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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN FORD:

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE LADY'S TRIAL.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.] This play was licensed by the Master of the Revels, and performed at the Cockpit, May 3d, 1638. It was printed in the following year; and apparently with so little care, that from many passages it is now scarcely possible to extract any sense.

Auria, a noble Genoese, among whose hairs "some messengers of time had took up lodgings," had wedded a lady whose only dowry was her youth, her beauty, and her virtues. Whatever this union might do for the happiness, it did little for the fortunes of Auria. Rich banquetings and revels contributed to embarrass his circumstances, and he proposes to retrieve his fortunes by an expedition against the Turkish pirates. In a scene of great tenderness he commits his young wife, Spinella, to the joint care of his uncle Trelcatio and her sister Castanna, while with his faithful but suspicious friend Aurelio, he deposits a sum of money to be disposed of as the occasions of Spinella may require.

Strong contrasts are the glory of dramatic writing: and if our old dramatists had not learnt the secret from nature herself, they would have been taught it by their predecessors, the compilers of Interludes and Moralities, with whom nothing is more frequent than exhibitions of the strong contrasts between the good and evil appetites existing in the mind of man. Accordingly from this beautiful scene of conjugal tenderness, the reader is presently transplanted to one of a very different nature; but which, though drawn up with infinite spirit, will hardly be understood at the first perusal without a little previous explanation. Levidolche, niece of Martino, a Genoese citizen, had married far below her condition

in life, by giving her hand, while almost a mere girl, to one Benatzi, servant to a young lord of Genoa, by name Adurni. Disagreements soon occur between these unequal yoke-fellows; and Levidolche, divorced from Benatzi, gives herself up entirely to the arms of her late husband's young master, between whom and herself there appears to have been a previous intimacy. Not content with this substitute for her late lawful enjoyments, this warm specimen of a southern sun soon courts a newer pleasure; and a letter, descriptive of her inclinations, is presently despatched to the object of them. But Malfato, the person thus sought, had already a deep-rooted and nobler attachment of his own, of which the only outward signs were estrangement from society and a deep melancholy; and bitter scorn and reproof are the only returns which these proffers of lighter love win from this gloomy but virtuous Genoese. The schemes of vengeance projected by the mortified Levidolche, as hot in anger as in love—the hand by which she endeavours to accomplish her purposes—and the unexpected results in which they terminate—belong to that part of the plot, in which it would be unwise to forestall the reader's gratification. The letter which conveyed the tender of Levidolche's new loves had for its bearer Futtelli, a dependent of Adurni, to whom he recites its contents, as well as the passionate terms in which it had been entrusted to him; but as a newer project was now labouring in that young lord's brain, these proofs of his mistress's inconstancy seem to excite little else in him than a feeling of curiosity as to the manner in which

they will be received by his unwilling rival, Malfato. The scheme which now occupied the young Adurni's brain, was a design upon the affections of the wife of the absent Auria; and accordingly one of the next scenes exhibits Spinella and her sister as the guests of the too susceptible Adurni. A rich banquet, soft music, whatever could gratify the senses had been prepared for the occasion—Adurni pours forth his protestations of love; but the answers of the gentle, pure-minded Spinella must soon have convinced him of the utter uselessness of continuing his pursuit, had not a stronger interruption occurred to awaken him to a sense of his criminal purpose. Auria, though absent, had left behind him a friend, as watchful to perceive any intended injury to his honour, as resolute and prompt to frustrate its accomplishment. This colloquy is accordingly broken in upon very suddenly by Aurelio, who upbraids Adurni with his treacherous hospitality, accuses Spinella of 'loss to every brave respect,' announces the return of Auria to Genoa, and threatens them both with the consequences of their supposed guilt. Spinella, though conscious of innocence, breaks away, and becomes a fugitive none knows where.

The announcement of Aurelio was in one respect at least correct. Auria, with Ford's usual disregard to any thing like the unities of time and place, had returned home, a conqueror in the highest sense of the word; and a profusion of honours and rewards waits upon his brilliant services. He is appointed admiral of Genoa, a thousand ducats are presented to him from the public trea-

sury, the government of Corsica (a month's stay being allowed before he proceeded to his office) is conferred upon him, and his name is solemnly enrolled among the worthies of his country. But these honours and rewards come too late. The star, which had shed light and happiness on the more straitened fortunes of Auria, had disappeared; his home is desolate, and in the phrenzied anguish of the moment his sword is almost drawn upon the friend, to whose giddy zeal and rash indiscretion he considers himself indebted for the awkward situation in which he finds himself placed—his suspicions raised, but not so certified as to justify him in calling Adurni to account.—Spinella meantime had taken refuge in the house of her cousin Malfato, that cousin who had long sighed for her in secret, but who considering their nearness of blood as an inseparable bar to their union, had never told his tale of love, till the wrongs of Spinella and her present situation wring it from him, in language so delicately reserved, that even a woman's quick sense hardly perceives its meaning, till the narrative draws towards a close.—The justice finally done to the 'pure and unflawed' virtues of Spinella—the means by which all 'crooked surmises' on the part of Aurelio are removed—the dignified repentance exhibited by Adurni, contrasting strongly as it does with his former levity and rashness—and the developement of Auria's character, so new in an Italian husband, will be best learned from the drama itself.

The under-plot of the 'Lady's Trial' consists in the amusement derived from the fantastic imagination of Amoretta, daughter of the Genoese citizen Trelcatio.

With more pride than fortune (‘ since she herself with all her father’s store, can hardly weigh above 400 ducats’) this lisping beauty discards a train of worthy suitors ‘only for that they are not dukes or counts.’ To work the silly maiden’s reformation, two pretended lovers, are, with her father’s connivance, provided to play upon her feelings and propensities—Guzman, a solemn bombastic Spaniard, whose whole wealth appears to lie in his language, which certainly is rich enough, and Fulgoso, a livelier coxcomb, whom the late Flemish wars had lifted from a sutler’s hut into opulence, and into such gentility as opulence can confer. It is to be hoped that we may attribute to design, rather than to accident, that the humbler characters of ‘ the *Lady’s Trial*’ are at all events inoffensive. This was probably Ford’s last play, and leads us to hope with Mr. Gifford, ‘ that its author had at last suspected his want of genuine humour, and recollected before he closed his theatrical career, that a dull medley of extravagance and impurity was ill calculated to supply the defect.’

PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That sharply savours more of air than earth,
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where's now such a one, in which these three,
Are handsomely contriv'd? or, if they be,
Are understood by all who hear or see?

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan
Affairs of state, oh! he's the only man!

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting!
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day ;
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,
He tenders you no satire, but a play;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.*

* See the Dedication to the *Sun's Darling*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, a noble Genoese.

ADURNI, a young lord.

AURELIO, friend to AURIA.

MALFATO, a discontented lover.

TRELCATIO, }
MARTINO, } citizens of Genoa.

PIERO, }
FUTELLI, } dependents on ADURNI.

GUZMAN, a braggadoccio Spaniard.

FULGOSO, an upstart gallant.

BENATZI, husband to LEVIDOLCHE.

SPINELLA, wife to AURIA.

CASTANNA, her sister.

AMORETTA, a fantastic maid.

LEVIDOLCHE, a wanton.

THE SCENE.—*Genoa.*

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of AURIA.*

Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at opposite doors.

Piero. ACCOMPLISHED man of fashion!

Fut. The times' wonder!

Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero!

Piero. Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!

The newest news? unvamp'd?*

Fut. I am no foot-post,

No pedlar of avisos, no monopolist

Of forged corantos, monger of gazettes.

Piero. But, in pure earnest now, my fine Futelli, How trowls the common noise?

Fut. Auria, who lately,

Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,

Tired with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting

To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service

Of the great duke of Florence.—

Piero. Blockhead!

To run from such an armful of pleasures,

* *The newest news? unvamp'd?]* i. e. fresh, genuine, not patched up.—GIFFORD.

For gaining—what?—a bloody nose of honour.
Most sottish and abominable!

Fut. Wicked,
Shameful, and cowardly, I will maintain.

Piero. Is all my signor's hospitality,
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome
To beverage and biscuit?

Fut. Hold thy peace, man;
It makes for us:—he comes, let's part demurely.
[*They take different sides.*]

Enter ADURNI and AURIA.

Adur. We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and
safety;
Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,
Worthy your name and ancestors!

Aur. My lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action
Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.

Piero. I present you
My service for a farewell; let few words
Excuse all arts of compliment.

Fut. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long
on't,)
Call me your shadow's hench-boy.*

* *Call me your shadow's hench-boy.*] A common expression in our old writers for a *page*; a state-attendant on court or municipal officers.—GIFFORD.

Aur. Gentlemen,
My business urging on a present haste,
Enforceth short reply.

Adur. We dare not hinder
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.
All happiness!

Piero and Fut. Contents!

[*Exeunt* ADURNI, PIERO, and FUTELLI.]

Aur. So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,
As I leave Genoa.—

Enter TRELCAIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprenticed heart: thou bring'st, Spinella.
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,
To join again, without all separation,
In a confirmed unity for ever:
Such will our next embraces be, for life;
And then to take the wreck of our divisions,*
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,
Or night of fear, or envy. To your charge,
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort

* *And then to take the wreck of our divisions.*] i. e. to enjoy the remnant of time which our separations have left us.—

Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,
I do entrust this treasure.

Trel. I dare promise

My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

Cast. My sister shall to me stand an example,
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.

Aur. Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of good-
ness

Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinella.—
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech
[*To Spin.*

In so much silent sadness? Oh! at parting,
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family!
I take my leave.

Trel. Blessings and health preserve you! [*Exit.*

Aur. Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our
counsels;

A while, you are design'd your sister's husband.
Give me thy hand, Spinella; you did promise,
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.

Spi. What friend have I left in your absence?

Aur. Many:

Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;
Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness,
As would force scandal to a blush.

Spi. Admit, sir,

The patent of your life should be call'd in;
How am I then left to account with griefs,
More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?
Auria! soul of my comforts, I let fall
No eye on breach of fortune; I contemn
No entertainment to divided hopes,

I urge no pressures by the scorn of change ;
 And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive
 How easy 'tis (without impossibility)
 Never to see thee more, forgive me then,
 If I conclude I may be miserable,
 Most miserable.

Cast. And such conclusion, sister,
 Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,
 Than cause by likelihood.

Aur. 'Tis truth, Castanna.

Spi. I grant it truth ; yet Auria, I'm a woman,
 And therefore apt to fear : to show my duty,
 And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from
 you,

At your command, and not so much as trouble
 Your thought with one poor looking back.

Aur. I thank thee,
 My worthy wife ! Before we kiss, receive
 This caution from thine Auria : first--Castanna,
 Let us bid farewell. [*CAST. walks aside.*]

Spi. Speak, good, speak.

Aur. The steps
 Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,
 However wisely printed, are observed,
 And construed as the lookers-on presume :
 Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
 As thine own jealousies from other's tongues
 May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.
 Admit of visits as of physic forced,
 Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
 Against a growing sickness ; in thy use
 Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
 As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.
 Appear not in a fashion that can prompt

The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
 Some* widowed neglect of handsome value :
 In recreations be both wise and free ;
 Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
 Enrich'd with noble company ; remember
 A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
 The epitaph all covet on their tombs :
 In short, I know thou never wilt forget
 Whose wife thou art, or how upon thy lips
 Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—
 No more. [*Kisses her.*]

Spi. Dear heaven! go, sister, go.

[*Exeunt SPINELLA and CASTANNA.*]

Aur. Done bravely,
 And like the choice of glory, to know mine—
 One of earth's best I have forgone—

[*Enter AURELIO.*]

See, see!

Yet in another I am rich, a friend,
 A perfect one, Aurelio.

Aurel. Had I been
 No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,
 You might have sorted me in your resolves,
 Companion of your fortunes.

Aur. So the wrongs
 I should have ventured on against thy fate
 Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold
 Dispute with reputations, why, before

* In plainer language—"Do not appear abroad so particularly dressed as to invite attention, and prompt the gazer's eye, or *voice* (clamorous voice, if the reader pleases) to report (to prattle of) a *handsome* woman apparently neglected by her husband."—GIFFORD.

This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know.
My wants do drive me hence.

Aurel. Wants! so you said,
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

Aur. Hear me further.

Aurel. Auria, take heed the covert of a folly
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;
I use no harder language. Thou art near
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking
The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing]
To talk your wants.—Fie!

Aur. By that sacred thing
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa
But six months longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

Aurel. Umph!

Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided my superior, friend,
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall
Subject to scorn, or rarely-found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

Aurel. You show,
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffer'd.

Aur. He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

Aurel. For that, so! but you have a wife, a
young,

A fair wife; she, though she could never claim
Right in prosperity, was never tempted
By trial of extremes; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.

Aur. Shew me the man that lives, and to my face
Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—
He is my friend.

Aurel. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like Aurelio; that Aurelio,
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle
As much the opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate; it hath done so to both.

Aur. I find it hath.

Aurel. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection, but will merely wed
A face, because 'tis round, or limn'd by nature
In purest red and white; or, at the best,
For that his mistress owes* an excellence
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why;
Whose virtues are her only dower, (else [none,]
In either kind,) ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves;
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,
Have fool'd to little purpose.

Aur. She's my wife.

Aurel. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the trial of her wits,
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows:

* i. e. owns, possesses.

This is the way that points her out an art
Of wanton life.

Aur. Sir, said ye?

Aurel. You form reasons,
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms
Which threaten your own ruin; but propose
No shelter for her honour: what my tongue
Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.

Aur. Necessity must arm my confidence,
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.

Aurel. Who? I your heir! your wife being yet
so young,
In every probability so forward
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

Aur. Believe it,
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,
A warrant for receiving from Martino
Two hundred ducats; as you find occasion
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:
I would not trust her uncle, he, good man,
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange
Of more debates between us, would undo
My resolution; walk a little, prithee,
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not
speak
Another word.

Aurel. I'll follow you to your horse. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of ADURNI.*

Enter ADURNI, and FUTELLI, with a letter which he presents to Adurni.

Adur. With her own hand?

Fut. She never used, my lord,
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it
Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,
Then cry'd "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an instant,

"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

Adur. In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that
we both

Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their own natures, models of mere change;
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—
She feed you liberally?

Fut. Twenty ducats

She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love
She bore the best of men, (I use, my lord,
Her very words,) the miracle of men,
Malfato,—then she sigh'd—this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:
'Tis meant, my lord, belike, press-money.

Adur. Devil!

How durst she tempt thee [thus,] Futelli, knowing
Thy love to me?

Fut. There lies, my lord, her cunning,

Rather her craft; first she began, what pity
 It was that men should differ in estates
 Without proportion; some so strangely rich,
 Others so miserable poor; "and yet,"
 Quoth she, "since 'tis [in] very deed unfit
 All should be equals, so I must confess,
 It were good justice that the properest men
 Should be preferr'd to fortune, such as nature
 Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
 Genoa, for aught I know, hath wond'rous few,
 Not two to boast of."

I answer'd, she was happy then, whose choice
 In you, my lord, was singular.

Adur. Well urg'd.

Fut. She smiled, and said, it might be so; and
 yet—

There stopp'd: then I closed with her, and con-
 cluded

The title of a lord was not enough,
 For absolute perfection; I had seen
 Persons of meaner quality, much more
 Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship
 Will pardon me, I hope.

Adur. And love thee for it.

Fut. "Phew! let that pass," quoth she, "and
 now we prattle

Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
 Malfato is a very pretty fellow;
 Is he not, pray, sir?" I had then the truth
 Of what I roved at, and with more than praise
 Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,
 Without comparison, my honour'd lord,
 That soon we both concluded of the man,
 The match and business.

Adur. For delivering
A letter to Malfato?

Fut. Whereto I

No sooner had consented, with protests—
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,
Of her own free accord—I trust your lordship
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,
My lord, you'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.

Adur. [*reads.*] *Present to the most accomplished
of men, Malfato, with this love a service.*

Kind superscription! prithee, find him out,
Deliver it with compliment; observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.

Fut. Will not your lordship peruse the contents?

Adur. Enough, I know too much; be just and
cunning.

Much newer project labours in my brain.

Enter PIERO.

Your friend! here's now the Gemini of wit:
What odd conceit is next on foot? some cast
Of neat invention, ha, sirs?

Piero. Very fine,

I do protest my lord.

Fut. Your lordship's ear
Shall share i' th' plot.

Adur. As how?

Piero. You know, my lord,
Young Amoretta, old Trelcatio's daughter;
An honest man, but poor.

Fut. And, my good lord,
He that is honest must be poor, my lord;
It is a common rule.

Adur. Well,—Amoretta.—

Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much
Of her, instruct me.

Piero. Speak, Futelli.

Fut. Spare me.

Piero has the tongue more pregnant.

Piero. Nay, nay.

Adur. Well, keep your mirth, my dainty honies ;
agree

Some two days hence, till when—

Piero. By any means,

Partake the sport, my lord ; this thing of youth—

Fut. Handsome enough, good face, quick eye.
well bred.

Piero. Is yet possest so strangely—

Fut. With an humour

Of thinking she deserves——

Piero. A duke, a count,

At least a viscount, for her husband, that——

Fut. She scorns all mention of a match beneath

One of the foresaid nobles ; will not ride

In a caroch without eight horses.

Piero. Six

She may be drawn to ; four——

Fut. Are for the poor :

But for two horses in a coach——

Piero. She says,

They're not for creatures of Heaven's making ;
fitter—

Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,

Than people Christian : yet herself——

Piero. Herself

Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether

A coach doth trot or amble——

Fut. But by hearsay.

Adur. Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both ;
Are out of breath sure : 'tis a kind of compliment
Scarce enter'd to the times ; but certainly
You coin a humour ; let me understand
Deliberately your fancy.

Piero. In plain troth,
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,
This very city, now, the very now.

Adur. Trelcatio's daughter ?

Fut. Has refused suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts ;
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.

Adur. Now, your design for sport ?

Piero. Without prevention :
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation ;
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

Fut. For rival unto whom we have engaged
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman, out of a sutler's hut,
In the late Flemish wars ; we have resolv'd him
He is descended from Pantagruel,
Of famous memory, by the father's side,
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga.

Adur. You must abuse the maid,*
Beyond amends.

* *You must abuse the maid.*] If *must* be not an error of the press for *much*, it is used here in the sense of—it cannot be but you abuse the maid beyond, &c.—GIFFORD.

Fut. But countenance the course,
My lord, and it may chance, beside the mirth,
'To work a reformation on the maiden :
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promised :
Our ends are harmless trials.

Adur. I betray
No secrets of such use.

Piero and Fut. Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in MALFATO'S House.*

Enter AURELIO and MALFATO.

Aurel. A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,
Received into a habit, argues love,
Or deep impression of strong discontents.
In cases of these rarities a friend,
Upon whose faith and confidence we may
Vent with security our grief, becomes
Oft-times the best physician ; for, admit
We find no remedy, we cannot miss
Advice instead of comfort ; and believe,
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

Mal. Let all this sense be yielded to.

Aurel. Perhaps
You measure what I say the common nature
Of an officious curiosity.

Mal. Not I, sir.

Aurel. Or that other private ends
Sift your retirements.—

Mal. Neither.

Enter FUTELLI.

Fut. Under favour,
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

Mal. To me!—Your mind.

Fut. This letter will inform ye.

[*Gives him the letter.*]

Mal. Letter? how's this? what's here?

Fut. Speak you to me, sir?

Mal. Brave riddle! I'll endeavour to unfold it.

Aurel. How fares the Lord Adurni?

Fut. Sure in health, sir.

Aurel. He is a noble gentleman, withal
Happy in his endeavours: the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanor, an example;
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles.

Mal. You know from whence this comes?

Fut. I do.

Mal. D'ye laugh!

But that I must consider such as spaniels
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print
Upon thy forehead thy foul errand:—there!

[*Throws him the letter.*]

Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions! tell this lord,
He ventured on a foolish policy,
In aiming at the scandal of my blood;
The trick is childish, base,—say base.

Fut. You wrong him.

Aurel. Be wise, Malfato.

Mal. Say, I know this false one.

She who sent this temptation was wife
To his abused servant ; and divorced
From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,
That madam Levidolche and Adurni
Might revel in their sports without controul,
Secure, uncheck'd.

Aurel. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconsiderate.

Mal. I am

A gentleman free born, I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals ; I never crouch'd
Unto the offal of an office promised,
(Reward for long attendance,) and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds ; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I am sure more ancient.

Aurel. Let me tell you then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.
Make all men equals, and confound all course
Of order, and of nature ! this is madness.

Mal. 'Tis so ; and I have reason to be mad,
Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love
From Levidolche, one, however mask'd
In colourable privacy, is famed
The Lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?
For a cast suit of harlotry ? Aurelio,

You are as I am,* you could ill digest
The trial of a patience so unfit.—

Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable
Of what you hear ; another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage : so say ; begone !

Fut. I shall report your answer. [*Exit.*

Mal. What have I

Deserv'd to be so used ! In colder blood,
I do confess nobility requires
Duty and love ; it is a badge of virtue,
By action first acquired, and next in rank
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein
Have I neglected distance, or forgot
Observance to superiors ? sure, my name
Was in the note mistook.

Aurel. We will consider
The meaning of this mystery.

Mal. Not so ;

Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*

* ———— Aurelio,

You are as I am, &c. This expression, which is not uncommon in our old writers, means, “suppose you were,”—or rather, “put yourself—in my place,” &c.—GIFFORD.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter FUTELLI and GUZMAN.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave Don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

Guz. We understand.

Fut. In subtleties of war,—
I talk t'ye now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,
Or downright cutting throats, is all one thing.

Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.

Fut. By way of parallel;
You drill or exercise your company,
(No matter which, for terms,) before you draw
Into the field; so in feats of courtship,
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!

Guz. We understand all these: advance.

Fut. Then next,
Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!—
Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,—
That's careless amours,—or to enter battle:
Then fall to open treaty, or to work
By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt

The chambermaid, a fatal engine; or
Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract
With some of her near friends, for half her por-
tion;—

Or offer truce, and in the interim,
Run upon slaughter, 'tis a noble treachery,—
That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
Cast caps, and cry *victoria!* the field's
Thine own, my Don, she's thine.

Guz. We do vouchsafe her.

Fut. Hold her then fast.

Guz. As fast as can the arms
Of strong imagination hold her.

Fut. No,

She has skipt your hold; my imagination's eyes
Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent
Of your war over-worn habiliments,
Which I forgot in my instructions
To warn you of: therefore, my warlike Don,
Apparel speedily your imaginations
With a more courtly outside.

Guz. 'Tis soon done.

Fut. As soon as said;—in all the clothes thou
hast,

More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.

[*Aside.*

Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado* doublet.
With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio.
Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,
The duchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.

* Our rich mockado doublet,] i. e. an inferior kind of velvet, *velveret*: *quellio*, which occurs in the following line, is a *ruff*.
—GIFFORD.

Fut. Aye, this is brave indeed!

Guz. Our cloke, whose cape is
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,
For ransom of his life; rated in value
At thirteen thousand pistolets; the guerdon
Of our achievement, when we rescued
The infanta from the boar, in single duel,
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
This only, very, naked, single rapier.

Fut. Top and top-gallant brave!

Guz. We will appear,
Before our Amoretta, like the issue
Of our progenitors.

Fut. Imagine so,
And that this rich suit of imagination
Is on already now:—here stands your Amoretta,
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with
swords,

Become great Guzman's oratory best,
Who, though victorious, (and during life
Must be,) yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

Fut. S'foot, Don, you talk too big, you make
her tremble:
Do you not see't imaginarily?

I do, as plainly as you saw the death
Of the Austrian boar ; she rather hears
Of feasting than of fighting ; take her that way.

Guz. Yes, we will feast ;—my queen, my em-
press, saint,

Shalt taste no delicates but what are drest
With costlier spices than the Arabian bird
Sweetens her funeral bed with ; we will riot
With every change of meats, which may renew
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

Fut. Can more be said by one that feeds on
herring

And garlick constantly ? [*Aside.*

Guz. Yes, we will feast—

Fut. Enough ! she's taken, and will love you
now,

As well in buff, as your imagined bravery.
Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this lan-
guage,

Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your “ mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd
breeches ;

Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
That starveling-brain'd companion ; appear you,
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion :
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you.

Guz. The humour takes ; for I, sir, am a man
Affects not shifts : I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why, so! you carry her from all the world.
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument
In such an high employment.

Guz. Gravely spoken;
You may be proud on't.—

Enter, on the opposite side, FULGOSO and PIERO.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and ladies are *et cæteras*,
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know what;
You see the worst of me, and what's all this now?

Piero. A very spark, I vow; you will be stiled
Fulgoso the invincible. But did
The fair Spinella lose an equal part?
How much in all, d'you say?

Ful. Bare three-score ducats,
Thirty a-piece, we need not care who know it.
She play'd; I went her half, walk'd by, and
whistled—

After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [*Whistles.*
As no such thing had ever been, as it were,
Although I saw the winners share my money:
His lordship and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off.

Piero. A noble confidence!

Fut. D'you note your rival?

Guz. With contempt I do.

Ful. I can forego things nearer than my gold,
Allied to my affections, and my blood;
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
Too, as it were.

Piero. But not your love, Fulgoso.

Ful. No, she's inherent, and mine own past losing.

Piero. It tickles me to think with how much state,

You, *as it were*, did run at tilt in love,
Before your Amoretta.

Ful. Broke my lance.

Piero. Of wit, of wit!

Ful. I mean so, as it were,

And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.

Piero. Right, as it were.

Ful. What else, man, as it were?

Guz. [*crossing over to FUL.*] Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt

Your triumph, we being present? *um, ha, um.*

[*FULGOSO whistles the Spanish Pavin.*]

Fut. What think you, Don, of this brave man?

Guz. A man!

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

Fut. Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not
from him

An inch; your grounds are honour.

Piero. Stoutly ventured,

Don, hold him to't.

Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,

A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,
That for mine own part, if she lik'd me, so!
If not, not; for "my duck, or doe," said I,
"It is no fault of mine that I am noble:

Grant it; another may be noble, too,
And then we're both one noble;" better still!—
Hab-nab's good; wink and choose; if one must
have her,

The other goes without her,—best of all!—
 My spirit is too high to fight for woman,
 I am too full of mercy to be angry;
 A foolish generous quality, from which
 No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.

Guz. Hast thou a spirit then, ha? speaks thy
 weapon

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa?
 If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,
 Be brief, we challenge answer.

Fut. Famous Don.

Ful. What does he talk? my weapon speaks no
 language,

'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.

Guz. Dutch!

Fut. And, if need be,

'Twill maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.

Ful. Hold me too,

Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting:
 Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off:

If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel
 I defy he's and she's: twit me with Dutch!

Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,
 Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me!
 I know what's what, I know upon which side
 My bread is butter'd.

Guz. Butter'd? Dutch again!

You come not with intention to affront us?

Ful. Front me no fronts; if thou be'st angry,
 squabble—

Here's my defence, and thy destruction.

[*Whistles a charge.*

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth relish.
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour;
Peace is not to be baulk'd on fair conditions.

Fut. Still Don is Don the great.

Piero. He shews the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.

Fut. 'Twas the ready means
To catch his friendship.

Piero. You're a pair of worthies,
That make the Nine* no wonder.

Fut. Now, since fate
Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must enjoy alone
Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty
To show himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of th' other: he

* The nine worthies, to whom so much allusion is made in our old writers, from the author of Ralph Roister Doister to the Ralpho of Butler's Hudibras, are generally reckoned up as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| Three Gentiles . . . | } | 1. Hector, son of Priam. |
| | | 2. Alexander the Great. |
| | | 3. Julius Cæsar. |
| Three Jews | } | 4. Joshua, conqueror of Canaan. |
| | | 5. David, king of Israel. |
| | | 6. Judas Maccabæus. |
| Three Christians . . | } | 7. Arthur, king of Britain. |
| | | 8. Charlemagne. |
| | | 9. Godfrey of Bouillon. |

The citizens of London, it seems, had also their nine worthies, among whom the lovers of literature will excuse us for mentioning the name of Sir Thomas White, the munificent founder of Merchant-Tailors' School, London, and of St. John's College, Oxford.

Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.

Piero. And, till then,
Live brothers in society.

Guz. We are fast.

Ful. I vow a match; I'll feast the Don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.

Guz. Fair conditions.

ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and CASTANNA
pass over the stage.

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

Piero. My lord, we wait you.

Fut. We shall soon return.

[*Exeunt all but FUL. and GUZ.*

Ful. What's that I saw?—a sound.—

Guz. A voice for certain.

Ful. It named a lord.

Guz. Here are lords too, we take it;
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty
As any o' the twelve Cæsars.

Ful. Gulls or Moguls,
Tag, rag, or other, hogen-mogen, vanden,
Skip-jacks or chouses.* Whoo! the brace are
finch'd,

The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don:
Why what are we!

Guz. The valiant will stand to't.

* *Skip-jacks, or chouses.*] Turkish officers, *Sanjiaks* and *Chiouses*; the last term we have naturalized. As a verb, it means to cheat, to defraud; as a substantive, a dexterous rogue, a swindler.—GIFFORD.

Ful. So say I; we will eat and drink, and squander,
Till all do split again.

Guz. March on with greediness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the House of MARTINO.*

Enter MARTINO and LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. You cannot answer what a general tongue
Objects against your folly; I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy; had she lived
Till now, and known the vanities your life
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave
Before a timely hour.

Lev. Sir, consider
My sex; were I mankind,* my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and relieve a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits
Put forth such base aspersions: as I am,
Scorn and contempt is virtue: my desert
Stands far above their malice.

Mart. Levidolche,
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature; call to mind
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,

* i. e. *masculine, mannish.* The expression occurs continually in our old dramatists.

In love, and married,—married (hark ye!) whom?
 A trencher-waiter; shrewd preferment! but
 Your childhood then excused that fault.

Lev. Pray let not me be bandied, sir, and
 baffled,
 By your intelligence.

Mart. So touch'd to the quick!
 Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length
 The progress of your infamy: in colour
 Of disagreement, you must be divorced;
 Were so, and I must countenance the reasons;
 On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,
 Provided you my care, nay, justified
 Your alteration; joy'd to entertain
 Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd
 Civil respects: but then, even then—

Lev. What then?
 Sweet uncle, do not spare:—whose strumpet am I?
 For that's your plainest meaning.

Mart. Were you modest,
 The word you utter'd last would force a blush.
 Adurni is a bounteous lord, 'tis said,
 He parts with gold and jewels like a free
 And liberal purchaser! he wriggles in
 To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension;
 But you know none of this! you are grown a
 tavern-talk,

Matters for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build
 The credit of my family, and you
 To pluck up the foundation: even this morning,
 Before the common-council, young Malfato—
 (Convented for some lands he held, supposed
 Belong'd to certain orphans,) as I question'd
 His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,

My worship needed not to flaw his right ;
 For if the humour held him, he could make
 A jointure to my over-loving niece,
 Without oppression ; bade me tell her too,
 She was a kind young soul, and might in time
 Be sued to by a loving man : no doubt,
 Here was a jolly breakfast !

Lev. Uncles are privileged
 More than our parents ; some wise man in state
 Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.
 Whilst all the policy for public business
 Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance
 Fell into grave discourse ; but, by your leave,
 I from a stranger's table rather wish
 To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift,
 Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

Mart. Come, come, to the point.

Lev. All the curses
 Due to a ravisher of sober truth,
 Dam up their graceless mouths !

Mart. Now you turn rampant,
 Just in the wenches' trim and garb : these prayers
 Speak your devotions purely.

Lev. Sir, alas ! [Weeps.]
 What would you have me do ? I have no orators,
 More than my tears, to plead my innocence,
 Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend
 An open ear against my honest fame.
 Would all their spite could harry* my contents
 Unto a desperate ruin ! Oh dear goodness !
 There is a right for wrongs.

* *Could harry my contents.*] i. e. worry, torment, drive by violence, &c.—GIFFORD.

Mart. There is ; but first
 Sit in commission on your own defects,
 Accuse yourself ; be your own jury, judge,
 And executioner ; I make no sport
 Of my vexation.

Lev. All the short remains
 Of undesired life shall only speak
 The extremity of penance ; your opinion
 Enjoins it too.

