return in peace.

Dor. There's comfort yet.

Cle. Pray you one word more: Is't in your pow'r,
mine host,
(Answer me softly) some hours before my death,
To give me warning?

Host. I can't tell you, truly;
But if I can, so much alive I lov'd you,
I will appear again. Adieu!

Dor. Adieu, Sir.

Cle. I'm troubled; these strange apparitions are

For

For the most part fatal.

Dor. This, if told, will not
Find credit. The light breaks apace; let's lie down,
And take some little rest, an hour or two,
Then do mine Host's desire, and so return.
I do believe him.

Cle. So do I. To rest, Sir! [Exeunt.

Enter Calista and Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda!

Clari. Madam.

Cal. Is the house well order'd?
The doors look'd-to, now in your master's absence?
Your care and diligence amongst the servants?

Clari. I'm stirring, madam.

Cal. So thou art, Clarinda,
More than thou ought'st, I'm sure. Why dost thou blush?

Clari. I do not blush.

Cal. Why dost thou hang thy head, wench?

Clari. Madam, you are deceiv'd, I look upright;
I understand you not.—She has spied Leon: [Aside.
Shame of his want of caution!

Cal. Look on me.
What! blush again?

Clari. 'Tis more than I know, madam;
I have no cause that I find yet.

Cal. Examine then.

Clari. Your ladyship is set, I think, to shame me.

Cal. Do not deserve't. Who lay with you last night?
What bedfellow had you? None of the maids came
near you.

Clari. Madam, they did.

Cal. 'Twas one in your cousin's cloaths then,
And wore a sword; and sure I keep no Amazons.
Wench, do not lie; 'twill but proclaim thee guilty:
Lies hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer still, and greater.
Come, tell the truth.

Clari. You are the strangest lady.

To have these doubts of me! how have I liv'd, madam,
And which of all my careful services
Deserves these shames?

Cal. Leave facing, 'twill not serve you:
This impudence becomes thee worse than lying.
I thought you had liv'd well, and I was proud of't;
But you are pleas'd to abuse my thoughts. Who was't?
Honest repentance yet will make the fault less.

Clari. Do you compel me? do you stand so strict
too?

Nay, then have at you! I shall rub that fore, madam,
Since you provoke me, will but vex your ladyship:
Let me alone!

Cal. I will know.

Clari. For your own peace,
The peace of your own conscience, ask no further:
Walk in, and let me alone.

Cal. No; I'll know all.

Clari. Why then, I'll tell you: 'Twas a man I lay
with,
(Never admire; 'tis easy to be done, madam,
And usual too) a proper man I lay with,
(Why should you vex at that?) young as Lifander,
And able too! I grudge not at your pleasure,
Why should you stir at mine? I steal none from you.

Cal. And dost thou glory in this sin?

Clari. I'm glad on't;
To glory in't is for a mighty lady,
That may command.

Cal. Why didst thou name Lifander?

Clari. Does it anger you? does it a little gall you?
I know it does. Why would you urge me, lady?
Why would you be so curious to compel me?
I nam'd Lifander as my precedent,
The rule I err'd by: You love him, I know it;
I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is so;
And, by my care and diligence, you enjoy'd him.
Shall I for keeping counsel have no comfort?
Will you have all yourself? engross all pleasure?

Are you so hard-hearted? Why do you blush now, madam?

Cal. My anger blushes, not my shame, base woman!

Clari. I'll make your shame blush, since you put me to't:

Who lay with you t'other night?

Cal. With me, you monster!

Clari. Whose sweet embraces circled you? not your husband's.

I wonder you dare touch me in this point, madam?

Stir her against you in whose hand your life lies?

More than your life, your honour? What smug Amazon

Was that I brought you? that maid had ne'er a petticoat.

Cal. She'll half persuade me anon I am a beast too;

And I mistrust myself, tho' I am honest,

For giving her the helm. Thou know'st, Clarinda,

Ev'n in thy conscience, I was ever virtuous;

As far from lust in meeting with Lisander,

As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;

In all the conversation I had with him,

As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heaven.

Didst not thou persuade me too?

Clari. Yes, I had reason for't;

And now you are persuaded, I'll make use on't.

Cal. If I had sinn'd thus, and my youth entic'd me,

The nobleness and beauty of his person,

Beside the mighty benefits I'm bound to,

Is this sufficient warrant for thy weakness?

If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counsel

In the conveyance of my fault, and faithfulness,

Thy secrecy and truth in hiding of it,

Is it thy justice to repay me thus?

To be the master sinner to compel me,

And build thy lust's security on mine honour?

Clari. They that love this sin love their security:

Prevention, madam, is the nail I knock'd at,

And I have hit it home, and so I'll hold it,

And you must pardon me, and be silent too,

And suffer what you see, and suffer patiently;

I shall

I shall do worse else.

Cal. Thou canst not touch my credit ;
Truth will not suffer me to be abus'd thus.

Clari. Do not you stick to Truth, she's seldom heard,
madam ;

A poor weak tongue she has, and that is hoarse too
With pleading at the bars ; none understand her :
Or if you had her, what can she say for you ?
Must she not swear he came at midnight to you,
The door left open, and your husband cozen'd
With a feign'd sickness ?

Cal. But, by my soul, I was honest !
Thou know'st I was honest.

Clari. That's all one what I know ;
What I will testify is that shall vex you !
Trust not a guilty rage with likelihoods,
And on apparent proof ; take heed of that, madam :
If you were innocent, as it may be you are,
(I do not know ; I leave it to your conscience)
It were the weakest and the poorest part of you,
Men being so willing to believe the worst,
So open-ey'd in this age to all infamy,
To put your fame in this weak bark to th' venture.

Cal. What do I suffer ! Oh, my precious honour,
Into what box of evils have I lock'd thee !
Yet, rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by
My drudge, my footstool, one that su'd to be so,
Perish both life, and honour ! Devil, thus
I dare thy worst, defy thee, spit at thee !
And in my virtuous rage, thus trample on thee !
Awe me, thy mistress, whore, to be thy bawd ?
Out of my house ! proclaim all that thou know'st,
Or malice can invent ; fetch jealousy
From hell, and like a fury breathe it in
The bosom of my lord ; and to thy utmost
Blast my fair fame ! yet thou shalt feel, with horror
To thy fear'd conscience, my truth is built
On such a firm base, that if e'er it can
Be forc'd, or undermin'd by thy base scandals,

Heav'n

Heav'n keeps no guard on innocence! [Exit]

Clari. I'm lost,

In my own hopes forsaken; and must fall

(The greatest torment to a guilty woman)

Without revenge. 'Till I can fashion it,

I must submit, at least appear as if

I did repent, and would offend no further.

Monsieur Beronte, my lord's brother, is

Oblig'd unto me for a private favour;

'Tis he must mediate for me: But when time

And opportunity bids me strike, my wreak²³

Shall pour itself on her nice chastity

Like to a torrent; deeds, not words, shall speak me!

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

Enter Alcidon and Beronte, severally.

Alc. Y O U'R E opportunely met.

Ber. Your countenance

Expresses haste mix'd with some fear.

Alc. You'll share

With me in both, as soon as you are made

Acquainted with the cause: If you love virtue²⁴,

In danger not secure——I have no time

²³ *My wreak.*] i. e. *Revenge.*

²⁴ —— *if you love virtue*

In danger not secure.] Thus all the copies, but whether right or wrong, the reader must judge: To me the place appears manifestly corrupt, and I am inclined to think it ought to run so,

—— *if you love Virtue,*

Indanger ought to succour it.

Sympson:

—— *if you love Virtue*

In danger not secure——]

This is plainly a broken sentence, and we think signifies, 'if you are a friend to Virtue, don't lull yourself into a false idea of its security, when it is in danger.' The old reading is far better than the proposed alteration.

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For circumstance: Instruct me if Lisander
Be in your brother's house²⁵.

Ber. Upon my knowledge
He is not there.

Alc. I'm glad on't.

Ber. Why, good Sir?
Without offence I speak it, there's no place
In which he is more honour'd, or more safe,
Than with his friend Cleander.

Alc. In your votes²⁶
I grant it true; but, as it now stands with him,
I can give reason to make satisfaction
For what I speak: You cannot but remember
The ancient difference between Lisander
And Cloridon, a man in grace at court.

Ber. I do; and the foul plot of Cloridon's kinsmen
Upon Lisander's life, for a fall given
To Cloridon 'fore the king, as they encounter'd
At a solemn tilting.

Alc. It is now reveng'd.
In brief, a challenge was brought to Lisander
By one Chrysanthes; and, as far as valour
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold Lisander:
But peace refus'd, and braves on braves heap'd on him,
Alone he met the opposites, ending the quarrel
With both their lives.

Ber. I'm truly sorry for't.

Alc. The king, incens'd for his favourite's death,
Hath set a price upon Lisander's head,
As a reward to any man that brings it,
Alive or dead: To gain this, every where
He is pursu'd and laid for; and, the friendship
Between him and your noble brother known,
His house in reason cannot pass unsearch'd;
And that's the principal cause that drew me hither,

²⁵ *Be in your father's house.*] The whole scene proves that we should read, as the Editors of 1750 propose, BROTHER'S house.

²⁶ ——— *In your votes*

I grant it true.] If this reading be genuine, *votes* must here signify *wishes*, or *opinions*.

To hasten his remove, if he had chosen
This castle for his sanctuary.

Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you most welcome. This night pray you take
A lodging with us; and, at my entreaty,
Conceal this from my brother: He is grown
Exceeding sad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at so high a rate,
Will much encrease his melancholy.

Alc. I am tutor'd.
Pray you lead the way.

Ber. To serve you, I will shew it. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cleander, with a book.

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die; but when,
Is most uncertain: If so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcome it: I have
Dispos'd of my estate, confess'd my sins,
And have remission from my ghostly father,
Being at peace too here. The apparition
Proceeded not from fancy; Dorilaus
Saw it, and heard it with me; it made answer
To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Denied to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end. I feel no symptom
Of sickness; yet, I know not how, a dullness
Invadeth me all over. Ha!

Enter Host.

Host. I come, Sir,
To keep my promise; and, as far as spirits
Are sensible of sorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the messenger to tell you,
Ere many hours pass, you must resolve
To fill a grave.

Cle. And feast the worms?

Host. E'en so, Sir.

Cle. I hear it like a man.

Host. It well becomes you;
There's no evading it.

Cle. Can you discover
By whose means I must die?

Host. That is denied me:
But my prediction is too sure: Prepare
To make your peace with Heaven; so farewell, Sir!
[Exit.]

Cle. I see no enemy near; and yet I tremble
Like a pale coward! My sad doom pronounc'd
By this aerial voice, as in a glass
Shews me my death in its most dreadful shape.
What rampire can my human frailty raise
Against the assault of Fate? I do begin
To fear myself; my inward strengths forsake me;
I must call out for help. Within there! haste,
And break in to my rescue!

*Enter Dorilaus, Calista, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon,
Servants, and Clarinda, at several doors.*

Dor. Rescue? where?
Shew me your danger.

Cal. I will interpose
My loyal breast between you and all hazard.

Ber. Your brother's sword secures you.

Alc. A true friend
Will die in your defence.

Cle. I thank ye! to all my thanks!
Encompass'd thus with friends, how can I fear?
And yet I do! I'm wounded, mortally wounded.
Nay, it is within; I am hurt in my mind. One word—

Dor. A thousand.

Cle. I shall not live to speak so many to you.

Dor. Why? what forbids you?

Cle. But e'en now the spirit
Of my dead Host appear'd, and told me, that
This night I should be with him. Did you not meet it?
It went out at that door.

Dor.

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Dor. A vain chimera
Of your imagination! Can you think
Mine Host would not as well have spoke to me now,
As he did in the inn? These waking dreams
Not alone trouble you, but strike a strange
Distraction in your family. See the tears
Of my poor daughter, fair Olinda's sadness,
Your brother's and your friend's grief, servants' sorrow.
Good son, bear up; you've many years to live
A comfort to us all. Let's in to supper.
Ghosts never walk 'till after midnight, if
I may believe my grannam. We will wash
These thoughts away with wine, spite of hobgoblins;

Cle. You reprehend me justly. Gentle madam,
And all the rest, forgive me; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you.

Dor. That's well said.

Ber. I have
Procur'd your pardon. [To Clarinda.]

Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my service; but take special care
You fall no further.

Clari. Never, madam.—Sir,
When you shall find fit time to call me to it, [Apart.]
I will make good what I have said.

Ber. 'Till when,
Upon your life be silent!

Dor. We will have
A health unto Lifander.

Cle. His name, Sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his sight would cure me.
However, let's to supper.

Olin. 'Would Clarange
And Lidian were here too! as they should be,
If wishes could prevail.

Cal. They're fruitless, madam. [Exeunt.]

Enter Leon.

Leon. If that report speak truth, Clarinda is
Discharg'd her lady's service, and what burden
I then have drawn upon me is apparent.

The crop she reap'd from her attendance was
 Her best revenue, and my principal means
 Clarinda's bounty, tho' I labour'd hard for't,
 A younger brother's fortune? Must I now
 Have four sauce, after sweet meats? and be driven
 To levy half-a-crown a week, besides
 Clouts, sope, and candles²⁶, for my heir apparent,
 If she prove, as she swears she is, with-child?
 Such as live this way, find, like me, tho' wenching
 Hath a fair face, there's a dragon in the tail of't,
 That stings to th' quick. I must sculk here, until
 I am resolv'd: How my heart pants, between
 My hopes and fears! She's come. Are we i'th' port?
 If not, let's sink together.

Enter Clarinda.

Clari. Things go better
 Than you deserve; you carry things so openly,
 I must bear ev'ry way. I am once more
 In my lady's grace.

Leon. And I in yours?

Clari. It may be;
 But I have sworn unto my lady never
 To sin again.

Leon. To be surpriz'd. The sin
 Is in itself excusable; to be taken
 Is a crime, as the poet writes.

Clari. You know my weakness,
 And that makes you so confident.—You've got
 A fair sword: Was it not Lifander's?

Leon. Yes, wench;
 And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
 It hath been the death of two. With this Lifander
 Slew Cloridon and Chryfanthes: I took it up,

²⁶ *Clouts, sope, and candles.*] In the Chances, p. 13 of this vol.
 Don John says,

————— *But to raise a dairy
 For other mens' adulteries, consume myself in candles,
 And scow'ring works* —————

The Editors of 1750 alter *candles* to *caudles*; we have rejected their variation, in which we think ourselves justified by what Leon here says, which proves *candles* right.

Broken i'th' handle, but that is reform'd ;
 And now, in my possession, the late master
 Dares never come to challenge it. This sword,
 And all the weapons that I have, are ever
 Devoted to thy service : Shall we bill ?
 I'm very gamefome.

Clari. I must first dispose of
 The fool Malfort ; he hath smoak'd you, and is not,
 But by some new device, to be kept from me ;
 I have it here shall fit him. You know where
 You must expect me ; with all possible silence
 Get thither.

Leon. You will follow ?

Clari. Will I live ?
 She that is forfeited to lust must die,
 That humour being un-fed. Be gone ; here comes
 My champion, in armour. [Exit Leon.

Enter Malfort, in armour.

Malf. What adventure
 I'm bound upon I know not, but it is
 My mistress' pleasure that I should appear thus.
 I may perhaps be terrible to others,
 But, as I am, I'm sure my shadow frights me :
 The clashing of my armour, in my ears
 Sounds like a passing-bell ; and my buckler puts me
 In mind of a bier ; this my broad-sword, a pick-axe
 To dig my grave. Oh, love ! abominable love !
 What monsters issue from thy dismal den
 Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter,
 Or never hope to enter.

Clari. Here's a knight-errant !—
 Monsieur Malfort.

Malf. Stand, stand, or I'll fall for you.

Clari. Know you not my voice ?

Malf. Yes, 'twas at that I trembled.

But, were my false friend Leon here——

Clari. 'Tis he.

Malf. Where ? where ?

Clari. He is not come yet.

Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am so full of wrath.

Clari. Or fear.—This Leon,
Howe'er my kinsman, hath abus'd you grossly,
And this night vows to take me hence perforce,
And marry me to another: 'Twas for this,
Presuming on your love, I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more safety
You might defend me.

Malf. And I'll do it bravely.

Clari. You must stand here to beat him off, and suffer
No human thing to pass you, tho' it appear
In my lord's shape or lady's: Be not cozen'd
With a disguise.

Malf. I have been fool'd already,
But now I'm wise.

Clari. You must swear not to stir hence.

Malf. Upon these lips.

Clari. Nor move until I call you.

Malf. I'll grow here rather.

Clari. This night's task well ended,
I'm yours tomorrow. Keep sure guard. [Exit.

Malf. Adieu!

My honeycomb, how sweet thou art, did not
A nest of hornets keep it! what impossibilities
Love makes me undertake! I know myself
A natural coward, and, should Leon come,
Tho' this were cannon-proof, I should deliver
The wench before he ask'd her. I hear some footing!
'Tis he: Where shall I hide myself? that is
My best defence.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot sleep; strange visions
Make this poor life I fear'd of late to lose,
A toy that I grow weary of.

Malf. 'Tis Leon.

Cle. What's that?

Malf. If you are come, Sir, for Clarinda,
I'm glad I have her for you; I resign
My interest: You'll find her in her chamber;

I did

I did stay up to tell you so.

Cle. Clarinda?

And Leon? There is something more in this
Than I can stay to ask. [Exit.]

Malf. What a cold pickle,
And that none of the sweetest, do I find
My poor self in!

Cle. [within.] Yield, villain!

Enter Clarinda and Leon running, Cleander following.

Clari. 'Tis my lord!
Shift for yourself.

Leon. His life shall first make answer
For this intrusion! [Kills Cleander.]

Malf. I am going away!
I'm gone already! [Falls in a swoon.]

Cle. Heav'n take mercy on
My soul! too true-presaging Host! [Dies.]

Clari. He's dead,
And this wretch little better. Do you stare
Upon your handy-work?

Leon. I am amaz'd.

Clari. Get o'er the garden-wall; fly for your life,
But leave your sword behind; enquire not why:
I'll fashion something out of it, tho' I perish,
Shall make way for revenge.

Leon. These are the fruits
Of lust, Clarinda!

Clari. Hence, repenting milk-sop! [Exit Leon.]
Now 'tis too late. Lifander's sword? Ay, that,
[Puts the sword in Malfort's hand.]

That is the base I'll build on. So; I'll raise
The house. Help! murder! a most horrid murder!
Monsieur Beronte! noble Dorilaus!
All buried in sleep? Ah me! a murder!
A most unheard-of murder!

Enter Dorilaus, as from bed.

Dor. More lights, knaves!
Beronte! Alcidon! more lights!

Enter

Enter Beronte, Alcidon, and Servants with lights.

Clari. By this
I see too much.

Dor. My son Cleander bathing
In his own gore. The devil to tell truth
I'th' shape of an host!

Ber. My brother?

Malf. I have been
I'th' other world, in hell I think, these devils
With fire-brands in their paws sent to torment me
(Tho' I ne'er did the deed) for my lewd purpose
To be a whoremaster.

Dor. Who's that?

Alc. 'Tis one
In armour. A bloody sword in's hand.

Dor. Sans question,
The murderer.

Malf. Who? I? you do me wrong:
I never had the heart to kill a chicken;
Nor do I know this sword.

Alc. I do, too well.

Ber. I've seen Lisander wear it.

Clari. This confirms
What yester-night I whisper'd: Let it work;
The circumstance may make it good.

Malf. My lord?
And I his murderer?

Ber. Drag the villain hence!
The rack shall force a free confession from him.

Malf. I am struck dumb; you need not stop my
mouth.

Ber. Away with him! [*Malf. carried off.*]

Enter Calista and Olinda.

Cal. Where is my lord?

Dor. All that
Remains of him lies there. Look on this object,
And then turn marble.

Cal. I am so already,
Made fit to be his monument: But wherefore

Do you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand sad spectators of his death, and not
Bring forth his murderer?

Ber. That lies in you:
You must, and shall produce him.

Dor. She, Beronte?

Ber. None else.

Dor. Thou liest! I'll prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart.

Alc. Forbear! there is
Too much blood shed already.

Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgment! Many an honest father
Hath got a wicked daughter. If I prove not,
With evident proofs, her hand was in the blood
Of my dear brother, (too good a husband for her)
Give your revenge the reins, and spur it forward.

Dor. In any circumstance but shew her guilty,
I'll strike the first stroke at her.

Ber. Let me ask
A question calmly: Do you know this sword?
Have you not seen Lisander often wear it?

Dor. The same with which he rescued me.

Cal. I do:
What inference from this to make me guilty?

Ber. Was he not with you in the house to-night?

Cal. No, on my soul!

Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feign'd a sickness,
To keep your husband absent?

Cal. Never, Sir,
To a dishonest end.

Ber. Was not this woman
Your instrument? Her silence does confess it.
Here lies Cleander dead, and here the sword
Of false Lisander, too long cover'd with
A mask of seeming truth.

Dor. And is this all
The proof you can alledge? Lisander guilty,

Or my poor daughter an adulteress?
 Suppose that she had chang'd discourse with one
 To whom she ow'd much more?

Cal. Thou hast thy ends,
 Wicked Clarinda!

Olin. Help! the lady sinks;
 Malice hath kill'd her.

Dor. I would have her live,
 Since I dare swear she's innocent. 'Tis no time
 Or place to argue now; this cause must be
 Decided by the judge; and, tho' a father,
 I will deliver her into the hands
 Of justice: If she prove true gold when tried,
 She's mine; if not, with curses I'll disclaim her:
 Take up your part of sorrow; mine shall be
 Ready to answer with her life the fact
 That she is charg'd with.

Ber. Sir, I look upon you
 As on a father.

Dor. With the eyes of sorrow,
 I see you as a brother²⁷. Let your witnesses
 Be ready.

Ber. 'Tis my care.

Alc. I am for Lidian:
 This accident, no doubt, will draw him from
 His hermit's life.

Clari. Things yet go right; persist, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lisander and Lancelot.

Lis. Are the horses dead?

Lan. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
 You must resolve to kill your two a-day,

²⁷ *I see you as a brother.*] *i. e.* As a partaker in sorrow, if the place is right: Otherwise, to make an *antithesis*, it ought to be,
I see you as a son;

Beronte having before led the way by saying,

I look upon you as a father.

Admirable explanation!—*Mr. Symphon* must have forgot, that *Beronte* was the *brother* of *Cleander*; and it is not clear that he remember'd *Dorilaus* was *Calista's father*.

And that's a large proportion.

Lis. Will you please,
At any price, and speedily, to get fresh ones?
You know my danger, and the penalty
That follows it, should I be apprehended:
Your duty in obeying my commands
Will in a better language speak your service,
Than your unnecessary and untimely care
Of my expence.

Lan. I'm gone, Sir. [Exit.]

Lis. In this thicket
I will expect you.—Here yet I have leisure
To call myself unto a strict account
For my pass'd life, how vainly spent! I would
I stood no further guilty! but I have
A heavier reckoning to make! This hand,
Of late as white as innocence, and unspotted,
Now wears a purple colour, died in gore;
My soul of the same tincture! Purblind passion,
With flatt'ring hopes, would keep me from despair,
Pleading I was provok'd to't; but my reason,
Breaking such thin and weak defences, tells me,
I've done a double murder; and for what?
Was it in service of the king? his edicts
Command the contrary: Or for my country?
Her genius, like a mourning mother, answers,
In Cloridon and Chrysanthes she hath lost
Two hopeful sons, that might have done their parts
To guard her from invasion. For what cause then?
To keep th' opinion of my valour upright
I th' popular breath; a sandy ground to build on!
Bought with the king's displeasure, as the breach
Of Heav'n's decrees, the loss of my true comforts,
In parents, kinsmen, friends; as the fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that sits
Like to a hill of lead here. In my exile,
(Never to be repeal'd, if I escape so)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter

Enter Lidian, like a hermit.