Mart. Enough ; thy tears prevail
 Against credulity.

Lev. My miseries,
 As in a glass, present me the rent face
 Of an unguided youth.

Mart. No more.—

Enter TRELATIO with an open letter.

Trelcatio!

Some business speeds you hither.

Trel. Happy news—
 Signior Martino, pray your ear ; my nephew,
 Auria, hath done brave service : and I hear—
 Let's be exceeding private—is return'd
 High in the duke of Florence's respects ;
 'Tis said,—but make no words—that he has fir'd
 And mumbled the rogue Turks.

Mart. Why would you have
 His merits so unknown ?

Trel. I am not yet
 Confirm'd at full :—withdraw, and you shall read
 All what this paper talks.

Mart. So!—Levidolche,
 You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trel-
 catio,—

Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen
Without companions near; thy resolutions
Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt* MART. and TREL.

Ler. Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—

Discover'd!

I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—
Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,
My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,
Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in ADURNI'S House.

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and CASTANNA.

Piero. In the next gallery you may behold
Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,
Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd think
They breathe and smile upon you.

Amor. Ha they crownths,
Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?

Piero. Pure gold;
Drawn all in state.

Amor. How many horthes, pray,
Are ith their chariots?

Piero. Sixteen, some twenty.

Cast. My sister! wherefore left we her alone?
Where stays she, gentlemen?

Fut. Viewing the rooms;
'Tis like you'll meet her in the gallery:

This house is full of curiosities,
Most fit for ladies' sights.

Amor. Yeth, yeth, the thigh
Of printhethes ith a fine thigh.

Cast. Good, let us find her.

Piero. Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors
sure. [Aside to *FUT.*

Fut. Doubt not. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.—A Banquet set out.

Enter ADURNI and SPINELLA.—A Song within.

*Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair.
Lose not opportunity for air.*

Adur. Plead not, fair creature, without sense of
pity,
So incompassionately 'gainst a service,
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty;
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,
The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,

In some proportion, by the strength of yours ;
Thus may you yield and conquer.

Spin. Do not study,
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed
Of costly colours ; henceforth cast off far,
Far from your noblest nature, the contempt
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

Adur. Dear, how sweetly
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath !
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,
Command a golden shower to rain down,
Impoverish every kingdom of the east,
Which traffics richest clothes, and silks, would
you

Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot :
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,
In mercenary blessings ; for that saint
To whom I vow myself, must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.

Spin. Auria, Auria,
Fight not for name abroad ; but come, my hus-
band,
Fight for thy wife at home !

Adur. Oh, never rank,
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature,
Amongst your country's enemies ; I use
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from
A tongue that's secretary to my heart.

Spin. How poorly some, tame to their wild de-
sires,

Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord,
Make not your house my prison.

Adur. Grant a freedom
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—
[*A noise within, and the door is forced.*]

*Enter AURELIO, followed by CASTANNA, AMORETTA,
FUTELLI, and PIERO.*

Aurel. Keep back, ye close contrivers of false
pleasures,
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?
Lock'd up, and singly too! chaste hospitality!
A banquet in a bed-chamber! Adurni,
Dishonourable man!

Adur. What sees this rudeness
That can broach scandal here?

Aurel. For you, hereafter.—
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,
Thy wronged Auria is come home with glory!
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness
Of his prevailing fates.

Spin. Whiles you, belike,
Are furnish'd with some news for entertainment,
Which must become your friendship, to be knit
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,
Both from his heart and memory!

Adur. Rich conquest,
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,
Without a proof or warrant!

Fut. Have I life, sir?
Faith? Christianity?

Piero. Put me on the rack,
The wheel, or the gallies, if—

Aurel. Peace, factors
In merchandize of scorn! your sounds are deadly.
Castanna, I could pity your consent
To such ignoble practice; but I find
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein
All claim to goodness ceases.

Cast. Use your tyranny.

Spin. What rests behind for me? out with it!

Aurel. Horror,
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;
Hope not that any falsity in friendship
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.
Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton.
To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall;
No shelter can avoid it: let the guilty
Sink under their own ruin. [*Exit.*

Spin. How unmanly!
His anger threatens mischief!

Amor. Whom, I prethee,
Doth the man speak to?

Adur. Lady, be not mov'd;
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard
All what is dearest to me.

Spin. Mercy, heaven!
Champion for me, and Auria living! Auria!
He lives; and, for my guard, my innocence,
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg
Your charities; sweet sister, your's, to leave me:

I need no followers now: let me appear,
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court,
(Like some forsaken client,) in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery!

[*Exit.*

Adur. Her resolution's violent;—quickly follow.

Cast. By no means, sir: you've followed her already,

I fear, with too much ill success, in trial
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.

Adur. I will stand

The roughness of the encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street before MARTINO'S House.**Enter FULGOSO and GUZMAN.*

Ful. I say, Don, brother mine, win her and wear her.

And so will I; if't be my luck to lose her,
I lose a pretty wench, and there's the worst on't.

Guz. Wench, said ye? most mechanically, faugh!
Sir brother, he who names my queen of love
Without his bonnet vail'd, or saying grace,
As at some paranympthal feast, is rude,
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!

Ful. So am I too,—
Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.
Pish, man! the best, though call 'em ladies, ma-
dams,
Fairs, fines, and honies, are but flesh and blood.

Guz. Our choler must advance.

Ful. Dost long for a beating?
Shall's try a slash? here's that shall do't; I'll tap
[*Draws.*

A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for't.

Guz. Not in friendship, brother.

Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague: hang it,
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;

Then drink ourselves asleep again :—the fashion !
Thou dost not know the fashion.

Guz. Her fair eyes,
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,
Audacious to gaze there ; then over those
A several bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles ; under them two banks
Of roses red and white, divided by
An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying
A temple from whence oracles proceed,
More gracious than Apollo's, more desired
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.

Ful. Heyday ! what's he ? (*seeing BENATZI.*)

Enter BENATZI, as an outlaw, LEVIDOLCHE at a window above.*

Ben. Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, gallies, rack, are ridiculous fopperies ; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues ! they will swoon at the scar of a pin.

Ful. Bless us ! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,
His eyes like copper-basons ; he has chang'd
Hair with a shag-dog.

Guz. Let us then avoid him,
Or stand upon our guard ; the foe approaches.

Ben. Cut-throats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies. Honourable cuts are

* By this term nothing more seems meant than a disbanded soldier in rags, as in our author's age was too commonly the case, formidable from arms, and desperate from necessity.—

but badges for a fool to vaunt; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politicly ordered!

Guz. Brother, we'll keep aloof, there is no valour
In tugging with a man-fiend.

Ful. I defy him.

It gabbles like I know not what;—believe it,
The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.*

Ben. Look else: the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns; down, cur; the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage; here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis;—beasts call pleading howling.—So then! there the horse complains of the ape's rank riding; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it; the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns; the ass by the hare for his burthen; the ox by the leopard for his yoke; nor the goat by the ram for his beard: only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet.—Save ye, people.

Ful. Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making:

What art?—fear nothing, Don, we have our blades,
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.

Guz. Our brother speaks our mind, think what
you please on't.

* *The fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.*] i. e. at fighting, at a duel. He judges from the rugged appearance of Benatzi, and his fierce strutting language.—GIFFORD.

Ben. A match ; observe well this switch ; with this only switch have I pash'd out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

Ful. What, man, thirteen ! is't possible thou liest not ?

Ben. I was once a scholar, then I *begg'd without pity ; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar : a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnawed me to the bones ; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up ; offer'd to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes ; was lastly, for my good parts, prest into the gallies, took prisoner, redeemed amongst other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria ; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me ?—say.

Ful. A shaver of all trades ! What course of life

Dost mean to follow next ? ha ! speak thy mind.

Guz. Nor be thou daunted, fellow ; we ourselves

Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

* The "needy *Latinist*" and begging scholar is a character not unfrequently alluded to in our earlier dramas. In the "Return from Parnassus," the universities are described, in no very delicate terms, as discharging twice in the year no small number of destitute graduates upon the town. The dramatists, too often specimens in their own persons of this mortifying truth, took their revenge by contrasting the "poor scholar" and the "rich fool" and showing where the real advantage lay, (more particularly in the eyes of the fairer sex,) as in the pleasant comedy of "Wily Beguiled."

Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

Lev. [*above.*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely
use it, [to]

Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.

[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*]

Ful. Hey day! a purse in troth, who dropp'd?
—stay, stay:

Umph, have we gipsies here? oh, mine is safe;
Is't your purse, brother Don?

Guz. Not mine; I seldom

Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

Ful. Has it any money in it, honest blade?

A bots on empty purses.

Guz. We defy them.

Ben. Stand from about me, as you are mortal!
You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish.
This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of
elves, I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my
blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of larg-
gess and liberality.—A French tailor—neat!—
Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich!—
Flanders' mares—stately!—Spanish sallads—poig-
nant!—Sirs, I am fitted.

Ful. Prate sense and don't be mad; I like thy
humour,

'Tis pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,
I care not greatly if I entertain thee:

Dost want a master? if thou dost, I am for thee;
Else choose, and *sneck up! pish, I scorn to flinch,
man.

* In most passages of our old plays, where the expression *sneck-up* or *snick-up* occurs, it seems equivalent to "go and be hanged," or "hang yourself."

Ben. Excellent! what place shall I be admitted to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

Ful. Why, one and all; thou'rt welcome, let's shake hands on't.

Thy name?

Ben. Parado, sir.

Ful. The great affairs

I shall employ thee most in, will be news,
And telling what's a clock, for ought I know yet.

Ben. It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour and half, eight three thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.

Ful. I do not ask thee now, or if I did,
We are not much the wiser; and for news——

Ben. Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be received with great solemnity at the city council-house; the streets are already throng'd with lookers on.

Ful. That's well remember'd; brother Don, let's trudge,
Or we shall come too late.

Guz. By no means, brother.

Ful. Wait close, my ragged new-come.

Ben. As your shadows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the House of Auria.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCAIO,
AURELIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

Aur. Your favours, with these honours, speak
your bounties;
And though the low deserts of my success

Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,
 Yet I attribute to a nobler cause,
 Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
 The duke of Florence hath too highly prized
 My duty in my service, by example,
 Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,
 In spirits of action, than to crown the issue
 Of feeble undertakings. Whilst my life
 Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it
 In value, than it stirs to pay that debt
 I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

Mart. Which to make good, our state of Genoa,
 Not willing that a native of her own,
 So able for her safety, should take pension
 From any other prince, hath cast upon you
 The government of Corsica.

Trel. Adds thereto,
 Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,
 To you and to your heirs, the full revenue
 Belonging to Savona, with the office
 Of Admiral of Genoa.

Adur. Presenting
 By my hands, from their public treasury,
 A thousand ducats.

Mart. But they limit only
 One month of stay for your dispatch; no more.

Fut. In all your great attempts, may you grow
 thrifty,
 Secure and prosperous!

Piero. If you please to rank,
 Amongst the humblest, one that shall attend
 Instructions under your command, I am
 Ready to wait the charge.

Aur. Oh, still the state

Engageth me her creature, with the burthen
 Unequal for my weakness : to you, gentlemen,
 I will prove friendly honest ; of all mindful.

Adur. In memory, my LORD, (such is your stile
 now,)

Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,
 Amongst their general acts, have register'd
 The great-duke's letters, witness of your merit,
 To stand in characters upon record.

Aur. Load upon load ! let not my want of
 modesty

Trespass against good manners ; I must study
 Retirement to compose this weighty business,
 And moderately digest so large a plenty,
 For fear it swell into a surfeit.

Adur. May I

Be bold to press a visit ?

Aur. At your pleasure :

Good time of day, and peace !

All. Health to your lordship !

[*Exeunt all but ADUR. and FUT.*]

Adur. What of Spinella yet ?

Fut. Quite lost ; no prints,

Or any tongue of tracing her. However
 Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,
 Her husband carries little peace about him.

Adur. Fall danger what fall can, she is a good-
 ness

Above temptation ; more to be adored
 Than sifted ; I'm to blame, sure.

Fut. Levidolche,

For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's frenzy ;
 (Just so she term'd it ;) but for you, my lord,

She said she thank'd your charity, which lent
 Her crooked soul, before it left her body,
 Some respite, wherein it might learn again
 The means of growing straight.

Adur. She has found mercy ;
 Which I will seek, and sue for.

Fut. You are happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

Aur. Count of Savona ! Genoa's Admiral !
 Lord Governor of Corsica ! enroll'd
 A worthy of my country ! sought and sued to,
 Praised, courted, flatter'd ! sure this bulk of mine
 Tails in the size ! a tympany of greatness
 Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.
 How surely dost thou malice these extremes,*
 Uncomfortable man ! When I was needy,
 Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,
 Abated to an ebb so low, that boys
 A cock-horse frisk'd about me without plunge,
 You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,
 Reason most paradoxically ; now,
 Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
 Becalms your learned noise.

Aurel. Such flourish, Auria,

* *How surely dost thou malice these extremes,*] i. e. view with ill will, bear malice to, &c.

Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.

Aur. Canst mutter mischief? I observ'd your
dulness,
Whilst the whole ging* crow'd to me. Hark! my
triumphs

Are echo'd under every roof; the air
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here:
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed
From all that royalty of blest content,
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

Aurel. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travels in unrest at home.

Aur. At home!
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home;
There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps, Heaven knows where: would she and I—
my wife

I mean,—but what, alas! talk I of wife?—
The woman—would we had together fed
On any out-cast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not lived divided thus! I could have begg'd

* i. e. gang or company.

For both ; for't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.

Aurel. This is not

Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature :
You pity her ; think rather on revenge.

Aur. Revenge ! for what, uncharitable friend ?
On whom ? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.
You found Spinella in Adurni's house ;
'Tis like he gave her welcome—very likely ;
Her sister and another with her ; so !
Invited, nobly done ; but he with her
Privately chamber'd :—he deserves no wife
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

Aurel. But I broke ope the doors upon them.

Aur. Marry,

It was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd
A lady's closet, where to have profaned
That shrine of chastity and innocence,
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled
The freedom of such favour into scorn.
Had any he alive then ventured there,
With foul construction, I had stamp't the justice
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.

Aurel. Adurni might have done the like ; but
that

The conscience of his fault, in coward blood,
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.

Aur. O fie, fie !

How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,

Against a party liable to law!
 For had that lord offended with that creature,
 Her presence would have doubled every strength
 Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
 Of noble shame; else 'twas enough in both
 With a smile only to correct your rudeness.

Aurel. 'Tis well you make such use of neighbours' courtesy:

Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their injuries;

Such way leads to fame too!

Aur. Not uncivilly,
 Though violently, friend.*

Aurel. Wherefore, then, think you,
 Can she absent herself, if she be blameless?
 You grant, of course, your triumphs are proclaim'd;

And I in person told her your return:
 Where lies she hid the while?

Aur. That rests for answer
 In you; now I come to you: we have exchanged
 Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood;
 Let me acknowledge with what pride I own
 A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend;
 He whom, if I speak fully, never fail'd,
 By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine:
 I wish'd myself thine equal; if I aim'd
 Awrong, 'twas in an envy of thy goodness;
 So dearly (witness with me my integrity)
 I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,
 My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex:

* *Not uncivilly,*

Though violently, friend.] i. e. Do not use rude language, however warm you may be.—GIFFORD.

Give back that holy signature of friendship,
Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge
Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,
Without all former compliments.

Aurel. D'you imagine

I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;
Put both into the balance, and the poise
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,
So frankly vow'd at your departure first,
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,
Leads you into opinion of some ends
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong
Least suits a noble soul.

Aur. By all my sorrows,
The mention is too coarse.

Aurel. Since then the occasion
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;
For my part, I am resolute to die
The same my life profess'd me.

Aur. Pish! your faith
Was never in suspicion; but consider,
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor yet that
Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,
Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows
Which blew the coal, (now kindled to a flame,)
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.
Some men in giddy zeal o'er-do that office
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:
For I am certain, certain, it had been
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,

But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,
 Would have accus'd her breach of truth, and
 begg'd

A speedy execution on her trespass ;
 Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrate's,
 Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,
 Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,
 Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once
 more

I make demand—my wife!—you,—sir—

[*Draws his sword.*

Aurel. Roar louder,
 The noise affrights not me ; threaten your enemies,
 And prove a valiant tongue-man ;—now must fol-
 low,

By way of method, the exact condition
 Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.

Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale
 [*Draws.*

At sight of that—Again hear, and believe it,
 What I have done, was well done and well meant ;
 Twenty times over, were it new to do,
 I'd do't and do't, and boast the pains religious ;
 Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
 Other severity.

Aur. Honour and duty
 Stand my compurgators : never did passion
 Purpose ungentle usage of my sword
 Against Aurelio ; let me rather want
 My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer
 Such dotage enter here. If I must lose
 Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,
 By losing my Aurelio : we, through madness,
 Frame strange conceits in our discoursing brains,

And prate of things as we pretend they were.
 Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen
 After this straying soul, and, till we find her,
 Bear our discomfort quietly.

Aurel. So, doubtless,
 She may be soon discover'd.

Aur. That's spoke cheerfully.
 Why there's a friend now!—Auria and Aurelio
 At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall
 not.—

Enter CASTANNA.

But look, Castanna's here!—welcome, fair figure
 Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,
 More precious than the public view should sully.

Cast. Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what terms
 Of prejudice against my course or custom,
 Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.
 Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,
 Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,
 If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,
 As I wish harm to nobody on earth,
 So would all good folks may wish none to me!

Aur. None does, sweet sister.

Cast. If they do, dear Heaven
 Forgive them, is my prayer; but, perhaps,
 You might conceive (and yet methinks you should
 not)

How I am faulty in my sister's absence:
 Indeed 'tis nothing so, nor was I knowing
 Of any private speech my lord intended,
 Save civil entertainment: pray, what hurt
 Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?

Sure noblemen will show that they are such
With those of their own rank;—and that was all
My sister can be charged with.

Aur. Is't not, friend,
An excellent maid?

Aurel. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her virtuous.

Cast. With your leave,
You used most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits; not very kind
To me myself: she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desired no creature else should follow her;
And in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I mark'd not well which way she went.

Aur. Staid she not
Within the house then?

Cast. 'Las, not she!—Aurelio
Was passing rough.

Aur. Strange! nowhere to be found?

Cast. Not yet; but on my life, ere many hours,
I shall hear from her.

Aur. Shalt thou? worthy maid,
Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—
Friend,

Good news!—Most sweet Castanna!

Aurel. May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENATZI.

Ben. The paper in the purse for my directions

appointed this the place, the time now ; here dance
I attendance—she is come already.

Enter LEVIDOLCHE.

Lev. Parado! so I overheard you named.

Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by
the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Libera-
lity and hospitable compassion, most magnificent
beauty, have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes
of the old world, till now your illustrious charity
hath raked up the dead embers, by giving life to
a worm inevitably devoted yours, as you shall
please to new-shape me.

Lev. A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude
Has harbour, other furniture, becoming
Accomplish'd qualities, must needs inhabit. [*Aside.*
What country claims your birth?

Ben. None; I was born at sea, as my mother
was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Ca-
gliari,* toward Africk, in Sardinia; was bred up in
Aquilastro, and, at years, put myself in service un-
der the Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner
by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome
store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

Lev. Dare you be secret?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. And sudden?

Ben. Yes.

* *As my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari.]* Benatzi is sufficiently correct in his geography. In our old maps of Sardinia, the northern division of the island is called *Logudori*, and the southern Cagliari.—GIFFORD.

Lev. But, withal, sure of hand and spirit?

Ben. Yes, yes, yes.

Lev. I use not many words, the time prevents
'em :

A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

Ben. Name him.

Lev. Adurni.

Ben. He shall bleed.

Lev. Malfato

Contemn'd my proffer'd love.

Ben. Yoke them in death.—

What's my reward?

Lev. Propose it, and enjoy it.

Ben. You for my wife.

Lev. Ha!

Ben. Nothing else: deny me,

And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin;

Else, do the feat courageously.—Consider.

Lev. I do: dispatch the task I have enjoin'd,
Then claim my promise.

Ben. No such matter, pretty one,
We'll marry first,—or—farewell.

[*Going.*

Lev. Stay: examine

From my confession what a plague thou draw'st

Into thy bosom: though I blush to say it,

Know, I have, without sense of shame or ho-
nour,

Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally

Between Adurni's arms.

Ben. This lord's.

Lev. The same.

More; not content with him, I courted

A newer pleasure, but was there refused

By him I named so late.

Ben. Malfato?

Lev. Right:

Am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts; then change my life
For some rare penance.* Canst thou love me
now?

Ben. Better;

I do believe 'tis possible you may mend:
All this breaks off no bargain.

Lev. Accept my hand; with this a faith as constant

As vows can urge; nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.

Ben. Settle the time.

Lev. Meet here to-morrow night;
We will determine further, as behoves us.

Ben. How is my new love call'd?

* ——————then change my life

[For some rare penance.] It might almost be conjectured from this passage, that the author really had some Italian story before him. It is the genuine mode of repentance in that country. "Let me only commit a few more crimes, dispatch a few more enemies, and I will then do some rare penance, and amend my life for good and all."

It may seem somewhat extraordinary that Benatzi should not recognise his wife. She, it appears, had discovered him through all his disguises, his military rags and accoutrements, his false beard, &c., whereas he continues ignorant of her, though she meets him without any apparent effort at concealment, affects no change of language, or even of name, and resides with her uncle, with whom Benatzi must have been sufficiently familiar. But there is the old plea—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber!* Otherwise, no plot.—GIFFORD. But was Benatzi really so ignorant as Mr. Gifford supposes him? Had not the author designed, for we can hardly say contrived, a double plot, by which the divorced pair should each have his separate designs upon the other? What Levidolche's intentions were,

Lev. Levidolche.

Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—
But you'll fly off.

Ben. Not I, by all that's noble!

A kiss—farewell, dear fate!

[*Exit.*

Lev. Love is sharp-sighted,

And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.

False pleasures, I cashier ye; fair truth, welcome!

[*Exit.*

are sufficiently apparent from her own language; and Benatzi's may without any great difficulty be inferred. The disguise which he assumes, (for a soldier, with the distinguished part imputed to him by a victorious commander, (Act v. scene 2,) should not necessarily be in rags,) and the situation in which he is first found, at the door of Levidolche's uncle's house, evidently imply a design of becoming a spy upon the actions of his divorced wife, and of shaping his future course as circumstances might direct. A very few words put into the mouth of Benatzi, instead of the obscure intimation of Auria (p. 95), would with ease have made all this sufficiently clear: and these few words, we are almost persuaded, were to be found in the original draught of the drama; we say original draught, because so many obscurities pervade the printed copies, that we can scarcely believe them to have received the author's own personal correction and revision. See further the note at p. 98.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of Malfato.*

Enter Malfato and Spinella.

Mal. Here you are safe, sad cousin; if you please,
 May over-say the circumstance of what
 You late discours'd: mine ears are gladly open,
 For I myself am in such hearty league
 With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
 Charms my attention.

Spin. But my husband's honours,
 By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
 By so much more they tempt belief, to credit
 The wreck and ruin of my injured name.

Mal. Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to
 the roots,
 The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
 Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
 Might wait the uproar; 'tis the guilty trembles
 At horrors, not the innocent! you are cruel
 In censuring a liberty allow'd.
 Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni
 Importunately wanton?

Spin. In excess
 Of entertainment, else not.

Mal. Not the boldness
 Of an uncivil courtship?

Spin. What that meant,
I never understood. I have at once
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,
And best of men; so excellent a man
As lives without comparison; his love
To me was matchless.

Mal. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature, whose affection
Followed your Auria in the height; affection
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be;
You may not chide the story.

Spin. Fortune's minions
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.

Mal. Listen
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.
A kinsman of Spinella, (so it runs)
Her father's sister's son, some time before
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections
As she was stored with; fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawful conquest;
Proposed each difficulty in pursuit
Of what his vain supposal stiled his own;
Found in the argument one only flaw
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and
wish'd;
Eftsoon began to speak, yet soon broke off,
And still the fondling durst not,—'cause he durst
not.

Spin. 'Twas wonderful.

Mal. Exceeding wonderful,
 Beyond all wonder ; yet 'tis known for truth.
 After her marriage, when remain'd not ought
 Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
 His reason then,—now,—then—could not reduce
 The violence of passion, though he vow'd
 Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her,
 Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd
 Not to come near her presence, but to avoid
 All opportunities, however proffer'd.

Spin. An understanding dull'd by the infelicity
 Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
 In pregnant novelty; my ears receive
 The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
 Are fasten'd on another subject.

Mal. Can you
 Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,
 And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
 Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd
 By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,
 To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue;
 Will, against any, I except no quality,
 Maintain all supposition misapplied,
 Unhonest, false, and villainous.

Spin. Dear cousin,
 As you're a gentleman—

Mal. I'll bless that hand,
 Whose honourable pity seals the passport
 For my incessant turmoils to their rest.
 If I prevail, (which heaven forbid!) these ages
 Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity
 Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,
 By noble love made jealous of her fame.

Spin. No more ; I dare not hear it.

Mal. All is said:
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed,
From my unpleasant voice, of amorous folly.

Enter CASTANNA.

Cast. Your summons warn'd me hither; I am
come.

Sister! my sister, 'twas an unkind part,
Not to take me along wi' you.

Mal. Chide her for it;
Castanna, this house is as freely yours,
As ever was your father's.

Cast. We conceive so,
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel
in us.

But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence dis-
tance?

Am I not welcome to you?

Spin. Lives Auria safe?

Oh, prithee do not hear me call him husband,
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife
His fury terms the runaway; speak quickly,
Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,
And he, good man, believes it.

Cast. Now in truth—

Spin. Hold! my heart trembles—I perceive thy
tongue

Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd;
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.

Cast. In perfect health.

Spin. For that, my thanks to Heaven.

Mal. The world hath not another wife like this.—

Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak,
So much your passion rules.

Spin. Even what she pleases :
Go on, Castanna.

Cast. Your most noble husband
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.

Mal. Why look ye, cousin, now!

Spin. Indeed!

Cast. Will value
No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,
Neither admits of likelihood at all
That you are living; if you were, he's certain
It were impossible you could conceal
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him;
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,
He both laughs at and scorns it.

Spin. Does he!

Mal. Therein
He shows himself desertful of his happiness.

Cast. Methinks the news should cause some
motion, sister—
You are not well.

Mal. Not well!

Spin. I am unworthy—

Mal. Of whom? what? why?

Spin. Go, cousin;—come, Castanna. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of*
TRELCAIO.

Enter TRELCAIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

Trel. The state in council is already set,
My coming will be late ; now therefore, gentlemen,

This house is free ; as your intents are sober,
Your pains shall be accepted.

Fut. Mirth sometimes
Falls into earnest, signor.

Piero. We, for our parts,
Aim at the best.

Trel. You wrong yourselves and me else :
Good success to you ! [*Exit.*

Piero. Futelli, 'tis our wisest course to follow
Our pastime with discretion, by which means
We may ingratiate, as our business hits,
Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.

Fut. I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,
Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,
For meat and rags : a wit ? a shrewd preferment !
Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg !
No, let them be admired that love foul linen ;
I'll run a new course.

Piero. Get the coin we spend,
And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our earnings.—

Fut. Hush, man ; one suitor comes.

Piero. The t'other follows.

Fut. Be not so loud— [*Music below.*
Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips ;

Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithpe it to uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

Amor. Dentlemen, then ye!* Ith thith mu-thicke yourth, or can ye tell what great manth's fidleth made it? tith vedee petty noyth, but who thold thend it?

Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?

Amor. I do not uthe
To thpend lip-labour upon queththionths,
That I mythelfe can anthwer.

SONG *below.*

*What, ho! we come to be merry,
Open the doors, a jovial crew,
Lusty boys and free, and very,
Very, very lusty boys are we;
We can drink till all look blue,
Dance, sing, and roar,
Never give o'er,
As long as we have e'er an eye to see.*

Piero. What call ye this, a song?

Amor. Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondroth prety.

Fut. A very country-catch! (*Aside.*)—Doubtless, some prince
Belike, hath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.

* *Dentlemen, then ye!*] i. e. *den ye! good even!* The reader would scarcely thank me for putting the rest of the pretty lispings of this affected fair one into articulate language.—GIFFORD.

Amor. Think ye tho, thignior?

Fut. This gentleman approaching, comes in time
T'inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Think ye tho?

I'm thure you know him.

Piero. Lady, you'll perceive it.

Ful. She seems in my first entrance to admire
me :

Protest she eyes me round; *Fulg.* she's thine
own! [*Aside.*

Piero. Noble Fulgoso.

Ful. Did you hear the music?

'Twas I that brought it; was't not tickling? ah,
ha!

Amor. Pay, what pinth thent it?

Ful. Prince! no prince, but we;

We set the ditty, and composed the song;
There's not a note or foot in't but our own,
And the pure trodden mortar of this brain:
We can do things and things.

Amor. Dood! thing't youa thelfe then.

Ful. Nay, nay, I could never sing
More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet;
But you shall hear me whistle it. [*Whistles.*

Enter GUZMAN.

Amor. Bleth uth, whoth thith?

Fut. Oh, 'tis the man of might.

Guz. May my address to beauty lay no scandal
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,

Could not resist the shafts of Cupid ; therefore,
 As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,
 Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield
 Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals
 Of valiant breath that hath o'erturn'd an army.

Amor. Faya weather keep me ! what a thorne
 ith thith ?

Fut. Oh, Don, keep off at further distance ; yet
 A little farther ; do you not observe
 How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?

Guz. I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as
 gently

As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows
 In some sweet lady's chamber ; for I can
 Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.

Fut. Stand by, then, without noise, a while,
 brave Don,
 And let her only view your parts ; they'll take
 her.

Guz. I'll publish them in silence.

Piero. Stand you there,
 Fulgoso the magnificent.

Ful. Here ?

Piero. Just there :
 Let her survey you both ; you'll be her choice,
 Ne'er doubt it, man.

Ful. I cannot doubt it, man.

Piero. But speak not till I bid you.

Ful. I may whistle ?

Piero. A little to yourself, to spend the time.

Amor. Both foolth, you thay ?

Fut. But hear them for your sport.

Piero. Don shall begin.—Begin, Don.

Guz. My outside, lady, shrouds a prince ob-
 scured.

Amor. I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.

Guz. My words

Are music to her.

[*Aside.*

Amor. The muthicke and the thong

You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.

Guz. She took him for my man! love, thou wert just.

[*Aside.*

Ful. I will not hold ;—his man! 'tis time to speak

Before my time; oh scurvy, I his man,

That has no means for meat, or rags and seam-rents!

Guz. List and wonder.

My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,
Stiled Desver di Gonzado.*

Fut. That's, in Spanish,

An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,

An unmatch'd rogue: he thinks we understand not.

Guz. So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.

Fut. An arrant, arrant thief-leader; pray mark it.

Guz. And my renowned sire, Don Picaro,—

Fut. In proper sense, a rascal—O, brave Don!

Guz. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—

Fut. The gallies and Bridewell.

Ful. I'll not endure it.

To hear a canting mongrel—hear me, lady!

Guz. 'Tis no fair play.

Ful. I care not, fair or foul.—

* *Desver* [*di*] *Gonzado*,] i. e. *Desvergonzado*; shameless; or, as it is expounded with sufficient accuracy by the learned Futelli, “a rogue without a fellow.”—GIFFORD.

I from a king derive my pedigree,
 King Oberon by name, from whom my father,
 The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,
 Was lineally descended; and my mother
 (In right of whose blood, I must ever honour
 The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

Fut. He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

Ful. Her father was Grave Hans Van Herne,
 the son

Of Hogen Mogen, and my uncle, hight
 Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snor-
 ten-fert,

Took by surprise a thousand Spanish jobbernows,
 And beat a sponce about their ears.

Guz. My fury

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life. [*Draws.*

Amor. 'Lath, they thall not fight.

Fut. Fear not, sweet lady.

Piero. Be advised, great spirits.

Ful. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels;
 Else hang't, who cares?

Guz. Mine honour is my tutor,
 Already tried and known.