Divine Calista, from her sight and converse
For ever banish'd!

Lid. I should know this voice.

His naming too my sister, whom Lisander
Honour'd, but in a noble way, assures me
That it can be no other: I stand bound
To comfort any man I find distress'd;
But to aid him that sav'd my life, religion
And thankfulness, commands! and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my solitary walk.—Lisander!
Noble Lisander!

Lif. Whatsoe'er thou art,
That honourable attribute thou giv'st me,
I can pretend no right to. Come not near me;
I am infectious; the sanctity
Of thy profession (for thou appear'st
A rev'rend hermit) if thou fly not from me,
As from the plague or leprosy, can't keep thee
From being polluted.

Lid. With good counsel, Sir,
And holy prayers to boot, I may cure you,
Tho' both ways so infected. You look wildly,
(Peace to your conscience!) Sir, and stare upon me,
As if you never saw me: Hath my habit
Alter'd my face so much, that yet you know not
Your servant Lidian?

Lif. I am amaz'd!
So young, and so religious?

Lid. I purpose.
(Heav'n make me thankful for't) to leave the world:
I've made some trial of my strengths in this
My solitary life; and yet I find not
A faintness to go on.

Lif. Above belief!
Do you inhabit here?

Lid. Mine own free choice, Sir!

I live

I live here poorly, but contentedly,
 Because I find enough to feed my fortunes ;
 Indeed too much : These wild fields are my gardens,
 The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
 And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflic-
 tions ;

The hollow rocks their beds, which, tho' they're hard,
 (The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
 Yet they are quiet ; and the weary slumbers
 The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down, friend ;
 The birds my bell to call me to devotions ;
 My book the story of my wandring life,
 In which I find more hours due to repentance
 Than time hath told me yet.

Lif. Answer me truly.

Lid. I will do that without a conjuration.

Lif. I' th' depth of meditation, do you not
 Sometimes think of Olinda ?

Lid. I endeavour
 To raze her from my memory, as I wish
 You would do the whole sex ; for know, Lifander,
 The greatest curse brave man can labour under,
 Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.
 Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em :
 As you're a scholar, knowledge make your mistress,
 The hidden²⁸ beauties of the Heav'ns your study ;
 There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,
 And for your eye inimitable objects ;
 As you're a profess'd soldier, court your honour ;
 Tho' she be stern, she's honest, a brave mistress !
 The greater danger you oppose to win her,
 She shews the sweeter, and rewards the nobler ;
 Woman's best loves to hers mere shadows be,
 For after death she weds your memory.
 These are my contemplations.

Lif. Heav'nly ones ;
 And in a young man more remarkable.
 But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in
 This blessed track ? Here's in the heart no falshood.

²⁸ *The hidden beauties.*] *Hidden, i. e. unobserv'd before. Symphon.*

To a vow'd friend, no quarrels seconded
 With challenges, which, answer'd in defence
 Of the word *reputation*, murder follows.
 A man may here repent his sins, and tho'
 His hand like mine be stain'd in blood, it may be
 With penitence and true contrition wash'd off;
 You've prov'd it, Lidian?

Lid. And you'll find it true,
 If you persevere.

Lif. Here then ends my flight,
 And here the fury of the king shall find me.
 Prepar'd for Heav'n, if I am mark'd to die
 For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Friar, and Clarange in a friar's habit.

Friar. Keep yourself
 Conceal'd; I am instructed.

Clara. How the sight
 Of my dear friend confirms me!

Lif. What are these?

Lid. Two reverend friars; one I know.

Friar. To you
 This journey is devoted.

Lid. Welcome, father!

Friar. I know your resolution so well grounded,
 And your adieu unto the world so constant,
 That tho' I am the unwilling messenger
 Of a strange accident to try your temper,
 It cannot shake you. You had once a friend,
 A noble friend; Clarangè.

Lid. And have still,
 I hope, good father.

Friar. Your false hopes deceive you;
 He's dead.

Lif. Clarangè dead?

Friar. I buried him.
 Some said he died of melancholy, some of love,
 And of that fondness perish'd.

Lid. Oh, Clarange!

Clara. Hast thou so much brave nature, noble Lidian,

So tenderly to love thy rival's memory?

The bold Lifander weeps too.

Friar. I expected

That you would bear this better.

Lid. I'm a man, Sir,

And, my great loss weigh'd duly——

Friar. His last words were,

After confession, ' Live long, dear Lidian,

' Possess'd of all thy wishes !' And of me

He did desire, bathing my hand with tears,

That with my best care, I should seek and find you,

And from his dying mouth prevail so with you,

That you a while should leave your hermit's strictness,

And on his monument pay a tear or two,

To witness how you lov'd him.

Lid. Oh, my heart !

To witness how I lov'd him ? ' Would he had not

Led me unto his grave, but sacrific'd

His sorrows upon mine. He was my friend,

My noble friend; I will bewail his ashes.

His fortunes and poor mine were born together,

And I will weep 'em both : I will kneel by him,

And on his hallow'd earth do my last duties.

I'll gather all the pride of spring to deck him ;

Woodbines shall grow upon his honour'd grave,

And, as they prosper, clasp to shew our friendship,

And, when they wither, I'll die too.

Clara. Who would not

Desire to die, to be bewail'd thus nobly ?

Friar. There is a legacy he hath bequeath'd you ;

But of what value I must not discover,

Until those rites and pious ceremonies

Are duly tender'd.

Lid. I'm too full of sorrow

To be inquisitive.

Lis. To think of his,

I do forget mine own woes.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now

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Th' hast done thy business. Ha! who have we here?
 Lifander? Lidian? and two rev'rend friars?
 What a strange scene of sorrow is express'd
 In different postures, in their looks and station!
 A common painter eying these, to help
 His dull invention, might draw to the life
 The living sons of Priam, as they stood
 On the pale walls of Troy, when Hector fell
 Under Achilles' spear. I come too late;
 My horse, tho' good and strong, mov'd like a tortoise:
 Ill news had wings, and hath got here before me.
 All Pythagoreans? not a word²⁹?

Lid. Oh, Alcidon!

Deep rivers with soft murmurs glide along,
 The shallow roar. Clarangè!

Lif. Cloridon!

Chrysanthes! Spare my grief, and apprehend
 What I should speak.

Alc. Their fates I have long since
 For your sake mourn'd: Clarange's death (for so
 Your silence doth confirm) till now I heard not;
 Are these the bounds that are prescrib'd unto
 The swelling seas of sorrow?

Lif. The bounds, Alcidon³⁰?
 Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters,
 Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
 Paying at once their tribute to this ocean,
 Make it swell higher? I'm a murderer,

²⁹ *All Pythagoreans? not a word?*] Alluding to the five years' silence enjoined by Pythagoras to his disciples, before they were admitted to his conversation, or, as some say, even to the sight of him.

The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, on the entrance of Truewit to Morose: 'Fishes? Pythagoreans?' alluding to their muteness and taciturnity.

³⁰ ——— *The bounds, Alcidon?*

Can all the winds of mischief from all quarters, Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po, Paying at once their tribute to this ocean.] Mr. Seward wishes to read *floods for winds*; which Mr. Sympfon does not agree to, but puts the two last lines in a parenthesis. We think the passage requires no assistance, and that the simple sense is, 'neither winds nor waters can add to this sea of calamity.'

Banish'd, proscrib'd : Is there aught else that can
Be added to it ?

Lid. I have lost a friend,
Priz'd dearer than my being, and he dead,
My miseries³¹ at the height condemn the worst
Of Fortune's malice.

Alc. How our human weakness,
Grown desperate from small disasters, makes us
Imagine them a period to our sorrows,
When the first syllable of greater woes
Is not yet written !

Lid. How ?

Lis. Speak it at large :
Since grief must break my heart, I am ambitious
It should be exquisite.

Alc. It must be told ;
Yet, ere you hear it, with all care put on
The surest armour, anvil'd in the shop
Of passive Fortitude. The good Cleander,
Your friend, is murder'd.

Lis. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not do ; I live yet. Act not
The torturer's part ; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once dispatch me.

Alc. Your sword, died in his heart-blood, was found
near him ;

Your private conference at midnight urg'd
With fair Calista ; which by her, whose pure truth
Would never learn to tell a lie, being granted,
She by enrag'd Beronte is accus'd
Of murder and adultery, and you
(However I dare swear it false) concluded
Her principal agent.

Lid. Wave upon wave rolls o'er me !
My sister ! my dear sister !

Clara. Hold, great heart !

³¹ *My misery's at the height condemn, &c.]* So first folio. Second reads, *miseries.* Octavo 1750, ———— and he dead,

My misery at th' height, condemn the worst, &c.

Friar. Tear open his doublet.

Lis. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A cannon loaded, and some pitying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nail my breast
Unto his thundring mouth, that in the instant
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown so far
As not one joint of my dismember'd limbs
May ever be, by search of man, found out.
Cleander! Yet why name I him? However
His fall deserv'd an earthquake, if compar'd
With what true honour in Calista suffers,
Is of no moment. My good angel, keep me
From blasphemy, and strike me dumb, before,
I th' agony of my spirit, I do accuse
The pow'rs above, for their unjust permission
Of virtue, innocent virtue, to be branded
With the least vicious mark!

Clara. I never saw
A man so far transported.

Alc. Give it way;
'Tis now no time to stop it.

Enter Lancelot.

Lan. Sir, I've bought
Fresh horses; and, as you respect your life,
Speedily back 'em; the archers of the king's guard
Are every where in quest of you.

Lis. My life? [Strikes Lancelot.]
Perish all such with thee that wish it longer!
Let it but clear Calista's innocence,
And Nestor's age to mine was youth. I'll fly
To meet the rage of my incensed king,
And wish his favourite's ghost appear'd in flames,
To urge him to revenge. Let all the tortures
That tyranny e'er found out circle me,
Provided Justice set Calista free!

Alc. I'll follow him. [Exe. Lis. Alc. and Lan.]

Lid. I'm rooted here.

Friar. Remember

Your dear friend's last request, your sister's dangers,
With th' aids that you may lend her.

Lid. Pray you support me;
My legs deny their office.

Clara. I grow still
Further engag'd unto his matchless virtues;
And I am dead indeed, until I pay
The debt I owe him in a noble way. [Exeunt:

A C T V.

Enter Dorilaus and Servant.

Dor. THOU hast him safe?

Serv. As fast as locks can make him:
He must break thro' three doors, and cut the throats
Of ten tall fellows, if that he escape us.
Besides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath no such intention³², for his looks,
Are full of penitence.

Dor. Trust not a knave's looks;
They're like a whore's oaths. How does my poor
daughter
Brook her restraint?

Serv. With such a resolution
As well becomes your lordship's child. [Knock within:

Dor. Who's that?

Enter Lemure.

Serv. Monsieur Lemure.

Dor. This is a special favour,
And may stand an example in the court
For courtesy: It is the client's duty
To wait upon his patron; you prevent me;

³² No such invention.] Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in the pre-
sent alteration. *Symphon.*

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That am your humble suitor.

Lem. My near place
About the king, tho' it swell others, cannot
Make me forget your worth and age, which may
Challenge much more respect: And I am sorry
That my endeavours for you have not met with
The good success I wish'd; I mov'd the king
With my best advantage, both of time and place,
I' th' favour of your daughter.

Dor. How d' you find
His majesty affected?

Lem. Not to be
Sway'd from the rigour of the law; yet so far
The rarity o' th' cause hath won upon him,
That he resolves to have in his own person
The hearing of't; her trial will be noble,
And to my utmost strength, where I may serve her,
My aids shall not be wanting.

Dor. I'm your servant.

Lem. One word more: If you love Lisander's life,
Advise him, as he tenders it, to keep
Out of the way; if he be apprehended,
This city cannot ransom him. So, good morrow! [*Exit.*

Dor. All happiness attend you! Go thy ways;
Thou hast a clear and noble soul. For thy sake,
I'll hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter
The court is not the sphere where Virtue moves,
Humanity and Nobleness waiting on her.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Two gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their faces are so muffled) press to see you,
And will not be denied.

Dor. Whate'er they are,
I am too old to fear.

Serv. They need no usher;
They make their own way.

Enter Lisander and Alcidon.

Dor. Take you yours.—Lisander! [*Exit Servant.*

My

My joy to see you, and my sorrow for
 The danger you are in, contend for here,
 (Tho' different passions, nay, oppos'd in nature)
 I know not which to entertain.

Lis. Your hate
 Should win the victory from both: With justice
 You may look on me as a homicide,
 A man whose life is forfeited to th' law;
 But if, howe'er I stand accus'd, in thought
 I sinn'd against Cleander's life, or live
 Guilty of the dishonour of your daughter,
 May all the miseries that can fall on man
 Here, or hereafter, circle me!

Dor. To me
 This protestation's useles; I embrace you,
 As the preserver of my life, the man
 To whom my son owes his; with life, his honour:
 And howsoever your affection
 To my unhappy daughter, tho' it were
 (For I have sifted her) in a noble way,
 Hath printed some taint on her fame, and brought
 Her life in question; yet I would not purchase
 The wish'd recovery of her reputation,
 With strong assurance of her innocence
 Before the king her judge, with certain loss
 Of my Lisander, for whose life³³, if found,
 There's no redemption: My excess of love
 (Tho' to enjoy you one short day would lengthen
 My life a dozen years) boldly commands me,
 Upon my knees, which yet were never bent
 But to the king and Heaven, to entreat you
 To fly hence with all possible speed, and leave
 Calista to her fortune.

Lis. Oh, bless'd saints!
 Forfake her in affliction? Can you
 Be so unnatural to your own blood,

³³ For whole life, if found.] *Whose* is the right reading, the other
 a manifest error of the press. *Sympson.*

Both folios read *WHOSE!!!*

To one so well deserving, as to value
 My safety before hers? Shall innocence
 In her be branded, and my guilt escape
 Unpunish'd? Does she suffer so much for me,
 For me unworthy, and shall I decline
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
 The course of justice, to draw out a life?
 A life? I stile it false, a living death,
 Which, being uncompell'd laid down, will clear her,
 And write her name anew in the fair legend
 Of the best women. Seek not to dissuade me!
 I will not, like a careless poet, spoil
 The last act of my play, 'till now applauded,
 By giving the world just cause to say I fear'd
 Death, more than loss of honour.

Dor. But suppose
 Heav'n hath design'd some other saving means
 For her deliv'rance?

Lis. Other means? That is
 A mischief above all I have groan'd under:
 Shall any other pay my debt, while I
 Write myself bankrupt? or Calista owe
 The least beholdingness for that which she,
 On all the bonds of gratitude I've seal'd to,
 May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
 Avert it, mercy! I'll go to my grave
 Without the curses of my creditors;
 I'll vindicate her fair name, and so cancel
 My obligation to her: To the king,
 To whom I stand accountable for the loss
 Of two of his lov'd subjects' lives, I'll offer
 Mine own in satisfaction; to Heav'n
 I'll pay my true repentance; to the times
 Present, and future, I'll be register'd
 A memorable precedent to admonish
 Others, however valiant, not to trust
 To their abilities to dare and do;
 And much less for the airy words of honour,
 And false-stamp'd reputation, to shake off

The chains of their religion and allegiance,
 The principal means appointed to prefer
 Societies and kingdoms ³⁴. [Exit.]

Dor. Let's not leave him;
 His mind's much troubled.

Alc. Were your daughter free,
 (Since from her dangers his distraction rises)
 His cause is not so desperate for the slaughter
 Of Cloridon and Chrysanthes, but it may
 Find passage to the mercy of the king,
 The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd him
 To act that bloody scene.

Dor. Heav'n can send aids,
 When they are least expected. Let us walk;
 The hour of trial draws near.

Alc. May it end well! [Exeunt.]

Enter Olinda and Lidian.

Olin. That for my love you should turn hermit,
 Lidian,
 As much amazes me as your report
 Clarangè's dead.

Lid. He is so, and all comforts
 My youth can hope for, madam, with him buried;
 Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
 He did enjoin me at his death to shed
 Some tears of friendship on his monument;
 And those last rites perform'd, he did bequeath you,
 As the best legacy a friend could give,
 Or I indeed could wish, to my embraces.

Olin. 'Tis still more strange; is there no foul play in it?
 I must confess I am not sorry, Sir,
 For your fair fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
 The most untimely death of such a gentleman;

³⁴ ——— appointed to prefer

Societies, &c.] The Editors of 1750 think it probable we should read *preserve* instead of *prefer*. We do not conceive any variation necessary, *prefer* meaning PROMOTE the interest and welfare of societies and kingdoms.

He was my worthy servant.

Lid. And for this Acknowledgment, if I could prize you at A higher rate, I should; he was my friend, My dearest friend.

Olin. But how should I be assur'd, Sir, (For slow belief is the best friend of truth) Of this gentleman's death? If I should credit it, And afterward it fall out contrary, How am I sham'd! how is your virtue tainted!

Lid. There is a friar that came along with me, His business, to deliver you a letter From dead Clarangè: You shall hear his testimony. Father! my reverend father! Look upon him; Such holy men are authors of no fables.

Enter Clarange and Friar.

Olin. They should not be; their lives and their opinions, Like brightest purest flames, should still burn upwards. To me, Sir? [*Clarange delivers a letter.*]

Clara. If you are the fair Olinda.

Friar. I do not like these cross points.

Clara. Give me leave; I'm nearest to myself: What I have plotted Shall be pursu'd; you must not over-rule me.

Olin. D' you put the first hand to your own undoing? Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter!

' Lady, I'm come to claim your noble promise: [*Reads.*]

' If you be mistress of your word, you're mine;

' I'm last return'd. Your riddle is dissolv'd³⁵,

' And I attend your faith. Your humble servant, Clarange.'

Is this the friar that saw him dead?

Lid. 'Tis he;

Clarangè, on my life! I am defeated!

³⁵ Your RIDDLE is Dissolv'd.] This confirms, we apprehend, the conjecture offered in p. 394. But should not we read here,

————— your riddle is RESolv'd.

Such reverend habits juggle? my true sorrow
For a false friend, not worth a tear, derided?

Friar. You have abus'd my trust.

Olin. It is not well,
Nor like a gentleman.

Clara. All stratagems
In love, and that the sharpest war, are lawful.
By your example, I did change my habit,
Caught you in your own toil, and triumph in it;
And what by policy's got, I will maintain
With valour! No Lisander shall come in
Again to fetch you off.

Lid. His honour'd name,
Pronounc'd by such a treacherous tongue, is tainted.
Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what
Contempt I hear it! in a wilderness
I durst encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired hours, (not counterfeited
As thy religious shape was) I have learn'd,
When justice may determine, such a cause,
And of such weight, as this fair lady is,
Must not be put to Fortune. I appeal
Unto the king; and he whose wisdom knows
To do his subjects right in their estates,
As graciously with judgment will determine
In points of honour.

Olin. I'll steer the same course with you.

Clara. I'll stand the trial.

Friar. What have you done? or what
Intend you?

Clara. Ask not; I'll come off with honour. [*Exe.*

Enter Beronte, Clarinda, Malfort; a bar set forth, officers.

Ber. Be constant in your proofs: Should you shrink
back now,
Your life must answer it; nor am I safe,
My honour being engag'd to make that good
Which you affirm.

Clari. I'm confident, so dearly

I honour'd

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I honour'd my dead lord, that no respect,
 Or of my lady's bounties, (which were great ones,
 I must confess) nor of her former life,
 (For while that she was chaste, indeed I lov'd her)
 Shall hinder me from lending my assistance
 Unto your just revenge—mine own I mean.— [*Aside.*
 If Leon keep far off enough, all's secure :
 Lisander dares not come in ; modest blushes
 Parted with me long since, and impudence,
 Arm'd with my hate unto her innocence,
 Shall be the weapon I will fight with now.

Ber. The rack

Being presented to you, you'll roar out
 What you conceal yet.

Malf. Conceal? I know nothing
 But that I shall be hang'd, and that I look for :
 It is my destiny ; I ever had
 A hanging look ; and a wise woman told me,
 Tho' I had not the heart to do a deed
 Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
 I should take a turn with a wry mouth ; and now
 'Tis come about. I have penn'd mine own ballad
 Before my condemnation, in fear
 Some rhimer should prevent me.—Here's my lady :
 'Would I were in Heaven, or a thousand miles hence,
 That I might not blush to look on her !

Enter Dorilaus, Calista, and Olinda.

Dor. You

Behold this preparation, and the enemies
 Who are to fight against your life ; yet if
 You bring no witness here, that may convince you
 Of breach of faith to your lord's bed, and hold up
 Unspotted hands before the king, this trial
 You are to undergo will but refine,
 And not consume, your honour.

Cal. How confirm'd

I am here, whatsoever fate falls on me,
 You shall have ample testimony. 'Till the death

Of

Of my dear lord, (to whose sad memory
 I pay a mourning widow's tears) I liv'd
 Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,
 And courted with felicity³⁶; that drew on me,
 With other helps of nature, as of fortune,
 The envy, not the love, of most that knew me;
 This made me to presume too much, perhaps
 Too proud; but I am humbled: And if now
 I do make it apparent, I can bear
 Adversity with such a constant patience
 As will set off my innocence, I hope, Sir,
 In your declining age, when I should live
 A comfort to you, you shall have no cause,
 Howe'er I stand accus'd, to hold your honour
 Shipwreck'd in such a daughter.

Olin. Oh, best friend!

My honour's at the stake too; for——

Dor. Be silent:

The king!

Enter King, Lemure, and attendants.

Lem. Sir, if you please to look upon
 The prisoner, and the many services
 Her father hath done for you——

King. We must look on
 The cause, and not the persons. Yet beholding,
 With an impartial eye, th' excelling beauties
 Of this fair lady, (which we did believe
 Upon report, but till now never saw 'em)
 It moves a strange kind of compassion in me.
 Let us survey you nearer! She's a book
 To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,
 If such mishapen guests as Lust and Murder,

³⁶ Courted *with felicity*.] The whole sense of the passage calls manifestly for a change of,

Courted *with felicity*,

Into

Sported *with felicity*.

Symphon.

Courted with felicity is here used (rather licentious) for *courted by felicity*, gives very good sense, and calls for no change.

At

446 THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

At any price, should ever find a lodging
 In such a beauteous inn! Mistake us not;
 Tho' we admire the outward structure, if
 The rooms be foul within, expect no favour.
 I were no man, if I could look on beauty
 Distress'd, without some pity; but no king,
 If any superficial gloss of feature
 Could work me to decline the course of justice.
 But to the cause, Cleander's death! what proofs
 Can you produce against her?

Ber. Royal Sir,
 Touching that point, my brother's death, we build
 On suppositions——

King. Suppositions? how?
 Is such a lady, Sir, to be condemn'd
 On suppositions?

Ber. They're well-grounded, Sir;
 And if we make it evident she's guilty
 Of the first crime we charge her with, Adultery,
 That being the parent, it may find belief
 That murder was the issue.

King. We allow
 It may be so; but that it may be, must not
 Infer a necessary consequence
 To cast away a lady's life. What witnesses
 To make this good?

Ber. The principal, this woman,
 For many years her servant; she hath taken
 Her oath in court. Come forward!

King. By my crown,
 A lying face!

Clari. I swore, Sir, for the King;
 And if you are the party, as I do
 Believe you are, (for you have a good face,
 However mine appears) swearing for you, Sir,
 I ought to have my oath pass.

King. Impudent too?
 Well, what have you sworn?