Fut. Why, there's the point,
 Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men
 Fight in their persons! scorn't! 'tis out of fashion;
 There's none but hare-brain'd youths of mettle
 use it.

Piero. Yet put not up your swords; it is the
 pleasure
 Of the fair lady that you quit the field,
 With brandish'd blades in hand.

Fut. And more, to show

Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,
 You both should take a competence of kicks.

Both. How?

Ful. and Piero. Thus and thus! [*kicking them*]
 away, you brace of nincompoops!

Ful. Pheugh! as it were.— [*Whistles.*

Guz. Why, since it is her pleasure,
 I dare and will endure it.

Ful. Pheugh!

Piero. Away,
 But stay below.

Ful. Budge not, I charge ye,
 Till you have further leave.

Guz. Mine honour claims
 The last foot in the field.

Ful. I'll lead the van then.

Ful. Yet more? begone! [*Exeunt FULG. and GUZ.*
 Are not these precious suitors—

Re-enter TRELCAPIO.

Trel. What tumults fright the house?

Ful. A brace of castrels,
 That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,
 Your daughter; but they durst not give the souse.
 And so took hedge.

Piero. Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.

Amor. I thkorne thuch trumpery; and will
 thape my luffe,
 Henthforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.

Trel. Why now thou sing'st in tune, my Amo-
 retta;
 And, my good friends, you have, like wise physi-
 cians,

Prescribed a healthful diet: I shall think on
 A bounty for your pains, and will present ye
 To noble Auria, such as your deserts
 Commend; but for the present we must quit
 This room to privacy: they come——

Amor. Nay, predee,
 Leave me not, gentlemen.

Fut. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI and AURELIO.

Aur. You are welcome, be assured you are;
 for proof,
 Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)
 Of visit to commands: if this man's presence
 Be not of use, dismiss him.

Adur. 'Tis with favour,
 Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness
 How far my reputation stands engaged
 To noble reconciliation.

Aur. I observe
 No party here amongst us, who can challenge
 A motion of such honour.

Adur. Could your looks
 Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,
 Than can the peace of a composed soul;
 Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,
 Train'd by a curiosity in youth
 For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tem-
 pests
 Which will at last break out.

Aur. Hid now, most likely,
 I' the darkness of your speech.

Aurel. You may be plainer.

Adur. I shall my lord; that I intended wrong—

Aur. Ha! wrong! to whom?

Adur. To Auria; and as far

As language could prevail, did——

Aur. Take advice,

Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret
Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider:

In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,

When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,

When a distemperature of youthful heat

Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,

Even then, and so from thence till now the down

Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,

Confirm'd and harden'd,* never durst I pitch

On any, howsoever likely, rest,

Where the presumption might be construed wrong;

The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.

For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so

He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,

A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;

The one is as unmanly as the other.—

Now, without interruption.

Adur. Stand, Aurelio,

And justify thine accusation boldly;

Spare me the needless use of my confession;

And, having told no more than what thy jealousy

* ————— now the down

[*Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age, &c.*] This is at once a correct translation, and a good comment on the well-known line,

“*Insuperata tuæ cum veniet pluma superbiæ.*”

which has sorely perplexed the critics.—GIFFORD.

Possess'd thee with, again before my face,
 Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
 Adurni trespast in, and thou conceiv'st,
 Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,
 If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.

Aurel. You come not here to brave us?

Adur. No, Aurelio;

But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
 To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.
 I make my judge my jury; be accountant
 Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen
 That a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
 Enforced the likelihood of scandal.

Aurel. Doubt not

But that I have deliver'd honest truth,
 As much as I believe, and justly witness.

Adur. Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of re-
 proach on!

And thus for that—My errand hither is not
 In whining, truant-like submission,
 To cry, "I have offended, pray, forgive me;
 I will do so no more:" but to proclaim
 The power of virtue, whose commanding sove-
 reignty

Sets bounds to rebel-bloods: and checks, restrains,
 Custom of folly; by example teaches
 A rule to reformation; by rewards,
 Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.

Aurel. Honour and worthy actions best besem
 Their lips who practise both, and not discourse
 'em.

Aur. Peace, peace, man; I am silent.

Adur. Some there are,

And they not few in number, who resolve

No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted.
 Meeting oft-times too many soon seduced, they
 Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,
 Or compliments of vows : and with this file
 I stood in rank ; conquest secured my confidence.
 Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object
 Of study for fruition ; here I angled,
 Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

Aurel. After confession, follows—

Aur. Noise ! observe him.

Adur. Oh, strange ! by all the comforts of my
 hopes,

I found a woman good ;—a woman good !
 Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire
 A memorable mention, so much majesty
 Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once
 In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,
 That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown
 From her cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

Aur. On, sir, and do not stop.

Adur. Without protests,

I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,
 But what a virgin might, without a blush,
 Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied ;
 But she, neglecting, cry'd, " Come, Auria, come,
 Fight for thy wife at home !" then in rush'd you,
 sir,

Talk'd in much fury, parted ; when as soon
 The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

Aur. What follow'd ?

Adur. My contrition on mine error ;
 In execution whereof I have proved
 So punctually severe, that I renounce

All memory, not to this one fault alone,
 But to my other greater, and more irksome.
 Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes
 This repetition the report of fear,
 Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me,
 I give myself the lie, and I will clear
 The injury, and man to man;—or, if
 Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,
 Or three to three, or any way reprieve
 The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

Aur. Who can you think I am? did you expect
 So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,
 That you cast loud defiance? say—

Adur. I have robb'd you
 Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance,
 For the presumption.

Aur. Sure, Italians hardly
 Admit dispute in questions of this nature:
 The trick is new.

Adur. I find my absolution,
 By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

Aur. Why look ye, friend, I told you this be-
 fore;
 You would not be persuaded:—let me think—

[*Walks apart.*]

Aurel. You do not yet deny that you solicited
 The lady to ill purpose.

Adur. I have answer'd;
 But it return'd much quiet to my mind,
 Perplex'd with rare commotions.

Aur. That's the way;
 It smooths all rubs.

Aurel. My lord?

Aur. Foh! I am thinking——
You may talk forward.—If it take, *'tis clear;
And then—and then,—and so—and so—

Adur. You labour
With curious engines, sure.

Aur. Fine ones! I take you
To be a man of credit; else—

Adur. Suspicion
Is needless, know me better.

Aur. Yet you must not
Part from me, sir.

Adur. For that, your pleasure.

Aur. “Come,
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!”—Yes,
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour
Relies upon a champion.—

Re-enter TRELATIO.

Now?

Trel. My lord,
Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato
Are newly enter'd.

Aur. Be not loud; convey them
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.

[*Exeunt.*]

* These musings of Auria will be better understood when the second scene of the fifth act comes under the perusal of the reader. It will then be seen that Auria, as a means of freeing every circumstance of jealousy and suspicion, is projecting a marriage between Adurni and Castanna.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of MARTINO.*

Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, and LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st to rob me.—

An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;
And she trowls on her ragged customer
To cut my throat for pillage.

Lev. Good sir, hear me.

Ben. Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs
out—whilst this woman hath abode under this
roof, I will justify myself her bedfellow in despite
of denial; in despite—those are my words.

Mart. Monstrous! why, sirrah, do I keep
An hospital for pandars? Oh, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thy-
self

A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,
Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Roarers, or hangmen?

Lev. This is my husband.

Mart. Husband!

Ben. Husband natural, I have married her; and—what's your verdict on the match, signor?

Mart. Husband, and married her!

Lev. Indeed, 'tis truth.

Mart. A proper joining! give ye joy, great mistress;

Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.
What jointure is assured, pray? some three thousand

A-year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!
Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,
Patch'd up for copesmate to my niece's daughter!

Lev. Sir, for my mother's name, forbear this anger;

If I have yoked myself beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choice a lawful one: and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,
As e'er my faith hath bound me.

Mart. A sweet couple!

Ben. We are so: for mine own part, however my outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with death, signior Martino, to preserve your sleeps, and such as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifts, and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once, and the security of a soldier is right honourable amongst ye then; that day may shine again. So to my business.

Mart. A soldier! thou a soldier!

A villainous poor banditti rather; one that
Can cant, pad for a cloak, and, in the dark,
Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.

A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.*

Ben. Let age and dotage rage together! Levi-
dolche, thou art mine; on what conditions, the
world shall soon witness: yet since our hands
join'd, I have not interess'd† my possession of thy
bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do
I mean: kiss me quick, and resolute, so!—adieu,
signor!

Lev. Dear, for love's sake, stay.

Ben. Forbear entreaties. [*Exit.*

Mart. Ah, thou—but what? I know not how
to call thee:

Fain would I smother grief, but out it must;
My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;
Lost, lost, without recovery.

Lev. With pardon,
Let me restrain your sorrows.

Mart. 'Tis impossible:
Despair of rising up to honest fame
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action
Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

Lev. Yes,
And herein every hope is brought to life,

*————— or a tumbler.] A species of hound,
a mongrel greyhound.

† Johnson considers this word as synonymous with *interest*,
but in some of the examples which he gives, and in many others
which might be produced, it seems to convey an idea of a more
intimate connexion than is usually understood by that term;
somewhat, for instance, like *implicate*, *involve*, *inweave*, &c.—
GIFFORD.

Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once
more

Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband.

Mart. Benatzi! this the man?

Lev. No odd disguise

Could guard him from discovery; 'tis he,
The choice of my ambition; heaven preserve me
Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,
If I repute not my success more happy
Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle,
Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert,
And will redeem the stains of a foul name,
By love and true obedience.

Mart. Force of passion

Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche,
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,
I have been only steward for your welfare,
You shall have all between ye.

Lev. Join with me, sir;

Our plot requires much speed; we must be
earnest.

I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger,
Unless you intermeddle; let us hasten,
For fear we come too late.

Mart. As thou intendest

A virtuous honesty, I am thy second
To any office, Levidolche witty,
My niece, my witty niece.

Lev. Let's slack no time, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in TRELCATIO'S House.*

Enter TRELCATIO, MALFATO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Trel. Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience.

All will be as you wish: I'll be your warrant,
Fear nothing; Auria is a noble fellow.

I leave ye; but, be sure, I am in hearing:
Take courage.

[*Exit.*]

Mal. Courage! they who have no hearts,
Find none to lose; ours is as great as his,
Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and ceremony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,
Let us return; 'tis paltry.

Spin. Gentle sir,
Confine your passion; my attendance only
Commends a duty.

Cast. Now, for Heaven's sake, sister!—
He comes, your husband comes; take comfort,
sister.

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

Aur. Malfato!

Mal. Auria!

Aur. Cousin, would mine arms,
In their embraces, might at once deliver
Affectionately what interest your merit

Holds in my estimation! I may chide
 The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,
 Which a retired privacy on your part
 Hath pleas'd to show: if ought of my endeavours
 Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour
 The means and practice.

Mal. 'Tis your charity.

Aurel. Worthy Malfato!

Mal. Provident Aurelio!

Aur. Castanna, virtuous maid!

Cast. Your servant, brother.

Aur. But who's that other? such a face mine
 eyes

Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles
 Something which is not quite lost to remembrance.

[*SPINELLA kneels.*

Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;
 I shall forget civility of manners,
 Imagining you tender a false tribute,
 Or him to whom you tender it, a counterfeit.

[*She rises.*

Mal. My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,
 Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes
 Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!
 Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty
 Unto a wife who equals every best
 Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,
 Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:
 Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,
 Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—
 You know your wife, no doubt.

Aur. 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!
 Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,
 Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study

Instructions quaintly—"wife," you said? agreed.
Keep fair, and stand the trial.

Spin. Those words raise
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded
To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:
Though prove what judge you will, till I can
purge

Objections which require belief and conscience,
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,
Or pity for my plea.

Mal. Call ye this welcome?
We are mistook, Castanna.

Cast. Oh! my lord,
Other respects were promised.

Aur. Said ye, lady,
"No kindred, sister, husband, friend"?

Spin. Nor name;
With this addition—I disclaim all benefit
Of mercy from a charitable thought;
If one or all the subtleties of malice,
If any engineer of faithless discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can point out, without injury to goodness,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every duty,
Required, fit, or exacted.

Aur. High and peremptory!
The confidence is masculine.

Mal. Why not?
An honourable cause gives life to truth,
Without controul.

Spin. I can proceed; that tongue,
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,
Hath spread th' infection—is not more mine
enemy,

Than their's, or his weak and besotted brains are,
 On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood
 Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.
 Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,
 Aurelio, speak ; nor, gentle sir, forbear
 Ought what you know, but roundly use your
 eloquence

Against a mean defendant.

Mal. He's put to't ;

It seems the challenge gravels him.

Aurel. My intelligence

Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.

A self-confession may crave assistance ;

Let the lady's justice then impose the penance.

So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,

Suspicion is not seldom an improper

Advantage for the knitting faster joints

Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers

Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error

Hath run into the toil.

Spin. Woful satisfaction

For a divorce of hearts !

Aur. So resolute ?

I shall touch nearer home : behold these hairs,

Great masters of a spirit,* yet they are not

By winter of old age quite hid in snow ;

Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,

Amongst them took up lodging ; when we first

* —————Behold these hairs,

Great masters of a spirit, &c.]

Lenit albescens animos capillus,

Litium et rixæ cupidos, &c.

Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud
I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty
Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.

Advancement to a fortune could not court
Ambition, either on my side, or hers:
Love drove the bargain and the truth of love
Confirm'd it, I conceived. But disproportion
In years, amongst the married, is a reason
For change of pleasures: whereto I reply,
Our union was not forced, 'twas by consent;
So then the breach in such a case appears
Unpardonable:—say your thoughts.

Spin. My thoughts

In that respect are as resolute as yours,
The same; yet herein evidence of frailty
Deserv'd not more a separation,
Than doth charge of disloyalty objected
Without or ground or witness: women's faults
Subject to punishments, and men's, applauded,
Prescribe no laws in force.

Aurel. Are you so nimble?

Mal. A soul sublimed from dross by competi-
tion,
Such as is mighty Auria's famed, descends
From its own sphere, when injuries, profound
ones,
Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,
Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdl
ranged,
Adulterating the honour of your bed?
Withold dispute; but execute your vengeance
With unresisted rage; we shall look on,
Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods:

Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence

Unworthily and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.

Cast. 'Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetness,
Ungently to insult.

Enter ADURNI.

Adur. That I make good,
And must without exception find admittance,
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely
To a misguided thought; and who in presence,
Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,
Can quit an imputation of like folly?
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,
Of only you; that granted, he amongst you,
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet
An even accountant.

Aur. Baited by confederacy!
I must have right.

Spin. And I, my lord, my lord—
What stir and coil is here! you can suspect?
So reconciliation then is needless:—
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another. Sister,
Lend me thine arm; I have assumed a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer:
Auria, unkind, unkind!

Cast. She faints.

Aur. Spinella!
Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd:

I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,
Pure and unflaw'd; for instance, let me claim
Castanna's promise.

Cast. Mine?

Aur. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving;
No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,
A wife of worth.

Mal. How's that?

Adur. So great a blessing
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden:
But welcomed and forethought; would you could
please
To say the like!

Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest,
It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises;
I prithee speak.

Spin. The courtship's somewhat quick,
The match it seems agreed on; do not, sister,
Reject the use of fate.

Cast. I dare not question
The will of heaven.

Mal. Unthought of and unlook'd for!

Spin. My ever honoured lord.

Aurel. This marriage frees
Each circumstance of jealousy.

Aur. Make no scruple,
Castanna, of the choice; 'tis firm and real:
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd
Report of wrongs, but that I fixed on issue
Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,

But execution : herein I degenerated
From custom of our nation ;

* * * * *

[*turns to Spinella.*—Yet in sooth,
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,
To whom my love and nature were no strangers :
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.
Now lasting truce on all hands.

Aurel. You will pardon
A rash and over-busy curiosity.

Spin. It was to blame ; but the success remits it.

Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have
grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I shall faithfully acquit
At easy summons.

Mal. You prevent the nicety ;
Use your own pleasure—

*BENATZI rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by
LEVIDOLCHE and MARTINO.*

Aurel. What's the matter ?

Aur. Matter ?

Ben. Adurni and Malfato found together !
Now for a glorious vengeance.

Lev. Hold, oh, hold him !

Aurel. This is no place for murder ; yield thy
sword.

Aur. Yield it, or force it ; [*Ben. is disarmed*] set
you up your shambles
Of slaughter in my presence ?

Adur. Let him come.

Mal. What can the ruffian mean?

Ben. I am prevented;

The temple or the chamber of the Duke
Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

Adur. Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.

Aur. Fear nothing.

Lev. Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle
mercy

For penitent offenders: blessed ladies,
Repute me not a cast-away, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex
Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,
Disguised as you see, I have re-married.—
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errors.

Mart. Nay, 'tis true, sir.

Ben. I joy in the discovery, am thankful*
Unto the change.

Aur. Let wonder henceforth cease,

* *I joy in the discovery, am thankful*

Unto the change.] Benatzi takes the matter with all due composure. That his precious moiety should recognize him through his rags, his formidable mustachoes, and his Pistol-like demeanour, is natural enough; the wonder is that Benatzi should not recollect her. She wore no disguise; she retains the name by which he married her; she still lived, as before, with her foolish uncle, and she confides to him a part of her history, in which he was a sharer. The author seems to have discovered all this, when it was too late; and has just allowed us to surmise, from Auria's next speech, that the "re-married gentleman" might not be so complete a dupe as he appears.—

For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,
 And in them was director : I have seen
 The man do service in the wars late past,
 Worthy an ample mention : but of that
 At large hereafter, repetitions now
 Of good or bad, would straiten time, presented
 For other use.

Mart. Welcome, and welcome ever.

Lev. Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush
 Receive a look from yours : please to forget
 All passages of rashness ; such attempt
 Was mine, and only mine.

Mal. You have found a way
 To happiness ; I honour the conversion.

Adur. Then I am freed.

Mal. May style your friend your servant.

Mart. Now all that's mine is theirs.

Adur. But let me add

An offering to the altar of this peace.

(Gives her money.)

Aur. How likes Spinella this ? our holiday
 Deserves the kalendar.

Spin. This gentlewoman
 Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and
 worthy.

Indeed you shall. *(Offering her money.)*

Cast. And mine ; the novelty
 Requires a friendly love.

Lev. You are kind and bountiful.

Enter TRELCAIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO,
driving in FULGOSO and GUZMAN.

Trel. By your leaves, lords and ladies ! to your
 jollities,

I bring increase with mine too ; here's a youngster
Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it. *(Presenting Fut.)*

Amor. Yeth, in sooth thee will.

Trel. Futelli

Hath wean'd her from this pair.

Piero. Stand forth, stout lovers.

Trel. Top and top-gallant pair—and for his
pains,

She will have him or none. He's not the richest
I'th' parish ; but a wit : I say, amen,
Because I cannot help it.

Amor. Tith no matter.

Aur. We'll remedy the penury of fortune ;
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin
Must not despair of means, since 'tis believed
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

Fut. You are in all unfellow'd.

Amor. Withly thpoken.

Piero. Think on Piero, sir.

Aur. Piero, yes ;

But what of these two pretty ones ?

Ful. I'll follow

The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle,
My purse shall bear me out : a lazy life
Is scurvy and debosh'd ; fight you abroad,
And we'll be gaming, whilst you fight, at home,
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't—
But for my martial brother Don, pray ye make
him

A—what-d'ye call't—a setting dog,—a sentinel ;
I'll mend his weekly pay.

Guz. He shall deserve it.

Vouchsafe employment, honourable—

Ful. Marry,
The Don's a generous Don.

Aur. Unfit to lose him.

Command doth limit us short time for revels;
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,
Repines at these delights, they are free and harm-
less:

After distress at sea, the dangers o'er,
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE.



BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

THE SUN'S DARLING.] Of this "Moral Masque," which was written conjointly by Ford and Decker, and was acted with great applause, an analysis has been given in the Introductory Matter. "I know not on what authority Langbaine speaks," says Mr. Gifford, "but he expressly attributes the greater part of this mask to Ford. As far as concerns the last two acts, I agree with him; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Decker perpetually in the other three acts, and through the whole of the comic part." However imperfectly for moral purposes this Masque may have been conceived or executed, a fine vein of poetry unquestionably runs throughout it; and this, together with its activity and bustle, its May-games, its delicious peeps into rural life, its songs, and its dances, most of which, no doubt, proceeded from the lively pen of Decker, seem to have rendered it a great favourite with the people. The character of "Folly" was no uncommon one in the old Moralities, but our authors seem to have had an eye more particularly upon a predecessor of the name in the Morality, entitled "The Worlde and the Chylde." Their "Masque of the Four Elements," of which little more than the title has been obtruded on the present reader, probably also grew out of an earlier performance, called "The Interlude of the Four Elements."

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,
LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TICHFIELD, &c.*

MY LORD,

HERODOTUS reports, that the Ægyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more, by the vivifying beams of your acceptation revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the POEM lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour of the court; but since hath lan-

* *Lord Wriothesley, of Titchfield, &c.*] Thomas, fourth Earl of Southampton, eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachael Russell. He succeeded his father Henry, third Earl, the friend and patron of Shakspeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added, that he enjoyed the friendship, and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.—GIFFORD.

guished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius's statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour, and known judgment; whose hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obligedly submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD,

ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE.

Little more is known of Bird, than what is told by the sensible author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit, before the wars." He probably played in the *Lady's Trial*, to which he has a prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont's and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the puritans had enabled them to close the theatres,

and consign the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which they dedicated to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who ill deserved the honour.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having, as Shirley expresses it, "in that tragical age in which the theatre itself was out-acted," rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of the *City Madam*, from what he calls the "teeth of time;"—and something yet more destructive than the teeth of time, the vulgar and malignant persecution of all that tended to harmonize and improve society.—GIFFORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHŒBUS, *the Sun.*

RAYBRIGHT, *the Sun's Darling.*

SPRING.

YOUTH,

DELIGHT,

HEALTH,

SUMMER.

PLENTY.

POMONA.

CUPID.

FORTUNE.

AUTUMN.

BACCHANALIAN.

BOUNTY.

WINTER.

TIME.

PRIEST *of the Sun.*

HUMOUR.

FOLLY.

A Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian Dancer, a French Tailor, a Forester, Masquers, Clowns, &c.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Temple with an Altar.*—RAYBRIGHT
discovered asleep.

Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.

Priest. LET your tunes, you sweet-voiced spheres,
O'ertake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears;
Now wake him! [Music within.

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure:
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling,
Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them:
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!*

Ray. (*waking.*) That I might ever slumber,
and enjoy

Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes
Can fancy or imagine! 'tis a cruelty
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I sat enthroned in; who was't pluck'd me from it?

Priest. Young man, look hither!

Ray. Good, I envy not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.

Priest. Raybright,
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand
patron,
The Sun, whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage.
He who is high-born never mounts yon battle-
ments
Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Priest. Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

Ray. Honours? I'd not be baited with my
fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An age together: 'tis besides as comfortable
To die upon the embroidery of the grass,
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
Whilst from a pinnacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd
at.

Priest. You have worn rich habits.

Ray. Fine ass-trappings!

'Tis a stout happiness to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool!—mew!

Priest. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkeys and paraquitoes are as pretty
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd: 'troth,
sir,

I care for no long travels with lost labour.

Priest. Pleasures of every sense have been your
servants,
Whenas you have commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruin,
Corrupt the purity of knowledge; wrest
Desires of better life to those of this,
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keep-
ing!

Priest. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections, sway your judg-
ment;

You could not else be thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

Ray. The care! the scorn he throws on me.

Priest. Fie! fie!
Have you been sent out into stranger lands,
Seen courts of foreign kings; by them been graced,
To bring home such neglect?

Ray. I have reason for it.

Priest. Pray show it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

Priest. Your fantasy

Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,
 I am to tell you, how I have received
 From your progenitor, my lord, the Sun,
 A token, that he visibly will descend
 From the celestial orb, to gratify
 All your wild longings.

Ray. Very likely! when, pray?
 The world the while shall be beholding to him
 For a long night;—candle and lanthorn, sure,
 Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city.

Priest. These are but flashes of a brain dis-
 order'd.
 Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds;
 Your eyes shall be your witness.

Ray. He may come.

Enter TIME, whipping FOLLY, in rags, before him.

Time. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature,
 mankind's foil!
 Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee and
 scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world! why whip? am
 I a dog, a cur, a mongrel? bow wow! do thy
 worst, I defy thee. [Sings.

*Out on Time, I care not;
 Being past, 'tis nothing,
 I'll be free and spare not;
 Sorrows are life's loathing.
 Melancholy
 Is but folly;*

*Mirth and youth are plotters :
Time, go hang thee !
I will bang thee,
Though I die in totters.**

Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 'tis not without need ; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud : waiting women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em ; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools. Pitiful Time ! pitiful Time !

Time. Out, foul, prodigious and abortive birth ! Behold, the sand-glass of thy days is broke.

Fol. Bring me another ; I'll shatter that too.

Time. No, thou'st mis-spent thy hours, lavish'd, fool-like,

The circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots ;
It is not therefore fit, that thou shouldst live
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

Fol. In any court, father bald-pate, where my grannam the Moon shows her horns. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy abominable beard.

Time. Priest of the Sun, 'tis near about the minute

Thy patron will descend ; scourge hence this trifle :
Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools. [*Exit.*

Ray. Pray, sir, what are you ?

Fol. No matter what ; what are you ?

* *Though I die in totters.*] i. e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our dramatists.—GIFFORD.

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates ;
I am grandchild to the Sun.

Fol. And I am cousin-german, some two or
three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my
name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir ! of what quality ?

Fol. Quality ! any quality in fashion ; drinking,
singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, lying,
cogging, canting, *et cætera*. Will you have any
more ?

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guide
it.

Fol. Yes, 'faith ; so, so : I laugh not at those
whom I fear ; I fear not those whom I love ; and
I love not any whom I laugh not at : pretty strange
humour, is't not ?

Ray. To any one, that knows you not, it is.

Priest. You must avoid.

Fol. Away, away ! I have no such meaning,
indeed, la !

[*Music of Recorders.*]

Priest. Hark ! the fair hour is come ; draw to
the altar,

And, with amazement, reverence and comfort,
Behold the broad-eyed lamp of heaven descending !
Stand !—

The SUN appears above.

Sun. Raybright !

Priest. It calls you ; answer.

Ray. Lord and Father !

Sun. We know thy cares ; appear to give re-
lease :

Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant what'er thou su'st for.

Ray. Fair-beam'd sir!

I dare not greedily prefer
Eternity of Earth's delights,
Before that duty which invites
My filial piety: in this
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,
If I but for one only year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,
Which every season in his kind,
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I find

Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it;
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.
To the Spring garden let him be convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;
All the varieties the Spring can show,
Be subject to his will.

Priest. Light's lord! we go.

[*Exeunt* PRIEST and RAYBRIGHT.]

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with
such fopperies. [Exit.]

Sun. We must descend, and leave awhile our
sphere,*

To greet the world.—Ha? there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine

* *We must descend, &c.*] The "sphere" in which the "lord of Light" appeared, was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage; from this he probably descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, flammæ imitante pyropo, his solar majesty was probably distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet,—but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his SHAPE might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Decker.—GIFFORD. There can be little hesitation in assenting

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Spring.*

Enter SPRING, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH,
and DELIGHT.

Spring. Welcome! The mother of the year, the
Spring,

That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,
For Age still waits on her; that Spring, the nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made
wanton;

Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,
By whom all things above and under-ground
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave
vigour,—

That Spring, on thy fair cheeks, in kisses lays
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays
From which thy name thou borrow'st; glorious
name,

RAYBRIGHT, as bright in person as in fame!

Ray. Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine
ears

Feel your tongue's charm; in you move all the
spheres.

Oh, lady! would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you!

Spring. Why? all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold winter were come back,
And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips,
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about me
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I, in your sphere, seem a star more divine,
Than in my father's chariot, should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Spring. Oh, that sweet breath revives me; if
thou never
Part'st hence, (as part thou shalt not,) be happy
ever!

Ray. I know I shall.

Spring. Thou, to buy whose state
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth,
wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

Youth. Madam, I shall,
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather them; and when
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring again.

Spring. Thou, without whom they that have
hills of gold
Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst nor
be sold
Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.

Health. One of my hands is writing still in
Heaven,
For that's Health's library; t'other on the Earth,
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

Ray. Mortality sure falls from me.

Spring. Thou! to whose tunes
The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin
Those golden threads all women love to wind,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,

Delight! not base, but noble, touch thy lyre,
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir but
fair!

Health. Leave blustering March—

SONG by DELIGHT.

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail?**

'Tis Philomel, the nightingale;

Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,

And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.

[The cuckow is heard.

Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing

Cuckow! to welcome in the Spring.

Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?

'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.

How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

[The cuckow again.

Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckows sing

Cuckow! to welcome in the Spring.

Spring. How does my sun-born sweetheart like
his queen,
Her court, her train?

Ray. Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.

Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes! one de-
light

Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

* *What bird, &c.*] This is taken from the beautiful song of Trico, in Lily's "Alexander and Campaspe."

Del. Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick
rounds

To thine own times in repercussive sounds.

[*An echo of Cornets.*

Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee.

[*Exit DEL.*

Pleasures, change!

Thou as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

Re-enter DELIGHT.

Del. A company of rural fellows, faced*
Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced
Before your highness, to present their sport.

Spring. What is't?

Del. A morrice.

Spring. Give them our court.—

Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine
ear;

Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here
Shall scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt con-
found,

Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit
crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on
sweets;

Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

Spring. Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason: should'st thou be stol'n
away

By great ones,—that's my fear.

† *A company of rural fellows, faced*

Like lovers of your laws.] i. e. with youthful, ruddy,
cheerful countenances.—GIFFORD.

Ray. Fear it not, lady ;
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid

Enter the MORRICE-DANCERS.

To blow me hence, I move not.

Spring. I am made
In that word the Earth's empress.—

A DANCE.

Are not these sports too rustic ?

Ray. No ; pretty and pleasing.

Spring. My youngest girl, the violet-breathing
May,

Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is come to do you service ; will you please
To honour her arrival ?

Ray. I shall attend.

Spring. On then, [*Exeunt Morrice-dancers.*
and bid my rosy-finger'd May

Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strew his
way.

[*Exit, followed by YOUTH and HEALTH.*

Enter FOLLY, and whispers RAYBRIGHT.

Ray. An empress, say'st thou, fall'n in love with
me ?

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women
love to be empresses ; her name, the lady Humour.

Ray. Strange name ! I never saw her, knew her
not ;

What kind of creature is she ?

Fol. Creature ! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek
as jelly, white as blanched almonds ; breath, sweet

Whole choirs of singers to her every morn,
 With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
 As I can with one kiss.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
 Is not so melting, so delicious :
 Turn me into a bird, that I may sit
 Still singing in such boughs.

Hum. What bird ?

Fol. A ring-tail.

Hum. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to
 mine,

My Mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rifle
 But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.
 Invent some other tires ! Music !—stay,—none !—

Fol. Heyday !

Hum. New gowns, fresh fashions ! I'm not brave
 enough
 To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the moon,
 Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,
 With all her courtiers in their robes of stars,
 Is half so glorious.

Hum. This feather was a bird of Paradise ;
 Shall it be your's ?

Ray. No kingdom buys it from me.

Fol. Being in fool's paradise he must not lose
 his bauble.

Ray. I am wrapt above man's being, in being
 sphered

In such a globe of rarities ; but say, lady,
 What these are that attend you ?

Hum. All my attendants
 Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Folly is sworn to him already never to leave him.

Ray. He?

Fol. A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish pike;* a tailor.

Ray. Shall I be brave, then?

Hum. Golden as the sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smickly?†

Fol. One that loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought them of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard, a comfit-maker, of Toledo, that can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways.

Ray. My palate pleased too! What's this last?

Sold. I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable mistress!

Hum. Put them on.

Sold. I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp‡ a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How? *dare not fight!* there's in me the Sun's fire.

* *Spanish pike.*] i. e. a needle. Our best sword-blades, scissors, needles, &c. were, in the poet's days, imported from Spain.—GIFFORD.

† i. e. so *finically*, so *effeminately*.

‡ i. e. to *patch up* a quarrel.

Hum. No more of this :—(*dances*)—awake the music! oyez! Music!