Clari. That this lady was

A goodly

THE LOVERS' PROGRESS. 447

A goodly tempting lady, as she is :
 How thinks your majesty ? And I her servant,
 Her officer, as one would say, and trusted
 With her closest chamber-service ; that Lisander
 Was a fine-timber'd gentleman, and active ;
 That he could do fine gambols
 To make a lady merry ; that this pair,
 A very loving couple, mutually
 Affected one another : So much for them, Sir !
 That I, a simple waiting-woman, having taken
 My bodily oath, the first night of admittance
 Into her ladyship's service, on her slippers,
 (That was the book) to serve her will in all things,
 And to know no religion but her pleasure,
 ('Tis not yet out of fashion with some ladies)
 That I, as the premises shew, being commanded
 To do my function, in conveyance of
 Lisander to her chamber, (my lord absent,
 On a pretended sickness) did the feat,
 (It cannot be denied) and at dead midnight
 Left 'em together : What they did, some here
 Can easily imagine. I have said, Sir.

Dor. The devil's oratrix !

King. Then you confess
 You were her bawd ?

Clari. That's coarse ; her agent, Sir.

King. So, goody Agent ! And you think there is
 No punishment due for your agentship ?

Clari. Let her suffer first,
 Being my better, for adultery,
 And I'll endure the mulct impos'd on bawds,
 Call it by the worst name.

Cal. Live I to hear this ?

King. Take her aside. Your answer to this, lady.

Cal. Heav'n grant me patience ! To be thus con-
 fronted

(Oh, pardon, royal Sir, a woman's passion !)

By one (and this the worst of my misfortunes)

That was my slave, but never to such ends, Sir,

Would

Would give a statue motion into fury.
 Let my past life, my actions, nay intentions,
 Be by my grand accuser justly censur'd,
 (For her I scorn to answer) and if they
 Yield any probability of truth
 In that she urges, then I will confess
 A guilty cause. The peoples' voice, which is
 The voice of truth, my husband's tenderness
 In his affection to me, (that, no dotage,
 But a reward of humbleness) the friendship
 Echo'd thro' France between him and Lisander,
 All make against her. For him, in his absence,
 (Whatever imputation it draw on me)
 I must take leave to speak: 'Tis true, he lov'd me,
 But not in such a wanton way; his reason
 Master'd his passions: I grant I had
 At midnight conf'rence with him; but if he
 Ever receiv'd a further favour from me
 Than what a sister might give to a brother,
 May I sink quick! And thus much, (did he know
 The shame I suffer for him, with the loss
 Of his life for appearing) on my soul,
 He would maintain.

Enter Lisander and Alcidon.

Lis. And will, thou clear example
 Of womens' pureness!

King. Tho' we hold her such,
 Thou hast express'd thyself a desp'rate fool,
 To thrust thy head into the lion's jaws,
 The justice of thy king.

Lis. I came prepar'd for't,
 And offer up a guilty life to clear
 Her innocence: The oath she took, I swear to;
 And for Cleander's death, to purge myself
 From any colour malice can paint on me,
 Or that she had a hand in't, I can prove
 That fatal night when he in's own house fell,
 And many days before, I was distant from it

A long

A long day's journey.

Clari. I am caught.

[*Aside.*

Ber. If so,

How came your sword into this steward's hands?
Stand forth.

Malf. I have heard nothing that you spake:
I know I must die; and what kind of death
Pray you resolve me; I shall go away else
In a qualm; I'm very faint.

Enter Leon, Servants, and guard.

King. Carry him off;
His fear will kill him.

[*Malf. carried off.*

Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My daughter's reputation being wounded
I'th' general opinion, to have it
Cur'd by a public trial; I had else
Forborne your majesty's trouble. I'll bring forth
Cleander's murderer; in a wood I heard him,
As I rode sadly by, unto himself,
With some compunction, tho' this devil had none,
Lament what he had done, cursing her lust
That drew him to that bloody fact.

Leon. To lessen
The foulness of it, (for which I know justly
I am to suffer) and with my last breath
To free these innocents, I do confess all,
This wicked woman only guilty with me.

Clari. Is't come to this? Thou puling rogue! die
thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'll curse the laws
By which I suffer! All I grieve for is,
That I die unreveng'd.

Leon. But one word more, Sir,
And I have done: I was by accident where
Lisander met with Cloridon and Chrysanthes,
Was an ear-witness when he fought for peace,
Nay, begg'd it upon colder terms than can
Almost find credit, his past deeds consider'd;

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But they, deaf to his reasons, sev'rally
 Assaulted him ; but such was his good fortune,
 That both fell under it. Upon my death
 I take it uncompell'd, that they were guilty
 Of their own violent ends ; and he, against
 His will, the instrument.

Alc. This I will swear too ;
 For I was not far off.

Dor. They have alledg'd
 As much to wake your sleeping mercy, Sir,
 As all the advocates of France can plead
 In his defence.

King. The criminal judge shall sentence
 These to their merits. With mine own hand, lady,
 I take you from the bar, and do myself
 Pronounce you innocent.

[*Leon and Clarinda taken away guarded.*]

All. Long live the King !

King. And, to confirm you stand high in our favour,
 And as some recompence for what you have
 With too much rigour in your trial suffer'd,
 Ask what you please, becoming me to grant,
 And be possess'd of't.

Cal. Sir, I dare not doubt
 Your royal promise ; in a king it is
 A strong assurance ; that emboldens me
 Upon my humble knees to make my boon
 Lifander's pardon !

Dor. My good genius
 Did prompt her to it.

Lem. At your feet thus prostrate,
 I second her petition.

Alc. Never king
 Pour'd forth his mercy on a worthier subject.

Ber. To witness my repentance, for the wrong
 In my unjust suspicion I did both,
 I join in the same suit.

Lif. The life you give,
 Still ready to lay down for your service,

Shall

Shall be against your enemies employ'd,
Not hazarded in brawls.

All. Mercy, dread Sir!

King. So many pressing me, and with such reasons
Moving compassion, I hope it will not
Be censur'd levity in me, tho' I borrow
In this from justice, to relieve my mercy:
I grant his pardon at your intercession,
But still on this condition; you, Lisander,
In expiation of your guilt, shall build
A monument for my Cloridon and Cryfanthes;
And never henceforth draw a sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The Flower-de-Luce; and, after one year's sorrow
For your dear friend Cleander's wretched fate,
Marry Calista.

Enter Lidian.

Lis. On your sacred hand,
I vow to do it seriously.

Lid. Great Sir, stay!
Leave not your seat of justice, 'till you have
Giv'n sentence in a cause as much important
As this you have determin'd.

King. Lidian?

Enter Clarange and Friar.

Lid. He, Sir,
Your humblest subject. I accuse Clarange
Of falshood in true friendship at the height;
We both were suitors to this lady, both
Enjoin'd one penance——

Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unnecessary repetition,
Of what the court's familiar with already.

King. Clarangè?

Dor. With a shaven crown?

Olin. Most strange!

Clara. Look on thy rival—your late servant, madam,

452 THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

But now devoted to a better mistress,
 The Church, whose orders I have took upon me :
 I here deliver up my interest in her³⁷,
 And what was got with cunning (as you thought)
 I simply thus surrender. Heretofore,
 You did outstrip me in the race of friendship ;
 I am your equal now.

Dor. A suit soon ended !

Clara. And joining thus your hands, (I know both
 willing)

I may do in the church my friar's office
 In marrying you.

Lid. The victory is yours, Sir.

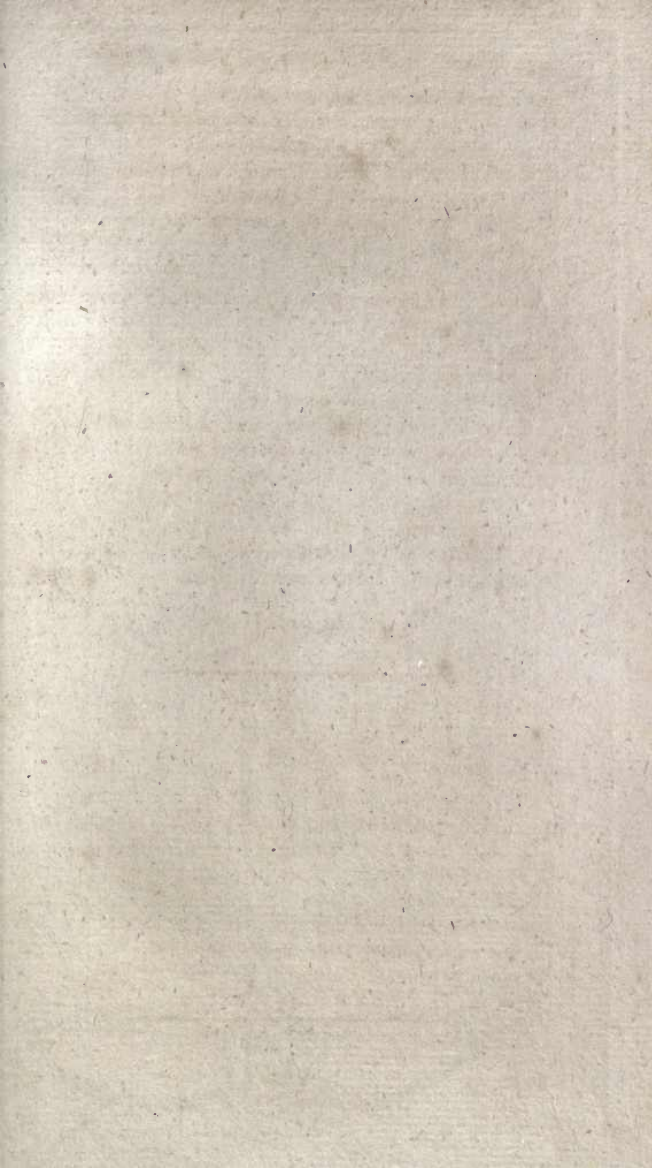
King. It is a glorious one, and well sets off
 Our scene of mercy. To the dead we tender
 Our sorrow ; to the living, ample wishes
 Of future happiness. 'Tis a King's duty
 To prove himself a father to his subjects ;
 And I shall hold it, if this well succeed,
 A meritorious and praise-worthy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

STILL doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether be
 Hath done Fletcher right in this history,
 The Poet sits within ; since he must know it,
 He, with respect, desires that you would shew it
 By some accustom'd sign ; if from our action,
 Or his endeavours, you meet satisfaction,
 With ours he hath his ends ; we hope the best,
 To make that certainty in you doth rest.

³⁷ *Interest to her.*] Former editions.



THE
PILGRIM



Let me hold thee;
And now come all the World, and all that hate me!

Act III.

H. A. Hooper delin.

C. Grignon sculpsit.



P I L G R I M.

A C O M E D Y.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher alone. In the year 1700, Sir John Vanbrugh altered it, at the desire of Mr. Dryden, for whose benefit it was then represented at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. Mr. Dryden added to it a Prologue, Epilogue, Dialogue, and Masque, which were the last productions of his muse. The Play, with Vanbrugh's alterations, hath been performed at Covent-Garden Theatre within a very few years past. It was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre also, while under Mr. Garrick's management. The Pilgrim was originally printed in the folio of 1647.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Governor of Segovia.

Verdugo, *a captain under him.*

Alphonso, *an old angry gentleman.*

Curio, }
Seberto, } *two gentlemen, friends to Alphonso.*

Pedro, *the Pilgrim, a noble gentleman, servant to Alinda.*

An Old Pilgrim.

Roderigo, *rival to Pedro, captain of the outlaws.*

Lopez, }
Jaques, } *two outlaws under Roderigo.*

A Gentleman of the country.

Master and Keepers of the mad folks.

A Scholar,

A Parson,

An Englishman,

Jenkin, a Welshman,

} *madmen.*

Courtiers, Porter, three Gentlemen, and four Peasants.

W O M E N.

Alinda, *daughter to Alphonso.*

Juletta, *Alinda's maid, a witty lass.*

Fool.

Ladies.

SCENE, SPAIN.

THE

PILGRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Curio. **S**IGNOR Alphonso, ye're too rugged to her,
Believe't, too full of harshness.

Alph. Yes, it seems so!

Seb. A father of so sweet a child, so happy,
(Fy, Sir!) so excellent in all endowments,
In blessedness of beauty, such a mirror.

Alph. She is a fool; away!

Seb. Can you be angry?
Can any wind blow rough, upon a blossom
So fair and tender? Can a father's nature,
A noble father's too——

Alph. All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her observe my humour;
With my eyes let her see; with my ears listen:
I am her father; I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her——

Curio. No doubt, you may compel her;
But what a mischievous unhappy fortune
May wait upon this will of yours! as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates and ruins——

Alph. Is't not a man I wish her to? a strong man?
What can she have? what would she have? a gentleman?
A young man? and an able man? a rich man?
A handsome man? a valiant man? d'you mark me?

None of your piec'd companions, your pin'd gallants,
That fly to fitters¹, with ev'ry flaw of weather ;
None of your impt bravadoes: What can she ask more?
Is't not a mettled man, fit for a woman?
A strong-chin'd man? I'll not be fool'd, nor flurtd!

Seb. I grant you, Roderigo is all these,
And a brave gentleman: Must it therefore follow
Upon necessity she must dote upon him?
Will you allow no liberty in chusing?

Curio. Alas! she's tender yet.

Alph. Enough, enough, enough, Sir ;
She's malleable, she'll endure the hammer :
And why not that strong workman that strikes deepest?
Let me know that: She's fifteen, with the vantage,
And if she be not ready now for manage——

Seb. You know he is a banish'd man, an outlaw,
And how he lives; his nature rough, and bloody
By customary rapines: Now, her sweet humour,
That is as easy as a calm, and peaceful ;
All her affections, like the dews on roses ;
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle ;
How would you have these meet?

Alph. A-bed, a-bed, Sir :
Let her be the fairest rose, and the sweetest,
Yet I know this fair rose must have her prickles.
I grant you, Roderigo is an outlaw ;
An easy composition calls him in again.
He is a valiant man, and he's a rich man,
And loves the fool ; a little rough by custom ;
She'll like him ten times better. She'll dote upon him,
(If e'er they come to grappling) run mad for him :
But there's another in the wind, some castrel,
That hovers over her, and dares her daily².
Some flickring slave!

Curio. I dare not think so poorly.

¹ *Fitters.*] See note 35 on the Custom of the Country.

² *And dares her daily.*] *i. e.* Makes her afraid.

Sympson.

This is a strange way of acquiring a preference.—A *castrel* is a mean kind of hawk, and *dare*, in terms of hawking, signifies to *allure*.

Alph. Something there is, and must be; but I shall
And hunt it narrowly.

Seb. I never saw her yet
Make offer at the least glance of affection,
But still so modest, wise——

Alph. They're wise to gull us.
There was a fellow, old Fernando's son,
(I must confess handsome, but my enemy,
And the whole family I hate) young Pedro;
That fellow I have seen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make such offers
As if she'd shoot her eyes like meteors at him:
But that cause stands remov'd.

Curio. You need not doubt him,
For long since (as 'twas thought, on a griev'd conscience)
He left his father, and his friends; more pity!
For truth reports he was a noble gentleman.

Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a beggar!
And there I'll leave him.

Seb. The more the court must answer.
But certainly I think, tho' she might favour him,
And love his goodness, (as he was an honest man)
She never with loose eyes stuck on his person.

Alph. She is so full of conscience too, and charity,
And outward holiness, she will undo me;
Relieves more beggars than an hospital;
And all poor rogues, that can but say their prayers,
And turn their pipes to lamentations,

Enter Alinda and Julietta.

She thinks she's bound to dance to.—Good-morrow
to you!

And that's as you deserve too! You know my mind,
And study to observe it; do it chearfully,
And readily, and home!

Alin. I shall obey you;
But, noble Sir——

Alph. Come, come, away with your flatteries,

And

And your fine phrases——

Curio. Pray you be gentle to her.

Alph. I know 'em, and know your feats! If you will find me

Noble and loving, seek me in your duty;

You know I'm too indulgent!

Seb. Alas, poor lady!

Alph. To your devotions! I take no good thing from you.

Come, gentlemen, leave pitying and moaning of her,
And praising of her virtues, and her whim-whams:
It makes her proud, and sturdy. [Exit.

Seb. Curio. Good hours wait on you! - [Exeunt.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen: I want such comforts.
I would thank you too, father, but your cruelty
Hath almost made me senseless of my duty;
Yet still I must know—'would I had known nothing!
What poor attend my charity to-day, wench?

Jul. Of all sorts, madam; your open-handed bounty
Makes 'em flock every hour: Some worth your pity,
But others that have made a trade of begging.

Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I must give it:
It takes away the holy use of charity
To examine wants.

Jul. I would you would be merry!
A chearful-giving hand, as I think, madam,
Requires a heart as chearful.

Alin. Alas, Juletta,
What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unless we fool our own afflictions,
And make them shew ridiculous?

Jul. Sure, madam,
You could not seem thus serious, if you were married,
Thus sad, and full of thoughts.

Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou think'st if there be a young handsome fellow,
As those are plentiful, our cares are quench'd then.

Jul. Madam, I think a lusty handsome fellow,
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,

Is ev'n as good a pill to purge this melancholy,
As ever Galen gave; I'm sure more natural,
And merrier for the heart, than wine and saffron:
Madam, a wanton youth is such a cataplasm——

Alin. Wh' has been thy tutor, wench?

Jul. Ev'n my own thoughts, lady;
For tho' I be barr'd the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark, madam;
'Faith, marry, and be merry.

Alin. Who will have me?

Who will be troubled with a tettiſh girl?
(It may be proud, and to that vice expenceful)
Who can assure himself I shall live honest?

Jul. Let ev'ry man take his fortune.

Alin. And, o' my conscience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole kingdom
Will not contain my stock.

Jul. The more the merrier:

'Tis brave to be a mother of new nations.

Alin. Why, I should bury a hundred husbands.

Jul. 'Tis no matter,

As long as you leave sufficient men to stock you.

Alin. Is this thy mirth? are these the joys of marriage?
Away, light-headed fool! are these contentments?
If I could find a man——

Jul. You may, a thousand.

Alin. Mere men I know I may: And there a woman
Has liberty (at least she'll venture for it)
To be a monster, and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whose example,
As from a compass, we may steer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age, and safe arrive at
A memory that shall become our ashes,
Such things are few, and far to seek; to find one
That can but rightly manage the wild beast Woman,
And sweetly govern her³—But no more of this, wench;

³ *And sweetly govern with her.*] We have, contrary to the authority of all the copies, omitted the word *with*, as materially injuring the sense of this passage.

'Tis not for thy discourse: Let's in, and see
 What poor afflicted wait our charity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter a Porter, four Beggars, Pedro, and Old Pilgrim.

Por. Stand off, and keep your ranks! Twenty foot
 further;

There louse yourselves with reason and discretion.
 The sun shines warm; the further still the better:
 Your beasts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.

1 Beg. Heav'n bless our mistress!

Por. Does the crack go that way?

'Twill be o' th' other side anon.

2 Beg. Pray you, friend——

Por. Your friend? and why your friend? Why,
 goodman Turncoat,

What dost thou see within me, or without me,
 Or what itch dost thou know upon me, tell me,
 That I should be thy friend? What do I look like?
 Any of thy acquaintance hung in gibbets?
 Hast thou any friends, kindred, or alliance,
 Or any higher ambition than an alms-basket?

2 Beg. I would be your worship's friend.

Por. So you shall, firrah,

When I quarter the same louse with you.

3 Beg. 'Tis twelve o'clock.

Por. 'Tis ever so with thee, when th' hast done
 scratching,

For that provokes thy stomach to ring noon.
 Oh, the infinite seas of porridge thou hast swallow'd!
 And yet thou look'st as if they had been but clifters:
 Thou feedst abundance, thou hadst need of sustenance.
 Alms do you call it to relieve these rascals?
 Nothing but a gen'ral rot of sheep can satisfy 'em!

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how she would undo me?
 What

What marts of rogues and beggars!

Seb. It is charity:

Methinks you are bound to love her for—

Alph. Yes, I warrant you!

If men could fail to Heav'n in porridge-pots,
With masts of beef and mutton, what a voyage should
I make!

What are all these?

1 *Beg.* Poor people, an't like your worship!

2 *Beg.* Wretched poor people!

3 *Beg.* Very hungry people!

Alph. And very lousy.

4 *Beg.* Yes, forsooth, so, so.

Por. I'll undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy grafier.

Alph. What are you?

Old Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your
charity,

Yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.

Curio. Use them with favour, Sir; their shows are
reverend.

It seems ye're holy pilgrims?

Old Pil. You guess right, Sir;

And bound far off, to offer our devotions.

Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no relics
here,

Nor holy shrines.

Old Pil. The holiest we e'er heard of;

You keep a living monument of goodness,

A daughter of that pious excellence,

The very shrines of saints sink³ at her virtues,

And sweat⁴ they cannot hold pace with her pieties.

We come to see this lady; not with prophane eyes,

Nor wanton bloods, to dote upon her beauties,

But, thro' our tedious ways, to beg her blessings.

³ *Shrines of saints sink at*—] The Poet probably designed to
say *shrink*. *Sympson.*

⁴ *And swear they cannot, &c.*] *Sweat* is undoubtedly the true
word, being the proper metaphor to *shrines*. *Seward.*

Alph.

Alph. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one;
And this cries money for reward; good store too:
These commendations beg not with bag, and bottle.
Well, well, the fainting of this woman, gentlemen,
I know what it must come to; these women-faints
Are plaguy heavy faints, they out-weigh a he-faint.
Three thousand thick; I know, I feel.

Seb. You're more afraid than hurt, Sir.

Alph. Have you your commendations ready too?
He bows, and nods.

Curio. A handsome well-built person.

Alph. What country-crauer are you?—Nothing but
motion?

A puppet-pilgrim?

Old Pil. He's a stranger, Sir;
This four days I have travell'd in his company,
But little of his business, or his language,
As yet I've understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome;
Only the fun has been too saucy with him.

Alph. Would you have money, Sir, or meat? what
kind of blessing

Does your devotion look for?—Still more ducking!
Be there any faints that understand by signs only?
More motion yet?—This is the prettiest Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims! I'll be for you, Sir:
Do you discourse with signs? You're heartily welcome,
A poor *viaticum*!—Very good gold, Sir;
But holy men affect a better treasure:
I kept it for your goodness; but, nevertheless,
Since it can prove but burdensome to your holiness,
And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'll put this up again.

Curio. You're too unreverent;
You talk too broad⁶.

Alph. Must I give way, and wealth too,

⁶ *Alph.* *Ye talk too broad.*] These words are, we think, the conclusion of Curio's speech, and that Alphonso's begins with, *Must I give way, &c.*

To every toy, that carries a grave seeming?
Must my good angels wait on him?—If the proud
Would yield but to my will, and know her duty,
I know what I would suffer.

Seb. Good Sir, be patient!
The wrongs you do these men may light 'on you,
Too heavy too; and then you'll wish you'd said less:
A comely and sweet usage becomes strangers.

Alph. We shall have half the kingdom strangers
shortly,
An this fond prodigality be suffer'd;
But I must be an ass! See 'em reliev'd, sirrah.
If I were young again, I would sooner get bear-whelps,
And safer too, than any of these she-saints!
But I will break her.

Curio. Such a face, for certain!

Seb. Methinks I've seen it too; but we are cozen'd.
But fair befall thee, Pilgrim! thou look'st lovely. [*Exit.*]

Por. Will ye troop up, ye porridge regiment?
Captain Poor's-quarter, will ye move?

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Alin. You dull knave,
Are not these wretches served yet?

Beggars. 'Bless my mistress!

Alin. Do you make sport, Sir, with their miseries?
You drowsy rogue!

Por. They are too high fed, madam;
Their stomachs are asleep yet.

Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll serve you out next; e'en out o' doors, sirrah!
And serve 'em quickly too.