Ray. No more of this;—this sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms; The field, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

[*Music.*—*A Dance.*

Re-enter SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

Spring. Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple
That's consecrate to me?

Hum. Poor Spring, goody herb-wife!
How dar'st thou cast a glance on this rich jewel,
I have bought for my own wearing?

Spring. Bought! art thou sold then?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her
graces.

Health. Graces? a witch!

Spring. What can she give thee?—

Ray. All things.

Spring. My Raybright, hear me; I regard not
these.

Ray. What dowry can you bring me?

Spring. Dowry? ha!

Is't come to this? am I held poor and base!
A girdle make whose buckles, stretch'd to th'
length,

Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole;
What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose
I'll give thee freely: not a lark, that calls*

* *Not a lark, &c.*] I attribute, without scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Decker. Ford rarely,

The morning up, shall build on any turf,
 But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,
 And for her rent pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?

Hum. *Live with me still, and all the measures,
 Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee ;
 Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures
 The moon beholds, her man shall reach
 thee.*

Ray. Divinest!

Fol. Here's a lady!

Spring. Is't come to who gives most?
 The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd
 Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green ;
 That tree shall now be thine : about it sit
 All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,
 Singing in verse the praise of chastity ;
 Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
 Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,
 And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

Ray. Live by singing ballads!

Fol. Oh, base ! turn poet ? I would not be one myself.

if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets ; and I should imagine, from my own observations, that a greater number of descriptive passages might be found respecting him, than of the nightingale. A judicious collection of both would furnish not a few pages of surpassing taste and beauty. While I am writing this, the following simple and pretty address occurs to me. It is that of Young Fitzwalter to his mistress, whom he meets at day-break.

“ So early ! then I see love's the best larke :
 For the corne-builder has not warbled yet
 His morning's caroll to the rising sun.”—*The Palsg.*
 GIFFORD.

Hum. Dwell in mine arms, aloft we'll hover,
 And see fields of armies fighting :
 Oh, part not from me ! I'll discover
 There all but books of Fancy's writing.

Del. Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well
 Whither I'll lead thee ; and but drinking there,
 To welcome thee nine Muses shall appear,
 And with full bowls of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drown your Muses !

Fol. Aye, aye, or they'll drown themselves in
 sack and claret.

Hum. Do not regard their toys ;

*Be but my darling, age to free thee
 From her curse shall fall a-dying ;
 Call me thy empress, Time to see thee
 Shall forget his art of flying.*

Ray. Oh, my all excellence !

Spring. Speak thou for me ; I am fainting.

[*To HEALTH.*

Health. Leave her ; take this, and travel through
 the world,

I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,
 Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages ;
 Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,
 The day in manly pastimes ; snatch from Time
 His glass, and let the golden sands run forth
 As thou shalt jog them ; riot it, go brave,
 Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out :
 Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,
 Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,
 Nor any sickness shake thee ; Youth and Health,
 As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot wheels :

And who, for two such jewels, would not sell
Th' East and West Indies? both are thine, so
that——

Ray. What?

Fol. All lies! gallop over the world, and not grow old, nor be sick? a lie. One gallant went but into France last day, and was never his own man since: another stept but into the Low Countries, and was drunk dead under the table; another did but peep into England, and it cost him more in good-morrrows blown up to him under his window, by drums and trumpets, than his whole voyage; besides he ran mad upon't.*

Hum. Here's my last farewell: ride along with me

I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace,†

Whither thyself

Shalt call together the most glorious spirits

Of all the kings that have been in the world;

And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare!

Hum. At one end of this palace shall be heard

That music which gives motion to the heaven;

And in the midst Orpheus shall sit and weep,

For sorrow that his lute had not the charms

To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:

Then, at another end,—

* The streets of London appear to have been grievously infested at this time with *noises* (i. e. little knots) of fiddlers, who pressed into all companies, and pestered every *new-comer* with their salutations.—GIFFORD.

† The original copy appears, from some mutilated remains of it, to have contained a description of the palace itself, and also its garden: it was thought useless, however, to excite the reader's regret by inserting the mere fragments.

Ray. I'll hear no more :
This ends your strife ; you only I adore.

[*To HUMOUR.*

Spring. Oh, I am sick at heart ! unthankful
man,

'Tis thou hast wounded me ; farewell !

[*She is led in by DELIGHT.*

Ray. Farewell !

Fol. Health, recover her ; sirrah, Youth, look to
her.

Health. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the
spring,
May fly in summer ; but—with sickly wing.

[*Exeunt HEALTH and YOUTH.*

Hum. In triumph now I lead thee ;—no, be thou
Cæsar,
And lead me.

Ray. Neither ! we'll ride with equal state,
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Confines of Spring and Summer.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.

Ray. Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated
of thee!

Thou hadst a body, the four elements*
Dwelt never in a fairer; a mind, princely:
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.
How cool wert thou in anger! in thy diet,
How temperate, and yet sumptuous! thou would'st
not waste
The weight of a sad violet in excess;
Yet still thy board had dishes numberless:
Dumb beasts even loved thee; once a young lark
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

*Enter FOLLY, singing an epitaph on the departed
SPRING.*

Ray. Thou idiot! hast thou none
To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder?
Out of my sight!

Fol. I am not in it; if I were, you'd see but scur-
vily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to
give nothing.

* See note, p. 161.

Ray. Vex me not, fool; turn out o' doors your roarer,*

French tailor, and that Spanish ginger-bread,
And your Italian skipper; then, sir, yourself.

Fol. Myself! hang me, I'll not stir; poor Folly, honest Folly, jocundary Folly forsake your lordship! no true gentleman hates me; and how many women are given daily to me, some not far off know. Tailor gone, Toledan gone, all gone, but I——

Enter HUMOUR.

Hum. My waiters quitted off by you! you flay them!

Whence come these thunderbolts? what furies haunt you?

Ray. You.

Fol. She!

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Bow-wow!

Ray. I shall grow old, diseased, and melancholy; For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,

And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me: But for you two, I should be wondrous good; By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn From the embracements of the noblest creature——

Hum. Your Spring?

Ray. Yes, she, even she, only the Spring. She was unhappy never, but in two sons, March, a rude roaring fool,——

* See notes, pp. 134 and 189.

Fol. And April, a whining puppy.

Hum. But May was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Hum. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises,

That art a common creature!

Hum. Common!

Ray. Yes, common:

I cannot pass through any prince's court,
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; "a ven-
geance

On this your debauch'd* Humour!"

Fol. A vintner spoke those very words, last night, to a company of roaring-boys,† that would not pay their reckoning.

* We know not whether Decker's classical attainments were such as to enable him to read what is termed "The Old Comedy" of the Greeks; but much of the humour in this scene forcibly reminds us of that singular department of dramatic literature. The resemblance, it is most probable, was purely accidental. Those who have travelled no farther in our own old drama than the Corporal Nym of Shakespeare, or the Asper of Ben Jonson, need scarcely be reminded, that the word *humour* was one which our ancestors delighted to trace and hunt through every change of meaning and variety of application. See further the note at page 161.

† The *roaring-boys*, or *angry boys*, or *terrible boys*, (for they were known by all these denominations,) were in Ford's and Ben Jonson's days what the *mohocks* were in Addison's—the noisy bucks and bullies of the town, who formed the pest and annoyance of all sober people. The breed extended, as will be seen by the following drama, though in a mitigated form, to the country. From a pleasant comedy, written conjointly by Decker and Middleton, and entitled "The Roaring Girl," it should appear that the character was not exclusively confined to the male sex.

Ray. The courtier has his Humour, has he not,
Folly?

Fol. Yes, marry, has he—folly: the courtier's
humour is to be brave, and not pay for't; to be
proud, and no man care for't.

Ray. Brave ladies have their humours.

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave lords?

Ray. Your citizens have brave humours.

Fol. A collier being drunk jostled a knight into
the kennel, and cried, 'twas his humour; the
knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his
humour.

Ray. And yet you are not common!

Hum. No matter what I am:

Rail, curse, be frantic; get you to the tomb
Of your rare mistress; dig up your dead Spring,
Fondle, and kiss her: me, have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay; must I lose all comfort? dearest,
stay;

There's such a deal of magic in those eyes,
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

Hum. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.*

Fol. And I my hobby-horse:—will you be merry
then, and jocund?

Ray. As merry as the cuckows of the Spring.

Fol. Again!

Ray. How, lady, lies the way?

* *If ever for the spring you do but sigh,*

I take my bells.] i. e. I fly away,—an allusion to falconry.
Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather,
garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the
course of her erratic flight was discovered.—GIFFORD.

Hum. I'll be your convoy,
 And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen,
 Summer, a glorious and majestic creature;
 Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far
 As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend
 us, Folly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Near the SUMMER's Court.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT and HUMOUR.

Ray. I muse, my nimble Folly stays so long.

Hum. He's quick enough of foot, and counts, I
 swear,

That minute cast away not spent on you.

Ray. His company is music next to your's;
 Both of you are a consort, and your tunes
 Lull me asleep; and, when I most am sad,
 My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams:
 But how far must we travel? Is't our motion
 That puts us in this heat, or is the air
 In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
 It keeps us in this warmth?

Hum. This shows her Court
 Is not far off you covet so to see;
 Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,
 The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings?

Hum. Magnificent and curious: every noon
 The horses of the day bait there; whilst he,
 Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop
 In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile,
 To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?

Hum. Oh!

Ray. And hear
More ravishing music?

Hum. All the choristers
That learn'd to sing i'the temple of the Spring,
By* her attain such cunning, that when the winds
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antic gambols
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such
charms,
They'll all stand still to listen.

Ray. Excellent.

Enter FOLLY, (to him a Forester.)

Fores. Back! whither go you?

Fol. Oyes! this way.

Fores. None must pass:

Here's kept no open court; our queen this day
Rides forth a-hunting, and, the air being hot,
She will not have rude throngs to stifle her.

Back! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of SUMMER.*

Enter SUMMER and DELIGHT.

Sum. And did break her heart then?

Del. Yes, with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother-nurse, the
Spring!

I'll break his heart for't: had she not a face,
Too tempting for a Jove?

* *I. e.* by the aid of Summer.

Del. The Graces sat
On her fair eyelids, ever ; but his youth,
Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,
Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder,
(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly)
He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from
him ;
Yet his celestial kinsman, (for young Raybright
Is the SUN'S DARLING,) knowing his journeying
hither
To see thy glorious court, sends me before
T' attend upon you, and spend all my hours
In care for him.— [*Recorders.**]

The SUN appears above.

Sun. Obey your charge !—Oh, thou builder
Of me, thy handmaid ! landlord of my life !
Life of my love ! throne where my glories sit !
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud,
Now I but see thee. [*Kneels.*]

Sun. Rise ! [*she rises.*] Is Raybright come yet ?

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him ;

Enter PLENTY.

And lavish thou thy treasure.

Plen. Our princely cousin
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight,
Is come.

Sun. Who with him ?

* *Recorders*, according to Sir John Hawkins, were flageolets, or small flutes.

Plen. A goddess in a woman,
Attended by a prating saucy fellow
Call'd Folly.

Sun. They'll confound him—
But he shall run [his course;] go and receive
him.

[*Exit* PLENTY.

Sun. Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival,
draw
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power,
to borrow
Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan
Our glowing faces.

[*Hoboyes.*—*The SUN takes his seat above.*

Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY,
Country-fellows, and lasses.

SONG.

*Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-queen;
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green;
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday;
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl,
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.*

*Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports :*

*Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in princes' courts.*

*These and we,
With country glee,*

*Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow :*

*Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,*

'Mongst kids, shall trip it round ;

For joy thus our lasses we follow.

*Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry ;*

*Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.*

Horses amain,

*Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase :*

'Tis a sport to content a king.

So ho ho ! through the skies

How the proud bird flies,

And sousing kills with a grace !

Now the deer falls ; hark ! how they ring—

[The SUN by degrees is clouded.]

Sum. Leave off ; the Sun is angry, and has drawn
A cloud before his face.

Del. He is vex'd to see
That proud star shine so near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and died ; think what I told
you,
His coyness will kill you else.

Sum. It cannot.—Fair prince,
 Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,
 Till now I never saw you ; nor never saw
 A man, whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha, lady!

Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering
 rays
 You boast your great name ; for that name I hate
 you,
 Because you kill'd my mother and my nurse.

[*Flourish.*—*Exit, followed by PLEN. and DEL.*

Ray. Divinest!

Hum. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll go after ; for I must and will have
 a fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

Hum. Be ruled by me once more ; leave her.

Ray. In scorn,
 As she does me.

Hum. Thou shalt have nobler welcome ; for I'll
 bring thee
 To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free
 Autumn.

Fol. Oh, there's a lad!—let's go then.

Re-enter PLENTY.

Plen. Where is this prince ? my mother, for the
 Indies,
 Must not have you depart.

Ray. Must not ?

Re-enter SUMMER.

Sum. No, must not.
 I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind,

Playing with leafy dancers : when I told thee
 I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.
 Unlock my garden of the Hesperides,
 By dragons kept, (the apples being pure gold)
 Take all that fruit; 'tis thine.

Plen. Love but my mother,
 I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn;
 What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,
 Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
 All kingdoms I have right to; I am free
 Of every country: in the four elements
 I have as deep a share as an emperor;
 All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,
 All birds to sing to me; and can you catch me
 With a tempting golden apple?

Plen. She's too good for thee.
 When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
 Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,
 Which having touch'd, he stole from them such
 store

Of lights, he shone more bright than e'er before;
 At which he vow'd whenever she did die,
 He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere
 Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up; away!

Hum. Away,
 And leave this gipsy.

Sum. Oh, I am lost.

Ray. Lost?

Sum. Scorn'd!—

Ray. Of no triumph more than love can boast.

[*Exit with HUMOUR and FOLLY.*

[*Recorders.*

The SUN re-appears, with CUPID and FORTUNE.

Sun. Is Raybright gone ?

Sum. Yes, and his spiteful eyes
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I thy wounds will cure,
And lengthen out thy days;* his followers gone ?
Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.
Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy
reign ;
Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.

[*Exeunt.*

* *I thy wounds will cure,*

And lengthen out thy days.] The Sun takes a strange way to *lengthen out* the days of Summer, by putting an instant end to them. It must be confessed, that the god acts very capriciously in this scene, and that Summer, considering her short stay, is most ungently treated on all sides.—GIF-FORD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Court of AUTUMN.*

Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, and FORTUNE.

Ray. Your entertainments, Autumn's bounteous queen,
Have feasted me with rarities as delicate
As the full growth of an abundant year
Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
Of gratitude to our dread lord, the Sun,
From whom thou draw'st thy name: the feast of
fruits
Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee;
Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty
Into one form, and that form to contain
All delicacies which the wanton sense
Would relish, or desire to invent to please it,
The present were unworthy far to purchase
A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
In surfeits of the ear, with various music
Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
And every flower with which the fresh-trimm'd
earth
Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses

With these fine barren lullabies; the Summer
 Invited my then ranging eyes to look on
 Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
 Of waterish petty dainties; but my taste
 Is only here pleas'd: the other objects claim
 The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes; whom the
 creatures

Of every age and quality post, madding,
 From land to land and sea to sea, to meet,
 Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.
 Love! yield thy quiver and thine arrows up
 To this great prince of time; before him, Fortune!
 Pour out thy mint of treasures; crown him sove-
 reign

Of what his thoughts can glory to command:
 He shall give payment of a royal prize,
 To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

For. *Be a merchant, I will freight thee*
With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. *Be a lover, I will wait thee*
With success in life most sought for.

For. *Be enamour'd on bright honour,*
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.

Cup. *Chastity, if thou smile on her,*
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

For. *Be a warrior, conquest ever*
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. *Be a courtier, beauty never*
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

For. *Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me;*
I'm thy slave, thy power has bound me.

Cup. *Cupid's shafts are thine, dispose me ;
Love loves love ; thy graces wound me.*

Both. *Live, reign ! pity is fame's jewel ;
We obey ; oh ! be not cruel.*

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,
Than the Atlas of mortality can support.—

Enter, behind, HUMOUR and FOLLY.

Hum. What's here ?

Fol. Nay, pray observe.

Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your king-
dom there.

Hum. With what an earnestness he compli-
[ments.]

Ray. Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied,
And the desires my sensual appetite
Were only fed with barren expectations
To what I now am fill'd with.

Pom. These are too little ; more are due to
him

That is the pattern of his father's glory :
Dwell but amongst us, industry shall strive
To make another artificial nature,
And change all other seasons into ours.

Hum. Shall my heart break ? I can contain no
longer. [*Comes forward, with FOLLY.*]

Ray. How fares my lov'd Humour ?

Hum. A little stirr'd ; — no matter, I'll be
merry ;

Call for some music—do not ;—I'll be melan-
choly.

Pom. Lady, I hope 'tis no neglect of courtesy
In us, that so disturbs you ; if it rise

From any discontent, reveal the cause ;
It shall be soon removed.

Hum. Oh, my heart!—

Help to unlace my gown. [*To RAY.*—I'm a
goodly fool
To be thus play'd on.

Pom. Why, madam?

We can be courteous without stain of honour :
Our bounty gives him a welcome free,
But chaste and honourable.

[*A flourish.—Shouts within.*]

Ray. The meaning of this mirth?

Pom. My lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours.

Enter AUTUMN and BACCHANALIAN.

Pom. My dearest lord, according to th'injunction

Of your command, I have, with all observance,
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Aut. The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my
love!

Let us be twins in heart; thy grandsire's beams
Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines.

I am his vassal, servant, tributary;

And for his sake, the kingdoms I possess

I will divide with thee; thou shalt command

The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts,

To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls,

Expressing* their rich juice; a hundred grains,

* The terms *expressing* and *congested*, which occur in this and the next line but one, are used in their strict Latin senses; the

Both from the Beltick and Sicilian fields,
 Shall be congested for thy sacrifice,
 In Ceres' fane; Tiber shall pay thee apples,
 And Sicyon olives; all the choicest fruits
 Thy father's heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
 Of your respected favours, and that honour
 Shall equal my ambition.

Aut. My Pomona,
 Speed to prepare a banquet of all novelties.
 This is a day of rest, and we, the whiles,
 Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
 With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey.
 Will't please you, madam? a retirement
 From these extremes, in men more tolerable,
 Will better fit our modesties.

Hum. I'll drink,
 And be a Bacchanalian—no, I will not.
 Enter, I'll follow;—stay, I'll go before.—

Pom. Even what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exeunt HUM. and POM.*]

Aut. Raybright, a health to Phœbus!

[*A Flourish.—Drinks.*]

These are the Pæans which we sing to him,
 And yet we wear no bays;* our cups are only
 Crown'd† with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!

[*A flourish.—Drinks.*]

first meaning to *press out*, the second to *keep together*. This part of the scene is indeed pretty thickly strewed with classical allusions, some of which, it is presumed, were not intended to bear the test of very exact scholarship.

* i. e. we wear not the *insignia* of that deity.

† A *crowned cup* is a term by no means unfrequent in our old dramas. Without troubling the reader with classical

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Aut. Now, one other health
To our grand patron, call'd Good-fellowship;
Whose livery all our people hereabout
Are clad in. [*Flourish.—Drinks.*

Ray. I am for that too.

Aut. 'Tis well;
Let it go round; and, as our custom is
Of recreations of this nature, join
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing Iös unto Bacchus.

Fol. My father was a French nightingale, and
my mother an English wagtail; I was born a cuckoo
in the spring, and lost my voice in summer, with
laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest; but I'll venture
for one:—fill my dish—every one take his own,
and, when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Aut. Begin.

FOLLY *sings.*

*Cast away care; for he that loves sorrow
Nor lengthens a day, nor can buy him to-morrow:
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.*

Merrily, merrily, Oh, ho! ho!

Play it off stifly, we may not part so.

Chor. Merrily, &c.

[Here, and at the conclusion of every
stanza, they drink.

*Wine is a charm, it gives heat to the blood,
And the coward is arm'd, if his liquor be good;*

authorities, it will be sufficient to observe, that it implies a
cup so full of liquor that the contents rise above the brim like
a crown. Lyæus is another name for Bacchus.

*Wine quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
And it scorns to submit to the watch or constable.**

Merrily, &c.

*Let the pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Our wits will be nimbler, our brains will flow quicker;
Empty the cask; and score up, we care not;
Fill the pots all again, drink on, and spare not.*

Merrily, &c.

There is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both
caper and turn round.

Aut. Oh, a dance by all means!

Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir ye nimbly, to beguile the hours.

A DANCE.

Aut. How likes our friend this pastime?

Ray. Above utterance.

Oh, how have I, in ignorance or dullness,
Run through the progress of so many minutes,
Accusing him, who was my life's first author,
Of slackness and neglect, whilst I have dreamt
The folly of my days in vain expense
Of useless taste and pleasure! Pray, my lord,
Let one health pass about, whilst I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denizen
In your unlimited courtesies.

Aut. Devise a round; †

You have your liberty.

* In Ford's days the accent of this word was laid on the penultima. It may be as well to add, that a little help has been occasionally given to the metre, as this was a point in which Decker was exceedingly careless.

† *Devise a round.*] i. e. a health to pass round; name a toast, in short; which Raybright immediately does.—GIRFORD.

Ray. A health to Autumn's self!
And here let time hold still his restless glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth. [*They drink.*]

Aut. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor,
And be mine heir.

Ray. I want words to express
My thankfulness.

Aut. Whate'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer
sweats,
Pasturing her furlongs, ripening the fruits for food,
While Autumn's garners house them; I alone in
every land,
Traffic my useful merchandize; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Mortgaged and lost: I sit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' extremes

Of Winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming Spring.
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn; if thou then canst hope
To inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the year's great
emperor.

Aut. On now, to new variety of feasts;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

Ray. My lord, I'll follow. [*Flourish. Exit AUT.*]
Sure, I am not well.

Fol. Surely I am half drunk, or monstrously mistaken: you mean to stay here, belike?

Ray. Whither should I go else?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own defence, I'll not be of your jury.

Re-enter HUMOUR.

Hum. You have had precious pleasures, choice of drunkenness;

Will you be gone?

Ray. I feel a war within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater: in the year's revolution,
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with extremes,

When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equal measure;—

Hum. Ha! in contemplation?

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant beams

Gilds ripen'd fruit;—

Hum. And what fine meditation
Transports you thus? You study some encomium
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen;
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy
Of Cynthia's dark defect.—

Come, Raybright; whatsoever suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these
empty

And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include
Only a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into air ;
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hum. You shall not ;
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies :
I'll bring thee
Into the court of Winter ; there thy food
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton,
veal, venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge,
snipe, plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

Hum. Mystery there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of form and colour, 'twill deceive the eye,
Until the taste be ravish'd.

Fol. Comfits and caraways, marchpanes* and
marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, ginger-
bread and walnuts.

Hum. Nor is his bounty limited ; he'll not spare
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither
fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned ; besides, a
hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you
can hold out so long.

* Marchpane was a sweet biscuit composed of sugar and almonds, like those now called maccaroni. It was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors, and it appeared sometimes on more solemn occasions. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge, the University presented their chancellor, Sir William Cecil, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves.—*Peck's Desid. Curiosa*, ii. 29.

Ray. You tell me wonders !
Be my conductress ; I'll fly this place in secret :
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me ;
'Twas Humour, join'd with Folly, did mislead me.

Hum. Leave this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Ray. Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh
delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter] and the Spring,
As 'twere conjoin'd in one conjugal ring,
(An emblem of four provinces we sway,)
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day ;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,
While we enjoy the blessings of our fate :*

* Here the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Raybright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of the *Sun's Darling*, and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus pannus*, than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise ; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no relation whatever to the previous language and conduct of Raybright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed.—
GIFFORD.

And since we have notice that some barbarous
spirits

Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'll not desist, we'll force our way with swords.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Court of WINTER.*

Enter several Clowns.

1 *Clown.* Hear you the news, neighbour?

2 *Clown.* Yes, to my grief, neighbour: they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we are like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

3 *Clown.* Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but I'll pluck a crow* with some of 'em.

1 *Clown.* 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men.

2 *Clown.* They may talk, and call us rebels, but a fig for that; let's be true amongst ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

Enter WINTER.

Win. Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?
Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from thence
All temperate heat's fled of obedience?
How durst you else with force think to withstand
Your prince's entry into this his land?
A prince, who is so excellently good,
His virtue is his honour, more than blood;

* *Pluck a crow.*] A vulgar expression for picking a quarrel with a person.—GIFFORD.

In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise
The attributes of merciful and wise ;
Whose laws are so impartial, that they must
Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just :
Who does, with princely moderation, give
His subjects an example how to live ;
Teaching their erring natures to direct
Their wills, to what it ought most to effect :
Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,
Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage
War against Heaven ; and from his shining throne
Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon ;
Were your heads circled with his own green oak,
Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,
And he can sink such wretches as rebel,
From Heaven's sublimest height down to the depth
of Hell.

1 *Clown*. Nay, let him do his worst ; there's many a tall* fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his living taken from them, nay, even eat up : all things are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths than our own, neighbour.

2 *Clown*. Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour ; prate is but prate. They say this prince too would bring new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our gods ; and that's abominable ; we'll all be hang'd first.

Win. Dull, stubborn fools ! whose perverse judgments still
Are governed by the malice of your will,
Things void of soul ! can you conceive, that he,
Whose every thought's an act of piety,

* *Tall* and *brave* are synonymous terms in our old dramas.

Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
 That ever was comprisd in flesh and blood,
 Cannot direct you in the fittest way
 To serve those Powers, to which himself does pay
 True zealous worship, nay's so near allied
 To them, himself must needs be deified?

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

2 Clown. What are you, sir?

Fol. A courtier, sir; but, you may guess, a very foolish one, to leave the bright beams of my lord, the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on me; do you not see me shake? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not young lasses, good wines and fires, to heat their blood, 'twill freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice, I fear, already. *[Exit.*

1 Clown. Farewell, and be hanged! ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

3 Clown. Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

Win. You're mad in your rebellious minds: but
 hear

What I presage, with understanding clear:
 This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,
 Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
 Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause;
 You shall with penitence embrace his laws:

He to the frozen northern clime shall bring
 A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
 Usurp my privilege, and by his ray
 Night shall be changed into perpetual day:
 Plenty and happiness shall still increase,
 As does his light; and turtle-footed peace*
 Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all
 That envy him shall like swift comets fall,
 By their own fire consumed; and glorious he,
 Ruling, as 'twere, the force of destiny,
 Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
 Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth.

A Flourish.—*Enter* RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY,
and DELIGHT.

But see, our star appears; and from his eye
 Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.

Ray. What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb
 The happy progress of our glorious peace,
 Contemn the justice of our equal laws,
 Profane those sacred rights, which still must be
 Attendant on monarchical dignity?
 I came to frolic with you, and to cheer
 Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams,

* ————— *And turtle-footed peace*

Dance like a fairy, &c.] This, as well as several other expressions in this elegant “augury,” is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth, in Jonson’s Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*.

“The throat of war be stopp’d within her realm,
 And *turtle-footed peace* dance fairy-rings,
 About her court, &c.”

GIFFORD.

And have I this strange welcome? Reverend
Winter!

I'm come to be your guest; your bounteous, free
Condition does assure me, I shall have
A welcome entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir! I am not ignorant
How much expression my true zeal will want
To entertain you fitly; yet my love
And hearty duty shall be far above
My outward welcome. To that glorious light
Of Heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the
night,

I am so much a vassal, that I'll strive,
By honouring you, to keep my faith alive
To him, brave prince, through you, who do inherit
Your father's cheerful heat and quick'ning spirit.
Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent
So far with age, I am Time's monument,
Antiquity's example; in my zeal
I, from my youth, a span of time will steal
To open the free treasures of my court,
And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
Did admiration beget in me truly
The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure.
[Pity, that one]

So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings,
Should not partake the comfort of those beams,
With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer
The other seasons; yet my pleasures with you,
From their false charms, do get the start, as far
As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

Win. Attendance on our revels! let delight
Conjoin the day with sable-footed night;

Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere
Meet in soft mirth and harmless pleasures here :
While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd
Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound
Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call
To wait on you, at Winter's festival ;
While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring,
Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.
We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air
Fetch her inhabitants, to supply our fare !
That, were Apicius here, he in one night
Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.
Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure
Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.

[*A Flourish.*]

(*Here a Masque of the four Elements,* Air, Fire, Water, and Earth; and the four Complexions, Phlegm, Blood, Choler, and Melancholy.*)

Win. How do these pleasures please ?

Hum. Pleasures !

* We have consulted the reader's *taste* by omitting, as much as possible, whatever might tend to adulterate the rich but somewhat careless poetry with which this drama is inlaid throughout ; but his *knowledge* of our old dramatic literature may be enlarged by a few observations on the " Masque," of which the mere title is given in the text. The Masque itself grew out of an opinion strongly current among our ancestors, (and which appears to have been derived to them through the schools from the Greek physicians,) that man was composed of the four Elements, the due proportion and commixture of which in his composition was what produced in him every kind of perfection, mental and bodily. Hence (not to multiply ex-

Boun. Live here,
And be my lord's friend; and thy sports shall
vary

amples) the well-known commendation of Brutus by the first of all dramatic writers :

" His life was gentle, and the *elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"—Jul. Cæs. v. 5.

The disposition, again, of every man was supposed to arise from four principal *humours* or fluids in his body ; and, consequently, that which was prevalent in any one might be called *his* particular *humour*. Blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy, were the four humours ; the two latter being not so properly different fluids, as one fluid, bile, in two different states ; common bile, *χολή*, choler, and black bile, *μελαγχολία*. From these fluids were supposed to arise the four principal temperaments or complexions : the sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, and melancholic : the fluids themselves being more remotely referred to the four elements. Their connexion is thus stated by Howell :

" And it must be so while the starrs poure different influxes upon us, but especially while the *humours* within us have a symbolization with the *four elements*, who are in ruthlesse conflict among themselves who shall have the mastery, as the *humors* do in us for a predominancy."—*Parley of Beasts*, p. 80.

It is upon this more immediate origin of the four temperaments or complexions from the four humours, and their more remote reference to the four elements, that much of " *The Morall Maske*," termed " *Microcosmus*," is founded. This drama, evidently formed upon " *The Sun's Darling*," was written by Thomas Nabbes, an author " concerning whom," according to the usual language of our old dramatic calendar, " scarce anything is recorded," and was printed in 1637. The reader, who has not a copy of Dodsley's collection of Old Plays, may be amused by a transcription of some of the dramatic personæ.

FIRE, a fierce-countenanced young man, in a flame-coloured robe, wrought with divers-coloured gleams of fire ; his hair red and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a Vulcan.

A thousand ways ; Invention shall beget
 Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change
 Can aim at.

Hum. Trifles ! Progress o'er the year
 Again, my Raybright ; therein, like the Sun,
 As he in Heaven runs his circular course,
 So thou on earth run thine ; for to be fed
 With stale delights, breeds dulness and contempt :
 Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely virgin.

Win. My royal lord !

Without offence, be pleased but to afford me
 To give you my true figure ; do not scorn
 My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,

AIR, a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers-coloured clouds ; his hair blue, and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant, or silvan.

WATER, a woman in a sea-green robe, wrought with waves ; her hair sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge, bound about with waves. Her creature a syren.

EARTH, a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers ; her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.

CHOLER, a fencer ; his clothes red.

BLOOD, a dancer, in a wachet-coloured (i. e. a pale-blue) suit.

PHLEGM, a physician, an old man ; his doublet white and black ; trunk hose.

MELANCHOLY, a musician ; his complexion, hair, and clothes black ; a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amonist.

For further information on this subject, the reader is referred to Archdeacon Nares's valuable glossary, under the words *Elements* and *Humours*.

I serve for no use: 'tis my sharper breath
 Does purge gross exhalations from the earth;
 My frosts and snows do purify the air
 From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair:
 And though by nature cold and chill I be,
 Yet I am warm in bounteous charity;
 And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,
 Bring you to the happy shades of paradise.

Ray. That wonder! Oh, can you bring me
 thither?

Win. I can direct and point you out a path.

Hum. But where's the guide?