Beggars. Heav'n bless the lady!

Alin. Bless the good end I mean it for.

⁷ *Hilding.*] *i. e.* A pitiful, mean woman. The word is used in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*:

'Out on her, *bilding!*'
(speaking of Juliet) says Capulet.

Jul. I would I knew it!
If it be for any man's sake, I'll cry 'amen' too.
Well, madam, you've e'en as pretty a port of pen-
sioners⁸—

Alin. Vain-glory would seek more, and handsomer;
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is. [*Exe. Beggars.*]
What men are these?

Jul. It seems, they're holy Pilgrims.
That handsome youth should suffer such a penance!
'Would I were e'en the saint they make their vows to!
How easily I would grant!

Old Pil. Heav'ns grace in-wheel you,
And all good thoughts and prayers dwell about you!
Abundance be your friend! and holy Charity
Be ever at your hand, to crown you glorious!

Alin. I thank you, Sir. Peace guide your travels too,
And what you wish for most, end all your troubles!
Remember me by this; and in your prayers,
When your strong heart melts, mediate my poor for-
tunes.

Old Pil. All my devotions wait upon your service!

Alin. Are you of this country, Sir?

Old Pil. Yes, worthiest lady,
But far off bred; my fortunes further from me.

Alin. Gentle?, I dare believe?

Old Pil. I have liv'd freer.

Alin. I'm no inquisitor; that were too curious.
Whatever vow or penance pulls you on, Sir,
Conscience, or love, or stubborn disobedience,
The saint you kneel to, hear, and ease your travels!

Old Pil. Yours ne'er begin! and thus I seal my
prayers. [*Exit.*]

⁸ Port of pensioners.] The sense of the place is plain, tho' the man-
ner of expression is difficult. In cases of criticism, of such a nature
as this before us, we may oftener say with certainty, *this* or *that* is
wrong, than what we would substitute in its room is right. So
here, though I think I may justly condemn *port*, yet whether *fort*, or
cobort, or neither, is the true lection, must be left to the judgment
of the candid and ingenious reader.

⁹ Gentle.] i. e. (According to the old acceptance) a gentleman.

Alin. How constantly this man looks! how he sighs!
Some great affliction hatches his devotions.
Right holy Sir—How young, and sweet he suffers!

Jul. 'Would I might suffer with him!

Alin. He turns from us.

Alas, he weeps too! Something presses him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted;
You come for that, and take it. If't be want, Sir,
To me you appear so worthy of relieving,
I am your steward: Speak, and take. He's dumb still!
Now, as I have a faith, this man so stirs me,
His modesty makes me afraid I have trespass'd.

Jul. 'Would he would stir me too! I like his shape well.

Alin. May-be he'd speak alone: Go off, Juletta.
(Afflicted hearts fear their own motions)

Be not far off.

Jul. 'Would I were nearer to him!

A young smug handsome holiness has no fellow. [*Exit.*]

Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your penance
sharp?

Or are the vows you've made too mighty for you?
Does not the world allure you to look back,
And sorrow for the sweet time you have lost?
You're young, and fair: Be not deluded, Sir;
A manly made-up heart contemns these shadows,
And yours appears no less: Grievs for your fears,
For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and rudely,
For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,
Become tears well¹⁰; (I dare not task your goodness)
And then a sorrow shews in his true glory,

¹⁰ ——— Grievs for your fears,

For hours ill-spent, for wrongs done rash and rudely,

For foul contempts, for faiths ill violated,

Become tears well; ———] *Fears* in the last line is undoubtedly

corrupt, and *tears* evidently the true word. But *fears* also in the first line looks very suspiciously: *Sins* is the properest word; and I have often found the late editions make as great changes in words as from *sins* to *fears*, and the first editor or transcriber might do the same: But as there is a word often used by our Author, which changing only an *r* to a *t*, gives propriety to the text, that seems most probable: I conjecture therefore,

When the whole heart is excellently sorry,
I pray you be comforted.

Pedro. I am, dear lady;
And such a comfort you have cast upon me,
That, tho' I struggle with mine own calamities,
Too mighty and too many for my manage;
And tho', like angry waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who should first devour me,
Yet I would stem their danger".

Alin. He speaks nobly!
What do you want?

Pedro. All that can make me happy;

————— *Griefs for your FEATS,*
i. e. *actions*, as in the 'Two Noble Kinfmen,

————— *give me words,*

Such as you've shew'd me feat.

Seward.

Mr. Seward's conjecture, however ingenious, I cannot entirely agree to; the reasons are not many, nor difficult to be conceiv'd.

My good friend by reading *feats*, was not aware of making the Poet guilty of tautology, seeing *wrongs done rash and rudely*, mu't be some of these very *feats* he is here contending for. Besides this, by admitting *feats* into the text we shall still be at a loss for something easy and natural to precede and introduce *hours*, to which the participle *spent* may be common, and with which both the substantives may agree: The correction I would offer has both these last mention'd qualities, and 'tis this,

————— *Grief for your years,*

For hours ill-spent, &c.

i. e. The grieving for the ill-spending, not only of the larger but lesser portions of your life past, becomes, &c. *Sympson.*

The last *fears* is very properly changed to *tears*; but *Griefs for your FEARS* is, we think, right; and 'Griefs for your *fears* become 'tears well,' signifies, that 'sorrow for fearing that he could not endure the severity of the penance he had imposed on himself was (among his other failings) a proper cause for *tears*.'

"Yet I would stem their danger.] Though *danger* is sense here, especially if we read *the danger*, yet *anger* carries on the metaphor so much more poetically, that I have little doubt of its being the true word; and what almost makes it certain is, that the old edition has put the *d* quite distant from the rest of the word *d anger*; the setter of the press, taking it first for *danger*, begun with a *d*, then seeing his mistake, put *anger* by itself, but forgot to take away the *d*.

Seward.

This is doubtful; and yet the expression of *ANGRY waves* seems to countenance the conjecture.

I want

I want myself!

Alin. Yourself? Who robb'd you, Pilgrim?—
Why does he look so constantly upon me?
'I want myself.'—Indeed, you holy wanderers
Are said to seek much; but to seek yourselves—

Pedro. 'I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow;
Have lost myself, and now am not so noble.

Alin. 'I seek myself?' Something I yet remember
That bears that motto. 'Tis not he; he's younger,
And far more tender.—For that self-sake, Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this! [*Offers him money.*

Pedro. Your hand I dare take;
(That be far from me, lady!) thus I kiss it,
And thus I bless it too. Be constant, fair, still;
Be good, and live to be a great example! [*Exit.*

Alin. One word more, Pilgrim!—H' has amaz'd me
strangely!

'Be constant, fair, still?' 'Tis the posy here;
And here without, 'Be good.' He wept to see me,
Juletta!

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this key, and fetch me
The marygold-jewel that lies in my little cabinet:
I think 'tis that. What eyes had I, to miss him!
[*Exit Juletta.*

Oh me, what thoughts! He had no beard then, and,
As I remember well, he was more ruddy.
If this be he, he has a manly face yet,
A goodly shape.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Here, madam.

Alin. Let me see it!
'Tis so; too true! It must be he, or nothing:
He spake the words just as they stand engrav'd here;
'I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow.'
Alas, poor man! Didst thou not meet him, Juletta?
The Pilgrim, wench?

Jul. He went by long ago, madam.

Alin. I forgot to give him something.

Jul. 'Twas ill done, lady ;
For, o' my troth, he is the handsom'st man
I saw this many a day : 'Would he'd all my wealth,
And me too boot ! What ails she, to grow sullen ?

Alin. Come, I forgot ; but I will recompense it.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto, Julietta, Porter, and Servants.

Alph. **C**AN she slip thro' a cat-hole ? tell me that !
Resolve me, can she fly i' th' air ? is she
A thing invisible ? Gone, and none know it ?

Seb. You amaze your servants.

Alph. Some pelting rogue has watch'd her hour of
itching,
And claw'd her, claw'd her ; do you mark me ? claw'd
her !

Some that I foster up.

Curio. They are all here, Sir.

Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they're arrant
rascals ;

And, by this hand, I'll hang 'em all !

Seb. Deal calmly :

You will not give 'em time to answer you.

Alph. I'll choke 'em, famish 'em ! What say you,
wagtail ?

You knew her mind, you were of council with her ;
Tell me, and tell me true.

Curio. Ask with discretion.

Alph. Discretion ? hang discretion ! hang ye all !

Let me know where she is.

Jul. Would you know o' me, Sir ?

Alph.

Alph. O' thee, Sir! ay, o' thee, Sir! What art thou, Sir?

Jul. Her woman, Sir, an't like your worship, Sir.

Alph. Her bawd, her fiddle-stick,
Her lady-fairy, to oil the doors o' nights,
That they may open with discretion,
Her gin, her nut-crack!

Jul. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Alph. Thou liest! 'tis damnable ill, 'tis most abominable!

Will you confess, thing?

Jul. Say I were guilty, Sir,
I would be hang'd before I would confess:
Is this a world to confess in?

Curio. Deal directly.

Jul. Yes, if my matter lie direct before me;
But when I'm forc'd and ferreted——

Alph. Tell me the truth,
And, as I live, I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Jul. An you would give me ten, I would not tell you;
Truths bears a greater price than you're aware of.

Seb. Deal modestly.

Jul. I do not pluck my cloaths up.

Alph. What say you, firrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?

Por. I saw her last night, an't shall like your worship,
When I serv'd in her livery.

Alph. What's that, firrah?

Por. Her chamber-pot, an't please you.

Seb. A new livery.

Alph. Where lay she? who lay with her?

Por. In truth, not I, Sir:

I lay with my fellow Frederick, in the flea-chamber;
An't like your worship, we are almost worried.

Jul. I left her by herself, in her own closet,
And there I thought sh' had slept.

Alph. Why lay you from her?

Jul. It was her will I should; she is my mistress,
And my part is obedience.

Alph. Were all the doors lock'd?

Por. All mine.

Serv. And mine: She could not get out those ways
Unless she leap'd the walls; and those are higher
Than any woman's courage dare aspire at.

Alph. Come, you must know!

Curio. Conceal it not, but deal plain.

Jul. If I did know, and her trust lay upon me,
Not all your angers, nor your flatteries,
Should make me speak; but having no more interest
Than I may well deliver to the air,
I'll tell you what I know, and tell it liberally:
I think she's gone, because we cannot find her;
I think she's weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gone; may-be, she is in love;
May-be, in love where you shew no great liking,
And therefore gone; may-be, some point of conscience,
Or vow'd devotion——

Alph. These are nothing, minion!

You that can aim at these, must know the truth too.

Jul. Any more truth than this, if I know, hang me,
Or where to search for't! If I make a lie
To gain your love, and envy my best mistress¹²,
Pin me against a wall, with my heels upwards.

Alph. Out of my doors!

Jul. That's all my poor petition;
For if your house were gold, and she not in it,
Sir, I should count it but a cage to whistle in.

Alph. Whore! If she be above ground, I will have
her.

Jul. I'd live in a coal-pit, then, were I your daughter.

Seb. Certain she does not know, Sir.

Alph. Hang her, hang her,

¹² *To gain your love, and envy my best mistress.*] Mr. Seward, thinking *envy* corrupt, would substitute *injure*; and Mr. Symphon would read, *and my best mistress' envy*, which transposition, he says, 'will make the sense very clear.' We do not think so, and believe the old reading genuine, but that the verb *envy* admitted a different construction formerly to what it bears at present: It seems here to signify, to *blame* or *accuse*.

She knows too much! Search all the house, all corners,
And where 'tis possible she may go out! [*Exeunt Serv.*
If I do find your tricks——

Jul. Reward me for 'em.

Or, if I had such tricks you could discover,
So weak, and slightly woven, you might look thro',
All the young girls should hoot me out o' th' parish.
You are my master, but you own an anger
Becomes a school-boy, that hath lost his apples!
Will you force things into our knowledges?

Alph. Come hither, Juletta; thou didst love me.

Jul. And do still;

You are my lady's father, and I reverence you.

Alph. Thou wouldst have pleas'd my humour.

Jul. Any good way,

That carried not suspicion in't, or flattery,
Or fail of trust.

Alph. Come, come, thou wouldst have——

Jul. Stay, Sir!

Alph. And thou hast felt my bounty for't, and
shalt do.

Dost thou want cloaths, or money?

Jul. Both.

Alph. Shalt have both.

Jul. But not this way; I had rather be an Adamite,

And bring fig-leaves into fashion again.

If you were young, Sir,

Handsome, and fitted to a woman's appetite,

And I a giddy-headed girl, that car'd for nothing,

Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,

And think to grope out matters of some moment,

Which now you will put too short for:

For what you have seen hitherto,

And known by me, has been but honest service,

Which I dare pin i'th' market-place to answer;

And let the world, the flesh and devil examine it,

And come you in too, I dare stand your strictest.

And so, much good may do you with your dreams

Of courtesy!

Alph. This is most monstrous!

Enter Porter and Servants.

Seb. Sure she does not know, Sir;
She durst not be so confident, and guilty.

Alph. How now? what news? what hopes and steps
discover'd¹³?

Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th' matter.
Do you stand staring still?

1 Serv. We are no gods, Sir,
To say she's here, or there, and what she's doing;
But we have search'd.

Por. I'm sure she's not i'th' cellar;
For, look you, Sir, if she had been i'th' cellar—

Alph. I'm sure thou hast been there.

Por. As I carried the matter,
For I search'd every piece of wine; yes, sure, Sir,
And every little tierce that could but testify;
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

Alph. Away with him!
Fling him i'th' hay-mow, let him lie a-mellowing;
He stinks of muskadel like an English Christmas.
Are these your cares? your services?

2 Serv. Pray you hear, Sir;
We've found where she went out; her very footing.

Alph. Where? where? go on.

Curio. Observe then with more staidness.

2 Serv. Searching the garden, at the little postern
That opens to the park, we first discover'd it.

Alph. A little foot?

1 Serv. It must be hers, or none, Sir.

Alph. How far beyond that?

2 Serv. To the park it leads us;
But there the ground being hard, we could not mark it.

Alph. She always kept that key; I was a coxcomb,
A fool, an afs, to give a girl that liberty!

¹³ *What hopes and steps discover'd?*] Symphon supposes the Author wrote,

What hops and steps.

Saddle my horses, rogues! ye drunken varlets,
Your precious diligence lies in pint-pots,
Your brains in butts! My horses, ye pin-buttocks!
You'll bear me company?

Seb. We dare not leave you,
Unless we found a quieter soul within you.

Curio. If we may do the lady any service,
Sweet, gentle soul!—

Alph. I say again, my horses!—
Are you so hot? have you your private pilgrimages?
Must you be Jumping-Joan? I'll wander with you,
I'll jump you, and I'll joggle you!—My horses!
And keep me this young lirry-poop within doors.
I will discover, dame——

Jul. 'Tis fit you should, Sir,
If you knew what.—Well, love, if thou be'ft with her,
Or what power else that arms her resolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this madman;
Direct her to her wishes, dwell about her,
That no dishonourable end o'er-take her,
Danger, or want; and let me try my fortune!

Alph. You know the place we meet in?

Seb. We shall hit it.

Alph. And, as you're honest gentlemen, endeavour—

Curio. We'll search the best we can; if she light in
our hands——

Alph. Tie her to th' horse-tail!

Seb. We know how to use her;
But not your way, for all your state.

Alph. Make haste there!—

And get you in, and look to th' house. If you stir
out, damsel,

Or set o' foot any new motion this way,
When I come home, (which shall be suddenly)
You know my mind—if you do play the rascal—
I have my eyes and ears in sundry places;
If you do prance——

Jul. I shall do that that's fit, Sir—
And fit to cross your fooleries; I'll fail else.

And

And so I'll to my chamber. *[Exit.]*

Alph. To your prayers,
And leave your stubborn tricks!—She is not far yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing suddenly——

Curio. Keep her from thy hands, I beseech! *[Aside.]*

Alph. Our horses!—

Come, cheerfully. I'll teach her to run gadding! *[Exe.]*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo and four Outlaws.

1 Outl. Captain, you are not merry.

Rod. We get nothing,
We have no sport; whoring and drinking spoils us,
We keep no guards.

2 Outl. There come no passengers,
Merchants, nor gentlemen, nor whosoever,
But we have tribute.

Rod. And whilst we spend that idly,
We let those pass that carry the best purchase,
I'll have all search'd and brought in: Rogues and
beggars

Have got the trick now to become bank-masters.
I'll have none 'scape; only my friends, and neighbours,
That may deliver to the king my innocence,
Those I would have regarded; (it is policy)
But otherwise, nor gravities, nor shadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have purses,
For they shall pay.

3 Outl. You speak now like a captain;
And if we spare, slay us, and coin our cassocks!
Will you look blithe?

Rod. You hear no preparation
The king intends against us yet?

4 Outl. Not a word, Sir:
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more moment;
Humblings of higher nature vex his brains, Sir.
Do not we see his garrisons?

Rod.

Rod. Who are out now?

4 Outl. Good fellows, Sir, that, if there be any purchase stirring, Will strike it dead; Jaques and Lopez, lads That know their quarters, as they know their knapsacks, And will not off.

Rod. Where is the boy you brought me?
A pretty lad, and of a quick capacity,
And bred up neatly.

1 Outl. He's within at meat, Sir¹⁴;
The knave is hungry; yet he seasons all
He eats or drinks with many tears and sighings.
The saddest appetite I ever look'd on!

Rod. The boy is young; 'tis fear, and want of company
He knows and loves; use him not rough, nor harshly,
He will be quickly bold. I'll entertain him:
I want a pretty boy to wait upon me,
And, when I'm sad or sleepy, to prate to me.
Besides, there's something in his face I like well;
And still the more I look, more like. Let him want
nothing,
And use him gently, all.

2 Outl. Here's a small box, Sir,
We took about him, which he griev'd to part with;
May-be, some wealth.

Rod. Alas, some little money
The poor knave carried to defray his lodgings:
I'll give it him again, and add unto it.
'Twere sin to open such a petty purchase.

Enter Lopez and Jaques, with Pedro.

How now? who's this? what have you brought me,
soldiers?

¹⁴ *He's within at meat, Sir, &c.]* This line and the twelve following (ending *use him gently, all*) are in the folios made one speech, and given to the *First Outlaw*. The octavo 1711 gives *Roderigo* the latter part of it (beginning, *I'll entertain him*); as do the Editors of 1750, who, however, think that *Roderigo* should speak all but the first four lines, as printed in our text, which we have no doubt is the true reading.

THE PILGRIM.

Lopez. We know not well what; a strange staving fellow¹⁵;

Sullen enough, I am sure.

Rod. Where took ye him?

Jaq. Upon the skirt o'th' wood, viewing, and gaping, And some time standing still, as if h'had meant To view the best access to our quarters.

Money he has enough; and, when we threaten'd him, He smil'd and yielded, but not one word utter'd.

Lopez. His habit says he's holy; if his heart Keep that proportion too, 'tis best you free him. We'll keep his wallet here; I'm sure 'tis heavy.

Rod. Pilgrim! come hither, Sir! Are you a Pilgrim? A piece of pretty holiness! D' you shrink, Sir? A smug young faint! What country were you born in? You have a Spanish face. In a dumb province? And had your mother too this excellent virtue? Notongue, d' you say? sure she was a matchless woman! What a fine family is this man sprung from! Certain, he was begotten in a calm, When all was hush; the midwife was dumb midnight. Are you seal'd up? or do you scorn to answer? You're in my hands, and I have med'cines for you Can make you speak. Pull off his bonnet, soldiers! You have a speaking face.

Lopez. I'm sure a handsome: This Pilgrim cannot want she-faints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer; ha!

Pedro. Come, do your worst! I'm ready.

Rod. Is your tongue found? Go off, and let me talk with him;

And keep your watches round.

¹⁵ A strange staving fellow.] Mr. Seward agrees with me in explaining *staving*, i. e. Having a Pilgrim's staff in his hands, as in adding farther, that if the reader is still dissatisfied with the place, he may suppose the Poet to have wrote,

— a strange staring fellow.

And there may be some reason for it from Jaques's speech a little lower, where, speaking of this new captive, he says, they took him,

Upon the skirt o'th' wood, viewing, and gaping, &c.

Sympson.

All.

All. We're ready, captain. [*Exeunt Outlaws.*]

Rod. So; now what are you?

Pedro. Am I?

My habit shews me what I am.

Rod. Thy heart,

A desp'rate fool¹⁶, and so thy fate shall tell thee.

What devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.

Pedro. I know thou dost; and since it is my fortune
To light into thy fingers, I must think too

The most malicious of all devils brought me:

Yet some men say, thou'rt noble.

Rod. Not to thee;

That were a benefit to mock the giver.

Thy father hates my friends and family,

And thou hast been the heir of all his malice:

Can two such storms meet then, and part with kissing?

Pedro. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And so I'll use it.

Pedro. I cannot hinder you; less can I beg
Submissive at his knees that knows not honour;

That bears the stamp of man, and not his nature.

You may do what you please.

Rod. I will do all.

Pedro. And when you've done all, which is my poor
ruin,

(For further your base malice cannot venture)

Dishonour's self will cry you out a coward.

Hadst thou been brave, and noble, and an enemy,

Thou wouldst have sought me whilst I carried arms,

Whilst my good sword was my profession,

And then have cried out, 'Pedro, I defy thee!'

¹⁶ Thy heart

A desperate fool.] This passage surely ought to run so,

Thou art

A desp'rate fool, &c.

In this Mr. Seward likewise concurr'd.

Symphon.

I can by no means think so; the old text is not only sense, but
spirited; while the variation is insipid. 'My habit, says Pedro,

'*SHOWS I AM a Pilgrim.*' 'Thy heart (i. e. thy temerity), replies

'*Roderigo, SHOWS THOU ART a desperate fool, and so thy fate, &c.*'

J. N.

Then

Then stuck Alphonso's quarrel on the point,
 The mercenary anger thou serv'ft under
 To get his daughter; then thou shouldst have brav'd me,
 And, arm'd with all thy family's hate, upon me
 Done something, worthy feat¹⁷: Now, poor and basely
 Thou set'st toils to betray me; and, like the peasant
 That dare not meet the lion in the face,
 Dig'ft crafty pit-falls! thou sham'st the Spanish honour;
 Th' hast neither point of man, nor conscience in thee.

Rod. Sir, Sir, you're brave! you plead now in a
 sanctuary,
 You think your Pilgrim's bulwark can defend you:
 You will not find it so.

Pedro. I look not for't:
 The more unhallow'd soul hast thou to offer it!

Rod. When you were bravest, Sir, and your sword
 sharpest,
 I durst affront you; when the court-sun gilded you,
 And every cry was the young hopeful Pedro,
 Fernando's sprightly son! then durst I meet you,
 When you were master of this fame and fashion,
 And all your glories in the full meridian,
 The king's proof-favour buckled on your body:
 Had we then come to competition,
 Which I have often fought——

Pedro. And I desir'd too.

Rod. You should have seen this sword, (how'er you
 slight it)
 And felt it too, sharper than sorrow felt it,
 In execution quicker than thy scorns;
 Thou shouldst have seen all this, and shrunk to see it!
 Then, like a gentleman I would have us'd thee,
 And giv'n thee the fair fortune of thy being;
 Then with a soldier's arm I had honour'd thee:

¹⁷ *Done something worthy feat.*] A comma or two here will put all to right, thus,

Done something, worthy feat.

But Mr. Seward thinks that something farther is requisite, and to make the whole run more naturally, we ought to read thus,

Have done some worthy feat.

Symphon.

But since thou steal'st upon me like a spy,
 And thief-like think'st that holy case shall carry thee
 Thro' all my purposes, and so betray me,
 Base as the act¹⁸, thy end be, and I forget thee.