Quicken thy spirits, Raybright; I'll not leave
 thee:

We'll run the self-same race again, that happiness:
 These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights
 Become not noble action.

Ray. To the Spring
 I am resolv'd—

[*Recorders.*

The SUN appears above.

Oh, what strange light appears!
 The Sun is up, sure.

Sun. Wanton Darling, look,
 And worship with amazement.

Omnes. Gracious lord!

Sun. Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of
 frailty

Here runs out to the last.—Here, in this mirror,
 Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
 The season of the Spring dawns like the Morning,
 Bedewing Childhood with unrelish'd beauties

Of gaudy sights ; the Summer, as the Noon,
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength
To Autumn's Manhood ; here the Evening grows,
And knits up all felicity in folly :
Winter at last draws on, the Night of Age ;
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy
Untasted or untried puts off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
The powers, from whom man does derive the pedigree
Of his creation, with a royal bounty,
Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attendants,
To rectify his carriage : to be thankful
Again to them, man should cashier his riots,
His bosom's wanton sweetheart, idle Humour,
His Reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.
Then shall,
Like four straight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortality ;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew ;
No sickness of contagion, no grim death
Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,
Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
In peace go to our altars, and no more
Question the power of supernal greatness,
But give us leave to govern as we please
Nature and her dominion, who from us
And from our gracious influence, hath both
being

And preservation: no replies, but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within
him. [*Exeunt.*

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.



BY

ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.] This Tragi-Comedy, which appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623, was not published till 1658. It was composed, as the title of the quarto edition bears, "by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c." It was acted by the Prince's Servants, often at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, and once at Court, with singular applause. There is a rude wooden cut on the title-page of the quarto, with a portrait of the witch (Mother Sawyer), her familiar, a black dog, and Cuddy Banks, the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

"It seems to have been a trick of the trade," says Mr. Gifford, "to accumulate a number of names in the title page, to catch as many readers as possible; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add after Ford an &c. With these we need not meddle, and I presume, we may venture to dismiss Rowley, with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked."

If the witch of Ford's days was, as we have already intimated, a far less splendid intellectual creation than the sorceress of the present time, it gives one advantage to the play before us, by maintaining her in better keeping with the other characters, which are all derived from the middle or lower ranks of life. It is not however from tragedies of "stateliest and most regal argument" alone,

as the reader of the following drama will feel himself compelled to acknowledge, that situations of the deepest interest and most heart-rending pathos can be derived.

Frank Thorney, the son of a gentleman, but whom his father's straitened circumstances had brought into some office of servitude with Sir Arthur Clarington, had won "the conquest of a fellow-servant's maiden-love" and was, it seems, in prospect of becoming a father by her. This error is repaired, as far as it can be, by a secret marriage; and Winnifrede, who at first displays a little of that harshness of character, which a deviation from virtue generally begets upon persons of strong natural intellect and a keen moral sense, gradually steals upon the reader's mind by the warmth of her attachment to her undeserving husband—by the depth of her repentance, and the evident purpose and fixed resolve, which ensure the future rectitude of her conduct.

Though Winnifrede's conscience had been thus in some degree relieved, it was a great object with the wily Frank to conceal their marriage from his father, till the inheritance, to which he was born, should be so assured, that no future resentment of the old man shall be able to "cross the thriving" of his recent engagements. In this scheme he is assisted with letters by Sir Arthur Clarington, who has his own reasons for accommodating himself to the views of his late "servant," and who exhibits, at least in the opening Act of the drama, a character far more odious than even Frank himself. With a promise (and it appears to have been but a promise) of two hundred pounds from Sir Arthur to assist their occasions, the new married pair leave the neighbourhood of Edmonton, for

the purpose of taking up their abode—young Thorney with his father at Edmonton itself, and Winnifrede with an uncle at Waltham—till time and Frank's endeavours had worked his father's love and liking to these stolen nuptials. Reports meantime of the marriage had got abroad, and it was not without feelings of the most painful kind that they had reached the ears of Frank's father himself. Encumbrances upon his estate had already circumscribed old Thorney's means of living, and his only mode of saving himself from more urgent distress consisted in a marriage, long before projected, between his son and the daughter of a neighbouring yeoman, Carter by name, whose wealth enabled him to offer such a portion with his girl, as would at once set free the lands of his poorer though more highly stationed neighbour.

And the honest yeoman's Susan was one that would, though utterly portionless in money, have brought the best of dowries to a husband of her choice; and such it seems, though sought by suitors of a higher grade, had Frank long been in her young imagination. Pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful, Susan throughout exhibits all those native sweetnesss and sensibilities, which are not unfrequently found in humble life, and for which even the refinements of breeding and education seem at times but unequal substitutes. It will ensure the reader's detestation of Frank, to know that his seduction of Winnifrede must have been planned with a full knowledge on his part of a previous engagement to marry this excellent creature; it will add to this detestation to find the villain in his father's presence offering to fulfil this engagement, and with the most solemn oaths maintaining that

there was nothing in his connexion with Winnifrede to prevent such an accomplishment of his father's wishes. The strong and multiplied assertions of young Thorney conquer even his father's violent suspicions; and the old man's fears being at last relieved, it is decided that the marriage between the young couple shall take place on the following day.

The fearful perjuries of Frank, and the cold, calculating villainy which he displays throughout, render the scene between him and his father a painful one to the feelings, and the entrance of even a more frightful creature than Mother Sawyer, upon whom much of the under-plot hinges, would have been found a relief after such an interview; but the under-plots of Ford or Decker—after the greatest reductions—will be found a sufficient infliction on the reader's patience, without his undergoing a previous analysis of them; even though embracing, as the present one does, those prime attractions of our ancestors' fancies, a witch, a black dog or the devil, and a morrice with all its accompaniments of tabor and pipe, double bells, trebles, means, forehorse,* hobby-horse, and Maid Marian to boot.

* In Gosson's "Plays confuted in five Actions," the attractions of the hobby-horse and morrice are included among the other delights which the devil according to this repentant dramatist had created for the seduction of mens' souls. "For the eye, besides the beautie of the houses and the stage, hee (the devil) sendeth in gearish apparel, mashes, ranting, tumbling, dauncing of gigges, galiardes, moriscos, hobbi-horses, nothing forgot that might serve to set out the matter with pompe, or ravish the beholders with varietie of pleasure." What would poor Gosson's language have been, had he seen the embellishments of the present stage?

Susan and Frank are now married; and conscience already begins to do its work with this double husband. His days seem but a waking dream; and in his sleep sudden and distracted accents show a mind at enmity with peace. These appearances give birth to one of the tenderest and most interesting of scenes: the efforts of the young bride to ascertain the cause of this disorder;—the ominous words and half-intelligible sentences which drop from Frank himself—the fear of the modest Susan that some impropriety in her own behaviour may have occasioned this lapse from happiness in her husband—the mixed warmth and pudency in her language, together with the utter abandonment of self and passionate regard for her husband, which she displays—all these feelings are brought out with such inimitable skill, that if, as Mr. Gifford supposes, this part of the act was written by Decker, it must convey the highest opinion of his taste and judgment, and convince us that, under happier circumstances, he might have become one of the mightiest masters of his art. The fears of Susan finally resolve themselves into a persuasion, that an intended single combat with young Warbeck, (a discarded suitor of her own,) is the occasion of her husband's perplexing conduct; and this persuasion is accompanied by a resolution on her part not to leave him on the trying occasion—"cost it her undoing and unto that her life." That cost of life was nearer than this fond and faithful creature imagined.

The next appearance of the guilty Frank is in company with Winnifrede, drest in a page's habit. His second wife's portion, the dowry of his sin, is in his hand; and with this "foul ill-gotten coin" as his com-

panion terms it, a couple of horses are in readiness to convey himself and Winnifrede to some distant country, where his recent wife is to be quite forgot, and “ have no name in his remembrance.” A previous conversation, full of course of lies, on the part of Frank, had prepared Susan for these appearances, and only the parting scene remained to take place between them. The fond creature hangs over it as long as possible:—some affectionate directions to his supposed page—some lingering questions to himself—one pasture more—up to that knot of trees, and then among those shadows she will vanish from him. The pasture is crossed—the knot of trees is reached—and—the knife of the treacherous Frank is in her bosom. And as if the pangs of death were not enough, the monster, in coarser terms than our pages can admit, utters what might have added even to the pains of dissolution itself:—but the murderer knew not the pure mind he had to deal with :

Sus. Die ? oh, 'twas time !

How many years might I have slept in sin !

The sin of my most hatred, too, adultery !

It is time to close this analysis : the attempt of the murderer to fasten the guilty deed on Warbeck, the rejected suitor of his victim, and Somerton the accepted lover of her sister Katherine—the detection of the real criminal—the horrors which surround Frank's sick bed—and the scene which closes for ever his earthly prospects, will be found to possess the deepest interest. A smile may perhaps be excited by the simple means which lead to young Thorney's detection ; but the smile

can be but a momentary one; even Ford himself seems to have suspected, that the fearful and harrowing feelings which he had conjured up required some allayment; and accordingly with consummate art he has thrown such a sincere feeling of penitence and remorse round the "last days" of the wretched Frank, that even the commiseration of those, who had been the greatest sufferers by his villainy, is won for the last moments of the repentant sufferer, and the language of the honest yeoman, Carter, becomes almost that of the reader: "Go thy ways; I did not think to have shed one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my plants spite of my heart."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

OLD THORNEY, a gentleman.

CARTER, a rich yeoman.

OLD BANKS, a countryman.

RATCLIFFE.

W. HAMLUC, and several other countrymen.

WARBECK, }
SOMERTON, } suitors to CARTER's daughters.

FRANK, THORNEY'S SON.

CUDDY BANKS, the clown.

Morrice-dancers.

SAWGUT, an old fiddler.

Justice, Constable, officers, Serving-men and maids.

DOG, a familiar.

A Spirit.

Mother SAWYER, the WITCH.

ANN, RATCLIFFE'S wife.

SUSAN, }
KATHERINE, } CARTER'S daughters.

WINNIFREDE, Sir ARTHUR'S maid.

SCENE.

The town and neighbourhood of Edmonton.

In the end of the last Act, London.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Neighbourhood of Edmonton.*
A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Enter FRANK THORNEY and WINNIFREDE.

Frank. Come wench; why, here's a business
soon despatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease; thou need'st
not

Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame; thy child shall know
Whom to call father now.

Win. You have discharg'd
The true part of an honest man; I cannot
Request a fuller satisfaction
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis an hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must

Have been ever sunder'd ; now the longest
Of our forbearing either's company,
Is only but to gain a little time
For our continuing thrift ; that so, hereafter,
The heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth, which made him feel
The misery of beggary and want ;
Two devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our masters
Or wrong'd friends are ; and besides I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born heir, shall be assured ;
That done, why let him know it : if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You, who had
The conquest of my maiden-love, may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried ?

Frank. Prithee do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy husband : thou shalt live
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman ;
I have acquainted him with all at large :
He'll use thee kindly ; thou shalt want no pleasures,

Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month!
Is this to have an husband?

Frank. Perhaps oftener;
That's as occasion serves.

Win. Ay, ay; in case
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,
And see you now and then. Faith! I did hope
You'd not have us'd me so: 'tis but my fortune.
And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the child I go with; that's your own:
And 'less you'll be a cruel-hearted father,
You cannot but remember that.
Heaven knows, how—

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge,
As any double thought; once more, in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever
The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin!
I hope thou dost believe me.

Win. Swear no more ;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behoveful for us.

Frank. Thus then ;
Make thyself ready ; at the furthest house
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle
Expects you. For a little time, farewell !

Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly ?

Frank. We shall. One kiss—away !
[*Exit WIN.*]

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Sir Ar. Frank Thorney !

Frank. Here, sir.

Sir Ar. Alone ? then must I tell thee in plain
terms,
Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and
lewdly.

Frank. Your house, sir ?

Sir Ar. Yes, sir : All the country whispers
How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries enticed her
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,
Make her amends and marry her ?

Frank. So, sir,
I might bring both myself and her to beggary ;
And that would be a shame worse than the other.

Sir Ar. You should have thought on this before,
and then
Your reason would have oversway'd the passion

Of your unruly lust. But that you may
 Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy
 Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are
 A gentleman, and both of you my servants,
 I'll make the maid a portion.

Frank. So you promised me
 Before, in case I married her. I know
 Sir Arthur Clarington deserves the credit
 Report hath lent him; and presume you are
 A debtor to your promise: but upon
 What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me,
 For being somewhat rude.

Sir Ar. It is but reason.
 Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred
 pounds,
 And a continual friend?

Frank. Though my poor fortunes
 Might happily prefer me to a choice
 Of a far greater portion; yet to right
 A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,
 I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Ar. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to
 employ
 The use of what you please to give.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt have it.

Frank. Then I claim
 Your promise.—We are man and wife.

Sir Ar. Already?

Frank. And more than so, sir, I have promis'd
 her
 Free entertainment in her uncle's house
 Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely

Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My father's love and liking.

Sir Ar. Honest Frank!

Frank. I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep
her,

Without a daily charge.

Sir Ar. As for the money,

'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make
thee

A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions——

Sir Ar. Nay, nay,

Talk not of your occasions; trust my bounty,
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i'faith,
Frank?

'Tis well, 'tis passing well;—then, Winnifrede,
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,
Thou hast a jewel, love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to Waltham?

Frank. She is making ready;
Her uncle stays for her.

Sir Ar. Most provident speed.

Frank, I will be thy friend, and such a friend!—
Thou wilt bring her thither?

Frank. Sir, I cannot; newly
My father sent me word I should come to him.

Sir Ar. Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.

Frank. I have a suit to you.

Sir Ar. What is it?

Any thing, Frank; command it.

Frank. That you'll please

By letters to assure my father, that
I am not married.

Sir Ar. How?

Frank. Some one or other
Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purposed
To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd
To disinherit me:—to prevent it,
Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing
Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,
On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands
Shall be assured.

Sir Ar. But what is there to quit
My knowledge of the marriage?

Frank. Why, you were not
A witness to it.

Sir Ar. I conceive; and then—
His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him tho-
roughly
With all that's past.

Frank. I mean no less.

Sir Ar. Provided
I never was made privy to't.

Frank. Alas, sir,
Am I a talker?

Sir Ar. Draw thyself the letter,
I'll put my hand to't. I commend thy policy,
Thou'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 'tis fit:
Dispatch it.

Frank. I shall write effectually. [Exit.

Sir Ar. Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught
the young man?
One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
At other's cost, must be a bold-faced guest.—

Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.

Win, I have heard the news, all now is safe;
The worst is past: thy lip, wench! (*kisses her.*)

I must bid

Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried;

Ha! was't not, Win? But come, wench, tell me,
when

Wilt thou appoint a meeting.

Win. What to do?

Sir Ar. Good, good! to con the lesson of our
loves,

Our secret game.

Win. Oh, blush to speak it further.

As you are a noble gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous; 'tis not gently done,
To open a cured wound: I know you speak
For trial; 'troth, you need not.

Sir Ar. I for trial?

Not I, by this good sunshine!

Win. Can you name

That syllable of good, and yet not tremble
To think to what a foul and black intent
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you.*
If you appear in any visitation,
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not thoroughly perfumed with sighs
For former deeds; may I be curs'd e'en in
My prayers, when I vouchsafe to see or hear you.

* i. e. assure you.

Sir Ar. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not
asham'd

After so many months to be honest at last?

Away, away! fie on't!

Win. My resolution

Is built upon a rock. This very day

Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be
doubted,

That never any change of love should cancel

The bonds, in which we are to either bound,

Of lasting truth: and shall I then for my part

Unfile the sacred oath set on record

In Heaven's book? Sir Arthur, do not study

To add to your lascivious lust, the sin

Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour

By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,

You strive as much as in you lies to ruin

A temple hallow'd to the purity

Of holy marriage. I have said enough;

You may believe me.

Sir Ar. Get you to your nunnery,

There freeze in your [c]old cloister: this is fine!

Win. Good angels guide me! Sir, you'll give
me leave

To weep and pray for your conversion?

Sir Ar. Yes;

Away to Waltham. Out upon your honesty!

Had you no other trick to fool me? well,

You may want money yet.

Win. None that I'll send for

To you, for hire of a damnation.

When I am gone, think on my just complaint;

I was your devil; oh, be you my saint! [*Exit.*

Sir Ar. Go thy ways; as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd knight; I'm glad I am rid of her.
Honest! marry hang her! Thorney is my debtor;
I thought to have paid him too; but fools have
fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Edmonton.*—*A room in CARTER'S House.*

Enter Old THORNEY and CARTER.

Thor. You offer, master Carter, like a gentleman; I cannot find fault with it, 'tis so fair.

Car. No gentleman I, master Thorney; spare the mastership, call me by my name, John Carter. Master is a title neither my father, nor his before him, were acquainted with: honest Hertfordshire yeomen; such an one am I; my word and my deed shall be proved one at all times. I mean to give you no security for the marriage-money.

Thor. How! no security? although it need not so long as you live; yet who is he has surety of his life one hour? Men, the proverb says, are mortal; else, for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

Car. Double, treble, more or less, I tell you, master Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and bills are but terriers to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy; my security shall be present payment. And we here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, master Thorney.

Thor. I cry you mercy, sir, I understood you not.

Car. I like young Frank well, so does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, that make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 'tis a mannerly girl, master Thorney, though but an homely man's daughter: there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

Thor. You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

Car. To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole belly-fulls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.—Here come they that—

Enter WARBECK with SUSAN, SOMERTON with KATHERINE.

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney; here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

War. You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou
hear'st

The liberty that's granted thee; what sayest thou?
Wilt thou be mine?

Sus. Your what, sir? I dare swear
Never your wife.

War. Canst thou be so unkind,
Considering how dearly I affect thee,
Nay, dote on thy perfections?

Sus. You are studied,
Too scholar-like, in words I understand not.
I am too coarse for such a gallant's love
As you are.

War. By the honour of gentility—

Sus. Good sir, no swearing; yea and nay with
us
Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

War. By this white hand of thine—

Sus. Take a false oath!
Fie, fie! flatter the wise; fools not regard it,
And one of these am I.

War. Dost thou despise me?

Car. Let them talk on, master Thorney; I know
Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle,
he shall but singe his wings when all's done; Frank,
Frank is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, Kate?

Kath. Better so,
Than be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion
I level at: wert thou as poor in fortunes
As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather
Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues,
Than twice thy father's whole estate; and, pri-
thee,
Be thou resolv'd so.

Kath. Master Somerton,
It is an easy labour to deceive

A maid that will believe men's subtle promises ;
 Yet I conceive of you as worthily
 As I presume you to deserve.

Som. Which is,
 As worthily in loving thee sincerely,
 As thou art worthy to be so beloved.

Kath. I shall find time to try you.

Som. Do, Kate, do ;
 And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me !

Car. Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh
 to myself, master Thorney, to see how earnestly
 he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into ano-
 ther's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thorney ;
 one of the country* roaring-lads : we have such as

* The reader who casts his eye over a preceding note, p. 134,
 and also over the following passages, extracted from others of
 our old dramas, will find Warbeck, much to his credit, to be
 but a very tame specimen of the *roaring-boy*.

Timothy. What
 Are these two ? Gentlemen ?

Plotwell. You see they wear
 Their heraldry.

Timothy. But I mean, can they *roar*,
 Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress ?

The City Match.

Timothy. You are a Captain, Sir ?

Quartfield. I have seen service, Sir.

Timothy. Captain, I love
 Men of the sword and buff ; and if need were,
 I can *roar* too ; and hope to swear in time,
 Do you see, Captain.

The same.

Banausus. O, I have thought on't : I will straightway build
 A free-school here in London ; a free-school
 For th' education of young gentlemen,
 To study how to drink and take tobacco ;
 To swear, to *roar*, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.

The Muse's Looking-Glass.

well as the city. Sue knows the rascal to an hairs-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

Thor. What is the other gentleman?

Car. One Somerton; the honestest man of the two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow; he has a fine convenient estate of land in West-ham, by Essex: master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you, I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I use him kindly for master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, master Thorney, may fall into knaves' company now and then.

War. Three hundred a year jointure, Sue.

Sus. Where lies it!

By sea or land? I think by sea.

War. Do I look like a captain?

Sus. Not a whit, sir.

Barnacle.

Mistake not,

I do not all this while account you in
The list of those are called the blades, that *roar*
In brothels, and break windows; fright the streets
At midnight, worse than constables; and sometimes
Set upon innocent bell-men, to beget
Discourse for a week's diet; that swear *dammés*,
To pay their debts; and march like walking armories,
With poniard, pistol, rapier, and baton,
As they would murder all the king's liege people,
And blow down streets.

The Gamester.

Compared with these heroes, Warbeck is more insipid than even Snore the Constable's *roarer*:

Truly a very civil gentleman;

'Las, he hath only *roar'd*, and sworn, and curs'd
Since he was taken.

The Wits.

Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,

There's not a ship should have a scullion in her
To keep her clean.

War. Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?
Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

Enter FRANK.

Car. Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed; your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarrington, your master?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

Thor. Now

You come as I could wish.

War. Frank Thorney? ha! [*Aside.*

Sus. You must excuse me.

Frank. Virtuous mistress Susan.

Kind mistress Katherine. [*Kisses them.*
Gentlemen, to both

Good time o'th' day.

Som. The like to you.

War. 'Tis he:

A word, friend. (*Aside to SOM.*) On my life, this
is the man

Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

Som. I think no less; be wise and take no notice on't;

He that can win her, best deserves her.

War. Marry

A serving man? mew!

Som. Prithee, friend, no more.

Car. Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master

Thorney, master Francis, master Somerton!—
Why, girls! what, huswives! will you spend all
your forenoon in tittle-tattles? away; it's well,
i'faith. Will you go in, gentlemen?

Thor. We'll follow presently; my son and I
Have a few words of business.

Car. At your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all but THORNEY and FRANK.*]

Thor. I think you guess the reason, Frank, for
which

I sent for you.

Frank. Yes, sir.

Thor. I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily
The best part of my whole estate's encumber'd;
Nor have I any clue to wind it out,
But what occasion proffers me; wherein,
If you should falter, I shall have the shame,
And you the loss. On these two points rely
Our happiness or ruin. If you marry
With wealthy Carter's daughter, there's a portion
Will free my land; all which I will instate,
Upon the marriage, to you: otherwise
I must be of necessity enforced
To make a present sale of all; and yet,
For ought I know, live in as poor distress,
Or worse, than now I do; you hear the sum:
I told you thus before; have you consider'd on't?

Frank. I have, sir; and however I could wish
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,
For that I find no disposition in me
To undergo the burden of that care
That marriage brings with it; yet to secure
And settle the continuance of your credit,

I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.

Thor. You have already used
Such thriving protestations to the maid,
That she is wholly your's; and——speak the
truth,—

You love her, do you not?

Frank. 'Twere pity, sir,
I should deceive her.

Thor. Better you had been unborn.
But is your love so steady, that you mean,
Nay more, desire, to make her your wife?

Frank. Else, sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted.

Thor. True,
It were: and you will marry her?

Frank. Heaven prosper it,
I do intend it.

Thor. Oh, thou art a villain!
A devil like a man! Wherein have I
Offended all the powers so much, to be
Father to such a graceless, godless son?

Frank. To me, sir, this! oh, my cleft heart!

Thor. To thee,
Son of my curse. Speak truth and blush, thou
monster!

Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid
Was fellow-servant with thee?

Frank. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad; I must outface it.

Thor. Do you study for excuse? why all the
country
Is full on't.

[*Aside.*

Frank. With your license, 'tis not charitable,
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit
Of mere impossibilities; but fathers
Are privileged to think and talk at pleasure.

Thor. Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no
wife?

Frank. What do you take me for? an atheist?
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of creation's work, my soul?
Oh, I have lived too long!

Thor. Thou hast, dissembler.
Dar'st thou perséver yet, and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;
Get from my sight!

Frank. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that
I was inform'd, how mainly you had been
Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple
Please you peruse this letter; 'tis to you.

Thor. From whom?

Frank. Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.

Thor. Well, sir.

[*Reads.*

Frank. On every side I am distracted;
Am waded deeper into mischief
Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:
Fate leads me; I will follow.*—(*Aside.*) There
you read

* ————— on I must:

Fate leads me; I will follow.] With the usual inconsist-

What may confirm you.

Thor. Yes, and wonder at it.

Forgive me, Frank; credulity abus'd me.

My tears express my joy; and I am sorry
I injured innocence.

Frank. Alas! I knew

Your rage and grief proceeded from your love
To me; so I conceiv'd it.

Thor. My good son,

I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter;
Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Re-enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.

Car. Why, master Thorney, do you mean to talk out your dinner? the company attends your coming. What must it be, master Frank? or son Frank? I am plain Dunstable.*

Thor. Son, brother, if your daughter like to have it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she is not alter'd
From what I left her at our parting last:—
Are you, fair maid?

ency of those who seek to smother their conscience by plunging deeper into guilt, Frank observes, just below, that the fate which *here* "leads him on," *pursues him!*—GIFFORD.

* *I am plain Dunstable.*] i. e. Blunt and honest. The proverb is of very ancient date, and is not even yet quite worn out; only, as Sir Hugh says, *the phrase is a little variations*: for, with the usual propensity of our countrymen to assist the memory by alliteration, a man like Carter is now *Downright Dunstable*.—GIFFORD. "As plain as *Dunstable road*" occurs among the Proverbs of Bedfordshire, given by Fuller in his *Worthies*; and hence, no doubt, the application of the phrase to plain and honest people.

Sus. You took too sure possession
Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

Car. Marry, and much good may it do thee, son.
Take her to thee: and when's the day?

Thor. To-morrow, if you please. To use cere-
mony

Of charge and custom were to little purpose;
Their loves are married fast enough already.

Car. A good motion. We'll e'en have an house-
hold dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape: let the
bride and bridegroom dance at night together; no
matter for the guests:—to-morrow, Sue, to-mor-
row. Shall's to dinner now?

Thor. We are on all sides pleased, I hope.

Sus. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing
sent me!

Now my heart's settled.

Frank. So is mine.

Car. Your marriage-money shall be received
before your wedding shoes can be pulled on.
Blessings on you both!

Frank. (*Aside.*) No man can hide his shame
from Heaven that views him;
In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.*

[*Exeunt.*]

* Thus far the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the Act which follows, much may be set down, without hesitation, to the credit of Decker.—GIFFORD.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Fields near Edmonton.**Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER, gathering sticks.*

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious
world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together,
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,
Must I for that be made a common sink,
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me Witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one; urging,
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle,* doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at
nurse.

This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it; and here comes one
Of my chief adversaries.

Enter Old BANKS.

Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!

Saw. Dost call me witch?

* Forespeaks *their cattle.*] A very common term for *bewitch*. In Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," the two words are used together, as nearly synonymous. "They are in despaire, surely *forespoken* or bewitched."

Banks. I do, witch, I do; and worse I would, knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou upon my ground?

Sav. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Sav. You won't, churl, cut-throat miser!—there they be; (*Throws them down.*) would they stuck cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

Banks. Say'st thou me so, hag? Out of my ground! [*Beats her.*]

Sav. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon! Now thy bones ache, thy joints be cramped, and convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews!

Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that. [*Beats her and exit.*]

Sav. Strike, do!—and wither'd may that hand
and arm

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten
trunk!

Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!

What is the name? where, and by what art
learn'd,

What spells, what charms or invocations,

May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?

Enter CUDDY BANKS, and several other clowns.

Cud. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe; remember that: and forget not five leash of new bells.

1 *Cl.* Double bells; — Crooked-Lane — you

shall have 'em strait in Crooked-Lane:—double bells all, if it be possible.

Cud. Double bells? double coxcombs! trebles, buy me trebles, all trebles; for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

2 *Cl.* All trebles? not a mean?

Cud. Not one. The morrice is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

3 *Cl.* What! nor a counter?

Cud. By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chase men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the * Morrice, little or no labour will serve.

2 *Cl.* If you that be minded to follow your lead-

* When the sports of our ancestors were rude and few, Morrice-dancers formed a very favorite part of their merry meetings. They were first undoubtedly a company of people that represented the military dancers of the Moors, (once the most lively and refined people in Europe,) in their proper habits and arms, and must have been sufficiently amusing to an untravelled nation like the English; but, by degrees, they seem to have adopted into their body all the prominent characters of the other rustic May-games and sports, which were now probably declining, and to have become the most anomalous collection of performers that ever appeared, at once, upon the stage of the world. Besides the hobby-horse, there were the fool, (not the driveller, as Tollet supposes, but the buffoon of the party,) may, or maid, Marian, and her paramour, a friar; a serving-man; a piper, and two moriscoes. These, with their bells, rings, streamers, &c., all in motion at one time, must have, as Rabelais says, made a *tintamarre de diable!* Their dress is prettily described by Fletcher:

Soto. Do you know what sports are in season?

Silvio. I hear there are some a-foot.

Soto. Where are your bells then,

er, know me, (an ancient honour belonging to our house,) for a fore-horse i'th' team, and fore-gallant in a morrice, my father's stable is not unfurnish'd.

3 *Cl.* So much for the fore-horse; but how for a good Hobby-horse?

Cud. For a Hobby-horse? let me see an almanack. Midsummer-moon, let me see you. "When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane." No more. Use your best skill; your morrice will suffer an eclipse.

1 *Cl.* An eclipse?

Cud. A strange one.

2 *Cl.* Strange?

Cud. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! the whole body of your morrice will be darkened.—

Your rings, your ribbands, friend, and your clean napkins; Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? &c.—*Women Pleased.*

When the right good-will with which these worthy persons capered is taken into consideration, the clean napkin, which was never omitted, will not appear the least necessary part of the apparatus. Thus Clod, in the masque of Gipseys, observes, "They should be morrice-dancers by their jingle, but they have no napkins."

The hobby-horse, who once performed the principal character in the dance, and whose banishment from it is lamented with such ludicrous pathos by our old dramatists, was a light frame of wicker-work, furnished with a pasteboard head and neck of a horse. This was buckled round the waist, and covered with a foot-cloth which reached to the ground, and concealed at once the legs of the performer and his juggling apparatus. Thus equipped, he pranced and curvetted in all directions, (probably to keep the ring clear,) neighing, and exhibiting specimens of boisterous and burlesque horsemanship.—GIFFORD.

There be of us—but 'tis no matter:—forget the hobby-horse!

1 *Cl.* Cuddy Banks!—have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield Chase to Edmonton?—Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.*

Cud. Suffer may ye all! it shall be known, I can take my ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1 *Cl.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for, our neglect.

2 *Cl.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3 *Cl.* The caparisons new painted.

4 *Cl.* The tail repair'd.

1 *Cl.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned over.

1 *Cl.* Kind,—

2 *Cl.* Honest,—

3 *Cl.* Loving, ingenious—

4 *Cl.* Affable, Cuddy.

Cud. To show I am not flint, but affable as you say, very well stuf, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in him—but (*seeing the witch*)—uds me, mother Sawyer!

1 *Cl.* The old witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not cross'd—

* *Cast thy stuff.*] The context might lead us to suppose, that the author's word was *snuff*, did not Cuddy subsequently advert to it. Cuddy's *anger* arises from the unlucky question asked by 3d Clown. "How shall we do for a good *hobby-horse*?"—as he apparently expected, from his former celebrity in that respectable character, to have been appointed by acclamation.—GIRFORD. But query: is not the word *cast* used here in its old sense of to *cast up*; and *stuff* meant for that troublesome "stuff which weighs about the heart"?

2 *Cl.* Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t'other eye out. What dost now?

Cud. "Ungirt, unblest," says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve for a riding knot; and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What wouldst thou?

1 *Cl.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2 *Cl.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3 *Cl.* Away—

4 *Cl.* With the witch!

All. Away with the Witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*]

Saw. Still vex'd! still tortured! that curmudgeon Banks

Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd

And hated like a sickness; made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old bel-dams

Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,

Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,

That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their blood;

But by what means they came acquainted with them,

I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,

Instruct me which way I might be revenged

Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,

And give this fury leave to dwell within

This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age!

Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,

And study curses, imprecations,

Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,

Or any thing that's ill; so I might work

Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
 That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood
 Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
 To be a witch, as to be counted one :
 Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

*Enter a BLACK DOG.**

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou
 art

Mine own.

Sav. Thine! what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often
 Importuned to appear to thee, the devil.

* *Enter a Black Dog.*] "A great matter," Dr. Hutchinson says, "had been made at the time of the said commission (1697) of a *black dog*, that frequently appeared to Somers, and persuaded him to say he had dissembled; and when they asked him, why he said he counterfeited? he said: *A dog, a dog!* And as odd things will fall in with such stories, it happened that there was a *black dog* in the chamber, that belonged to one Clark, a spurrier. Some of the commissioners spying him, thought they saw the devil! one thought his eyes glared like fire! and much speech was afterwards made of it." p. 260. This was under Elizabeth, whose reign, if we may trust the competent authorities, was far more infested with witches, than that of James I. when the *Black Dog* again made his appearance among the Lancashire witches. The audiences of those days, therefore, were well prepared for his reception, and probably viewed him with a sufficient degree of fearful credulity to create an interest in his feats. But there is "nothing new under the sun." The whole machinery of witchcraft was as well known to Lucan as to us; and the *black dogs* of Mother Sawyer and Mother Demdike had their origin in the *inferna canes* of the Greek and Latin poets, and descended, in regular succession, through all the demonology of the dark ages, to the times of the Revolution, when they quietly disappeared with the sorcerers, their employers.—GIFFORD.

Saw. Bless me! the devil?

Dog. Come do not fear: I love thee much too well

To hurt or fright thee; if I seem terrible,
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd; have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Saw. May I believe thee?

Dog. To confirm't, command me
Do any mischief unto man or beast,
And I'll effect it, on condition
That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift
Of soul and body to me.

Saw. Out, alas!

My soul and body?

Dog. And that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood; if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Saw. I know not where to seek relief: but
shall I,

After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me?

Dog. Ha, ha! silly woman!
The devil is no liar to such as he loves—
Didst ever know or hear the devil a liar
To such as he affects?

Saw. Then I am thine; at least so much of me
As I can call mine own—

Dog. Equivocations?
Art mine or no? speak or I'll tear—

Saw. All thine.

Dog. Seal't with thy blood. [*She pricks her
arm, which he sucks.*—*Thunder and lightning.*

See! now I dare call thee mine!
 For proof, command me; instantly I'll run
 To any mischief; goodness can I none.

Saw. And I desire as little. There's an old
 churl,

One Banks—

Dog. That wrong'd thee: he lamed thee, call'd
 thee witch.

Saw. The same; first upon him I'd be re-
 venged.

Dog. Thou shalt; do but name how?

Saw. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Saw. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!

Saw. Dost laugh!

Why wilt not kill him?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscribed,
 And tied in limits; though he be curst to thee,*
 Yet of himself, he is loving to the world,
 And charitable to the poor; now men, that,
 As he, love goodness, though in smallest mea-
 sure,

Live without compass of our reach: his cattle
 And corn I'll kill and mildew; but his life

* ————— *though he be curst to thee*] i. e. cross, sple-
 netic, abusive.—GIFFORD. "His elder sister is so *curst* and
 shrewd, that" &c. *Tam. Shr.* i. 1. "They (i. e. bears) are
 never *curst* (i. e. savage) but when they are hungry." *Wint.*
Tale, iii. 3.

(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.

The WITCH OF EDMONTON shall see his fall ;
If she at least put credit in my power,
And in mine only ; make orisons to me,
And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner.

Dog. I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,
Corn, man, or beast wouldst spoil or kill ;
Turn thy back against the sun,
And mumble this short orison :

If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,

**Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.*

Saw. *If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,*
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Dog. Perfect : farewell ! Our first-made pro-
mises

We'll put in execution against Banks. [*Exit.*

Saw. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert
scholar ; †

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes
here ?

* A few of our readers may require to be told, that these Latin words, (with a slight change which is introduced on purpose,) form the second member of the Lord's Prayer. Instead of the Latin word corresponding to "hallowed," the witch is made to use one, which implies the very reverse.

† *Contaminetur, &c. I'm an expert scholar.*] Pretty well for a beginner. This jargon is put into the mouths of the speakers for the laudable purpose of avoiding all profanation of the sacred text.—GIRFORD.

Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.

The son of my worst foe.

To death pursue 'em,

And sanctabacetur nomen tuum.

Cud. What's that she mumbles? the devil's paternoster? would it were else!—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

Saw. Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that flout

A poor old woman.

To death pursue 'em,

Et sanctabacetur nomen tuum.

Cud. Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it pleases my father to call you, I know you are—

Saw. A witch.

Cud. A witch? would you were else, i'faith!

Saw. Your father knows I am, by this.

Cud. I would he did!

Saw. And so in time may you.

Cud. I would I might else! But witch or no witch, you are a motherly woman; and though my father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I have an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you another.*

Saw. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,
As your kind father doth?

* *If you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you another.*] “Ka me, ka thee,” (*i. e.* claw me and I'll claw you) was the old proverb, before it fell into the hands of Cuddy, who is so desperately witty, that he can let no plain expression alone.—GIFFORD.

Cud. My father! I am ashamed to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaster; (*gives her money*) and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

Sav. You seem a good young man, and—I must dissemble,

The better to accomplish my revenge.—(*Aside.*)

But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do?

Bewitch thee?

Cud. No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already: I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Sav. I understand thee not; be plain, my son.

Cud. As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate Carter?

Sav. The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of her?

Cud. That same party has bewitch'd me.

Sav. Bewitch'd thee?

Cud. Bewitch'd me, *hisce auribus*. I saw a little devil fly out of her eye like a but-bolt,* which sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart. Now, my request is, to send one of thy what-d'ye-call-'ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another as fast in her's: do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Sav. We shall have sport. (*Aside.*)—Thou art in love with her?

Cud. Up to the very hilts, mother.

Sav. And thou wouldst have me make her love thee too?

* ——— like a but-bolt.] The strong, unbarbed arrow used by the citizens in "shooting at the but."—GIFFORD.

Cud. I think she'll prove a witch in earnest. (*Aside.*)—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike her three quarters deep in love with me too.

Saw. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Cud. Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe so; and, when I see it done, I shall be half persuaded so too.

Saw. It is enough; what art can do, be sure of. Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground; the Dog appears, and fawns, and leaps upon her.*]

Cud. Afraid, mother witch!—"turn my face to the west!" I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. An her little devil should be hungry,—'Tis woundy cold sure—I dudder and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

Saw. *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,
Et sanctabicitur nomen tuum.* [*Exit Dog.*]

How now, my son, how is't?

Cud. Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But did your goblin and you spout Latin together?

Saw. A kind of charm I work by; didst thou hear me?

Cud. I heard I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster. Very comfortable words; what were they? and who taught them you?

Saw. A great learned man.

Cud. Learned man! learned devil it was as

soon! But what? what comfortable news about the party?

Sav. Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee. Thou know'st the stile at the west end of thy father's pease-field; be there to-morrow night after sunset; and the first live thing thou seest, be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

Cud. In the pease-field? has she a mind to codlings already? * The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her?

Sav. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee; but follow her close and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Cud. "At the stile, at the west-end of my father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay, an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go near to make a taglet else. [*Exit.*

Sav. A ball well bandied! now the set's half won;
The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—CARTER'S House.

Enter CARTER, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.

Car. How now, gentlemen! cloudy? I know, master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daughter's marriage.

* Codlings.] By *codlings*, are meant young *pease*; so common was the word in this sense, that the women who gathered pease for the London markets were called *coddors*; a name which they still retain.—GIFFORD.

War. And can you blame me, sir?

Car. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a proverb; and destiny is the juggler that unties the knot: my hope is, you are reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

War. However, your promise—

Car. Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

War. Which honest men should pay.

Car. Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

War. Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

Car. Then Love's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolick, Ned! were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

War. You hold your's in a string though: 'tis well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

Som. In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,—

War. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a surer compass;* I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

* *She'll keep a surer compass.*] The metaphor is still from

Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.

But see, the bridegroom and bride come;
Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

War. Come, give thee joy: may'st thou live
long and happy
In thy fair choice!

Frank. I thank ye, gentlemen; kind master
Warbeck,
I find you loving.

War. Thorney, that creature,—(much good do
thee with her!)
Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her;
She's rich, no doubt, in both; yet were she fairer,
Thou art right worthy of her: love her, Thorney,
'Tis nobleness in thee, in her but duty.
The match is fair and equal, the success
I leave to* censure; farewell, mistress bride!

[*Exit.*

Som. Good master Thorney—

Car. Nay, you shall not part till you see the
barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen.

[*Exit with SOMERTON.*

Sus. Why change you your face, sweetheart?

Frank. Who, I? for nothing.

Sus. Dear, say not so; a spirit of your con-
stancy
Cannot endure this change for nothing.—
I have observ'd strange variations in you.

archery. Arrows shot compass-wise, that is, with a certain elevation, were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.—GIFFORD.

* i.e. opinion.

Frank. In me ?

Sus. In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep
You utter sudden and distracted accents,
Like one at enmity with peace.

Dear loving husband, if I
May dare to challenge any interest in you,
Give me the reason fully ; you may trust
My breast as safely as your own.

Frank. With what ?

You half amaze me ; prithee—

Sus. Come, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking
The least dislike that grieves you ; I am all your's.

Frank. And I all thine.

Sus. You are not, if you keep
The least grief from me ; but I find the cause,
It grew from me.

Frank. From you ?

Sus. From some distaste
In me or my behaviour : you are not kind
In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,
Silly and plain ; more, strange to those contents
A wife should offer : say but in what I fail,
I'll study satisfaction.

Frank. Come ; in nothing.

Sus. I know I do ; knew I as well in what,
You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,
If I have been immodest or too bold,
Speak't in a frown ; if peevishly too nice,
Show't in a smile : thy liking is the glass
By which I'll habit my behaviour.

Frank. Wherefore

Dost weep now ?

Sus. You, sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an April-day;*
Now smile, then weep; now pale, then crimson
red:

You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Frank. Change thy conceit, I prithee;
Thou art all perfection: Diana herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits
Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he
dipp'd

In thy chaste breast; † in the other lies
Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties;
And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires,
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires:
And from these two I briefly do imply
A perfect emblem of thy modesty.

Then, prithee dear, maintain no more dispute,
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be
mute.

Sus. Come, come, these golden strings of flattery
Shall not tie up my speech, sir; I must know
The ground of your disturbance.

Frank. Then look here;

* Passionate as an April-day.] i. e. changeful, capricious, of many moods.—GIFFORD.

† The florid and overstrained nature of Frank's language, which is evidently assumed, to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Susan.—GIFFORD.

For here, here is the fen in which this hydra
Of discontent grows rank.

Sus. Heaven shield it! where?

Frank. In mine own bosom, here the cause has
root;

The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Sus. You speak riddles.

Frank. Take't plainly then; 'twas told me by a
woman

Known and approved in palmistry,
I should have two wives.

Sus. Two wives? sir, I take it

Exceeding likely; but let not conceit hurt you:
You are afraid to bury me?

Frank. No, no, my Winnifrede.

Sus. How say you? Winnifrede! you forget
me.

Frank. No, I forget myself, Susan.

Sus. In what?

Frank. Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede,
A maid that at my mother's waited on me
Before thyself.

Sus. I hope, sir, she may live
To take my place; but why should all this move
you?

Frank. The poor girl,—she has't before thee,
And that's the fiend torments me. [*Aside.*

Sus. Yet why should this
Raise mutiny within you? such presages
Prove often false: or say it should be true?

Frank. That I should have another wife?

Sus. Yes, many;
If they be good, the better.

Frank. Never any
Equal to thee in goodness.

Sus. Sir, I could wish I were much better for
you;

Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish
(So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure)
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added
To my successor.

Frank. Prithee, prithee, talk not
Of death or graves; thou art so rare a goodness,
As Death would rather put itself to death,
Than murder thee: but we, as all things else,
Are mutable and changing.

Sus. Yet you still move
In your first sphere of discontent, Sweet, chase
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Frank. At my return I will.

Sus. Return? ah me!
Will you then leave me?

Frank. For a time I must:
But how? as birds their young, or loving bees
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Sus. Leave me!
Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,
Cost it my life, you shall not.

Frank. Why? your reason?

Sus. Like to the lapwing* have you all this while,

* *Like to the lapwing, &c.]*

The lapwing hath a piteous, mournful cry,
And sings a sorrowful and heavy song,
But yet she's full of craft and subtilty,
And weepeth most being farthest from her young.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Phœnix and Turtle.* GIFFORD.

With your false love, deluded me ; pretending
Counterfeit senses for your discontent !

And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Frank. What ? what by chance ?

Sus. Your pre-appointed meeting
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

Frank. Ha !

Sus. Even so : dissemble not ; 'tis too apparent.
Then, in his look, I read it :—deny it not,
I see't apparent ; cost it my undoing,
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Frank. Not until when ?

Sus. Till he and you be friends.

Was this your cunning ?—and then flam me off
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede !
You are not so kind indeed as I imagined.

Frank. And you more fond by far than I expected.—(*Aside.*)

It is a virtue that attends thy kind—

But of our business within :—and by this kiss,
I'll anger thee no more ; 'troth, chuck, I will not.

Sus. You shall have no just cause.

Frank. Dear Sue, I shall not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field.*

Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Morrice Dancers.

1 *Clown*. Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us now; if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

2 *Cl*. I prithee, Banks, let's keep together now.

Cud. If you were wise, a word would serve; but as you are, I must be forced to tell you again, I have a little private business, an hour's work; it may prove but an half hour's, as luck may serve; and then I take horse, and along with you. Have we e'er a witch in the morrice?

1 *Cl*. No, no; no woman's part but *Maid-Marian, and the hobby-horse.

* Though the Morrice-dances were, as their name denotes, of Moorish origin, yet they were commonly adapted here to the popular English story of Robin Hood, and his love for Lord Fitzwalter's daughter, the chaste Matilda. The change of name adopted by this fair lady is thus accounted for in Heywood's play of "Robert Earl of Huntingdon's Downfall."

Next 'tis agreed (if thereto she agree)
The fair *Matilda* henceforth change her name;
And while it is the chance of Robin Hoode
To live in Sherewood, a poor outlawe's life,
She by *Maid Marian's* name be only cal'd.

To which she replies:—

I am contented, read on Little John,
Henceforth let me be nam'd *Maid Marian*.

For further information the reader is referred to Archdeacon Nares's Glossary, under the word *MARIAN*.

Cud. I'll have a witch; I love a witch.

1 *Cl.* 'Faith, witches themselves are so* common now-a-days, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2 *Cl.* I would she would dance her part with us.

3 *Cl.* So would not I; for if she comes, the devil and all comes along with her.

Cud. Well, I'll have a witch: I have loved a witch ever since I played at cherry-pit.† Leave me, and get my horse dress'd: give him oats: but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

2 *Cl.* To Sir Arthur Clarington's first: then whither thou wilt.

Cud. Well, I am content; but we must up to Carter's, the rich yeoman: I must be seen on hobby-horse there.

1 *Cl.* Oh, I smell him now!—I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Cud. Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1 *Cl.* Not I.

2 *Cl.* Nor I.

Cud. Go to, no more of that: when I understand what you speak, I know what you say; believe that.

1 *Cl.* Well 'twas I, I'll not deny it; I meant no hurt in't; I have seen you walk up to Carter's of

* See note, p. 248.

† A puerile game, which consisted of pitching cherry-stones into a small hole, as is still practised with leaden counters called dumps, or with money.—*Nares's Glossary.*

Chessum : Banks, were not you there last Shrove-tide?

Cud. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrove-tide.

2 *Cl.* How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?

Cud. Prithee peace! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller; thou understandest as a fresh-water farmer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight* days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3 *Cl.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Cud. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee look but in the lover's almanack; when he has been but three days absent, "Oh, says he, I have not seen my love these seven years:" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "Oh, says he, now methinks I am in Heaven:" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to Heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morrice-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1 *Cl.* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again and trouble him no more.

* Ask any soldier, &c.] Thus Butler:

"The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."

All. But remember, Banks.

Cud. The hobby-horse shall be remembered.
[*Exeunt all but CUDDY.*]

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what: say I meet a thief? I must follow him, if to the gallows; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound? still I must follow: some slow-paced beast, I hope; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha! my guide is come.

Enter Dog.

A water-dog! I am thy first man, sculler; I go with thee; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat! land me but at Katherine's Dock, my sweet Katherine's Dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt; thou know'st the way better than I:—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him.

Enter a Spirit, vizarded. He throws off his mask, &c. and appears in the shape of KATHERINE.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,

And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid,
Whom this fool dotes on; we can meet his folly,
But from his virtues must be run-aways.

We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning
call,

We know where to receive; the witch pays for all.
[*DOG barks.*]

Cud. Ay? is that the watchword? She's come.
(*Sees the Spirit.*)

Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking-church,* in memory of thee; now come behind, kind cur.

*And have I met thee, sweet Kate?
I will teach thee to walk so late.*

Oh see, we meet in metre. (*The Spirit retires as he advances.*) What? dost thou trip from me? Oh, that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble! "Stay nymph, stay nymph," sing'd Apollo.

*Tarry and kiss me; sweet nymph, stay!
Tarry and kiss me, sweet.
We will to Chessum Street,
And then to the house stands in the highway.*

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.

[*Exit, following the Spirit.*]

(*Within.*) Oh, help, help! I am drown'd, I am drown'd!

Re-enter CUDDY wet.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? I'll throw you in at Limehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. How now? who's that laughs at me? Hist, to him! (*Dog barks.*)—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 'twas my own fault.

* Barking Church stood at the bottom of Seething Lane. It was destroyed in the great fire.—GIFFORD.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the devil another time.

Cud. How now? who's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

Dog. Yes, I can speak.

Cud. The devil you can! you have read Æsop's fables then: I have play'd one of your parts there; the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechize you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

Dog. My dame calls me Tom.

Cud. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine *ingle*.* I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved; cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee. I'll help thee.

Cud. Wilt thou? that promise shall cost me a brown loaf, though I steal it out of my father's cupboard: you'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not?

Dog. Oh, best of all! the sweetest bits those.

Cud. One thing I would request you, *ningle*, as you have play'd the knavish cur with me a little, that you would mingle amongst our morrice-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing; I'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Get thee gone before; fear not my presence. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dames than one.

Cud. He can serve Mammon and the devil too.

* *Ingle*, *mine ingle*, and *ningle*, words frequently used by our old writers, are terms for a favourite, a familiar friend, &c.—Who can forget the *ingle-nook* (fireside-corner) of Burns's *Cottar*?

Dog. It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase.

There's a gallant rival loves the maid,
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,
Before the morrice ends, shall light on him!

Cud. Oh, sweet ningle, thy neuf once again;
friends must part for a time: farewell, with this
remembrance; shalt have bread too when we meet
again. Farewell, Tom, I prithee dog me as soon
as thou canst. [*Exit.*]

Dog. I'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.
Those that are joys denied, must take delight
In sins and mischiefs; 'tis the devil's right. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Neighbourhood of Edmonton.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE in
boy's clothes.*

Frank. Prithee no more! those tears give nourishment

To weeds and briars in me, which shortly will
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit
And cover all that can be seen of me.

Win. I have not shown this cheek in company;
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,
Some going before, and some on either side,
But infinite behind; all chain'd together:
Your second adulterous marriage leads;
That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow,
As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

Frank. Why? hast thou not left one hour's patience

To add to all the rest? one hour bears us
 Beyond the reach of all these enemies :
 Are we not now set forward in the flight,
 Provided with the dowry of my sin,
 To keep us in some other nation?
 While we together are, we are at home
 In any place.

Win. 'Tis foul ill-gotten coin,
 Far worse than usury or extortion.

Frank. Let
 My father then make the restitution,
 Who forced me take the bribe: it is his gift
 And patrimony to me: so I receive it.
 He would not bless, nor look a father on me,
 Until I satisfied his angry will:
 When I was sold, I sold myself again
 (Some knaves have done't in lands, and I in body)
 For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no
 more,

'Tis hazard of discovery, our discourse:
 And then prevention takes off all our hopes:
 For only but to take her leave of me,
 My wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your wife!

Frank. No, no; thou art here: the woman—I
 knew
 Not how to call her now; but after this day
 She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
 In my remembrance. See, see! she's come.

Enter SUSAN.

Go lead
 The horses to th' hill's top; there I'll meet thee.

Sus. Nay, with your favour let him stay a little ;

I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole companion ; and I'll begin with him,
Reserving you the last.

Frank. Ay, with all my heart.

Sus. You may hear, if it please you, sir.

Frank. No, 'tis not fit :

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings : and so—

Sus. No, indeed, sir.

Frank. Tush, I know it must be so.

And it is necessary : on ! but be brief.

[*Walks forward.*]

Win. What charge soe'er you lay upon me,
mistress,

I shall support it faithfully (being honest)
To my best strength.

Sus. Believe't shall be no other.

I know you were commended to my husband
By a noble knight.

Win. Oh gods !—oh, mine eyes !

Sus. How now ? what ail'st thou, lad ?

Win. Something hit mine eye, (it makes it water
still,)

Even as you said “ commended to my hus-
band.”—

Some dor, I think it was.*—I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

Sus. Whose servant once my Thorney was him-
self.

* *Some dor I think it was.*] The cockchafer, or beetle.

“ What should I care what every *dor* doth buz
In credulous ears ?”—*Cynthia's Revels.* GIFFORD.

That title, methinks, should make you almost fellows ;

Or at the least much more than a mere servant ;
And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,
And what for my sake you will ever do,
'Tis fit it should be bought with something more
Than fair entreats ; look ! here's a jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton label for thine ear ;
And I would have it hang there, still to whisper
These words to thee, *Thou hast my jewel with thee.*
It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou return'st, with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.

Why, thou art many now besides thyself :
Thou may'st be servant, friend, and wife to him ;
A good wife is them all. A friend can play
The wife and servant's part, and shift enough ;
No less the servant can the friend and wife :
'Tis all but sweet society, good counsel,
Interchang'd loves ; yes, and counsel-keeping.

Frank. Not done yet ?

Sus. Even now, sir.

Win. Mistress, believe my vow ; your severe
eye,
Were't present to command, your bounteous
hand,

Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
Shall not make me more dear or near unto him,
Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, friend, wife to him.

Sus. Wilt thou ?

Now blessings go with thee for't ! courtesies
Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you say plainly,
Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

Sus. Say'st thou so?
I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas!
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my Thorney.

Win. Believe it, mistress, if I find
Any loose lubrick scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And, at my return, protest I'll show you all:
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Sus. Thine own diligence is that I press,
And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewell! if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.

Frank. Prithee take that along with thee.

[*Gives his sword to WINNIFREDE.*

And haste thee

To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.

Sus. No haste, I prithee; slowly as thou
canst— [Exit WIN.

Pray let him
Obey me now; 'tis happily* his last
Service to me.—

My power is e'en a-going out of sight.

Frank. Why would you delay?

We have no other business now but to part.

Sus. And will not that, sweet-heart, ask a long
time?

Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.

* i. e. haply.

Frank. Fie, fie! why look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!

[*Kisses her.*

Sus. Ah, 'las! I am not half perfect in it yet;
I must have it read o'er an hundred times;
Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

Frank. What a thorn this rose grows on! Part-
ing were sweet;
But what a trouble 'twill be to obtain it!—[*Aside.*
Come, again and again, farewell!—[*Kisses her.*]
Yet wilt return?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employ-
ment,
And revisitation, fully I have answered all;
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

Sus. And that nothing is more hard than any
thing,
Than all the every things. This request—

Frank. What is't?

Sus. That I may bring you through one pasture
more
Up to yon knot of trees; amongst those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

Frank. Why 'tis granted; come, walk then.

Sus. Nay, not too fast;
They say, slow things have best perfection;
The gentle shower wets to fertility,
The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.
The baser beasts take strength even from the
womb;
But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field, with a clump of Trees.**Enter Dog.*

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden!
The mind's about it now; one touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter FRANK and SUSAN.

Frank. Your request
Is out; yet will you leave me?

Sus. What? so churlishly?
You'll make me stay for ever,
Rather than part with such a sound from you.

Frank. Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray you
be gone.

You have no company, and 'tis very early;
Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Sus. Tush! I fear none:
To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer:
Besides, I expect your father and mine own,
To meet me back, or overtake me with you;
They began to stir when I came after you:
I know they'll not be long.

Frank. So! I shall have more trouble. (*The
Dog rubs against him.*) Thank you for
that:*

Then, I'll ease all at once. (*Aside.*) 'Tis done
now;

What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

* *Thank you for that:*] i. e. for the incidental mention of their parents being *stirring*; and thus showing him, that he has no time to lose in the execution of his murderous purpose.—GIFFORD.

Sus. Why, shall I go along with thee? sweet music!

Frank. No, to a better place.

Sus. Any place I;

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

Frank. At home? I'll leave you in your last lodging;

I must kill you.

Sus. Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.

Frank. You see I had no purpose; I'm unarm'd;

'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be;

Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*]

Sus. I'll not turn from it,

If you be earnest, sir; yet you may tell me, Wherefore you'll kill me.

Frank. Because you are a strumpet.

Sus. There's one deep wound already: a strumpet!

'Twas ever farther from me than the thought Of this black hour; a strumpet?

Frank. Yes, I will prove it,

And you shall confess it. You are

No wife of mine; the word admits no second.

I was before wedded to another; have her still.

I do not lay the sin unto your charge,

'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft;

For I espoused your dowry, and I have it:

I did not purpose to have added murder,

The devil did not prompt me till this minute:

You might have safe return'd; now you cannot.

You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*]

Sus. And I deserve it;

X I'm glad my fate was so intelligent :
 'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die ? oh, 'twas
 time !

How many years might I have slept in sin,
 The sin of my most hatred, too, adultery !

Frank. Nay sure 'twas likely that the most was
 past ;

For I meant never to return to you
 After this parting.

Sus. Why then I thank you more ;
 You have done lovingly, leaving yourself,
 That you would thus bestow me on another.
 Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace thee
 With all the love I have. Forget the stain
 Of my unwitting sin ; and then I come
 A crystal virgin to thee : my soul's purity
 Shall, with bold wings, ascend the doors of Mercy ;
 For innocence is ever her companion.

Frank. Not yet mortal ? I would not linger
 you,
 Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*]

Sus. Now heaven reward you ne'er the worse
 for me !

X I did not think that death had been so sweet,
 Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die
 better,

Had I stay'd forty years for preparation ;
 For I'm in charity with all the world.

Let me for once be thine example, heaven ;
 Do to this man, as I him free forgive,
 And may he better die, and better live ! [*Dies.*]

Frank. 'Tis done ; and I am in ! once past our
 height,
 We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,

To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.*

Arms, thighs, hands, any place ; we must not fail
[Wounds himself.]

Light scratches, giving such deep ones : the best
 I can

To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,
 Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

*[Binds himself to a tree ; the Dog ties him
 behind, and exit.]*

(So, so ! I'm fast ; I did not think I could

Have done so well behind me. How prosperous
 and

Effectual mischief sometimes is !—*[Aloud.]*—Help!
 help!

Murder, murder, murder !

Enter CARTER and Old THORNEY.

Car. Ha ! whom tolls the bell for ?

Frank. Oh, oh !

Thor. Ah me !

The cause appears too soon ; my child, my son.

Car. Susan, girl, child ! not speak to thy
 father ? ha !

Frank. Oh lend me some assistance to o'ertake
 This hapless woman.

Thor. Let's o'ertake the murderers.

Speak whilst thou canst, anon may be too late ;
 I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

* *This follows now,*

To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.] The allusion to this silly superstition is vilely out of place, and shows Frank to be (what indeed the whole of his previous conduct confirms) a brutal unfeeling villain.—GIFORD.

Frank. I know them both ; yet such an oath is
pass'd,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke ;
I dare not name 'em : think what forced men do.

Thor. Keep oath with murderers ! that were a
conscience
To hold the devil in.

Frank. Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,
Shall show them as familiar as their names ;
The taller of the two at this time wears
His satin doublet white, but crimson lined ;
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

Thor. Warbeck,
Warbeck !—do you list to this, sir ?

Car. Yes, yes, I listen you ; here's nothing to
be heard.

Frank. The other's cloak* branch'd velvet, black,
velvet lined his suit.

Thor. I have them already : Somerton, Somerton!
Binal revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work
Is to pursue the murderers, when we have
Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

Car. Sir, take that carcase there, and give me
this.

I will not own her now ; she's none of mine.
Bob me off with a dumb show ! no, I'll have life.
This is my son, too, and while there's life in him,
'Tis half mine ; take you half that silence for't.—
When I speak I look to be spoken to :
Forgetful slut !

* *The other's cloak branch'd velvet,*] i. e. with tufts, or tassels, dependent from the shoulders ; somewhat like the gowns worn at present by vergers, beadles, &c.—GIFFORD.

Thor. Alas! what grief may do now!
Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

[*Exit, with SUSAN in his arms.*]

Car. Ay, do, and I'll have this. How do you, sir?

Frank. O, very ill, sir.

Car. Yes,

I think so; but 'tis well you can speak yet;
There's no music but in sound; sound it must be.
I have not wept these twenty years before,
And that I guess was ere that girl was born;
Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

[*Exit with FRANK.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Sir ARTHUR'S House.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.

Sir Ar. Come, gentlemen, we must all help to
grace

The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,
That are so kind to call us up to-day
With an high Morrice.

Som. I could rather sleep than see them.

Sir Ar. Not well, sir?

Som. Faith not ever thus leaden; yet I know
no cause for't.

War. Now am I, beyond mine own condition,
highly disposed to mirth.

Sir Ar. Well, you may have a morrice to help
both;

To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter SAWGUT, the Fiddler, with the Morrice-dancers, &c.

Saw. Come, will you set yourselves in morrice-ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-bell; Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's the weather-cock now? the Hobby-horse?

1 *Cl.* Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 'tis!

Sir Ar. When set you forward, gentlemen?

1 *Cl.* We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir; all our footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

2 *Cl.* Yes, sir, he goes further about; we can come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be opened for him.

Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Hobby-horse, followed by DOG.

Sir Ar. Oh, we staid for you, sir.

Cud. Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we shall make you amends ere we part.

Sir Ar. Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere they begin.

Enter Servants with beer.

Cud. A bowl, I prithee, and a little for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else [*drinks*]. Here, Hobby,—[*holds the bowl to the hobby-horse*—] I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentlemen, we can

but bring our horse to the water; he may choose whether he'll drink or no.—[*Drinks again.*]

Som. A good moral made plain by history.

I Clown. Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

Sav. E'en when you will, children. [*Cuddy mounts the hobby.*]—Now—the best foot forward! [*Endeavours to play; but the fiddle gives no sound.*] How now! not a word? I think, children, my instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

Cud. My ningle's knavery: black Tom's doing. [*Aside.*]

All. Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

Cud. Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

Sav. I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd *The Flowers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 'twill not go against the hair.

Cud. Let me see, father Sawgut; [*takes the fiddle.*] say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.* [*Gives it to the Dog, who plays the Morrice.*]

All. Ay, marry, sir!

THE DANCE.

* Among the properties of our old stage was "a roobe for to goe invisabel." Whatever it was, it operated as a conventional hint to our easy ancestors not to see the person who wore it.—Whether the urchin who played Tom had any signal of this kind, can hardly be told; but he frequently runs in and out, and bustles among the dramatis personæ without being discovered by them. In the present case, however, he was probably concealed from all but Cuddy, by the long trappings of the hobby-horse.—GIFFORD.

Enter a Constable and Officers.

Con. Away with jolly! 'tis too sad an hour.
 Sir Arthur Clarington, your own assistance,
 In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension
 Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Ar. Ha! flat murderers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

War. And struck my mirth down flat.—Murderers?

Con. The accusation's flat against you, gentlemen.

Sir, you may be satisfied with this. [*Shows his warrant.*]

I hope you'll quietly obey my power;
 'Twill make your cause the fairer.

Both. Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

Cud. There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of villany.—Mates and morrice-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morrice. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well; I am for a gallop. Come, ningle. [*Canthers off with the hobby, and Dog.*]

Sar. [*strikes his fiddle which sounds as before.*]

Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can. [*Exit with the morrice-dancers.*]

Sir Ar. These things are full of horror, full of pity.

But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take
On mine own danger ! yet, howsoever, sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

War. Oh, most willingly, sir,
'Tis a most sweet affliction ; I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will :
Come, fear not, sir ; nor judge, nor evidence
Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

Som. Mine stands so upright to the middle
zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Edmonton.—The Street.**Enter Old BANKS, and several Countrymen.*

Banks. My horse this morning runs most piteously of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch, mother Sawyer.

Enter W. HAMLUC, with thatch and a lighted link.

Ham. Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

All. What has't got there?

Ham. A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of her's; and they say, when 'tis burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

Banks. Fire it, fire it; I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger.

[*HAM. sets fire to the thatch.*]

Enter Mother SAWYER, running.

Saw. Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old woman

Follow and fall upon you!

All. Are you come, you old trot?

1 Coun. This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

All. Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Saw. Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents? Help, help!

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, and a JUSTICE.

All. Hang her, beat her, kill her!

Just. How now? forbear this violence.

Saw. A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hangmen,

Set to torment me, I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ring-leader in mischief? fie! to abuse an aged woman!

Banks. Woman! a she-hell-cat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running, as if the devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder.

Just. Come, come; firing her thatch? ridiculous! Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs Come better arm'd, instead of turning her Into a witch, you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

All. Fools?

Just. Arrant fools.

Banks. Pray, master Justice what-do-you-call-'em, hear me but in one thing. This grumbling devil owes me, I know, no good-will ever since I fell out with her.

Saw. And brak'st my back with beating* me.

* The consequences of this beating to poor Banks were of too ludicrous a nature to be entirely omitted, though a few alterations will be necessary to make them available even in a note.

Banks.—So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in

Banks. I'll break it worse.

Saw. Wilt thou?

Just. Go, go; pray vex her not; she is a subject,

And you must not be judges of the law,
To strike her as you please.

All. No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike her.
[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*]

Just. Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this gentleman,

Myself, and you; let us, to some mild questions,
Have your mild answers: tell us honestly,
And with a free confession, (we'll do our best
To wean you from it,) are you a witch, or no?

Saw. I am none.

Just. Be not so furious.

Saw. I am none.

None but base curs so bark at me; I am none.
Or would I were! if every poor old woman
Be trod on thus by slaves, reviled, kick'd, beaten,
As I am daily, she to be revenged
Had need turn witch.

Sir Ar. And you to be revenged
Have sold your soul to th' devil.

Saw. Keep thine own from him.

Just. You are too saucy and too bitter.

my back-yard, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the cow, and, taking up her tail, kiss (saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to split itself with laughing me to scorn.

Just. And this is long of her?

Banks. Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

Saw. Saucy?

By what commission can he send my soul
On the devil's errand more than I can his?
Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it
When he list out of door?

Just. Know whom you speak to.

Saw. A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay
clothes,

Whose backs are laden with titles and honours,
Are within far more crooked than I am;
And if I be a witch, more witch-like.
I defy thee.

Sir Ar. Go, go;

I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim
Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

Saw. Ha, ha!

Just. Do you laugh? why laugh you?

Saw. At my name,

The brave name this knight gives me, witch.

Just. Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine
ear?

Sir Ar. Pray, sir, give way; and let her tongue
gallop on.

Saw. A witch! who is not?

Hold not that universal name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in princes' courts,
That, by enchantments, can whole lordships
change

To trunks of rich attire; turn ploughs and teams
To Flanders mares and coaches; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a French butterfly!

Are not these witches?

Have you not city wives too, who can turn

Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of
wares,

To sumptuous tables, gardens of stolen sin ;
In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win ?
And what are these but witches ?

Just. Yes, yes ; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.

Sav. Why then on me,
Or any lean old beldam ? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age ; now an old woman,
Ill-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,
Must be call'd hag or witch. Such so abused,
Are the coarse witches ; t'other are the fine,
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

Sir Ar. And so is thine.

Sav. She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that scold a witch ? The man of law
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draw,
(As bees by tinkling basons) to swarm to him,
From his own hive, to work the wax in his ;
He is no witch, not he !

Sir Ar. But these men-witches
Are not in trading with hell's merchandize,
Like such as you, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children and cattle.

Sav. Tell them, sir, that do so :
Am I accus'd for such a one ?

Sir Ar. Yes, 'twill be sworn.

Sav. Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,

To come and lose her honour? and being lost,
To pay not a denier for't? Some slaves have done
it.*

Men-witches can, without the fangs of law
Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit
pieces

Away for true gold.

Sir Ar. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the fury.

Just. Let's then away.
Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

[*Exeunt Sir ARTHUR and JUSTICE.*]

Sav. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy, welcome!
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs
Clapt all upon me, and for want of thee:
Comfort me.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow!

Sav. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness; and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy

* This is wormwood, and Sir Arthur feels it. Our authors have furnished their old woman with language far above the capacity of those poor creatures who were commonly accused of witchcraft, and strangely inconsistent with the mischievous frivolity of her conduct.—GIFFORD.

Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done? let's tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee?

Dog. Yes;

And nipp'd the sucking child.

Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,

My little pearl! no lady loves her hound,

Monkey, or paraquit, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning butter nine hours, but it shall not come.

Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and cloke.

Dog. I had rare sport

Among the clowns i' th' morrice.

Saw. I could dance

Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl pate,

That jade, that foul tongued quean, Nan Ratcliffe,

Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,

Struck, and almost had lamed it;—did not I charge thee

To pinch that scold to th' heart?

Dog. Bow, wow, wow! look here else.

Enter ANN RATCLIFFE mad.

Ann. See, see, see! the man i' th' moon has built a new windmill, and what running there is from all quarters of the city to learn the art of grinding!

Saw. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mongrel.

Ann. Hoyda! out on the devil's false hopper! all the golden meal runs into the rich knaves'

purses, and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey derry down! are not you mother Sawyer?

Saw. No, I am a lawyer.

Ann. Art thou? I prithee let me scratch thy face: for thy pen has flay'd off a great many men's skins. You'll have brave doings in the vacation: for knaves and fools are at variance in every village. I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow shall give in evidence against her.

Saw. Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*]

Ann. Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break.* There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my throat: hark, how it tickles it with doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle! welcome, serjeants! welcome, devil! hands, hands! hold hands, and dance a-round, a-round, a-round. [*Dancing.*]

Re-enter Old BANKS, CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

Rat. She's here: alas! my poor wife is here.

Banks. Catch her fast, and have her into some close chamber, do: for she's as many wives are, stark mad.

Cud. The witch! mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil!

Rat. Oh, my dear wife! help, sirs!

[*She is carried off.*]

**Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break.*]
Paned hose were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured stuff stitched together, and therefore liable to break, or be seam-rent.—GIFFORD.

Banks. You see your work, mother Bumby.*

Saw. My work? should she and all you here
run mad,

Is the work mine?

Cud. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt
a devil of two years old.

Re-enter RATCLIFFE.

How now? what's become of her?

Rat. Nothing; she's become nothing, but the
miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were
in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest: spite
of our strengths, away she brake; and nothing in
her mouth being heard, but "the devil, the witch,
the witch, the devil!" she beat out her own brains,
and so died†.

* *You see your work, mother Bumby.*] Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the *heroine*; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch just below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her *needle*.
--GIFFORD.

† If high ecclesiastical authority may be believed, the wits of much higher persons than Nan Radcliffe had been put in jeopardy by the practices of the Mother Sawyers of the day. In a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth in 1558, by Bishop Jewel, her Majesty was told, "it may please your grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour fadeth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practise farther than upon the subject." That such language could have proceeded from such a man as Bishop Jewel will be incredible only to those, who know not the terror which witchcraft had excited in England for whole centuries, or who are unacquainted with the numerous work s

Cud. It's any man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

Banks. Masters, be ruled by me; let's all to a Justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Saw. Banks, I defy thee.

Banks. Get a warrant first to examine her, then ship her to Newgate; here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you in the

on sorcery and witchcraft which came from the press during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, many of them drawn up by profound and elaborate scholars. To whichever of these two reigns the disgrace of *theorising* on this subject may most fairly be ascribed, the infamy of its *practical* consequences pre-eminently belongs to the Puritans and fanatics of the succeeding age. It was then that the notorious Hopkins, that monster of stupidity and blood, as the late editor of Ford justly terms him, was let loose upon the public, and the land deluged with the blood of harmless creatures, whose greatest crimes were their age, their poverty, or their infirmity. Zachary Grey affirms, that he "had seen a list of those who suffered for witchcraft during the Presbyterian domination of the Long Parliament, amounting to more than three thousand names!" and from the manner in which the transactions of the day are recorded by Whitelocke, the parliamentary commissioner, where the burning of a dozen or a score of witches is mentioned as an ordinary occurrence, exciting less emotion apparently in the writer's mind, than the destruction of so many weasels, the statement of Grey would seem to be little, if any thing, exaggerated. . . . Since this note was written, the subject has passed into the hands of a writer, of whom it is difficult to say whether power or fecundity is the most remarkable property of his pen. To that volume the reader is referred for any further knowledge which may be required for ascertaining the opinions of our ancestors on the subject of witchcraft and demonology, and of seeing how far those opinions were checked or encouraged by the writers for the stage.

likeness of a dog; we shall see your cur at one time or other: if we do, unless it be the devil himself, he shall go howling to the gaol in one chain, and thou in another.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

All. Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here!

Banks. It was the voice of a dog.

Cud. The voice of a dog? so am I a dog: bow, wow, wow! It was I that bark'd so, father, to make coxcombs of these clowns.

Banks. However, we'll be coxcomb'd no longer: away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft.

Saw. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools! [*Exeunt BANKS, RAT. and Countrymen.*]

Cud. Ningle, you had like to have spoil'd all with your bow-ings. I was glad to put them off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitched, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—out on't,—that morrice makes me spit in thy mouth.—I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; farewell witch! [*Exit.*]

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow.

Saw. Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying; Run at a fairer game: that foul-mouth'd knight, Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy, And pluck out's throat.

Dog. No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.

Saw. That's a sure blood-hound. Come let's home and play;
Our black work ended, we'll make holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bed-room in CARTER'S House.*—
FRANK *in a Slumber.*

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

Frank. (*Waking.*) No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here,

As I am, (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea,) but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kath. My good sweet brother;
(For now my sister must grow up in you,)
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I
feel

The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up;
And if you can give physic to yourself,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kath. I thank you:
What do you look about for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing;
But I was thinking, sister——

Kath. Dear heart, what?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to
a bed,
Having this room to walk in?

Kath. Why do you talk so?
Would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no ; I am not idle.*

But here's my meaning ; being robb'd as I am,
Why should my soul, which married was to her's,
Live in divorce, and not fly after her ?

Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,
To find my love out ?

Kath. That were well, indeed,
Your time being come ; when Death is sent to call
you,

No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I
Go without calling ?

Kath. Yes, brother, so you might :
Were there no place to go to when you're gone,
But only this.

Frank. 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true ;
For when a man has been an hundred years
Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,
He's not the thousandth part upon his way :
All life is but a wandering to find home ;
When we are gone, we're there. Happy were man,
Could here his voyage end ; he should not then
Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul,
By heaven's or by hell's compass ; how he put in
(Losing bless'd goodness' shore) at such a sin ;
Nor how life's dear provision he has spent,
Nor how far he in's navigation went
Beyond commission : this were a fine reign,
To do ill, and not hear of it again ;
Yet then were man more wretched than a beast ;
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

* No, no, I am not idle.] *i. e.* Wandering. He judges from Katherine's speech, that she suspects him, as indeed she does, of being light-headed.—GIFFORD.

Kath. 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish
Heaven

To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor,
That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye
Once as an angel) home to his deservings:
What villain but himself, once loving me,
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell,
To be revenged on my poor sister!

Frank. Slaves!

A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of
them.

Kath. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure;

I pay for't everywhere.

Kath. I have done then.

Eat if you cannot sleep; you have these two days
Not tasted any food:—Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kath. I have made ready a roasted chicken for
you; [*Enter Maid with the chicken.*

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes.—
There's one i' th' house can play upon a lute;
Good girl, let's hear him too.

Kath. You shall, dear brother. [*Exit Maid.*
Would I were a musician, you should hear
How I would feast your ear!—[*Lute plays within.*]
—stay, mend your pillow,

And raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high,
Am I not sister, now?

Kath. No, no; 'tis well.

Fall to, fall to.—A knife! here's ne'er a knife.
Brother, I'll look out your's. [*Takes up his vest.*

Enter Dog, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O sister,
I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

Kath. In very deed you shall; the want of food
Makes you so faint. Ha!—[*Sees the bloody knife.*]

—here's none in your pocket;

I will go fetch a knife. [Exit hastily.]

Frank. Will you?—'tis well, all's well.

FRANK searches first one pocket then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.—The spirit of SUSAN comes to the bed's side: he starts at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there—meanwhile enter WINNIFREDE as a page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed.—FRANK, terrified, sits up, and the spirit vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost creature.

Frank. So am I too.—Win?

Ah, my she-page!

Win. For your sake I put on
A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart
True to you as your own.

Frank. 'Would mine and thine
Were fellows in one house!—kneel by me here.
On this side now! how dar'st thou come to mock
me

On both sides of my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But just now:

Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures ;
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn
A thousand ghosts leapt newly from their graves,
To pluck me into a winding sheet !

Win. Believe it,
I came no nearer to you than yon place,
At your bed's feet ; and of the house had leave,
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come
And visit my sick master.

Frank. Then 'twas my fancy ;
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
rest !
But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly ; why should
you

Dance at the wedding of a second wife,
When scarce the music which you heard at mine
Had ta'en a farewell of you ? O, this was ill !
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

Frank. Winnifrede,—
The chamber door's fast?—

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down ;
And when thou'st heard me speak, melt into tears :
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a story of us two,
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,
What gold soe'er I got, to make it thine.
To please a father, I have Heaven displeas'd ,
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,

Through my bad workmanship I now have none ;
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she's dead ;
But you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her, this hand
Murdered ; and so I lose thee too.

Win. Oh me !

Frank. Be quiet ; for thou art my evidence,
Jury and Judge : sit quiet, and I'll tell all.

While they are conversing in a low tone, Old CARTER and KATHERINE meet at the door of the room.

Kath. I have run madding up and down to find
you,
Being laden with the heaviest news that ever
Poor daughter carried.

Car. Why ? is the boy dead ?

Kath. Dead, sir !

Oh, father, we are cozen'd ; you are told
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs
here.

This villain kill'd my sister ; see else, see,
[*Takes up his vest ; and shows the knife
to her father, who secures it.*]

A bloody knife in's pocket !

Car. Bless me, patience !

[*DOG paws softly at FRANK, and exit.*]

Frank. [*Seeing them.*] The knife ! the knife ! the
knife !

Kath. What knife ?

Frank. To cut my chicken up, my chicken ;—
Be you my carver, father.

Car. That I will.

Kath. How the devil steels our brows after doing ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken from me;

All is not well within me.

Car. I believe thee, boy: I that have seen so many moons clap their horns on other men's foreheads to strike them sick; yet mine to scape, and be well! I that am as sound as an honest man's conscience when he's dying, I should cry out as thou dost, "All is not well within me," felt I but the bag of thy imposthumes. Ah, poor villain! ah, my wounded rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of thee.

Frank. Do the surgeons say my wounds are dangerous, then!

Car. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.*

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Car. I'll go to fetch him; I'll make an holiday to see thee as I wish. [*Exit.*]

Frank. A wond'rous kind old man.

Win. Your sin's the blacker,
So to abuse his goodness,—[*Aside to Frank.*]
Master, how do you?—[*Aloud.*]

Frank. Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd qualms

* *Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.*] A proverbial expression for an inevitable event—death. Thus Mrs. Quickly of poor Sir John—"After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and smile upon his finger ends, I knew there was *but one way,*" &c.—GIFFORD.

Come cross my stomach :—I'll fall too ; boy, cut me—

Re-enter CARTER, followed by Servants, with the body of SUSAN in a coffin.

What's that ?

Car. That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and cries, "Help! help! stay that man! him I must have or none."

Frank. For pity's sake remove her; see, she stares

With one broad open eye still in my face!

Car. Thou puttest both her's out like a villain as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee one again, to find out the murderer, and that's thyself.

Frank. Old man, thou liest.

Car. So shalt thou—in the gaol. Run for officers.

Kath. Oh thou merciless slave!

She was (though yet above ground) in her grave

To me: but thou hast torn her up again—

Mine eyes, too much drown'd, now must feel more rain.

Car. Fetch officers. [*Exit KATH. with servants.*]

Frank. For whom?

Car. For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villainous one; look!—[*showing the bloody knife*]—

oh, it is enamelled with the heart-blood of thy hated wife, my beloved daughter! What say'st thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, sir,
Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

Car. Oh, sir! you held his horses; you are as arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

Frank. As you're a man, throw not upon that woman
Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent.

Car. How? how? a woman!

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir,
his page;
But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

Car. How? how? more fire i' th' bed-straw!*

Win. The wrongs which singly fell upon your daughter,
On me are multiplied; she lost a life;
But I an husband and myself must lose,
If you call him to a Bar for what he has done.

Car. He has done it then?

Win. Yes, 'tis confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me?

Win. Oh pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee,
And know not what I speak; but if thou didst,
I must arraign this father for two sins,
Adultery and murder.

* *More fire i' th' bed-straw!*] A proverbial expression for more concealed mischief!—GIPFORD.

Re-enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Sir, they are come.

Car. Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle of a market-place knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the gaol with you; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in: out on's wounds!

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now
are paid;
Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Witch's Cottage.*

Enter Mother SAWYER.

Saw. Still wrong'd by every slave! and not a
 dog
 Bark in his dame's defence! I am call'd witch,
 Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.
 Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust
 Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!
 I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come:
 Revenge to me is sweeter far than life: *
 Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings
 Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love!
 I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,
 Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
 Thy curl'd head leaning on them; come, then,
 my darling;
 If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me

* *Revenge to me is sweeter far than life.*]

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius.

I have already observed on the incongruous language put into the mouth of our village witch. Either of the poets could have written down to her vulgar estimation, but they appear to entertain some indistinct notion of raising her character. This soliloquy, which is a very fine one, might have been pronounced by a *Sagana*, or a *Canidia*.—GIFFORD.

In some dark cloud ; and as I oft have seen
 Dragons and serpents in the elements,
 Appear thou now so to me. Art thou i' th' sea ?
 Muster up all the monsters from the deep,
 And be the ugliest of them ; so that my bulch*
 Show but his swarth cheek to me, let earth
 cleave

And break from hell, I care not!—could I run
 Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
 Up would I blow it all, to find out thee,
 Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come !
 I must then fall to my old prayer :

Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.

Not yet come ! the worrying of wolves, biting of
 mad dogs, and the—

Enter Dog, white.

Dog. How now ! whom art thou cursing ?

Sav. Thee !

Ha ! no, 'tis my black cur I am cursing,
 For not attending on me.

Dog. I am that cur.

Sav. Thou liest : hence ! come not nigh me.

Dog. Bow, wow !

Sav. Why dost thou thus appear to me in
 white,

As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love ?

Dog. I am dogg'd, and list not to tell thee ;
 yet,—to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee
 in mind of thy winding-sheet.

* *So that my bulch.*] Literally, a calf ; sometimes used, as here, as an expression of kindness ; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.—GIFFORD.

Saw. Am I near death?

Dog. Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee ; when the devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat !

Saw. Off, cur !

Dog. He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of an otter ; devours by sea and land. “ Why am I in white ? ” didst thou not pray to me ?

Saw. Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound ; Why now in white more than at other times ?

Dog. Be blasted with the news ! whiteness is day's foot-boy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face : villainies are stripp'd naked ; the witch must be beaten out of her cock-pit.

Saw. Must she ? she shall not ; thou'rt a lying spirit :

Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce ?
I am at peace with none ; 'tis the black colour
Or none, which I fight under : I do not like
Thy puritan paleness ; glowing furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame outright.
If thou my old dog art, go and bite such
As I shall set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends,
To have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not ; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Saw. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave, and die ; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

Sav. It cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing ;
And not confessing, who dare come and swear
I have bewitch'd them? I'll not confess one mouth-
ful.

Dog. Choose, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Sav. Spite of the devil and thee,
I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

Dog. Spite of thee and the devil, thou'lt be con-
demn'd.

Sav. Yes! when?

Dog. And ere the executioner catch thee full in's
claws, thou'lt confess all.

Sav. Out dog!

Dog. Out witch! thy trial is at hand :
Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.
[*Goes aside.*]

Enter Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

Banks. She's here; attach her. Witch, you
must go with us. [They seize her.]

Sav. Whither? to hell?

Banks. No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus
shall be made thither, but your own jailors shall
receive you. Away with her!

Sav. My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy; Oh,
thou dog!

Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me!
Plagues and consumptions— [She is carried off.]

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Let not the world witches or devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[Exit DOG.]

SCENE II.—*London.—The neighbourhood of Tyburn.*

Enter JUSTICE, Sir ARTHUR, SOMERTON, WARBECK, CARTER, and KATHERINE.

Just. Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes ; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Ar. I shall need no urging to it.

Car. If you should, 'twere a shame to you ; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered ; and now make what you can of it : but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

War. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kath. But I am glad that I have you safe.

[*A noise within.*

Just. How now ? what noise is that ?

Car. Young Frank is going the wrong way.—
Alas, poor youth ! now, I begin to pity him.

Enter Old THORNEY and WINNIFREDE weeping.

Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him ; to press nearer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already ;—

Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be join'd
But in eternity; I share too much
Of him that's going thither.

Thor. Daughter, grieve not
For what necessity forceth;
Rather resolve to conquer it with patience.
Alas, she faints!

Win. My griefs are strong upon me;
My weakness scarce can bear them.—

[*A great cry within.*—Away with her! Hang
her, witch!

*Enter to execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with
halberts, followed by a crowd of country people.*

Car. The witch, that instrument of mischief!—
Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law,
when he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear,
mother Sawyer?

Saw. What would you have?
Cannot a poor old woman have your leave
To die without vexation?

Car. Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his
wife? He could never have done't without the
devil.

Saw. Who doubts it? but is every devil mine?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have
done't,
Before he left me.

Car. Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill
herself.

Saw. Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt :
would you were all as near your ends as I am, that
gave evidence against me for it!

Coun. I'll be sworn, master Carter, she bewitch'd
Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day
before she would have farrowed : yet they were
sent up to London, and sold for as good West-
minster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew fair, as ever
ale-wife longed for.

Saw. These dogs will mad me ; I was well re-
solv'd

To die in my repentance. Though 'tis true
I would live longer if I might, yet since
I cannot, pray torment me not ; my conscience
Is settled as it shall be : all take heed
How they believe the devil ; at last he'll cheat
you.

Car. Thou'dst best confess all truly.

Saw. Yet again ?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers,
And would you force me to spend that in
bawling ?

Bear witness, I repent all former evil ;
There is no damned conjuror like the devil.

All. Away with her, away ! [*She is led off.*]

Enter FRANK to execution, Officers, &c.

Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must
meet

With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy than misfortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

Thor. Oh, Frank, Frank;
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted!

Frank. To look upon your sorrows executes
me
Before my execution.

Win. Let me pray you, sir--

Frank. Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must sigh
for thee,
As he that's only loath to leave the world,
For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more than I can hope; nor, to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it: but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede;
Be that thy comfort.

Thor. Let it be thine too,
Untimely lost young man!

Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him: had I spun
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murthers of reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approved; then, though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed; my
miseries
Had been as everlasting, as remediless:

But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
 With greater rigour my unhappy fact,
 Than I myself have every little sin
 My memory can reckon from my childhood:
 A court hath been kept here, where I am found
 Guilty; the difference is, my impartial judge
 Is much more gracious than my faults are mon-
 strous.

Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks

How truly you are reconciled, and quickens
 My dying comfort, that was near expiring
 With my last breath: now this repentance makes
 thee

As white as innocence; and my first sin with thee,
 Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow
 Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together
 Climb to the height of their eternity,
 And there enjoy what earth denied us, happiness!
 But since I must survive, and be the monument
 Of thy loved memory, I will preserve it
 With a religious care, and pay thy ashes
 A widow's duty, calling that end best,
 Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul
 blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not
 weep:

Farewell! thou dost forgive me?

Win. 'Tis my part
 To use that language.

Frank. Oh! that my example
 Might teach the world hereafter what a curse
 Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to marry

A goodly portion than a dower of virtues!—
 Are you there, gentlemen? there is not one
 Amongst you whom I have not wrong'd; you
 most;— [To CARTER.

I robb'd you of a daughter;—but she is
 In heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Car. Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to
 see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive
 thee with all my heart; if thou hadst not had ill
 counsel, thou would'st not have done as thou didst;
 the more shame for them!

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
 What you would speak! I would you could as
 easily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to
 My wrongs: I am sorry for you.

War. And so am I,
 And heartily forgive you.

Kath. I will pray for you,
 For her sake, who, I'm sure, did love you dearly.

Sir Ar. Let us part friendly too; I am asham'd
 Of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful,
 And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,
 Heaven send you a new heart!—lastly, to you,
 sir;

And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd
 Your son, yet give me leave, upon my knees,
 To beg a blessing. [Kneels.

Thor. Take it: let me wet
 Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left
 me.

× O Frank, Frank, Frank!

Frank. Let me beseech you, gentlemen,
To comfort my old father, keep him with you;
Love this distressed widow; and as often
As you remember what a graceless man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better fate,
Than such a son or husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on; 'tis just
That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.

[*He is led off by the officers.*]

Car. Go thy ways; I did not think to have shed
one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my
plants spite of my heart. Master Thorney, cheer
up, man; whilst I can stand by you, you shall not
want help to keep you from falling: we have lost
our children both on's the wrong way, but we
cannot help it; better or worse, 'tis now as 'tis.

Thor. I thank you, sir; you are more kind than I
Have cause to hope or look for.

Car. Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kath. And but my faith is pass'd, I should fear
to be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind.
Excuse me that I am troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no cause.

Just. Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir
Arthur,

For his abuse to you and to your husband,
Is by the bench enjoind to pay you down
A thousand marks.

Sir Ar. Which I will soon* discharge.

* The character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained, as Mr. Gifford observes, with care and ability, Terrified, but not

Win. Sir 'tis too great a sum to be employ'd
Upon my funeral.

Car. Come, come ; if luck had serv'd, Sir Arthur,
and every man had his due, somebody might have
tottered ere this, without paying fines ; like it as
you list. Come to me, Winnifrede, shalt be wel-
come. Make much of her, Kate, I charge you ; I
do not think but she's a good wench, and hath had
wrong as well as we. So let's every man home to
Edmonton with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we
can, though not as we would.

Just. Join friends in sorrow ; make of all the
best :

Harms past may be lamented, not redrest.

[*Exeunt.*

reclaimed, from his profligacy, by the law, he is everywhere
equally odious ; and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious
wretch he showed himself at first.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.] The under plot of this drama arises out of the licentious amours of a profligate courtier, named Ferentes, and will not bear detail: even the guilt of much higher parties must be disclosed with a very sparing hand. Caraffa, Duke of Pavia, had accidentally, while hunting, beheld the daughter of a private gentleman of Milan, by name Bianca. Her exquisite beauty made an instant impression on his heart; and from seeing to wedding the fair Milanese, seems to have been with the weak-minded Caraffa the work of a very short period. "He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd her." Unhappily a sense of the young duchess's charms was not confined to the heart of her lord: they made a traitor of the duke's bosom friend Fernando; and his suit to the beautiful Bianca, though apparently scorned and rejected at first, is presently requited by the acknowledgment of a passion, if possible, more warm and vivid than his own. The guilty attachment is not long in reaching the ears of him, whose feelings were most concerned in a knowledge of it. Fiormonda, the widowed sister of Caraffa, had for some time loved Fernando with all an Italian woman's fondness; and the coldness with which her bold advances were received exciting her suspicions, the jealous eye of love soon detected the cause of Fernando's indifference; and through her creature Roderico d'Avolos, the feelings of the injured husband are wound up into a phrenzy of resentment, which terminates in the most fatal consequences to the leading personages of the drama.

From what sources these materials of our author were derived, will be pretty evident from the nature of them. A plot, which turns almost exclusively on the development of the most violent of our passions, a strong feeling and steady adherence to which seems, in the original writer's mind, to have comprehended every virtue and to have cancelled every defect, must have been the growth of some Spanish or Italian novel or play, and, from the scene of action, most probably the latter. Careless as our earlier dramatists too frequently were as to the moral tendencies of their performances, some suspicion seems to have infused itself into Ford's mind, that the scenes in his "Love's Sacrifice" tended "to make the worse appear the better cause," and a little correction appears, accordingly, to have been intended in the vacillations of purpose and imbecilities of language which the Duke of Pavia occasionally displays, and still more in those instantaneous results which take place in his duchess, when her mind has once thrown aside the first of female ornaments, that spotless modesty, for the want of which no splendour of situation, no variety of attainment or accomplishment can at all atone. The broad insinuations, the audacious avowal, and the taunting provocation which Bianca displays, when accident alone prevents the consummation of her intended guilt, can only be exceeded by the strain of "Pict-hatch" eloquence in which her feelings are clothed, and from which, as Mr. Gifford observes, it might have been thought that the veriest waistcoater of Ford's day would have recoiled in horror. Startling as such exhibitions must necessarily be, even in our chastised details, they form the only excuse which we can find for allowing

the following scenes to find a place in this collection; while the best apology for such offences in the dramatists of that age themselves must be found in the recollection, that both they and their audiences had but recently escaped the yoke of that Papal church, which has too often found in the vices of the human race rather a source of profit and power, than proofs of a depravity in our nature, which must be shamed into better feelings by remonstrance, or forced into them by actual punishment.

TO

MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,

JOHN FORD OF GRAYE'S INNE, Esq.



THE title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication;* which, being in most writers a custom, in many a compliment, I question not but your clear knowledge of my intents will, in me, read as the earnest of affection. My ambition herein aims at a fair flight, borne up on the double wings of gratitude for a received, and acknowledgement for a continued love. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, and amongst them some friends, as to presume on some friends, and amongst them little friendship. But in every fulness of these particulars, I do not more partake through you, my cousin, the delight than enjoy the benefit of them.

* *The title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication.*] i. e. LOVE'S SACRIFICE. The affection between the cousins appears to be mutual; for, on the appearance of Perkin Warbeck, this gentleman returned the compliment with an introductory copy of verses, which are neither the best nor the worst called forth by that drama.—GIFFORD.

This Inscription to your name is only a faithful deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal in honour with virtue, desert. The contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity,* hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein. Let me be bold to tell the severity of censurers, how willingly I neglect their practice, so long as I digress from no becoming thankfulness. Accept, then, my cousin, this witness to posterity of my constancy to your merits; for no ties of blood, no engagements of friendship, shall more justly live a precedent, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

JOHN FORD.

* Here is an allusion to Prynne, who is also noticed by Shirley, in the complimentary verses prefixed to this play. That restless "paper worm," as Needham calls him, had the year before produced his *Histriomastix*, or *Actor's Tragedy*, to the sore annoyance of the stage; and was at this time before the Star-chamber for the scurrilous and libellous language in that "voluminous" farrago of puritanic rancour.

There is a quaintness in the style of this little piece; but the frank and grateful tone of affection which it displays is truly pleasing. It is not his dramatic powers that Ford is solicitous to assert; but his respect to virtue and desert, and his boldness to avow and praise them in a dear relation.—

GIFFORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, Duke of Pavy.

FERNANDO, Favourite to the Duke.

ROSEILLI, a young Nobleman.

RODERICO D'AVOLOS, Secretary to the Duke.

BIANCA, the Duchess.

FIORMONDA, the Duke's Sister.

COLONA, Daughter to PETRUCHIO, a Counsellor of
State.

Attendants, Courtiers, Officers, &c.

THE SCENE—*Pavy (Pavia).*

SELECTIONS

FROM

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ROSELLI and FERNANDO.