Pedro. What poor evasions thou build'st on, t' abuse
 me!

The goodness of a man ne'er taught these principles.

I come a spy? Durst any noble spirit

Put on this habit, to become a traitor?

Ev'n in an enemy shew me this antipathy,

Where there is Christian faith, and this not reverenc'd.

I come a spy? No, Roderigo, no.

A hater of thy person, a maligner?

So far from that, I brought no malice with me,

But rather, when I meet thee, tears to soften thee.

When I put on this habit, I put off

All fires, all angers, all those starts of youth

That clapt too rank¹⁹ a bias to my being;

And drew me from the right mark all should aim at;

Instead of stubborn steel, I put on prayers;

For rash and hasty heats, a sweet repentance;

Long weary steps, and vows, for my vain-glories.

Oh, Roderigo!

Rod. If thy tongue could save thee,

Prating be thy bail, thou hast a rare benefit!—

Soldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye.

I'll forgive your holy habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Outlaws, Lopez, and Jaques.

1 Outl. Wherefore this halter, captain?

Rod. For this traitor.

Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.

1 Outl. D'you want a band, Sir? This is a coarse

wearing;

¹⁸ *Base as you act, thy end be.*] First folio says, *you act*; second, *THE act*. Sympson thinks a variation necessary, which should be either, *YOUR* or *THIS act*. *THE act* is a good reading, and being that of the second folio, should be preferred.

¹⁹ *Clapt too rank a bias.*] *i. e.* Strong, great, &c. Sympson.

208 'Twill

'Twill fit but scurvily upon this collar :
But patience is as good as a French pickadel ²⁰.

Lopez. What's his fault, captain ?

Rod. 'Tis my will he perish,
And that's his fault.

Pedro. A captain of good government !
Come, soldiers, come; ye're roughly bred, and bloody;
Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious commands ;
Ye have a captain seals your liberal pardons.
Be no more Christians, put religion by,
'Twill make ye cowards ; feel no tenderness,
Nor let a thing call'd Conscience trouble ye ;
Alas, 'twill breed delay. Bear no respect
To what I seem ; were I a faint indeed,
Why should that stagger ye ? ye know not holiness ;
To be excellent in evil, is your goodness ;
And be so, 'twill become ye. Have no hearts,
For fear you should repent ; that will be dangerous ;
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that pulse beat back to your considerations,
How ye have laid a stiff hand on religion——

Rod. Trusts him, I say !

Pedro. And violated faith——

Rod. Hear him not prate !

Pedro. Why, what a thing will this be !
What strange confusion then will breed among ye——

Rod. Will none of ye obey ?

Pedro. What devils vex ye !
The fears ye live in, and the hourly dangers,
Will be delights to these ; those have their ends,
But these out-live all time, and all repentance :
And if it creep into your conscience once,

²⁰ *Pickadel.*] Cotgrave, in his Dictionary of the French and English tongues, 1611, explains the word *piccadilles* as ' the severall divisions or peeces fastened together about the brimme of the collar of a doublet, &c.' And a late author informs us, that in *Piccadilly*, in the Haymarket, ' There were formerly no houses, and only one shop for Spanish ruffs, which was called the *Piccadilly* or ruff-shop.' See London and its Environs described, vol. v.

Be sure ye lock that close.

Rod. Why stand ye gazing?

Pedro. Farewell, sleep, peace, all that are human comforts!

Better ye had been trees, or stones, and happier;

For those die here, and seek no further being,

Nor hopes, nor punishments.

Rod. Rots take ye, rascals!

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Dispatch the prater.

Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our consciences?

We're bad enough already; sins enough

To make our graves ev'n loath us.

Rod. No man love me?

Lopez. Altho' I be a thief, I am no hangman;

They're two mens' trades, and let another execute.

Lay violent hands on holy things?

Rod. Base cowards!

Put to your powers, ye rascals, I command ye!

Holy, or unholy, if I say it,

I'll have it done.

1 *Outl.* If I do't, let me starve for't.

2 *Outl.* Or I.

3 *Outl.* Or I. We will obey things handsome,

And bad enough, and over-do obedience,

But to be made such instruments of mischief——

Jaq. I've done as many villainies as another,

And with as little reluctance;

Let me come clear of these, and wipe that score off,

Put me upon a felt and known perdition?

Rod. Have ye conspir'd, ye slaves?

Pedro. How vilely this shews,

In one that would command another's temper,

And bear no bound in's own.

Rod. Am I thus jaded?

Pedro. Is it my life thou long'st for, Roderigo?

And can no sacrifice appease thy malice,

But my blood spilt? Do it thyself, dispatch it;

And, as thou tak'st the whole revenge unto thee,
 Take the whole sin upon thee, and be mighty,
 Mighty in evil, as thou art in anger;
 And let not these poor wretches howl for thy sake.
 Those things that in thine own glass seem most
 monstrous,
 Wouldst thou abuse their weak fights with, for amiable?
 Is it, thou think'st to fear me with thy terrors,
 And into weak condition draw my virtue?
 If I were now to learn to die, I'd sue to thee;
 Or did I fear death, then I'd make thee glorious;
 But knowing what and how far I can suffer,
 And all my whole life being but death's preface,
 My sleep but at next door——

Rod. Are you so valiant?

I'll make you feel, I'll make you know and feel too!
 And, rascals, ye shall tremble! Keep him here,
 And keep him safe too; if he 'scape your guards——

Pedro. Fear not, I will not.

Rod. As I live, ye die for't!

I will not be thus baffled.

[*Exit.*

Jaq. What a devil have ye done, Pilgrim? or what
 mischief

Have you conspir'd, that he should rage and rave thus?
 Have you kill'd his father, or his mother?
 Or strangled any of his kindred?

Lopez. Has he no sisters? have you not been bouncing
 About their belly-pieces?

Jaq. Why should that be dangerous,
 Or any way deserve death? is't not natural?
 Bar us the Christian liberty of women,
 And build us up with brick, take away our free-stone.

Outl. Because thou'rt holier than he, upon my
 conscience,

He does not envy thee; that's not his quarrel;
 For, look you, that might be compounded without
 prayers.

Lopez. Nor that thou seem'st an honest man; for here
 We have no trading with such tinsel-stuff;

To

To be an excellent thief is all we aim at.
Wilt thou take a spit and stride, and see if thou canst
out-run us?

Pedro. I scorn to shift his fury; keep your obedience;
For tho' your government admit no precedent,
Keep yourselves careful in't.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.

Pedro. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.

2 Outl. 'Tis ten to one he'll shoot him; for the
devil's in him

If he hang him himself.

Lopez. He has too proud a nature;
He will compel some one.

Jaq. I'm confident.

Lopez. And so are all, I think.

Pedro. Be not molested;

If I must die, let it not trouble you;
It stirs not me; 'tis the end I was born for:
Only this honest office I desire ye,
If there be courtesy in men of your breed,
To see me buried; not to let his fury
Expose my body to the open violence
Of beasts and fowls; so far I urge humanity.

Enter Roderigo and Alinda.

Jaq. He sha'n't deny us that; we'll see you under
ground,
And give you a volley of as good cups of sack,
For that's our discipline——

Lopez. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever; the boy with him.

1 Outl. Will he compel the child?

Lopez. He's bent to do it,
And must have somebody.

Rod. If thou lov'st me, do it!
Love me, or love me not, I say thou shalt do it!
Stare not, nor stagger, firrah! if ye deny me—
Do you see this, rogue?

Alin. What would you have me do, Sir?

Heav'n's goodness blefs me !

Rod. Do ? why, hang a rascal,
That would hang me.

Alin. I am a boy, and weak, Sir.

Rod. Thou'rt strong enough to tie him to a bough,
And turn him off. Come, thou shalt be my jewel,
And I'll allow thee horse, and all thy pleasures,
And twenty gallant things ; I'll teach thee arms too ;
Make thee mine heir.

Alin. Let me inherit death first !

Rod. Make me not angry, firrah !

Alin. Which is the man, Sir ?

I'll pluck up the best heart I can ; yet——

Rod. Fear not ;

It is my will. That in the Pilgrim's coat there,
That devil in the saint's skin.

Alin. Guard me, goodness !

Rod. Dispatch him presently.

Pedro. I wait your worst, Sir.

Jaq. Will the boy do it ? is the rogue so confident ?
So young, so deep in blood ?

Lopez. He shakes and trembles.

Pedro. Dost thou seek more coals still to fear thy
conscience ?

Work sacred innocence to be a devil ?

Do it thyself for shame, thou best becom'st it.

Rod. Sirrah, I scorn my finger should be 'fil'd with
thee ;

And yet I'll have it done ; this child shall strangle thee :
A crying girl, if she were here, should master thee.

Alin. How should I save him ? how myself from
violence ? [*Aside.*

Pedro. Leave your tongue-valour, and dispatch your
hate, Sir ;

The patience of my death shall more torment thee,
(Thou painted honour, thou base man made backward)
Than all my life has fear'd thee.

Rod. Gag him, firrah !

Jaq. The boy looks chearfully now ; sure he will do it.

Lopez.

Lopez. He'll maul him else.

Alin. Are you prepar'd to die, Sir?

Pedro. Yes, boy, and ready; prithee to thy business.

Alin. Why are you then so angry? so perplex'd, Sir?
Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of passion.

Why do you rail?

Lopez. The boy's a pretty priest.

Pedro. I thank you, gentle child; you teach me truly.

Alin. You seem to fear too.

Pedro. Thou feest more than I feel, boy.

Alin. You tremble, sure.

Pedro. No, sure, boy; 'tis thy tenderness.

Prithee make haste, and let that gulph be satisfied.

Alin. Are you so willing to go to't?

Pedro. Most willing:

I would not borrow from his courtesy

One hour of life, to gain an age of glory.

Alin. And is your reckoning straight, Sir?

Pedro. As straight as truth, boy;

I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.

Alin. Then to your prayers; I'll dispatch you
presently.—

Now guide my tongue, throu blessedness! [*Aside.*

Rod. A good boy!

Alin. But hark you, Sir, one word; and pray you
resolve me.

Let me speak privately.

Rod. What wouldst thou have, child?

Alin. Shall this man die?

Rod. Why dost thou make that question?

Alin. Pray you be not angry; if he must, I'll do it.

But must he now?

Rod. What else? who dare reprove him?

Alin. Pray you think again; and as your injuries
Are great, and full, you suffer from this fellow,

Do not you purpose so to suit your vengeance?

Rod. I do, and must.

Alin. You cannot, if he die now.

Rod. Cannot?

Alin. No, cannot; be not vex'd; you'll find it.
I have consider'd, and I know it certain,
You suffer below him; lose all your angers.

Rod. Why, my best boy?

Alin. I love and tender you,
I would not tell you else. Is that revenge,
To slight your cause, and faint your enemy?
Clap the dove's wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him soar to Heaven, whilst you are fighting?
Is this revenge?

Rod. I'd have him die.

Alin. Prepar'd thus?

The blessing of a father never reach'd it!
His contemplation now scorns you, contemns you,
And all the tortures you can use: Let him die thus,
And these that know and love revenge will laugh at
you.

Here lies the honour of a well-bred anger,
To make his enemy shake and tremble under him,
Doubt, nay, almost despair, and then confound him,
This man you rock asleep, and all your rages
Are *requiems* to his parting soul, mere anthems.

Rod. Indeed he's strongly built.

Alin. You cannot shake him;

And the more weight you put on his foundation,
Now as he stands, you fix him still the stronger.
If you love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendships and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a star in Heaven, and there would stick him,
Now take his life.

Rod. I'd rather take mine own, boy.

Alin. I'll ease him presently.

Rod. Stay, be not hasty.

Alin. Bless my tongue still!

[*Aside,*

Lopez. What has the boy done to him?
How dull and still he looks!

Alin. You are a wise man,
And long have buckled with the world's extremities,
A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes;

And

And would you work your master-piece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour, that will pity you²¹,
When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?

Rod. The boy has stagger'd me: What wouldst thou have me——

Alin. Have you? d' you not feel, Sir? does't not stir you?

D' you ask a child? I'd have you do most bravely,
(Because I most affect you) like yourself, Sir;
Scorn him, and let him go; seem to contemn him,
And, now you've made him shake, seal him his pardon.
When he appears a subject fit for anger,
And fit for you, his pious armour off,
His hopes no higher than your sword may reach at,
Then strike, and then you know revenge, then take it.
I hope I've turn'd his mind. [*Aside.*]

Rod. Let the fool go there.

I scorn to let loose so base an anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;
And when we meet again——

Pedro. I'll thank you, captain. [*Exit.*]

Alin. Why, this was like yourself.—But which way goes he?

Shall we ne'er happy meet? [*Aside.*]

Rod. I'm drowsy, boy;

Go with me, and discourse: I like thy company;
Oh, child! I love thy tongue. [*Exit.*]

Alin. I shall wait on you. [*Exit.*]

Lopez. The boy has done't; a plaguy witty rascal!

²¹ *Take the bare name of Honour, that will pity ye,*

When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?] Mr. Seward supposes a transposition here, and would read,

Take the bare name of Honour? when the world knows Ye've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim, they will pity ye.

Mr. Sympson 'can't allow of so bold a proceeding against the text,' which he thinks 'may be set right with less trouble so,'

Take the bare name of Honour, it will pity you

When the world knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.

We think the text gives the same sense with Seward's transposition; and do not like Sympson's reading.

And I shall love him terribly.

Jaq. 'Twas he, most certain;
For, if you mark, how earnest he was with him,
And how he labour'd him!

Lopez. A cunning villain!
But a good rogue. This boy will make's all honest.

Outl. I scarce believe that; but I like the boy well.
Come, let's to supper; then upon our watches.

Lopez. This Pilgrim 'scap'd, a joyful one²².

Jaq. Let's drink round
To the boy's health, and then about our business.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopez, and three Outlaws.

Rod. **N**ONE of you know her?

Jaq. Alas, Sir, we ne'er saw her,
Nor e'er heard of her, but from your report.

Rod. No happy eye?

Lopez. I do not think 'tis she, Sir;
Methinks, a woman dares not——

Rod. Thou speak'st poorly;
What dares not woman, when she is provok'd?
Or what seems dangerous to love or fury?
That it is she, this has confirm'd me certain,
These jewels here, a part of which I sent her,

²² *This Pilgrim 'scap'd a joyful one.*] This may be understood as if this Pilgrim was joyful on account of his escape, but 'tis more in character to make *one* relate to *supper*, and then, though *joyful*, understood ironically, may stand, yet *woful* seems a more humourous word. I read therefore,

This Pilgrim 'scap'd a woful one.

Seward.

A comma at the word *'scap'd* will, I believe, give us the Author's meaning. The *Outlaw* says, 'Let's to our watches!' 'Mine, says 'Lopez, will be a *joyful* watch, as this Pilgrim has escap'd;' his execution would have made it melancholy.

J. N.

And,

And, tho' unwilling, yet her father wrought her
To take and wear.

Lopez. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? Where were our understandings?
I could have guess'd unhappily, have had some feeling
In such a matter: Here are as pretty fellows,
At the discovery of such a jigambob!

A handsome wench too? Sure we've lost our faculties,
We have no notions²³. What should she do here, Sir?

Rod. That's it that troubles me. Oh, that base rascal!
There lies the misery! How cunningly she quit him,
And how she urg'd! Had ye been constant to me,
I ne'er had suffer'd this.

i Outl. You might have hang'd him;
And 'would he had been hang'd! that's all we care for't,
So our hands had not done't.

Rod. She's gone again too;
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd
me;

Master'd my will and power, and now laughs at me.

Lopez. The devil that brought her hither, Sir, I think
Has carried her back again invisible,
For we ne'er knew nor heard of her departure.

Faq. No living thing came this night thro' our
watches;
She went with you.

Rod. Was by me till I slept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd—Oh, my dull pate here!
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This roguish box——

Lopez. We could but give it you.

Rod. Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims! there the game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know't, I feel it.

Enter Alphonso and two Outlaws.

Alph. Bring me unto thy captain! where's thy
captain?

²³ *We have no notions.*] The *n* and the *m* have taken the same
turn here as in Shakespeare. Read,

We have no notions,

Symphon.

I'm

I'm founder'd, melted; some fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the devil has haunted me
I' th' likenefs of a voice.—Give me thy captain!

2 Outl. He's here, Sir; there he stands.

Alpb. How dost thou, captain?

I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dog-bolt!
My daughter's run away; I have been haunted too;
I've lost my horse; I'm hungry, and out of my wits
also.

Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know; strange
things!

And take your ease; I'll follow her recovery:
These shall be yours the whilst, and do you service.

Alpb. Let me have drink enough; I'm almost choak'd
too.

Rod. You shall have any thing. What think you
now, soldiers?

Jaq. I think a woman, is a woman, that's any thing.
The next we take, we'll search a little nearer;
We'll not be boy'd again with a pair of breeches. [*Exc.*

SCENE II.

Enter Julietta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is Roderigo's quarter,
And I'll be with him soon, I'll startle him
A little better than I have done. All this long night
I've led him out o' th' way, to try his patience,
And made him swear, and curse, and pray, and swear
again,

And cry for anger; I made him leave his horse too,
Where he can never find him more; whistled to him,
And then he'd run thro' thick and thin to reach me;
And down in this ditch, up again, and shake him,
And swear some certain blessings; then into that bush
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I sit laughing: A hundred tricks I've serv'd him,
And I will double 'em, before I leave him:

I'll teach his anger to dispute with women.
 But all this time I cannot meet my mistress,
 I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me,
 For sure she's much afflicted; till I do,
 I'll haunt thy ghost, Alphonso; I'll keep thee waking.
 Yes, I must get a drum: I am villainous weary,
 And yet I'll trot about these villages
 'Till I have got my will, and then have at you!
 I'll make your anger drop out at your elbows, ere I
 leave you. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the circuit we have ridden,
 We cannot cross her; no way light upon her.

Curio. I don't think she is gone thus far, or this way;
 For certain, if she had, we should have reach'd her,
 Made some discovery, heard some news; we've seen
 nothing.

Seb. Nor pass'd by any body that could promise
 any thing.
 She's certainly disguis'd; her modesty
 Durst never venture else.

Curio. Let her take any shape,
 And let me see it once, I can distinguish it.

Seb. So should I think too. Has not her father found
 her?

Curio. No, I'll be hang'd then; he has no patience
 (Unless she light in's teeth) to look about him:
 He guesses now²⁴, and chafes, and frets like tinsel.

Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it;
 But keep her from him, Heav'n! Where are we, Curio?

Curio. In a wood I think; hang me, if I know else!
 And yet I've ridden all these coasts at all hours,

²⁴ He guesses now, and chafes and frets like tinsel.] Mr. Symphon
 proposes reading,

He guesses not, but chafes and frets like tinsel.
 We are of opinion, that guesses is corrupt.

And

And had an aim.

Seb. I would we had a guide.

Curio. And if I be not much awry, Seberto,
Not far off should be Roderigo's quarter;
For in this fastness, if I be not cozen'd,
He and his Outlaws live.

Seb. This is the place then
We appointed him to meet in.

Enter Alinda.

Curio. Yes, I think so.

Seb. 'Would we could meet some living thing!—
What's that there?

Curio. A boy, I think. Stay; why mayn't he
direct us?

Alin. I'm hungry, and I'm weary, and I cannot find
him.

Keep my wits, Heav'n! I feel 'em wavering.

Oh, God, my head!

Seb. Boy! dost thou hear? thou stripling!

Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me! now
Roderigo

Will hang him without mercy. Ha!

Curio. Come hither!

A very pretty boy. What place is this, child?

And whither dost thou travel? How he stares!

Some stubborn master has abus'd the boy,

And beaten him: How he complains!—Whither
goest thou?

Alin. I go to Segovia, Sir, to my sick mother;
I have been taken here by drunken thieves,
And (oh, my bones!) I have been beaten, Sir,
Mis-us'd and robb'd; extremely beaten, gentlemen.
Oh, God, my side!

Seb. What beasts would use a boy thus?
Look up, and be of good cheer.

Alin. Oh, I cannot.

My back, my back, my back!

Curio. What thieves?

Alin.

Alin. I know not,
But they call the captain Roderigo.

Curio. Look you!
I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want any thing?

Alin. Nothing but ease, but ease, Sir.

Curio. There's some money,
And get thee to thy mother.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen.

Seb. This was extremely foul, to vex a child thus.
Come, let's along; we cannot lose our way now. [*Exe.*]

Alin. Tho' ye are honest men, I fear your fingers,
And glad I am got off. Oh, how I tremble!
Send me but once within his arms, dear Fortune,
And then come all the world! What shall I do now?
'Tis almost night again, and where to lodge me
Or get me meat, or any thing, I know not.
These wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.

Enter Julietta.

Jul. Boy! boy!

Alin. More set to take me?

Jul. Dost thou hear, boy? thou pointer!

Alin. 'Tis a boy too,

A lacky-boy; I need not fear his fierceness.

Jul. Canst thou beat a drum?

Alin. A drum?

Jul. This thing, a drum here.

Didst thou ne'er see a drum? Canst thou make this
grumble?

Alin. Julietta's face and tongue! Is she run mad too?
Here may be doublecraft. [*Aside.*]—I have no skill in't.

Jul. I'll give thee a ryal but to go along with me.

Alin. I care not for thy ryal; I've other business.
Drum to thyself, and dance to't.

Jul. Sirrah, sirrah!

Thou scurvy sirrah! thou snotty-nos'd scab! dost
thou hear me?

If

If I lay down my drum——

Alin. Here comes more company!

I fear a plot; Heav'n send me fairly from it. [*Exit.*]

Enter Roderigo and two Outlaws.

Jul. Basta! who's here?

Lopez. Captain, do you need me further?

Rod. No, not a foot. Give me the gown; the sword now.

Jul. This is the devil thief; and, if he take me, Woe be to my gally-gaskins!

Lopez. Certain, Sir,

She'll take her patches off, and change her habit.

Rod. Let her do what she please. No, no, Alinda, You cannot cozen me again in a boy's figure, Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches, But I shall know't.

Jul. A boy? his face in patches?

Rod. Nor shall your tongue again betwix mine anger.

If she be found i'th' woods, send me word presently, And I'll return; (she cannot be far gone yet)

If she be not, expect me when you see me.

Use all your service to my friend Alphonso, And have a care to your business. Farewell!

No more: Farewell!

[*Excunt.*]

Jul. I'm heartily glad thou'rt gone yet.

This boy in patches was the boy came by me, The very same; how hastily it shifted!

What a mope-ey'd ass was I²⁵, I could not know her!

This must be she, this is she, now I remember her;

How loth she was to talk too, how she fear'd me!

I could now piss mine eyes out for mere anger.

I'll follow her—But who shall vex her father then?

One flirt at him, and then I'm for the voyage.

If I can cross the captain too—Come, tabor! [*Exit.*]

²⁵ *What a mop-ey'd ass, &c.*] Former editions.

SCENE IV.

*Enter Jaques and First Outlaw.**Jaq.* Are they all set?*1 Outl.* All, and each quarter quiet.*Jaq.* Is the old man asleep?*1 Outl.* An hour ago, Sir.*Jaq.* We must be very careful in his absence;
And very watchful.*1 Outl.* It concerns us nearly.

He will not be long from us.

Jaq. No, he cannot.*1 Outl.* A little heat of love, which he must wander
out;

And then again—Hark!

[*Drum afar off.*]*Jaq.* What?*1 Outl.* 'Tis not the wind, sure;

That's still and calm; no noise, nor flux of waters.

Jaq. I hear a drum, I think.*1 Outl.* That, that; it beats again now.*Jaq.* Now it comes nearer. Sure we are surpris'd, Sir;
Some from the king's command. We're lost, we're
dead all!*1 Outl.* Hark, hark! a charge now! my captain
has betray'd us,

And left us to this ruin, run away from us!

*Enter two Outlaws.**Lopez.* Another beats o' that side.*2 Outl.* Fly, fly, Jaques!We're taken in a toil, snapt in a pitfall;
Methinks I feel a sword already shave me.*3 Outl.* A thousand horse and foot, a thousand
pioneers,If we get under ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an axe to cut the woods down.*Lopez.* This is the dismal'st night—— [Exit.*Enter*

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. Where is my nag now?
 And what make I here to be hang'd? what devil
 Brought me into this danger? Is there ne'er a hole,
 That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
 Ne'er an old ditch to choke in? I shall be taken
 For their commander now, their general,
 And have a commanding gallows set up for me
 As high as a may-pole, and nasty songs made on me;
 Be printed with a pint-pot and a dagger.
 They are all kill'd by this time. Can I pray?
 Let me see that first—I've too much fear to be faithful.
 Where's all my state now? I must go hunt for daughters,
 Daughters, and damsels of the lake²⁶, damn'd daugh-
 ters!
 A hundred crowns for a good tod of hay,
 Or a fine hollow tree, that would contain me.
 I hear 'em coming; I feel the noose about me!

Enter Seberto, Curio, Outlaws, and Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are no soldiers,
 None from the king to vex you.

1 Outl. The drum, the drum, Sir!

Curio. I never saw such pigeon-hearted people!
 What drum? what danger? who's that that shakes
 behind there?

Mercy upon me, Sir, why are you fear'd thus?

Alph. Are we all kill'd? no mercy to be hop'd for?
 Am I not shot, d' you think?

Seb. You're strangely frightened;
 Shot with a fiddle-stick! Who's here to shoot you?
 A drum we saw indeed; a boy was beating it,
 And hunting squirrels by moon-light.

²⁶ *Damsels of the lake.*] This alludes to the *Lady of the Lake*, a famous character in the old romances; particularly the very popular one called *Morte Arthur*; where many miracles are performed, and much enchantment is conducted, by means of the interposition of the *Lady of the Lake*. See Warton on Spenser, vol. i. p. 28. R.

Lopez.

Lopez. Nothing else, Sir ?

Curio. Not any thing ; no other person stirring.

Alph. Oh, that I had that boy ! this is that devil,
That fairy rogue, that haunted me last night !
H' has sleeves like dragon's wings.

Seb. A little foot-boy.

Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my cloaths
on.

If e'er I stay here more to be thus martyr'd——
Did ye not meet the wench ?

Seb. No, sure, we met her not.

Alph. She has been here in boy's apparel, gentlemen,
(A gallant thing, and famous for a gentlewoman)
And all her face patch'd over for discovery ;
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a circumstance,
That she hath play'd her master-prize, a rare one.
I came too short.

Curio. Such a young boy we met, Sir.

Alph. In a grey hat ?

Curio. The same ; his face all patch'd too.

Alph. 'Twas she, a rot run with her ! she, that rank
she !

Walk in, I'll tell ye all ; and then we'll part again :
But get some store of wine ; this fright fits here yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Julietta.

Jul. What a fright I've put 'em in ; what a brave
hurry !

If this do bolt him ²⁷, I'll be with him again
With a new part, was never play'd : I'll firk him ;
As he hunts her, so I'll hunt him ; I'll claw him.
Now will I see if I can cross her footing.
Yet still I'll watch his water, he shall pay for't ;
And when he thinks most malice, and means worse,
I'll make him know the mare's the better horse. [*Exit.*]

²⁷. If this do bolt him.] Probably the negative is wanting,

If this don't bolt him.

Sympson.

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro and a Gentleman.

Gent. You are a stranger, Sir; and, for humanity,
Being come within our walls, I'd shew you something.
You've seen the castle?

Pedro. Yes, Sir; 'tis a strong one,
And well maintain'd.

Gent. Why are you still thus sad, Sir?
How do you like the walks?

Pedro. They're very pleasant;
Your town stands cool and sweet.

Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more sadness, I could shew you
A place worth view.

Pedro. Shows seldom alter me, Sir;
Pray you speak it, and then shew it.

Gent. 'Tis a house here
Where people of all forts, that have been visited
With lunacies and follies, wait their cures:
Their fancies, of a thousand stamps and fashions,
Like flies in several shapes, buz round about ye,
And twice as many gestures; some of pity,
That it would make you melt to see their passions:
And some as light again, that would content you.
But I see, Sir, your temper is too modest,
Too much inclin'd to contemplation,
To meet with these.

Pedro. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, Sir, do me the honour
To let me wait upon you.

Gent. Since you're willing,
To me it shall be a pleasure to conduct you.

Pedro. I ne'er had such a mind yet to see misery!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 Keep. Carry Mad Bess some meat, she roars like
thunder;

And

And tie the parson short, the moon's i' th' full,
H' has a thousand pigs in's brains. Who looks to the
prentice?

Keep him from women, he thinks h' has lost his mistress;
And talk of no silk stuffs, 'twill run him horn-mad.

2 *Keep.* The justice keeps such a stir yonder with his
charges,

And such a coil with warrants!

1 *Keep.* Take away his statutes;
The devil has possess'd him in the likeness
Of penal laws; keep him from *aqua-vita*,
For if that spirit creep into his quorum,
He will commit us all. How is it with the scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I see, he's in his right wits.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an ass! in's right wits, goodman
coxcomb?

As tho' any man durst be in's right wits, and be here:
It is as much as we dare be, that keep 'em.

Enter English madman.

Engl. Give me some drink!

1 *Keep.* Oh, there's the Englishman.

Engl. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em, froth
'em!

Down o' your knees, ye rogues, and pledge me roundly!
One, two, three, and four;

We shall all be merry within this hour.

To the great Turk!

1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou heathen drunkard!

These English are so mak-mad, there's no meddling
with 'em;

When they've a fruitful year of barley there,
All the whole island's thus.

Engl. A snuff, a snuff, a snuff,

A lewd notorious snuff! give't him again, boy.

Enter She-Fool.

5 *Fool.* God ye good even, gaffer!

2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool loose?

1 *Keep.*

1 Keep. If any of the madmen take her, she is pepper'd;

They'll bounce her loins.

Fool. Will you walk into the coal-house?

1 Keep. She is as lecherous too as a she-ferret.

2 Keep. Who a vengeance looks to her? Go in, Kate,

I'll give thee a fine apple.

Fool. Will you buss me,

And tickle me, and make me laugh?

1 Keep. I'll whip you.

Engl. Fool, Fool! come up to me, Fool.

Fool. Are you peeping?

Engl. I'll get thee with five fools.

Fool. Oh, fine, oh, dainty!

Engl. And thou shalt lie-in in a horse-cloth, like a lady.

Fool. And shall I have a coach?

Engl. Drawn with four turkies;

And they shall tread thee too.

Fool. We shall have eggs then!

And shall I fit upon 'em?

Engl. Ay, ay, and they shall be all addle,

And make an admirable tansey for the devil.

Come, come away; I'm taken with thy love, Fool,

And will mightily belabour thee.

1 Keep. How the Fool bridles! how she twitters at him!

These Englishmen would stagger a wise woman.

If we should suffer her to have her will now,

We should have all the women in Spain as mad as she here.

2 Keep. They would strive who should be most fool. Away with her!

Enter Master, three Gentlemen, Scholar, and Pedro.

Fool. Pray ye stay a little! let's hear him sing; h' has a fine breast²⁸.

⁽²⁸⁾ *Let's hear him sing; h' has a fine breast.* In Sir John Hawkins's History of Musick, vol. iii. p. 466, he cites part of Tuffet's 'Five Handred

1 Keep. Here comes my master. To the spit, you
whore,

And stir no more abroad, but tend your business;
You shall have no more sops i' th' pan else, nor no por-
ridge :

Besides, I'll whip your breech.

Fool. I'll go in presently.

1 Gent. I'll assure you, Sir, the Cardinal's angry with
you

For keeping this young man.

Mast. I'm heartily sorry.

If ye allow him sound, pray ye take him with ye.

3 Gent. This is the place, and now observe their
humours.

2 Gent. We can find nothing in him light, nor
tainted ;

No startings, nor no rubs, in all his answers ;
In all his letters, nothing but discretion,
Learning, and handsome stile.

Mast. Be not deceiv'd, Sir ;

Mark but his look.

1 Gent. His grief, and his imprisonment,
May stamp that there.

Mast. Pray talk with him again then.

2 Gent. That will be needless ; we have tried him
long enough,

' Hundred Points of Husbandry, 1580,' in which the following
line occurs :

' The better *breast*, the lesser rest ;'

upon which he makes this observation : ' In singing, the sound is
' originally produced by the action of the lungs ; which are so essential
' an organ in this respect, that to have a good *breast* was formerly a
' common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make
' use of the terms *Voce de Petto* and *Voce di Testa*, to signify two kinds
' of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakespeare's comedy of
' Twelfth-Night, after the Clown is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Ague-
' cheek says,

" By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*."

' And in the statutes of Stoke-College, in Suffolk, founded by Parker,
' Archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words : ' Of which
' said queristers after their *breasts* are changed (*i. e.* their voices broke)
' we will the most apt of wit and capacity be helpen with exhibitions
' of forty shillings, &c.' Strype's Life of Parker, p. 9. R.

And if he had a taint we should have met with't.
Yet to discharge your care——

Pedro. A sober youth!

Pity so heavy a cross should light upon him.

2 Gent. You find no sickness?

Schol. None, Sir, I thank Heaven,
Nor nothing that diverts my understanding.

1 Gent. Do you sleep o' nights?

Schol. As sound, and sweet, as any man.

2 Gent. Have you no fearful dreams?

Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy stomachs;
Else, I'm all one piece.

1 Gent. Is there no unkindness
You have conceiv'd from any friend, or parent?
Or scorn from what you lov'd?

Schol. No, truly, Sir:
I never yet was master of a faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my friend or kindred;
And what love is, unless it lie in learning,
I think I'm ignorant

1 Gent. This man is perfect;
A civiler discourser I ne'er talk'd with.

Mast. You'll find it otherwise.

2 Gent. I must tell you true, Sir,
I think you keep him here to teach him madness!
Here's his discharge from my lord cardinal.
And come, Sir, go with us.

Schol. I'm bound unto ye;
And farewell, master.

Mast. Farewell, Stephano.
Alas, poor man!

1 Gent. What flaws and whirls of weather,
Or rather storms, have been aloft these three days;
How dark, and hot, and full of mutiny!
And still grows louder.

Mast. It has been stubborn weather.

2 Gent. Strange work at sea; I fear me there's old
tumbling.

1 Gent. Bless my old uncle's bark! I have a venture.

2 Gent.

2 *Gent.* And I, more than I'd wish to lose.

Schol. Do you fear?

2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks!

Mast. Nay, mark him better, gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his eyes are alter'd!

Mast. Now tell me how you like him; whether now
He be that perfect man ye credited?

Schol. Does the sea stagger ye?

Mast. Now ye have hit the nick.

Schol. Do ye fear the billows?

1 *Gent.* What ails him? who has stirr'd him?

Schol. Be not shaken,

Nor let the singing of the storm shoot thro' ye;
Let it blow on, blow on! let the clouds wrestle,
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,
The sea in hideous mountains rise and tumble,
Upon a dolphin's back I'll make all tremble,
For I am Neptune!

Mast. Now what think ye of him?

2 *Gent.* Alas, poor man!

Schol. Your bark shall plough thro' all,
And not a surge so faucy to disturb her;
I'll see her safe, my power shall fail before her!

Down, ye angry waters all;
Ye loud whistling whirlwinds, fall;
Down, ye proud waves; ye storms, cease;
I command ye, be at peace.
Fright not with your churlish notes,
Nor bruise the keel of bark that floats;
No devouring fish come nigh,
Nor monster in my empery
Once shew his head, or terror bring;
But let the weary sailor sing:
Amphitrite with white arms
Strike my lute, I'll sing thy charms.

Mast. He must have musick now: I must observe him;
His fit will grow too full else. [*Musick, song.*]

2 *Gent.* I must pity him.

Mast. Now he will in himself, most quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.

Gent. We're sorry, Sir, and we have seen a wonder
From this hour we'll believe; and so we'll leave ye.

Pedro. This was a strange fit. [*Exe. two Gent.*

Mast. Did you mark him, Sir?

Pedro. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.

Mast. Many have sworn him right²⁸, and I have
thought so;

Yet on a sudden, from some word or other,
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
I dare not give him will.

Enter Alinda.

Pedro. Pray Heav'n recover him!

Alin. Must I come in too?

Mast. No, my pretty lad;
Keep in thy chamber, boy; 'shalt have thy supper.

Pedro. I pray you what is he, Sir?

Mast. A strange boy, that last night
Was found i' th' town, a little craz'd, distracted,
And so sent hither.

Pedro. How the pretty knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me!—Sure such eyes
I've seen, and lov'd!—What fair hands!—Certainly—

Mast. Good Sir, you'll make him worse.

Pedro. I pray believe not:
Alas, why should I hurt him?—How he smiles!—
The very shape, and sweetness of Alinda!—
Let me look once again: Were it in such cloaths
As when I saw her last—This must be she!—
How tenderly it strokes me!

Mast. Pray you be mild, Sir!
I must attend elsewhere. [*Exit.*

Pedro. Pray you be secure, Sir.
What would ye say?—How my heart beats and
trembles!

²⁸ Many have sworn him right.] This is one of the most skillful exhibitions of madness that this play affords.

He holds me hard by th' hand. O' my life, her flesh
too!

I know not what to think! Her tears, her true ones,
Pure orient tears!—Hark, do you know me, little one?

Alin. Oh, Pedro, Pedro!

Pedro. Oh, my soul!

3 Gent. What fit's this?
The Pilgrim's off the hooks too!

Alin. Let me hold thee;

And now come all the world, and all that hate me!

Pedro. Be wise, and not discover'd. Oh, how I
love you!

How do you now?

Alin. I have been miserable;

But your most virtuous eyes have cur'd me, Pedro.

Pray you think it no immodesty, I kiss you.

My head's wild still!

Pedro. Be not so full of passion,

Nor do not hang so greedily upon me;

'Twill be ill taken.

Alin. Are you weary of me?

I will hang here eternally, kiss ever,

And weep away for joy.

Enter Master.

Mastr. I told you, Sir,

What you would do! For shame, do not afflict him:

You've drawn his fit upon him fearfully.

Either depart, and presently, I'll force you else.

Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers.

Pedro. Alas, good Sir——

Mastr. This is the way never to hope recovery.

Stay but one minute more, I'll complain to th' governor.

Bring in the boy. D' you see how he swells and tears

himself?

Is this your cure? Be gone! If the boy miscarry

Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll so hamper you—

3 Gent. You were to blame, too rash.

Pedro. Farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonso, a Gentleman, and Julietta.

Gent. YOU'RE now within a mile o'th' town, Sir;
if my business
Would give me leave, I'd turn and wait upon ye.
But for such gentlemen as you enquire of,
Certain, I saw none such; but for the boy ye spoke of,
I will not say 'tis he, but such a one,
Just of that height——

Alph. In such cloaths?

Gent. I much mistake else.——

Was sent in th' other night, a little maddish,
And where such people wait their cures.

Alph. I understand you.

Gent. There you may quickly know.

Alph. I thank you, Sir.

Jul. So do I too; and if there be such a place,
I ask no more; but you shall hear more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
I'll see what I can do. I'm almost founder'd
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four first; my cause is meritorious,
And come what can come!

Gent. All you've told me's certain,
Complexion, and all else.

Alph. It may be she then;
And I'll so fumble her! Is she grown mad now?
Is her blood set so high? I'll have her madded.
I'll have her worm'd!

Jul. Mark but the end, old master;
If thou be'st not sick o'th' bots within these five hours,
And kick'st and roar'st—I'll make ye fart fire, signior.

Enter Alinda, as the Fool.

Gent. Here's one o'th' house, a fool, an idiot, Sir:
May-

May-be, she's going home; she'll be a guide to ye,
And so I kiss your hand. [Exit.

Alph. I am your servant.

Alin. Oh, now I'm lost, lost, lost! Lord, how I
tremble!

My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers!
This is more misery than I have 'scap'd yet.

Alph. Fool! Fool!

Alin. He knows me not.—Will you give me two
pence?

And, gaffer, here's a crow-flower, and a daisy;
I've some pie in my pocket too.

Alph. This is an arrant fool,
An ignorant thing.

Alin. Believe so, and I'm happy.

[Aside.

Alph. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, Fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heaven;

And I have a fine little house, made of marmalade,
And I am a lone woman, and I spin for Saint Peter;
I have a hundred little children, and they sing psalms
with me.

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing should want under-
standing.

But why do I stand talking with a coxcomb?

If I do find her, if I light upon her—

I'll say no more. Is this the way to th' town, Fool?

Alin. You must go o'er the top of that high steeple,
gaffer—

Alph. A plague o' your fool's face!

Jul. No; take her counsel.

Alin. And then you shall come to a river twenty
mile over,

And twenty mile and ten, and then you must pray,
gaffer,

And still you must pray, and pray—

Alph. Pray Heav'n deliver me
From such an ass as thou art!

Alin. Amen, sweet gaffer!—

And sling a sop of sugar-cake into it;

And

And then you must leap in naked——

Jul. 'Would he would believe her!

Alin. And sink seven days together: Can you sink, gaffer?

Alpb. Yes, coxcomb, yes. Prithee, farewell! a pox on thee!

A plague o' that fool too, that set me upon thee!

Alin. And then I'll bring you a sup of milk shall serve you:

I'm going to get apples.

Alpb. Go to the devil!

Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?

Thou tell me news? thou be a guide?

Alin. And then, nuncle——

Alpb. Prithee keep on thy way, good naunt. I could rail now

These ten hours at mine own improvidence.

Get apples and be choak'd! farewell!

[Exit.

Alin. Farewell, nuncle!

Jul. I rejoice in any thing that vexes him,
And I shall love this fool extremely for't.

Could I but see my mistress now, to tell her
How I have truly, honestly wrought for her,
How I have worn myself away to serve her——
Fool, there's a ryal for the sport thou mad'st me
In crossing that old fool, that parted from thee.

Alin. (Thou'rt honest sure, but yet thou must not see me.)

I thank you, little gentleman! Heav'n blefs you,
And I'll pray for you too. Pray you keep this nutmeg;

'Twas sent me from the lady of the Mountain,
A golden lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles.

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your understanding:
And so good night; the moon's up.

Jul. Pretty innocent!

Alin. Now, Fortune, if thou dar'st do good, protect me!

[Exit.

Jul.

Jul. I'll follow him to yond town; he shall not
'scape me.

Stay; I must counterfeit a letter by the way first,
And one that must carry some credit with it; I am
wide else,

And all this to no purpose that I aim at.
A letter must be had, and neatly handled;

And then if goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his skirts! I shall worse anger him
Than ever I have done, and worse torment him.

It does me good to think how I shall conjure him,
And crucify his crabbedness: He's my master;
But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.

He would now persecute my harmless mistress;
A fault without forgiveness, as I take it,
And under that bold banner flies my vengeance²⁹;
A meritorious war, and so I'll make it.

I'th' name of innocence, what's this the Fool gave me?
She said 'twas good to rub my understanding.

What strange concealment? bread, or cheese, or a
chestnut?

Ha! 'tis a ring, a pretty ring, a right one;
A ring I know too! the very same ring!
Oh, admirable blockhead! oh, base eyes!

A ring my mistress took from me, and wore it;
I know it by the posy, 'Prick me, and heal me'³⁰;
None could deliver this but she herself too.

Am I twice sand-blind? twice so near the blessing
I would arrive at, and block-like ne'er know it?

I'm vengeance angry; but that shall light on thee,
And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it.

There are so many cross-ways, there's no foll'wing her³¹,

²⁹ *That bold banner flies my vengeance.*] The discontinuity of the metaphor makes this place greatly obscure, we should probably read,
—under that bold banner fights my vengeance. *Sympson.*

³⁰ *Prick me, and heal me.*] These words, by what mistake I know not, are wanting in the folio of 1679. *Sympson.*

³¹ ——— *there's no foll'wing her;*
And yet I must not now.] The distraction of Juletta here will be finely expressed if we alter the pointing;

————— *there's no following her;* ———
And yet I must — not now. I hope, &c.

And yet I must—not now. I hope she is right still,
For all her outward show, for sure she knew me;
And, in that hope, some few hours I'll forget her.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, in a pilgrim's habit.

Rod. She's not to be recover'd, which I vex at;
And he beyond my vengeance, which torments me.
Oh, I am fool'd and flighted, made a rascal;
My hopes are flatter'd³², as my present fortunes!
Why should I wander thus, and play the coxcomb?
Tire out my peace and pleasure for a girl?
A girl that scorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And, consider'd at the best, is but a short breakfast
For a hot appetite. Why should I walk, and walk thus,
And fret myself, and travel like a carrier,
And peep, and watch? want meat and wine, to cherish
me,
When thousand women may be had, ten thousand,
And thank me too, and I fit still? Well, trim beauty
And chastity, and all that seem to ruin me,
Let me not take you, let me not come near you,
For I'll so trim you, I'll so baffle with you—
'Tis not the name of virgin shall redeem you,
(I'll change that property) nor tears, nor angers;
I bear a hate about me scorns those follies.
To find this villain too (for there's my main prize)
And if he scape me then³³——

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that Pedro?

³² *My hopes are flatter'd, as my present fortunes.*] But *flatter'd* with what? If disappointments are flatteries, then the passage is clear. Write without dispute,

My hopes are flat as are my present fortunes. Symphon.

It admits much dispute. The text signifies the same as the emendation, *flatter'd* being used ironically: 'My hopes and fortunes are equally desperate.'

³³ *And if he snap me then.*] Amended by Mr. Symphon.

'Tis he, 'tis he! Oh!

Rod. What art thou?

Alin. Ha! now, now, now,

Oh, now, most miserable!

Rod. What a devil art thou?

Alin. No end of my misfortunes, Heaven?

Rod. What antick?

Speak, puppet, speak!

Alin. That habit to betray me?

Ye holy Saints, can ye see this?

Rod. It danceth!

The devil in a fool's coat? is he turn'd innocent?

What mops and mowes³⁴ it makes! heigh, how it
frisketh?

Is't not a fairy? or some small hobgoblin?

It has a mortal face, and I have a great mind to it;

But if it should prove the devil then?

Alin. Come hither.

Rod. I think 'twill ravish me. It is a handsome thing,
But horribly sun-burnt. What's that it points at?

Alin. Dost thou see that star there? that, just above
the sun?

Prithee go thither, and light me this tobacco;

And stop it with the horns o' th' moon.

Rod. The thing is mad,

Abominably mad, her brains are butter'd.

Go sleep, fool, sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so sweetly;
For so I can say my prayers, and then slumber.

I am not proud, nor full of wine,

(This little flower will make me fine)

Cruel in heart, (for I shall cry,

If I see a sparrow die):

I am not watchful to do ill,

Nor glorious³⁵ to pursue it still:

³⁴ Mops and mowes.] This explains the passage in the Wild-Goose Chace. *Mops* we take to be *gestures*, and *mowes*, *grimaces*.

³⁵ *Nor glorious to pursue.*] *i. e.* Take no pride, pleasure in, &c. Symphon.

Nor pitiless to those that weep ;
 Such as are, bid them go sleep.
 Do, do, do, and see if they can.

Rod. It said true ;
 I feel it sink into me forcibly.
 Sure 'tis a kind of sybil, some mad prophet.
 I feel my wildness bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you what's
 your fortune.

Rod. Here ; prithee speak.

Alin. Fy, fy, fy, fy, fy !
 Wash your hands, and pare your nails, and look finely ;
 You shall never kiss the king's daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But still you foul 'em faster.

Rod. This goes nearer.

Alin. You'll have two wives.

Rod. Two wives ?

Alin. Ay, two fine gentlewomen ;
 (Make much of 'em, for they'll stick close to you, Sir)
 And these two, in two days.

Rod. That's a fine riddle.

Alin. To-day you shall wed Sorrow,
 And Repentance will come to-morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspir'd !

Alin. I'll sing you a fine song, Sir.

He call'd down his merry men all,
 By one, by two, by three ;
 William would fain have been the first,
 But now the last is he.

Rod. 'Tis the mere chronicle of my mishaps.

Alin. I'll bid you good even ; for my boat stays for
 me yonder,
 And I must sup with the moon to-night in the
 Mediterranean. [Exit.

Rod. When fools and mad-folks shall be tutors to me,
 And feel my sores, yet I unsensible——
 Sure it was set by Providence upon me,

To steer my heart right. I am wondrous weary ;
 My thoughts too, which add more burden to me—
 I have been ill, and, which is worse, pursu'd it,
 And still run on : I must think better, nobler,
 And be another thing, or not at all.
 Still I grow heavier, heavier ; Heav'n defend me !
 I'll lie down, and take rest, and goodness guard me !

Enter four Peasants.

1 *Pea.* We've 'scap'd to-day well ; certain, if the
 Outlaws

Had known we had been stirring, we had paid for't.

2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have robb'd me thrice.

3 *Pea.* And me five times ;

Beside, they made my daughter one of us too,

An arrant drum : Oh, they're the lewdest rascals !

The captain such a damn'd piece of iniquity——

But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the best on't.
 They cannot hear.

4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly,

And eat up all I have ; drink up my wine too,

And if there be a servant that contents 'em,

Let her keel hold, they'll give her stowage enough.

We have no children now, but thieves and Outlaws :

The very brats in their mothers' bellies have their
 qualities,

They'll steal into the world.

1 *Pea.* 'Would we had some of 'em here !

2 *Pea.* Ay, o' that condition we could master 'em ;
 They're sturdy knaves.

3 *Pea.* A devil take their sturdiness !

We can neither keep our wives from 'em, nor our
 states ;

We pay the rent, and they possess the benefit.

1 *Pea.* What is this lies here ? is it drunk or sober ?
 It sleeps, and soundly too.

2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old woman,

That keeps sheep hereabouts. It turns and stretches.

4 *Pea.* Does she keep sheep with a sword ?

3 *Pea.* It has a beard too.

1 *Pea.* Peace, peace! It is the devil Roderigo!
Peace of all hands, and look.

2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.

3 *Pea.* Speak softly.

4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.

3 *Pea.* Stay, stay! let's be provident.

1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.

4 *Pea.* Let me come to him;

Ev'n one blow at his pate; if e'er he wake more—

3 *Pea.* So, so, so! lay that by.

2 *Pea.* I must needs kill him;

It stands with my reputation.

3 *Pea.* Stand off, I say,

And let us some way make him sure; then torture him:

To kill him presently, has no pleasure in't;

H' has been tormenting of us at least this twelvemonth.

Rod. Oh, me!

All. He comes, he comes.

4 *Pea.* Has he no guns about him?

3 *Pea.* Softly again! No, no; take that hand easily,
And tie it fast there; that to t'other bough there.

Fast, fast, and easy, lest he wake!

2 *Pea.* Have we got you?

This was a benefit we never aim'd at.

3 *Pea.* Out with your knives, and let us carve this
cock-thief,

Daintily carve him!

1 *Pea.* I would he had been used thus

Ten years ago! we might have thought we had children.

3 *Pea.* Oh, that Sir Nicholas now our priest were
here¹⁶,

What a sweet homily would he say over him,

For ringing all in, with his wife i'th' bellfry!

He would stand up stiff girt. Now pounce him lightly;

And, as he roars and rages, let's go deeper.

¹⁶ Sir Nicholas now our priest, &c.] *Sir* was a title given (formerly) to any clergyman under the degree of a doctor. The reader can't but observe the great impropriety which the next line but one contains, the scene lying not in England but Spain. *Sympson.*

We cannot think the impropriety so great: *Homily* is used generally for *sermon*, and *preaching* is in all countries the duty of a priest.

Come near; you are dim-ey'd; on with your spectacles.

Rod. Oh, what torments me thus? what slaves,
what villains?

Oh, spare me; do not murder me!

3 Pea. We'll but tickle you:

You've tickled us at all points.

4 Pea. Where are his emblems?

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As ye're men, and Christians——

2 Pea. Yes, we hear you;

And you shall hear of us too.

Rod. Oh! no mercy?

Pedro. What noise is this? what roar?—I cannot
find her,

She is got free again; but where, or which way?

Rod. Oh, villains, beasts!

Pedro. Murd'ring a man, ye rascals?

Ye inhuman slaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,

Or, as I am a gentleman—Do ye brave me?

Then have among ye all, ye slaves, ye cowards!

Take up that sword, and stand [*to Roderigo*]. Stay, ye
base rascals,

Ye cut-throat rogues——

All. Away, away! [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Pedro. Ye dog-whelps!

Rod. Oh! I am now more wretched far, than ever.

Pedro. A violence to that habit?—Ha! Roderigo?

What makes he here, thus clad? Is it repentance,

Or only a fair show to guile his mischiefs³⁷?

³⁷ Or only a fair shew to guide his mischiefs? In this blunder do all the copies agree, yet that general consent can't incline me to think the passage sound. A *disguise* is not us'd as a *guide*, but a *cover* or *colour*, and so it ought to be here. There are several ways of correcting this place, as *hide*, *'guise*, i. e. *disguise*: But I like (as Mr. Seward too directed) *guile* the best, there being great reason to believe that to be the original reading, from what the edition of 1679 exhibits, though corruptly,

—— fair shew to guile his mischiefs. *Symphon.*

To *guide* is sense; but to *guile*, having authority, we have preferred, not only as sense, but as extremely poetical.

Rod.

Rod. This benefit has made me shame to see him;
To know him, blush.

Pedro. You are not much hurt ?

Rod. No, Sir ;
All I can call a hurt, sticks in my conscience ;
That pricks and tortures me.

Pedro. Have you consider'd
The nature of these men, and how they us'd you ?
Was it fair play ? did it appear to you handsome ?

Rod. I dare not speak ; or, if I do, 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or justify me.

Pedro. Was it noble
To be o'er-lay'd with odds and violence ?
Manly, or brave, in these thus to oppress you ?
D' you blush at this, in such as are mere rudeness ?
That have stopt souls, that never knew things gentle ?
And dare you glorify worse in yourself, Sir ?
You us'd me with much honour, and I thank you ;
In this, I have requited some. You know me :
Come, turn not back ; you must and you shall know
me.

Had I been over-season'd with base anger,
And suited all occasions to my mischiefs,
Bore no respect to honesty, religion ;
No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,
Had I had in me ; but giv'n reins and licence
To a tempestuous will, as wild as winter,
This day, know, Roderigo, I had set
As small a price upon thy life and fortunes
As thou didst lately on mine innocence ;
But I reserve thee to a nobler service.

Rod. I thank you, and I'll study more to honour
you :
You have the nobler soul, I must confess it,
And are the greater master of your goodness.
Tho' it be impossible I should now recover,
And my rude will grow handsome, in an instant,
Yet, touching but the pureness of your metal,
Something shall shew like gold, at least shall glister ;
That

That men may hope, altho' the mine be rugged,
 Stony and hard to work, yet time and honour
 Shall find and bring forth that that's rich and worthy.

Pedro. I'll try that; and to th' purpose. You told
 me, Sir,

In noble emulation, (so I take it,
 I'll put your hatred far off, and forget it)
 You had a fair desire to try my valour;
 You seem'd to court me to't: You have found a time,
 A weapon in your hand, an equal enemy,
 That, as he puts this off, puts off all injuries,
 And only now for honour's sake defies you!
 Now, as you are a man, (I know you're valiant)
 As you are gentle bred, a soldier fashion'd——

Rod. His virtue startles me!—I dare fight, Pedro.

Pedro. And as you have a mistress that you honour,
 Mark me! a mistress——

Rod. Ha!

Pedro. A handsome mistress:

As you dare hold yourself deserving of her——

Rod. Deserving? what a word was that to fire me?

Pedro. I could compel you now without this cir-
 cumstance,

But I'll deal free and fairly, like a gentleman:

As you are worthy of the name you carry,

A daring man——

Rod. Oh, that I durst not suffer!

For all I dare do now implies but penance.

Pedro. Now do me noble right.

Rod. I'll satisfy you;

But not by th' sword. Pray you hear me, and allow me.

I have been rude; but shall I be a monster,

And teach my sword to hurt that that preserv'd me?

Tho' I be rough by nature, shall my name

Inherit that eternal stain of *barbarous*?

Give me an enemy, a thing that hates you,

That never heard of yet, nor felt, your goodness,

(That is one main antipathy to sweetness)

And set me on! You cannot hold me coward.

If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard³⁸.
 The temper of my sword starts at your virtue,
 And will fly off, nay, it will weep to fight you³⁹.
 Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,
 Hold sacred love and peace with one another.

Pedro. See how it turns⁴⁰! this is a strange conversion!

And can you fail your mistress? can you grow cold
 In such a case?

Rod. Those heats that they add to us,
 (Oh, noble Pedro!) let us feel 'em rightly,
 And rightly but consider how they move us.

Pedro. Is not their honour ours?

Rod. If they be virtuous;
 And then the sword adds nothing to their lustre,
 But rather calls in question what's not doubted:
 If they be not, the best swords and best valours
 Can never fight 'em up to fame again,
 No, not a Christian war; and that's held pious.

Pedro. How bravely now he's temper'd! I must
 fight,
 And rather make it honourable, than angry.
 I would not task those sins to me committed.

Rod. You cannot, Sir; you've cast those by, discarded
 'em;
 And, in a noble mind, so low and loosely

³⁸ *If I have err'd, 't has been in hazard.*] The meaning of this line is, 'My errors have arisen from accident.' Mr. Seward, in a very puzzling and uninteresting note, proposes to read,

If I have err'd shall thy life be in hazard?

³⁹ *To light ye.*] Mr. Sympfon observes, that 'we have here either an *ellipsis*, (the passage meaning *to light on you*) or a corruption.' If we suppose the latter, he says we may read, on authority of Chaucer, *to FIGHT you*, i. e. *STRIKE*; or else, 'to SLIGHT you, i. e. *cut, wound, &c.* from the *A. S. Slitan, scindere, lacerare.*' We think that *to FIGHT you* is much more easy and probable than the other words proposed, and more agreeable to the context.

⁴⁰ *See how it turns!*] These words, which are made a continuation of Roderigo's speech in all former editions, cannot belong to him, but to Pedro:

See how it turns! this is a strange conversion!

To look back, and collect such lumps, and lick 'em
Into new horrid forms again——

Pedro. Still braver!

Rod. To fight because I dare, were worse and weaker
Than if I had a woman in my cause, Sir,
And more proclaim'd me fool; yet I must confess
I have been covetous of all occasions,
And this I have taken upon trust for noble,
The more shame mine! Devise a way to fight thus,
That, like the wounded air, no blood may issue,
Nor, where the sword shall enter, no lost spirit,
And set me on! I would not scar that body,
That virtuous, valiant body, nor deface it,
To make the kingdom mine. If one must bleed,
Let me be both the sacrifice and altar,
And you the priest; I have deserv'd to suffer.

Pedro. The noble Roderigo now I call you,
And thus my love shall ever count and hold you.

Rod. I am your servant, Sir; and now this habit,
Devotion, not distrust, shall put upon me.
I'll wait upon your fortunes, (that's my way now)
And where you grieve, or joy, I'll be a partner.

Pedro. I thank you, Sir; I shall be too proud of you,
Oh, I could tell you strange things!

Rod. I guess at 'em;
And I could curse myself, I made 'em stranger.
Yet my mind says, you are not far from happiness.

Pedro. It shall be welcome. Come, let's keep us thus
still,

And be as we appear, Heav'n's hand may bless us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Alphonso, Master, and Keepers.

Master. Yes, Sir, here be such people; but how pleasing
They will appear to you——

Alph. Pray let me see 'em;
I come to that end; pray let me see 'em all.

Mast. They will confound you, Sir, like bells rung backward;

They're nothing but confusion, and mere noises.

Alpb. May-be, I love a noise. But, hark ye, Sir! Have you no boys? handsome young boys?

Mast. Yes, one, Sir;
A very handsome boy.

Alpb. Long here?

Mast. But two days;
A little craz'd, but much hope of recovery.

Alpb. Ay, that boy let me see; may-be, I know him; That boy, I say.—This is the boy he told me of, And it must needs be she!—That boy, I beseech ye, Sir! That boy I come to see.

Mast. And you shall see him,
Or any else; but pray be not too violent.

Alpb. I know what to do, I warrant you; I am for all fancies;

I can talk to 'em, and dispute——

1 *Keep.* As madly?

For they are very mad, Sir.

Alpb. Let 'em be horn-mad.

2 *Keep.* We have few citizens; they have bedlams of their own, Sir;

And are mad at their own charges.

Alpb. Who lies here?

Mast. Pray you don't disturb 'em, Sir; here lie such youths

Will make you start if they but dance their trenchmores⁴¹.

⁴¹ *If they but dance their trenchmores.*] *Trenchmore* was a dance, of which (says Sir John Hawkins, *History of Musick*, vol. iv. p. 391.) frequent mention is made by our old dramatick writers: Thus, in the *Island Princess* of Beaumont and Fletcher, act v. one of the Townsmen says,

All the windows of the town dance a new trenchmore.

In the *Table-Talk* of Seldon, tit. *King of England*, is the following humorous passage: 'The court of England is much altered. At a solemn dancing, first, you had the grave measures, then the corantoes and the galliards, and this kept up with ceremony; and at length to *trenchmore*, and the cushion-dance: Then all the company

Fetch out the boy, sirrah.—Hark! *[Exit Keeper.]*

Alph. Heigh, boys! *[Shake irons within.]*

Enter English madman, Scholar, and Parson.

Engl. Bounce!

Clap her o' th' star-board! bounce! top the can.

Schol. Dead, you dog, dead! D' you quarrel in my kingdom?

Give me my trident!

Engl. Bounce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with mackrel! Oh, brave meat!

Schol. My sea-horfes!

I'll charge the northern-wind, and break his bladder.

Par. I'll fell my bells, before I be out-brav'd thus.

Alph. What's he? what's he?

Mast. A parson, Sir, a parson,
That run mad for tithe-goslings.

Alph. Green fauce cure him!

Par. I'll curse ye all! I'll excommunicate ye!
Thou English heretick, give me the tenth pot.

Engl. Sue me; I'll drink up all. Bounce, I say once more.

Oh, have I split your mizen? Blow, blow, thou West-wind,

Blow till thou rive⁴², and make the sea run roaring.

“ pany dances, lord and groom, lady and kitchen maid, no distinction.
“ So in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were
“ kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well. But in
“ King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *trenchmore* and
“ the cushion-dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite come
“ toite.’ And in the comedy of the Rehearsal, the earth, sun, and
“ moon, are made to dance the hey, to the tune of *trenchmore*. From
“ all which it may be inferred, that the *trenchmore* was also a lively
“ movement.” R.

⁴² *Blow till thou rive.*] This is a manifest copying from Shakespeare's Boatswain in the *Tempest*,

Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough,
which passage is not sense as it stands, but ought to be altered thus,

Blow till thou burst thee, Wind, &c.

By which reading he (Boatswain) addresses the Wind as a person, and the sentence acquires a dignity which it had not before. *Sympson.*

This same variation of Shakespeare's text, is proposed by Mr. Steevens (as his own conjecture) in the edition of Shakespeare published in 1773.

I'll hiss it down again with a bottle of ale.

Schol. Triton! why, Triton!

Engl. Triton's drunk with metheglin.

Schol. Strike, strike the farges, strike!

Engl. Drink, drink; 'tis day-light;

Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, Parson, proud
Parson:

A pig's tail in thy teeth, and I defy thee!

Par. Give me some porridge, or I'll damn thee,
English.

Alph. How comes this English madman here?

Mast. Alas,

That is no question; they're mad ev'ry where, Sir.—
Their fits are cool now; let 'em rest.

Enter Keepers, and She-Fool in boy's cloaths.

Alph. Mad gallants,

Most admirable mad; I love their fancies⁴³.

1 Keep. You stinking whore!—Who knew of this?
who look'd to him?

Pox take him, he was sleepy when I left him.

2 Keep. Certain, he made the Fool drunk.

Mast. How now? who's this here?

Where is the boy?

1 Keep. The boy, Sir?

Mast. Ay, the boy, Sir.

1 Keep. Here's all the boys we found.

Mast. These are his cloaths;

But where's the boy?

Fool. The boy is gone a-maying;

He'll bring me home a cuckow's nest. D'you hear,
master?

I put my cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
And pinn'd a plumb⁴⁴ in's forehead, and a feather,
And bus'd him twice, and bid him go seek his fortune:
He gave me this fine money, and fine wine too,
And bid me sop, and gave me these trim cloaths too,

⁴³ *I love their faces.*] Varied by Mr. Symphon.

⁴⁴ *Plumb.*] We take this to be a name of some cap; as we now
call that worn by children a *pudding*.

And put 'em on.

Alph. Is this the boy you'd shew?

Fool. I'll give you two-pence, master.

Alph. Am I fool'd of all sides?

I met a Fool i'th' woods, (they said she dwelt here)
In a long pied coat.

Mast. That was the very boy, Sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him leave to play forsooth:
He'll come again to-morrow, and bring pescods.

Mast. I'll bring your bones!

Alph. Pox o' your fools, and bedlams!

Plague o' your owls and apes!

Mast. Pray you, Sir, be tamer;

We cannot help this presently; but we shall know—
I'll recompense your care too!

Alph. Know me a pudding!

You juggle, and you fiddle; fart upon you!

I am abus'd!

Mast. Pray you, Sir——

Enter Welsh madman.

Alph. And I will be abus'd, Sir!

And you shall know I am abus'd!

Welsh. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.

Alph. Pox o' thy whaws, and thy whims,
Pox o' thy urship!

Welsh. Give me some ceeze and onions, give me
some wash-brew;

I have —— in my bellies⁴⁵; give me abundance.

Pendragon was a shentleman, marg you, Sir;

And the organs at Rixum were made by revelations;

There is a spirit blows, and blows the bellows,

And then they sing!

Alph. What moon-calf's this? what dream?

Mast. Pray you, Sir, observe him;

He is a mountaineer, a man of goatland.

Welsh. I will beat thy face as black as a blue clout;

⁴⁵ I have —— in my bellies.] We are very sorry to leave an
hiatus, but cannot avoid it here.

I will

I will leave no more sheet in thine eyes—

Mast. He will not hurt you.

Welsh. Give me a great deal of guns! Thou art the devils,

I know thee by thy tails. Poor Owen's hungry!

I will pig thy bums full of bullets.

Alpb. This is the rarest rascal!

He speaks as if he had butter-milk in's mouth.

Is this any thing akin to th' English?

Mast. The elder brother, Sir.

He run mad because a rat eat up's cheefe.

Alpb. H' had a great deal of reason, Sir.

Welsh. *Besar las manos*⁴⁶, is for an old cod-piece, marg you.

I will borrow thy urship's whore to seal a letter.

Mast. Now he grows villainous.

Alpb. Methinks he's best now.

Mast. Away with him.

Alpb. He shall not.

Mast. Sir, he must.

Welsh. I will sing, and dance, do any thing!

Alpb. Wilt thou declaim in Greek?

Mast. Away with the Fool;

And whip her soundly, firrah.

Fool. I'll tell no more tales. [Exit.

Alpb. Or wilt thou fly i' th' air?

Engl. Do; and I'll catch thee,

And, like a wisp of hay, I'll whirl, and whirl thee,

And puff thee up, and puff thee up!

Schol. I'll save thee,

And thou shalt fall into the sea, soft, softly.

Welsh. I'll get upon a mountain, and call my countrymen.

Mast. They all grow wild. Away with him, for Heaven sake!

Sir, you are much to blame.

Alpb. No, no, 'tis brave, Sir!

You've cozen'd me; I'll make you mad.

⁴⁶ *Basilus manus*.] So old books. The Editors of 1750 alter it.

Mast. In with him, and lock him fast.

Alph. I'll see him in his lodging. [Exit.]

Mast. What means this gentleman?

Enter Julietta.

Jul. He's in; have at him.
Are you the master, Sir?

Mast. What would you with him?

Jul. I have a business from the duke of Medina:
Is there not an old gentleman come lately in?

Mast. Yes, and a wild one too; but not a prisoner.

Jul. Did you observe him well? 'tis like he may be.

Mast. I have seen younger men of better temper.

Jul. You have hit the cause I come for. There's
a letter;

Pray you peruse it well.—I shall be with you,

And suddenly, I fear not; finely, daintily;

I shall so feed your fierce vexation,

And raise your worship's storms; I shall so niggle you,

And juggle you, and fiddle you, and firk you,

I'll make you curse the hour you vex'd a woman;

I'll make you shake, when our sex are but founded!

'For the Lord's sake,' we shall have him at: I long

to see it,

As much as for my wedding-night; I gape after it.

Mast. This letter says, the gentleman is lunatick;

I half suspected it.

Jul. 'Tis very true, Sir;

And such pranks he has play'd!

Mast. He's some great man,

The duke commands me with such care to look to

him;

And if he grow too violent to correct him,

To use the speediest means for his recovery;

And those he must find sharp.

Jul. The better for him.

Mast. How got you him hither?

Jul. With a train I tol'd him:

He's

He's in love with a boy, there lies his melancholy.

Mast. Hither he came to seek one.

Jul. Yes, I sent him;

Now had we dealt by force, we'd never brought him.

Mast. Here was a boy.

Jul. He saw him not?

Mast. He was gone first.

Jul. It is the better. Look you to your charge well; I'll see him lodg'd, for so the duke commanded me.

He will be very rough.

Mast. We're us'd to that, Sir;

And we as rough as he, if he give occasion.

Jul. You will find him gainful⁴⁷, but be sure you curb him.

And get him if you can fairly to his lodging;

I am afraid you will not.

Enter Alphonso.

Mast. We must sweat then.

Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises? I'll have more noise,

I'll have all loose, and all shall play their prizes;

Thy master has let loose the boy I look'd for,

Basely convey'd him hence.

Keep. Will you go out, Sir?

Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with me, I'll have thy master in; he's only mad here!

[*Shake irons.*

And, rogues, I'll have ye all whipt! Heigh, mad boys, mad boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Mast. 'Tis too apparent.

Jul. I'm glad she's gone, he raves thus.

Mast. Do you hear, Sir?

Pray will you make less stir, and see your chamber?

Call in more help, and make the closet ready.

Keep. I thought he was mad; I'll have one long lath at you.

⁴⁷ You will find him gainful.] i. e. Wayward, reitly, &c. Symphon.

Alph.

Alph. My chamber? where? my chamber? why
my chamber?

Where's the young boy?

Mast. Nay, pray you, Sir, be more modest,
For your own credit sake; the people see you,
And I would use you with the best.

Alph. Best? hang you!
What, dost thou think me mad?

Mast. Pray, and be civil;
Heav'n may deliver you.

Alph. Into a rogue's hands?

Mast. You do but draw more misery upon you,
And add to your disease.

Alph. Get from me!

Mast. No, Sir,

You must not be left so; bear yourself civilly,
And 'twill be better for you; swell not, nor chafe not.

Alph. I am a gentleman, and a neighbour, rascal.

Mast. A great deal the more pity; I have heard of
you.

Jul. Excellent master?

Mast. The duke is very tender too.

Alph. Am I lunatic? am I run mad?

What dost thou talk to me of dukes and devils?

Why do the people gape so?

Mast. Do not anger 'em,

But go in quietly, and slip in softly,

They will so tew you else; I am commanded, Sir.

Alph. Why, prithee, why?

Mast. You're dog-mad, yet perceive it not;
Very far mad, and whips will scant recover you.

Alph. Ha! whips?

Mast. Ay, whips, and fore whips, an you were a
lord, Sir,

If you be stubborn here.

Alph. Whips? What am I grown?

Jul. Oh, I could burst! Hold, hold, hold, hold
o' both ends!

How he looks! pray Heav'n he be not mad indeed.

Alph.

Alph. I don't perceive I'm so, but if you think it—
Nor I'll be hang'd if't be so.

Mast. Do you see this, Sir? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that devil in ye!

Alph. Indeed I'm angry,
But I'll contain myself: Oh, I could burst now,
And tear myself! but these rogues will torment me.
Mad in mine old days? make mine own afflictions?

Mast. What do you mutter, Sir?

Alph. Nothing, Sir, nothing;
I will go in, and quietly, most civilly:
And, good Sir, let none of your tormentors come
about me;

You have a gentle face, they look like dragons.

Mast. Be civil and be safe. Come, for these two days,
You must eat nothing neither; 'twill ease your fits, Sir.

Alph. 'Twill starve me, Sir; but I must bear it
joyfully.

I may sleep?

Mast. Yes, a little. Go in with these men.

Alph. Oh, miserable me! [*Exit.*

Mast. I'll follow presently.

You see 'tis done, Sir.

Jul. Ye have done it handsomely,
And I'll inform the duke so. Pray you attend him;
Let him want nothing, but his will.

Mast. He shall not;
And if he be rebellious——

Jul. Never spare him:
H'has flesh, and hide enough; he loves a whipping.

Mast. My service to his Grace! [*Exit.*

Jul. I shall commend it.
So, thou art fast; I must go get some fresh room
To laugh and caper in: Oh, how it tickles me!
Oh, how it tumbles me with joy! Thy mouth's stopt:
Now if I can do my mistress good, I'm fainted. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. **N**OW, o' my conscience, we have lost him
utterly!

He's not gone home; we heard from thence this
morning,

And since our parting last at Roderigo's,
You know what ground we've travell'd.

Curio. He's asleep sure;

For if h'had been awake, we should have met with him:
Faith, let's turn back, we've but a fruitless journey;

And to hope further of Alinda's recovery,
(For sure she'll rather perish than return)

Is but to seek a moat i'th' sun⁴⁸.

Seb. We'll on sure;

Something we'll know, some cause of all this fooling,
Make some discovery.

Curio. Which way shall we cast then?

For all the champaign country, and the villages,
And all those sides——

Seb. We'll cross these woods a while then:

Here, if we fail, we'll gallop to Segovia,
And if we light of no news there, hear nothing,
We'll ev'n turn fairly home, and coast the other side.

Curio. He may be sick, or fall'n into some danger;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.

Seb. He's well enough; he has a travell'd body,
And, tho' he be old, he's tough, and will endure well;
But he's so violent to find her out,
That his anger leads him a thousand wild-goose chases:
I'll warrant he is well.

Curio. Shall we part company?

Seb. By no means; no; that were a fullen business,

⁴⁸ A moth i' th' sun.] The variation is Mr. Theobald's.

No pleasure in our journey. Come, let's cross here first;
And where we find the paths, let them direct us. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Julietta and Alinda.

Jul. Why are you still so fearful of me, lady?
So doubtful of my faith and honest service?
To hide yourself from me, to fly my company?
Am I not yours? all yours? By this light, you shake
still!

Do you suspect me false? did I e'er fail you?
D' you think I am corrupted, base, and treacherous?
Lord, how ye look! Is not my life tied to ye?
And all the power I have, to serve and honour ye?
Still do you doubt? still am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: Good Heav'n preserve ye,
And send ye what ye wish! I will not see ye,
Nor once remember I had such a mistress!
I will not speak of ye, nor name Alinda,
For fear you should suspect I would betray ye:
Goodness and peace conduct ye!

Alin. Prithee pardon me!

I know thou'rt truly faithful; and thou'rt welcome,
A welcome partner to my miseries:
Thou know'st I love thee too.

Jul. I've thought so, lady.

Alin. Alas, my fears have so distracted me,
I durst not trust myself.

Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And cast those by; at least consider, lady,
How to prevent 'em: Pray ye put off this fool's coat;
Tho' it have kept ye secret for a season,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye. Your arch
enemy
Roderigo is abroad; many are looking for ye.

Alin. I know it, and those many I have cozen'd.

Jul. You cannot still thus.

Alin. I've no means to shift it.

Jul.

Jul. I have, and shift you too. I lay last night
At a poor widow's house here in the thicket,
Whither I will conduct ye, and new-shape ye;
Myself too, to attend ye.

Alin. What means hast thou?
For mine are gone.

Jul. Fear not, enough to serve you;
I came not out so empty.

Alin. Prithee tell me,
(For thou hast struck a kind of comfort thro' me)
When saw'st thou Roderigo?

Jul. Ev'n this morning,
And in these woods: Take heed; h' has got a new
shape.

Alin. The habit of a pilgrim? Yes, I know it,
And I hope shall prevent it. Was he alone?

Jul. No, madam; and, which made me wonder
mightily,
He was in company with that handsome Pilgrim,
That sad sweet man.

Alin. That I forgot to give to?

Jul. The same, the very same, that you so pitied;
A man as fit to suit his villainies——

Alin. And did they walk together?

Jul. Wondrous civilly.

Alin. Talk, and discourse?

Jul. I think so; for I saw 'em
Make many stands, and then embrace each other.

Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd! a Judas dwells
with him,

A Sinon, that will seem a saint to choak him!
Canst thou but shew me this?

Jul. Lord, how she trembles!
Not thus, for all the world; ye are undone then.
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free;
And then I'll shew ye any thing.

Alin. Come, good wench,
And speedily, for I have strange faiths working,
As strange fears too; I'll tell thee all my life then.

Jul. Come quick; I will conduct ye, and still
serve ye:

And do not fear; hang fear, it spoils all projects. *A.*
This way! I'll be your guide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, and Citizens.

Gov. Use all your sports,
All your solemnities; 'tis the king's day tomorrow,
His birth-day, and his marriage; a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.

1 Cit. We will, Sir,
And make Segovia ring with our rejoicings.

Gov. Be sumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken bacchanals; free to all strangers,
Easy and sweet in all your entertainments;
For 'tis a royal day, admits no rudeness.

2 Cit. Your lordship will do us the honour to
Be here yourself, and grace the day?

Gov. It is
A main part of my service.

3 Cit. I hope your honour
Has taken into your consideration
The miseries we have suffer'd by these Outlaws;
The losses, hourly fears, the rude abuses,
Strangers that travel to us are daily loaden with;
Our daughters' and our wives' complaints.

Gov. I'm sorry for't,
And have commission from the king to ease it:
You shall not be long vex'd.

1 Cit. Had we not walls, Sir,
And those continually mann'd too with our watches,
We should not have a bit of meat to feed us:
And yet they are our friends, and we must think so,
And entertain 'em so sometimes, and feast 'em,
And send 'em loaden home too; we are lost else.

2 Cit. They'll come to church among us (as we hope,
Christians)

When

THE PILGRIM. 533

When all their zeal is but to steal the chállices.
At this good time now, if your lordship were not here,
To awe their violence with your authority,
They'd play such gambols!

Gov. Are they grown so heady?

2 Cit. They'd drink up all our wine, piss out our bonfires,

Then, like the drunken Centaurs, have at the fairest,
(Nay, have at all; fourscore and ten's a goddess)
Whilst we, like fools, stand shaking in our cellars.

Gov. Are they so fierce upon so little sufferance?
I'll give 'em such a purge, and suddenly——
Verdugo, after this solemnity is over,
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
(To see what house these knaves keep) of good soldiers,
As sturdy as themselves; that dare dispute with 'em,
Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearless,
But with a better faith belabour 'em:
I'll know what claim they have to their possession.

'Tis pity of their captain Roderigo,
A well-bred gentlemen, and a good soldier,
And one his majesty has some little reason
To thank for sundry services, and fair ones;
That long neglect bred this: I'm sorry for him.

Verd. The hope of his estate keeps back his pardon;
There's divers wasps that buz about that honey-box,
And long to lick themselves full.

Gov. True, Verdugo;
'Would he had but the patience to discern it,
And policy to wipe their lips⁴⁹!

Verd. To fetch him in, Sir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will ask some bloody crowns. I know his people
Are of his own choice, men that will not totter

⁴⁹ *To wipe their lips.*] Mr. Seward proposes to read, 'to wet their lips, i. e. to gain some of them, by letting them taste some of his honey.' But surely *wet* is a wretched verb applied to honey. *Wipe* may mean to wound, to give them a WIPE, a familiar expression of offence; which the answer implies, by mentioning 'to fetch him in by violence.'

Nor blench much at a bullet; I know his order;
 And tho' he have no multitude, h' has manhood;
 The elder twin to that too, staid experience.
 But if he must be forc'd, Sir——

Gov. There's no remedy,
 Unless he come himself.

Verd. That will be doubtful.—
 Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble Pedro?

Gov. I cannot, by no means; I think he's dead, sure:
 The court bewails much his untimely loss;
 The king himself laments him.

Verd. He was sunk;
 And, if he be dead, he died happily:
 He buried all he had in the king's service,
 And lost himself.

Gov. Well, if he be alive, captain,
 (As hope still speaks the best) I know the king's mind
 So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
 Come; to this preparation! when that's done,
 The Outlaws' expedition is begun.

Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help ourselves
 too. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo and Pedro.

Rod. How sweet these solitary places are!
 How wantonly the wind blows thro' the leaves,
 And courts and plays with 'em! Will you sit down and
 sleep?

The heat invites you. Hark, how yon purling stream
 Dances, and murmurs; the birds sing softly too:
 Pray take some rest, Sir.—I would fain wooe his fancy
 To a peace; it labours high and hastily upon him.
 Pray you sit, and I'll sit by.

Pedro. I cannot sleep, friend;
 I have those watches here admit no slumbers.
 Saw you none yet?

Rod. No creature.

Pedro.

Pedro. What strange musick
Was that we heard afar off?

Rod. I can't guess :
'Twas loud, and shrill; sometimes it shew'd hard by us,
And by and by the sound fled as the wind does.
Here's no inhabitants.

Pedro. It much delighted me.

Rod. They talk of fairies, and such demi-devils;
This is as fine a place to dance their gambols——

Pedro. Methought I heard a voice. [*Musick and birds.*]

Rod. They can sing admirably;
They never lose their maidenheads.—I would fool any
way,

To make him merry now.—Methinks⁴⁹ yon rocks
Shew like enchanted cells, where they inhabit.

[*Musick afar off. Pot birds.*]

Pedro. 'Tis here again. Hark, gentle Roderigo,
Hark, hark! oh, sweet, sweet! how the birds record too!
Mark how it flies now ev'ry way!—Oh, love!
In such a harmony art thou begotten;
In such soft air, so gentle, lull'd and nourish'd.
Oh, my best mistress!

Rod. How he weeps! Dear Heav'n,
Give him his heart's content, and me forgive too!
I must melt too.

Pedro. The birds sing louder, sweeter,
And every note they emulate one another:
Lie still and hear.—These, when they've done their
labours,

Enter Alinda and Juletta, like old women.

Their pretty airs, fall to their rests, enjoy 'em;
Nothing rocks love asleep, but death.

Rod. Who are these?

Pedro. What?

Rod. Those there, those, those things that come upon
us,

⁴⁹ Yond *rocks* yonder.] This is either a palpable error, or gross inadvertence. In either case, it injures both sense and measure; and we have omitted the last word, though it stands in all the copies.

Those grandam things, those strange antiquities,
Did not I say these woods begot strange wonders?

Jul. Now you may view 'em.

Alin. Ha!

Jul. The men you long'd for;
Here they are both. Now you may boldly talk with 'em,
And ne'er be guess'd at; be not afraid, nor faint not.
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder.
Shake not; but what you purpose, do discretely;
And from your tongue I'll take my part.

Alin. Ha!

Jul. There,
Before you, there. Do not turn coward, mistress?
If you do love, carry your love out handsomely.

Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo: What a peace
Dwells in their faces! what a friendly calm
Crowns both their souls!

Rod. They shew as if they were mortal.
They come upon us still.

Pedro. Be not afraid, man;
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.

Rod. That thing i' th' button'd cap looks terribly:
She has guns in her eyes; the devil's engineer!

Pedro. Come, stand; and let's go meet 'em.

Rod. Go you first;
I have less faith: When I have said my prayers——

Pedro. There needs no fear.—Hail, reverend dames!

Alin. Good even!

What do ye seek?

Pedro. We would seek happier fortunes.

Rod. That little devil has main need of a barber!
What a trim beard she has! [*Aside.*]

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em!

Lie not still, nor linger here⁵⁰;

Here inhabits nought but fear.

Be constant, good; in faith be clear;

Fortune will wait ye every where.

⁵⁰ *Nor longer here.*] The variation proposed by Symphon.

Pedro. Whither should we go? for we believe thy
reverence,
And next obey.

Alin. Go to Segovia;
And there before the altar pay thy vows,
Thy gifts, and pray'rs; unload thy heaviness;
Tomorrow shed thy tears, and gain thy suit:
Such honest noble show'rs ne'er wanted fruit.

Jul. Stand you out too! [To Roderigo.

Rod. I shall be hang'd, or whipp'd now;
These know and these have pow'r.

Jul. See how he shakes!

A secure conscience never quakes:
Thou hast been ill, be so no more;
A good retreat is a great store.
Thou hast commanded men of might;
Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.

Alin. Command thy will, thy foul desires;
Put out and quench thy unhallow'd fires;
Command thy mind, and make that pure;
Thou'rt wise then, valiant, and secure:
A blessing then thou mayst beget.

Jul. A curse else, that shall never set,
Will light upon thee. Say thy prayers;
Thou hast as many sins as hairs.
Thou art a captain, let thy men
Be honest, have good thoughts, and then
Thou mayst command, and lead in chief;
Yet thou art bloody, and a thief.

Rod. What shall I do? I do confess.

Alin. Retire,
And purge thee perfect in his fire:
His life observe; live in his school,
And then thou shalt put off the fool.

Jul. Pray at Segovia too, and give
Thy off'rings up; repent, and live! [Musick.

Alin. Away, away! enquire no more:
Do this, ye're rich; else, fools, and poor.

What musick's this? [Aside.
Jul.

Jul. Retire; 'tis some neat joy,
In honour of the king's great day. They wonder:
This comes in right to confirm their reverence.
Away, away! let them admire; it makes
For our advantage. How the captain shakes!

[*Exeunt.*]

Pedro. This was the musick.

Rod. Yes, yes. How I sweat!
I was ne'er so deserted! Sure these woods are
Only inhabited with rare dreams and wonders.
I would not be a knave again, a villain——
Lord, how I loath it now! for these know all, Sir,
And they would find me out.

Pedro. They're excellent women;
Deep in their knowledge, friend.

Rod. I would not be traitor,
And have these of my jury—How light I am,
And how my heart laughs now methinks within me!
Now I am catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,
For here's a kind of court of reformation:
Had I been stubborn, friend——

Pedro. They would have found it.

Rod. And then they would have handled me a new
way;
The devil's dump had been danc'd then.

Pedro. Let's away,
And do their great commands, and do 'em handsomely,
Contrite, and true; for I believe, Roderigo,
And constantly believe, we shall be happy.

Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my side,
All I can stagger at is the king's anger;
Which, if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.

Pedro. The king has mercy, friend, as well as justice.
And when you fall——

Rod. No more; I hope the fairest⁵¹. [Exeunt.]

⁵¹ *And when you fall: No more.*

Rod. I hope the fairest.] The variation in the text recommended by Symphon.

S C E N E V.

Enter Master, Seberto, and Curio.

Curio. We've told ye what he is, what time we've fought him,

His nature, and his name; the seeming boy too,
Ye had here, how, and what; by your own relation
All circumstances we have clear'd; that the duke sent him

We told ye how impossible (he knows him not);
That he is mad himself, and therefore fit
To be your prisoner, we dare swear against it.

Seb. Take heed, Sir; be not madder than you'd make him!

Tho' he be rash, and sudden (which is all his wildness)
Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a gentleman,
And so must be restor'd and clear'd in all points;
The king shall be a judge else.

Curio. 'Twas some trick

That brought him hither; the boy and letter counterfeit,

Which shall appear, if ye dare now detain him.

Maft. I dare not, Sir, nor will not; I believe ye,
And will restore him up: Had I known sooner
H'had been a neighbour, and the man you speak him,
(Tho', as I live, he carried a wild seeming)
My service and myself had both attended him.
How I have us'd him, let him speak.

Seb. Let's in, and visit him;

Then to the holy temple, there pay our duties;
And so we'll take our leaves.

Maft. I'll wait upon ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

An altar prepar'd: Solemn musick.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, &c.

Gov. This to devotion sacred be;
This to the king's prosperity;
This to the queen, and chastity.

[*Musick.*
Verd.]

Verd. These oblations first we bring
To purge ourselves ; these to the king ;
To love and beauty these : Now sing. [*Musick.*]

Ladies. Holy altar, deign to take
These for ourselves ; for the king's sake,
And honour's, these ; these sacred lie
To virtue, love, and modesty,
Our wishes to eternity. [*Musick.*]

Enter Pedro and Roderigo.

Pedro. For ourselves first, thus we bend ;
Forgive us, Heav'n, and be our friend !

Rod. And happy fortune to us send !

Pedro. To the king, honour, and all joy,
Long, and happy from annoy.

Rod. Prosperous be all his days,
Every new hour a new praise !

Pedro. Every minute thus be seen,

Both. And thousand honours crown the queen.

[*Musick.*]

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Seb. Come to the altar ; let us do our duties.

Alph. I have almost forgot a church.

Curio. Kneel reverently.

Alph. For my lost wits (let me see)

First I pray ; and secondly,
To be at home again, and free ;
And if I travel more, hang me !
For the king, and for the queen,
That they may be wise, and seen
Never in the madman's inn !

For my daughter I would pray ;
But she has made a holiday,

And needs not my devotion now ;

Let her take her own course, Heaven,
Whether it be odd, or even,

And if that please not, take her you !

[*Musick.*]

Seb.

Seb. A short and sweet meditation⁵²! What are these here?

Enter Alinda and Juletta, like shepherds.

Alin. Hail to this sacred place!

Jul. They are all here, madam;
No violence dare touch here; be secure!
My bilbo-master too? How got he loose again?
How lamentably he looks! he has had discipline.
I dare not let him know my pranks.

Seb. 'Tis she sure.

Curio. 'Tis certainly.

Pedro. Ha! do I dazzle?

Rod. 'Tis the fair Alinda.

Gov. What wonder stand these strangers in?

Rod. Her woman by her!

The same, Sir, as I live.

Alpb. I had a daughter

With such a face once, such eyes, and nose too.

Ha, let me see! 'tis wondrous like Alinda.

Their devotion ended, I'll mark 'em, and nearer.

And she had a filly too that waited on her,

Just with such a favour: Do they keep goats now?

Alin. Thus we kneel, and thus we pray

A happy honour to this day;

Thus our sacrifice we bring

Ever happy to the king.

Jul. These of purple, damask, green,

Sacred to the virtuous queen,

Here we hang.

Alin. As these are now,

Her glories ever spring, and shew!

These for ourselves, our hopes, and loves,

Full of pinks, and lady-gloves,

Of heart's-ease⁵³ too, which we would fain,

As we labour for, attain:

⁵² *Meditation.*] Probably the Author wrote, *mediation.*

⁵³ *Heart's ease.*] i. e. *Pansy*, or *Viola tricolor.*

Sympson.

Hear me, Heav'n, and as I bend,
Full of hope, some comfort send!

Jul. Hear her, hear her! if there be
A spotless sweetness, this is she. [*Musick.*]

Pedro. Now, Roderigo, stand.

Rod. He that divides ye
Divides my life too.

Gov. Pedro! noble Pedro!
Do not you know your friend?

Pedro. I know, and honour you.

Gov. Lady, this leave I'll crave, (pray be not angry)
I will not long divide you. How happy, Pedro,
Would all the court be now, might they behold thee,
Might they but see you thus, and thus embrace you!
The king will be a joyful man, believe it,
Most joyful, Pedro.

Pedro. I'm his humble servant.—
Nay, good Sir, speak your will; I see you wonder;
One easy word from you——

Alpb. I dare say nothing;
My tongue's a new tongue, Sir, and knows his tether:
Let her do what she please, I dare do nothing;
I have been damn'd for doing. Will the king know him,
That fellow there? will he respect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon, they say; will he own him?

Gov. Yes, certainly, and grace him, ever honour him.
Restore him every way; h'has much lamented him.

Alpb. Is't your will too? This is the last time of asking.

Rod. I'm sure, none else shall touch her, none else
enjoy her,
If this, and this hold.

Alpb. You had best begin
The game then; I have no title in her;
Pray take her, and dispatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I'm sober:
Kiss, kiss; it must be thus. Stand up, Alinda;
I am the more child, and more need of blessing.
You had a waiting-woman, one Juletta,
A pretty desperate thing, just such another

As this sweet lady; we call'd her Nimble-chaps:
I pray is this the party?

Jul. No, indeed, Sir,
She is at home: I am a little foot-boy,
That walk o' nights, and fright old gentlemen;
Make 'em lose hats and cloaks.

Alph. And horses too?

Jul. Sometimes I do, Sir; teach 'em the way thro'
 ditches,
And how to break their worships' shins and noses,
Against old broken stiles and stumps.

Alph. A fine art!
I feel it in my bones yet.

Jul. I'm a drum, Sir,
A drum at midnight; ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, Sir!
D' you take me for Juletta? I'm a page, Sir,
That brought a letter from the duke of Medina
To have one signior Alphonso, (just such another
As your old worship) worm'd for running mad, Sir:
Alas, you are mistaken.

Alph. Thou'rt the devil,
And so th'haft us'd me.

Jul. I am any thing;
An old woman, that tells fortunes——

Rod. Ha!

Jul. And frights good people,
And sends them to Segovia for their fortunes;
I am strange airs and excellent sweet voices;
I'm any thing, to do her good, believe me.
She now recover'd, and her wishes crown'd,
I am Juletta again: Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Alph. I dare not
Do otherwise, for fear thou shouldst still follow me:
Prithee be forgiven, and I prithee forgive me too.
And if any of you will marry her——

Jul. No, I beseech you, Sir; my mistress is my
 husband;
With her I'll dwell still: And when you play
Any more pranks, you know where to have me.

Pedro.

Pedro. You know him, Sir?

Gov. Know him, and much lament him;
The king's incens'd much, much, Sir, I can assure you.

Pedro. Noble Governor——

Gov. But since he is your friend, and now appears,
In honour of this day, and love to you, Sir,
I'll try the power I have; to the pinch I'll put it.
Here's my hand, Roderigo, I'll set you fair again.

Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of service.

Gov. Your people too shall have their general pardons;
We'll have all peace and love.

Rod. All shall pray for you.

Gov. To my house now, and suit you to your worths;
Off with these weeds, and appear glorious:
'Then to the priest that shall attend us here,
And this be stil'd Love's new and happy year!

Rod. The king's and queen's; two noble honours
meet

To grace this day, two true loves at their feet.

Alph. Well, well, since wedding will come after
wooing,

Give me some rosemary⁵⁴, and let's be going. [*Exeunt.*

⁵⁴ *Rosemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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