Ros. You are, my lord Fernando, late return'd
From travels; pray instruct me:—since the voice
Of most supreme authority commands
My absence, I determine to bestow
Some time in learning languages abroad;
Perhaps the change of air may change in me
Remembrance of my wrongs at home: good sir,
Inform me; say I meant to live in Spain,
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure?

Fern. 'Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have
found.

In Spain you lose experience; 'tis a climate
Too hot to nourish arts;* the nation proud,

* Fernando's character of the Spanish nation is somewhat tinctured with severity; yet not unjust in the main. James had, with much political foresight, and some success, strove to cultivate the friendship of Spain; but the culpable capriciousness of Charles, aggravated by the ruffian insolence of Buckingham, abruptly checked his endeavours, and by rendering the Spanish party unpopular, as well as unfashionable

And in their pride unsociable; the court
 More pliable to glorify itself
 Than do a stranger grace: if you intend
 To traffic like a merchant, 'twere a place
 Might better much your trade; but as for me,
 I soon took surfeit on it.

Ros. What for France?

Fern. France I more praise and love. You
 are, my lord,
 Yourself for horsemanship much famed; and*
 there,
 You shall have many proofs to show your skill.
 The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,
 Kind, but extreme dissemblers; you shall have
 A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
 At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.
 To give the country due, it is on earth
 A paradise; and if you can neglect
 Your own appropriaments, but praising that
 In others, wherein you excel yourself,
 You shall be much beloved there.

at court, occasioned a fatal re-action in politics, which in no long process of time threw that country and its resources into the arms of France, to be constantly directed against us. Ford seems to be indebted to Howell for a part of his description.—GIFFORD.

* *France I more praise and love, &c.*] The excellence of the French in horsemanship is noticed by most of our old writers. It seems, indeed, that about this period, the English were surpassed by most nations in this noble art; nor was it till James I. wisely encouraged horse-races, that we thought of improving the old heavy, short-winded breed of horses, by the introduction of Barbary and other stallions, and that the consequent improvement in managing them took place, which long since rendered us the most skilful and daring riders of Europe.—GIFFORD.

Ros. Yet, methought,
I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,
Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Call'd—let me think—'twas—

Fern. England?

Ros. That: pray sir—

You have been there, methought I heard you
praise it.

Fern. I'll tell you what I found there; men as
neat,

As courtly as the French, but in condition*
Quite opposite. Put case that you, my lord,
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,
If there (as there are many) one excell'd
You in your art as much as you do others,
Yet will the English think their own is nothing
Compared with you a stranger; in their habits
They are not more fantastic than uncertain;
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,
No nation can disparage but itself.

Ros. My lord, you have much eased me; I re-
solve.

Fern. And whither are you bent?

Ros. My lord, for travel;
To speed for England. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The DUKE, BIANCA, FIORMONDA,
and D'AVOLOS.*

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms;
Whilst I, wrapt in my admiration, view

* i. e. in *disposition*.—GIFFORD.

Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.
 Fernando! oh, thou half myself! no joy
 Could make my pleasures full without thy presence:

I am a* monarch of felicity,
 Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful;
 A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

Fern. Sir,—if a man so low in rank may hope,
 By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
 To hold a correspondency in friendship
 With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
 My uttermost ambition is to climb
 To those deserts may give the style of servant.

Duke. Of partner in my dukedom, in my heart,
 As freely as the privilege of blood
 Hath made them mine;—Philippo and Fernando
 Shall be without distinction. Look, Bianca,
 On this good man; in all respects to him
 Be as to me; only the name of husband,
 And reverent observance of our bed,
 Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
 We are all one.

Bian. I shall, in best of love,
 Regard the bosom-partner of my lord.

Duke. Sister!

Fior. My lord and brother.

Duke. You are too silent,
 Quicken your sad remembrance:† though the loss
 Of your dead husband be of more account
 Than slight neglect, yet 'tis a sin against

* *i. e.* I command happiness.

† Quicken *your sad remembrance*] *i. e.* Enliven your melancholy recollections by the admission of pleasanter thoughts.—

The state of princes, to exceed a mean
In mourning for the dead.

Fior. Should form, my lord,
Prevail above affection? no, it cannot.
You have yourself here a right noble duchess,
Virtuous at least, and should your grace now pay,
Which heaven forbid! the debt you owe to nature,
I dare presume she'd not so soon forget
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could
you?

D'Av. Bitter and shrewd. [Aside.

Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray my
weakness,

To give a resolution* on a passion
I never felt nor fear'd.

Fern. If credit may be given to a face,
My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

Fior. (*aside to D'Av.*) Exceeding good; the
man will "undertake!"
Observe it, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Lady, I do;
'Tis a smooth praise.

Duke. Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy
love,
And love thee better for thy judging mine.
Though my gray-headed senate, in the laws
Of strict opinion and severe dispute,
Would tie the limits of our free affects,†

* i. e. to speak *decisively on a passion*

I never felt nor fear'd.] i. e. ingratitude. It is well answered:—"but she'll keep her word!"—GIFFORD.

† i. e. affections.

(Like superstitious Jews, to match with none
 But in a tribe of princes like ourselves,)
 Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched
 souls
 To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,
 Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;
 Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,
 Begetting creatures ugly as themselves:—
 But why should princes do so, that command
 The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals?—
 No, my Bianca, thou art to me as dear
 As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
 Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.
 Set on: they shall be strangers to my heart,
 That envy thee thy fortunes.—Come, Fernando,
 My but divided self; what we have done
 We are only debtor to heaven for.—On! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

FERNANDO *alone and musing; to him* FIORMONDA.

Fior. My lord Fernando, what, so hard at study!
 You are a kind companion to yourself,
 That love to be alone so.

Fern. Madam, no;
 I rather chose this leisure to admire
 The glories of this little world, the court,
 Where, like so many stars, on several thrones,
 Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs;
 Sweet matter for my meditation.

Fior. So, so, sir! your own proof,
 By travel and prompt observation,

Instructs you how to place the use of speech.—
But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit :
We'll pass the time a little in discourse :

What have you seen abroad ?

Fern. No wonders, lady,
Like these I see at home.

Fior. At home ! as how ?

Fern. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of
truth,
Report but what is warranted by sight.

Fior. What sight ?

Fern. Look in your glass, and you shall see
A miracle.

Fior. What miracle ?

Fern. Your beauty,
So far above all beauties else abroad,
As you are, in your own, superlative.

Fior. Fy, fy ! your wit hath too much edge.

Fern. Would that,
Or any thing, that I could challenge mine,
Were but of value to express how much
I serve, in love, the sister of my prince !

Fior. 'Tis for your prince's sake then, not for
mine ?

Fern. For you in him, and much for him in you :
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe,
In your affects,* a thing to me most strange,
Which makes me so much honour you the more.

Fior. Pray tell it.

Fern. Gladly, lady :
I see how opposite to youth and custom,
You set before you, in the tablature

* Affections.

Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs
Of a most loyal lady, for the loss
Of so renown'd a prince as was your lord.

Fior. Now, good my lord, no more of him.

Fern. Of him!

I know it is a needless task in me,
To set him forth in his deserved praise,
You better can record it; for you find
How much more he exceeded other men
In most heroic virtues of account,
So much more was your loss in losing him.
Of him! his praise should be a field too large,
Too spacious, for so mean an orator
As I to range in.

Fior. Sir, enough: 'tis true

He well deserv'd your labour; on his death-bed
This ring he gave me, bade me never part
With this, but to the man I lov'd as dearly
As I lov'd him; yet since you know which way
To blaze his worth so rightly, in return
To your deserts, wear this for him and me.

[*Offers him the ring.*]

Fern. Madam?

Fior. 'Tis yours.

Fern. Methought you said, he charged you
Not to impart it but to him you loved
As dearly as you loved him.

Fior. True, I said so.

Fern. Oh, then far be it my unhallow'd hand,
With any rude intrusion, should unveil
A testament enacted by the dead.

Fior. Why, man, that testament is disannull'd,
And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,
My blood is not yet freez'd; for better instance,

Be judge yourself; experience is no danger—
Cold are my sighs; but feel, my lips are warm.

[*Kisses him.*]

Fern. What means the virtuous marquess?*

Fior. To new-kiss

The oath to thee, which whilst he lived was his:
Hast thou yet power to love?

Fern. To love!

Fior. To meet

Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet?

Fern. Madam, 'twere dulness, past the ignorance

Of common blockheads, not to understand
Whereto this favour tends; and 'tis a fortune
So much above my fate, that I could wish
No greater happiness on earth; but know,
Long since, I vow'd to live a single life.

Fior. What was 't you said?

Fern. I said, I made a vow——

Enter BIANCA *and* D'AVOLOS.

Blessed deliverance!

Fior. Prevented! mischief on this interruption!

[*Aside.*]

* *Virtuous Marquess.*] The title of Marquis is the newest in this country; and it was not till after some time that *Marchioness* was introduced, to distinguish the lady from her lord. She was in Ford's time usually "my lady Marquis or Marquess." The Italian *Marchese* and *Marchesa* are hardly different in sound—and in old French *Marquis* and *Marchise* were probably little more so.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—FERNANDO *and* BIANCA.

Fern. Madam.

Bian. To me, my lord!

Fern. Please but to hear

The story of a cast-away in love ;
And, oh ! let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes.

Bian. My lord, the time—

Fern. The time ! yet hear me speak,
For I must speak, or burst : I have a soul
So anchor'd down with cares in seas of woe,
That passion, and the vows I owe to you,
Have changed me to a lean anatomy.
Sweet princess of my life—

Bian. Forbear, or I shall—

Fern. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,
My fears suggest ; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind,
As pity : hear me out.

Bian. No more ! I spare
To tell you what you are, and must confess,
Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember now,
It is the third time since your treacherous tongue
Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame ;

Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
I have not voiced your follies : if you dare
To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust ;
'Tis all no better :—learn, and love yourself.

[*Exit.*

Fern. Gone ! oh, my sorrows ! how am I undone !

Not speak again ? no, no, in her chaste breast
Virtue and resolution have discharged
All female weakness : I have sued and sued,
Knelt, wept, and begg'd ; but tears, and vows, and
words,

Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.

I must resolve to check this rage of blood,

And will ; she is all icy to my fires,

Yet even that ice inflames in me desires. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Palace.—The Duchess's Apartment.*

Enter COLONA with lights, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS ; COLONA places the lights on a table, and sets down a chess-board.

Bian. 'Tis yet but early night, too soon to sleep ;
Sister, shall's have a mate at chess ?

Fior. A mate !

No, madam, you are grown too hard for me ;
My lord Fernando is a fitter match.

Bian. He's a well-practis'd gamester—well,
care not

How cunning soe'er he be.—To pass an hour
I'll try your skill, my lord : reach here the chess-
board.

Fern. I shall bewray too much of my ignorance

In striving with your highness ; 'tis a game
I lose at still, by oversight.

Bian. Well, well,
I fear you not.

[*FERNANDO and the Duchess play.*

Fior. Madam, I must entreat excuse ; I feel
The temper of my body not in case
To judge the strife.

Bian. Lights for our sister, sirs !
Good rest t'ye ; I'll but end my game, and follow.

Fior. [*Aside to D'Av.*] Let 'em have time
enough ; and, as thou canst,
Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Madam, I shall observe them with all
cunning secrecy.

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

Col. I shall, madam—

[*Exit FIOR. followed by COL. and D'Av.*

Bian. Play.

Fern. I must not lose the advantage of the
game ;
Madam, your queen is lost.

Bian. My clergy help me ;*
My queen ! and nothing for it but a pawn ?
Why then the game's lost too : but play.

Fern. What, madam ?

[*FERNANDO often looks about.*

Bian. You must needs play well, you are so
studious,—
Fie upon't ! you study past patience:—

* *My clergy help me.*] i. e. my bishops—but those who understand the game do not need these modicums of information ; and upon all others, they are thrown away.—GIFFORD.

What do you dream on? here's demurring
Would weary out a statue!—Good now, play.

Fern. Forgive me; let my knees for ever stick
[*Kneels.*

Nail'd to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so curst
In my unbounded anguish, as the rage
Of flames, beyond all utterance of words,
Devour me, lighten'd by your sacred eyes.

Bian. What means the man?

Fern. 'To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdain'd.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have cull'd this time
From motion's swiftest measure, to unclasp
The book of lust: if purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love, as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

Re-enter D'AVOLOS behind.

D'Av. At it already! admirable haste.

Bian. Am I again betray'd? bad man.—

Fern. Keep in,

Bright angel, that severer breath, to cool
That heat of cruelty, which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not, with many nights' expense,
Examined; but, oh, madam, still I find

No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

D'Ar. Still on your knees?

Here's ceremony, with a vengeance!

Bian. Rise up, we charge you, rise: [*he rises*]
look on our face.

What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? or couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge
Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on't.

D'Ar. Now, now, now the game's a-foot!

Fern. Stay, go not hence in choler, blessed wo-
man!

You have school'd me; lend me hearing; though
the float

Of infinite desires swell to a tide

Too high so soon to ebb, yet by this hand,

[*Kisses her hand.*]

This glorious, gracious hand of your's—

D'Ar. Aye, marry, the match is made; and
hands clapp'd on it!

Fern. I swear,

Henceforth I never will as much in word,

In letter, or in syllable, presume

To make a repetition of my griefs.

Good night t'ye! if, when I am dead, you rip

This coffin of my heart, there shall you read

With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,

Bianca's name carv'd out in bloody lines.
For ever, lady, now good night!

Bian. Good night!

Rest in your goodness: lights there.

[*Enter Attendants with lights.*]

Sir, good night.

[*Excunt sundry ways.*]

SCENE III.

BIANCA *and* FERNANDO.

Bian. With shame and passion now I must confess,

Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart
You have been only king; if there can be
A violence in love, then I have felt
That tyranny: be record to my soul,
The justice which I for this folly fear!
Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear; was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived, that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fern. Oh, madam!

Bian. Now hear me out.

When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me; and without respect
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not mov'd by counsel, or removed by greatness;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven,
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife;
I have done so: nor was there in the world
A man created could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth, but thou;
But thou, Fernando!—Do I love thee now?

Fern. Beyond imagination.

Bian. True, I do,

Beyond imagination! if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true,
But loss of my best joys, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied, and ruin me.

Fern. What do you mean?

Bian. If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself!

Fern. Come, come; how many women, pray,
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will?

Bian. Fernando,

Jest not at my calamity.—I kneel— [*Kneels.*]
By these dishevell'd hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that's good, if what I speak, my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied;
Think me a common and most cunning harlot,
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof!—[*Rises.*] Do as you list.

Fern. I must believe you,—yet I hope, anon,
When you are parted from me, you will laugh
At my simplicity; say, wilt thou not?

Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far,
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

Fern. You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid
that I

Should by a wanton appetite profane

This sacred temple! 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant.

Bian. Nay, be thine:

Command my power, my bosom; and I'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.

Fern. Enough; I'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love, as it begun, shall end.

Bian. The latter I new-vow—but day comes on;
What now we leave unfinish'd of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: Sweet, let us part.

Fern. This kiss,—best life, good rest!

[*Kisses her.*

Bian. All mine to thee!

Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
“When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carv'd out in bloody lines.”
Once more good rest, sweet!

Fern. Your most faithful servant.

[*The scene closes.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests,
And coinage of your politician's brain,
Shall jig me off; I'll know't, I vow I will.
Did not I note your dark abrupted ends
Of words half spoke? your "wells, if all were
known?"

Your short, "I like not that?" your girds and
"buts?"

Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
More matter than your subtlety shall hide!
Tell me, what is't? by honour's self, I'll know.

D'Av. What would you know, my lord? I confess
I owe my life and service to you, as to my
prince; the one you have, the other you may take
from me at your pleasure. Should I devise matter
to feed your distrust, or suggest likelihoods without
appearance?—what would you have me say?
I know nothing.

Duke. Thou liest, dissembler; on thy brow I
read
Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.
On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er
Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold
What by the party-halting of thy speech

Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith
 We bear to sacred justice, we protest,
 Be it or good or evil, thy reward
 Shall be our special thanks, and love unterm'd:*
 Speak, on thy duty; we, thy prince, command.

D'Av. Oh my disaster! my lord, I am so
 charmed by those powerful repetitions of love and
 duty, that I cannot conceal what I know of your
 dishonour.

Duke. "Dishonour!" then my soul is cleft with
 fear:

I half presage my misery; say on,
 Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

D'Av. I trust your highness will pardon me;
 yet I will not deliver a syllable which shall be less
 innocent than truth itself.

Duke. By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility! my ser-
 vice is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass:
 in short, my lord, and plain discovery,—

Duke. Out with the word!

D'Av. Fernando is your rival, has stolen your
 duchess's heart, murder'd friendship.

Duke. My heart is split.

D'Av. Take courage, be a prince in resolution:
 I knew it would nettle you in the fire of your com-
 position, and was loth to have given the first re-
 port of this more than ridiculous blemish to all
 patience or moderation; but, oh, my lord, what
 would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to
 his sovereign?

* *And love unterm'd.*] i. e. inexpressible; or rather, per-
 haps, interminable.—GIFFORD.

Duke. The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate!
Dishonour'd! had my dukedom's whole inheritance
Been rent, mine honours levell'd in the dust,
So she, that wicked woman, might have slept
Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.—
And he, that villain, viper to my heart,
That he should be the man! death above utter-
ance!—

Take heed you prove this true.

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. If not,

I'll tear thee joint by joint.—Phew! methinks
It should not be:—Bianca! why, I took her
From lower than a bondage;—hell of hells!
See that you make it good.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, FIORMONDA, and D'AVOLOS.

Fior. Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
 One drop of blood that issued from the loins
 Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
 On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father,
 And canst not blush to be so far beneath
 The spirit of heroic ancestors?
 Canst thou ingross a slavish shame, which men,
 Far, far below the region of thy state,
 Not more abhor, than study to revenge?
 Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage,
 To think I have a brother so befool'd,
 In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

Duke. Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek
 Is scarletted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
 And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
 With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists
 That overcloud compassion in our breast.
 You have rous'd a sleeping lion, whom no art,
 No fawning smoothness shall reclaim; but blood.
 And sister thou, thou Roderico, thou,
 From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
 Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,

To whet my dulness ; you shall see Caraffa
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

Fior. Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

D'Av. And it becomes my lord most princely.

Duke. Does it? come hither, sister ; thou art
near

In nature, and as near to me in love.

I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,
I love thee dearly ; but observe me well ;
If any private grudge, or female spleen,
Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,
Have spurr'd thee on to set my soul on fire,
Without apparent certainty ; I vow,
And vow again, by all our princely blood,
Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts
Of all our tribes in thine, I would unrip
That womb of bloody mischief with these nails,
Where such a cursed plot as this was hatch'd.
But, D'Avolos, for thee—no more ; to work
A yet more strong impression in my brain,
You must produce an instance to mine eye,
Both present and apparent—nay, you shall—or—

Fior. Or what? you will be mad? be rather
wise ;

Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom
The harmless youth was slaughter'd ; had he liv'd,
He would have told you tales : Fernando fear'd it ;
And to prevent him, under show, forsooth,
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.
Have you yet eyes, duke ?

Duke. Shrewdly urged,—'tis piercing.

Fior. For looking on a sight shall split your soul.
You shall not care ; I'll undertake myself

To do't some two days hence ; for need, to-night—
But that you are in court.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to see them exchange kisses? Give but a little way by a feigned absence, and you shall find 'em at it.

Duke. D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince, There's some shall roar for this! Why, what was I, Both to be thought or made so vile a thing?

Stay—madam marquess :—ho, Roderico, you, sir, Bear witness that if ever I neglect

One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out

With toil of plot, or practice of conceit,

My busy skull, till I have found a death

More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,

Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips ;

If ever I take rest, or force a smile

Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,

Before I know which way to satisfy

Fury and wrong,—nay, kneel down—[*They kneel.*]

let me die

More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt,

Laughter, and poverty itself can make me !

Let's rise on all sides, friends :—[*They rise.*]

now all's agreed :

If the moon serve,* some that are safe shall bleed.

[*Exeunt Duke and D'Avolos.*]

* *If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.*] In Ford's time, and indeed long before and after it, the days of the *moon*, held to be propitious to bleeding, were distinguished by particular marks ; and such was the absurd reliance on this ignorant medley of quackery and superstition, that few families would have ventured on the operation on one of the *dies nefasti*.—GIFFORD.

Enter FERNANDO.

Fior. My lord Fernando.

Fern. Madam.

Fior. Do you note

My brother's odd distractions? You were wont
To bosom in his counsels; I am sure
You know the ground of it.

Fern. Not I, in troth.

Fior. Is't possible! What would you say, my
lord,

If he, out of some melancholy spleen,
Edged on by some thank-picking parasite,
Should now prove jealous? I mistrust it shrewdly.

Fern. What, madam! jealous?

Fior. Yes; for but observe;

A prince, whose eye is chooser to his heart,
Is seldom steady in the lists of love,
Unless the party he affects do match
His rank in equal portion, or in friends:
I never yet, out of report, or else
By warranted description, have observ'd
The nature of fantastic jealousy,
If not in him; yet on my conscience now,
He has no cause.

Fern. Cause, madam! by this light,
I'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

Fior. I never thought her less; yet trust me,
sir,

No merit can be greater than your praise:
Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,
Should so much deify the saints, from whom
You have disclaim'd devotion.

Fern. Madam, 'tis true ;
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

Fior. You are too wise, Fernando. To be plain,
You are in love; nay, shrink not, man, you are ;
Bianca is your aim : why do you blush ?
She is, I know she is.

Fern. My aim ?

Fior. Yes, yours ;
I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know
Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if, in time,
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.
Unkindest man ! I have too long conceal'd
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
To youth or state ; and yet thou art unkind ;
Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

Fern. (*Walks aside.*) Injurious woman, I defy
thy lust.

'Tis not your subtle sifting that shall creep
Into the secrets of a heart unsoil'd.—
You are my prince's sister, else your malice
Had rail'd itself to death ; but as for me,
Be record, all my fate ! I do detest
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. [*Exit.*]

Fior. What, gone ! well, go thy ways ; I see the
more

I humble my firm love, the more he shuns
Both it and me. So plain ! then 'tis too late
To hope ; change, peevish passion, to contempt :
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,
Fool, he shall know, I was not born to kneel.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Palace.—The Duchess's Bed-chamber.*

BIANCA, FERNANDO, (FIORMONDA *watching them from above.*) *Whilst they are talking, the DUKE and D'AVOLOS, with their swords drawn, appear at the Door.*

Col. (within.) Help, help! madam, you are betray'd, madam; help, help!

D'Av. Is there confidence in credit, now, sir? belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you see, sir? can you behold it without lightning?

Col. (within.) Help, madam, help!

Fern. What noise is that? I heard one cry.

Duke. (comes forward.) Ha! did you? Know you who I am?

Fern. Yes; thou art Pavy's duke, Drest like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd, Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt Of what I could have done, hath made thee steal The advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks: To't, man.

Duke. I am too angry in my rage, To scourge thee unprovided: take him hence: Away with him. [The guard seize FERN.

Fern. Unhand me!

D'Av. You must go, sir.

Fern. Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay hands

On that most innocent lady.*

Duke. Yet again!

Confine him to his chamber.

[*Exeunt D'Av. and the guard with FERN.*]

Duke. Woman, stand forth before me;—wretched creature,

What canst thou hope for?

Bian. Death; I wish no less.

You told me you had dreamt; and, gentle duke,
Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.

Duke. Strumpet, I am; and in my hand hold up

The edge that must uncut thy twist of life:

Dost thou not shake?

Bian. For what? to see a weak,

Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade?

Alas, good man! put up, put up; thine eyes

Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike;

What would you do now, pray?

Duke. What?—

Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve

One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen

Of just consuming wrath o'erswell my reason,

Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move

Thy heart to crave variety of youth.

* Our author seems to have very loose notions of female honour. He certainly goes much beyond his age, which was far enough from squeamish on this point, in terming Bianca *innocent*. She is, in fact, a gross and profligate adultress, and her ridiculous reservations, while they mark her lubricity, only enhance her shame. GIFFORD.

Bian. I'll tell you, if you needs would be resolv'd;

I held Fernando much the better man.

Duke. Shameless, intolerable harlot!

Bian. What ails you?

Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke
 Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot,*
 A tolerable face, a wearish hand,
 A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard
 As your's, fit for a lady's pleasure? no:
 I wonder you could think 'twere possible,
 When I had once but look'd on your Fernando,
 I ever could love you again; fie, fie!
 Now, by my life, I thought that long ago
 You'd known it; and been glad you had a friend
 Your wife did think so well of.

Duke. O my stars!

Here's impudence above all history.
 Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,
 Dar'st thou, without a blush, before mine eyes,
 Speak such immodest language?

Bian. Dare? yes, 'faith,

You see I dare: I know what you would say now;
 You would fain tell me how exceeding much
 I am beholding to you, that vouchsafed
 Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,
 The honour of your bed: 'tis true you did;
 But why? 'twas but because you thought I had
 A spark of beauty more than you had seen.
 To answer this, my reason is the like;

* *A scrambling foot.*] i. e. a *sprawling, shuffling* foot: *wearish* is used by our old writers for *wizened, withered, decayed, &c.*
 —GIFFORD.

The self-same appetite which led you on
 To marry me, led me to love your friend:
 O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet
 Mine eyes beheld a miracle, composed
 Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
 I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
 Handsome enough you are,—
 But to compare yourself with him! trust me,
 You are too much in fault.

Duke. Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death
 Are music to this.—

Forgive me, my good Genius, I had thought
 I match'd a woman, but I find she is
 A devil, worsè than the worst in hell.
 Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;
 I mark you to a syllable.

Bian. Look, what I said, 'tis true; for, know it
 now:

I must confess I miss'd no means, no time,
 To win him to my bosom; but so much,
 So holily, with such religion,
 He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit
 Was held but in comparison a jest;
 Nor did I offer urge the violence
 Of my affection, but as oft he urged
 The sacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and
 friend:

Yet be assured, my lord, if ever language
 Of cunning, servile flatteries, entreaties,
 Or what in me is, could procure his love,
 I would not blush to speak it.

Duke. Such another
 As thou art, miserable creature, would
 Sink the whole sex of women: yet confess

What witchcraft used the wretch to charm the
heart*

Of the once spotless temple of thy mind?

For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.

Bian. Phew!—an you be in these tunes, sir, I'll
leave you;

You know the best, and worst, and all.

Duke. Nay, then

Thou tempt'st me to thy ruin. Come, black
angel,

Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up

The sum in gross of all thy† veined follies;

There, amongst other, weep in tears of blood,

For one above the rest, adultery!

Adultery, Bianca! such a guilt,

As, were the sluices of thine eyes let up,

Tears cannot wash it off: 'tis not the tide

Of trivial wantonness from youth to youth,

But thy abusing of thy lawful bed,

Thy husband's bed; his, in whose breast thou
sleep'st,

His, that did prize thee more than all the trash

Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.

Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,

And do not hope for life; would angels sing

A requiem at my hearse, but to dispense

With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain:

Prepare to die!

* *To charm the heart.*] This reading has been made out of the old copy, which has "the *art.*" I can think of no word nearer the traces of the original; and yet to "charm the *heart* of the temple of the mind," is an expression which will be as little admired as comprehended. — GIFFORD. Perhaps we should read *ark*.

† i. e. ingrained, as we say: follies that run in the blood.

Bian. (*opens her bosom.*) I do; and to the point
Of thy sharp sword, with open breast, I'll run
Half way thus naked; do not shrink, Caraffa,
This daunts not me: but in the latter act
Of thy revenge, 'tis all the suit I ask—
At my last gasp,—to spare thy noble friend;
For life to me, without him, were a death.

Duke. Not this, I'll none of this; 'tis not so fit.—
Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or—— [*Throws down his sword.*]

Fior. (*above.*) Dost thou halt? faint coward,
dost thou wish
To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?
Is this thy courage?

Duke. Ha! say you so too?
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

Bian. Here.

Duke. Farewell;
Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell;
[*Draws his dagger, and stabs her.*]
Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

Bian. 'Tis bravely done; thou hast struck home
at once:
Live to repent too late. Commend my love
To thy true friend, my love to him that* owes it;
My tragedy to† thee; my heart to—to—Fernando,
O—oh! [*Dies.*]

Duke. Sister, she's dead.

Fior. Then, while thy rage is warm,
Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

* i. e. owns, possesses it.

† *My tragedy to thee.*] Bianca alludes either to her husband, or to Fiormonda, who from the gallery had urged on her murder with such violence.—GIFFORD.

Duke. Good :

I'll slack no time whilst I am hot in blood.

[*Takes up his sword and exit.*]

Fior. Here's royal vengeance ! this becomes the state

Of his disgrace, and my unbounded hate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

FERNANDO: *to him the DUKE, a sword in one hand, and a bloody dagger in the other.*

Duke. Stand, and behold thy executioner,
Thou glorious traitor ! I will keep no form
Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt :
Look here, 'tis written on my poniard's point,
The bloody evidence of thy untruth,
Wherein thy conscience, and the wrathful rod
Of heaven's scourge for lust, at once give up
The verdict of thy crying villainies.
I see thou art arm'd ; prepare, I crave no odds
Greater than is the justice of my cause ;
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

Fern. Duke, I fear thee not :
But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,
Tell me, how hast thou used thy duchess ?

Duke. How ?
To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,
Look on my dagger's crimson dye, and judge.

Fern. Not dead ?

Duke. Not dead ? yes, by my honour's truth :
why, fool,
Dost think I'll hug my injuries ? no, traitor !

I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,
As you did both your bodies in her life.—
Have at thee!

Fern. Stay; I yield my weapon up.

[*He drops his sword.*]

Here, here's my bosom; as thou art a duke,
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
Be murder'd, murder me.

Duke. Faint-hearted coward,
Art thou so poor in spirit! rise and fight;
Or by the glories of my house and name,
I'll kill thee basely.

Fern. Do but hear me first:
Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butcher'd
As innocent a wife, as free from lust,
As any terms of art can deify.

Duke. Pish, this is stale dissimulation;
I'll hear no more.

Fern. If ever I unshrined
The altar of her purity, or tasted
More of her love, than what, without controul
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,
Rack me to atomies. I must confess
I have too much abused thee; did exceed
In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:
But by the honour which I owe to goodness,
For any actual folly, I am free.

Duke. 'Tis false: as much, in death, for thee
she spake.

Fern. By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!
Couldst thou rear up another world like this,
Another like to that, and more, or more,
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth
Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss

Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,
Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,
Earth was unworthy of thee.

Duke. Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my
sword

To justify thy words?

Fern. I dare; look here. [*Kisses the sword.*
'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,
For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,
Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,
I'll hold all life a hell.

Duke. Bianca chaste!

Fern. As virtue's self is good.

Duke. Chaste, chaste, and kill'd by me! to her
I offer up this remnant of my——

[*Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by FERN.*

Fern. Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

Duke. Whither now

Shall I run from the day, where never man,
Nor eye, nor eye of heaven may see a dog
So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!

Had not the fury of some hellish rage
Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen
Her clearness in her confidence to die.
Your leave——

[*Kneels, holds up his hands, and, after speaking
to himself a little, rises.*

'Tis done: come, friend, now for her love,
Her love that praised thee in the pangs of death,
I'll hold thee dear; lords, do not care for me,
I am too wise to die yet.—Oh, Bianca!

SCENE III.—*A solemn strain of soft Music. The Scene opens, and discovers a Church, with a Tomb in the back ground.*

Enter Attendants with Torches, after them Two Friars; then the DUKE in mourning manner; after him FIORMONDA, ROSELLI, and a Guard. —D'AVOLOS following. When the Procession approaches the Tomb, they all kneel. The DUKE goes to the Tomb, and lays his hand on it. The Music ceases.

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let not
 the touch
 Of this my impious hand profane the shrine
 Of fairest purity, which hovers yet
 About these blessed bones inhearsed within.
 If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,
 Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,
 Behold, I offer up the sacrifice
 Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;
 Pouring oblations of a mourning heart
 To thee, offended spirit! I confess
 I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,
 That butcher, who, in my enraged spleen,
 Slaughter'd the life of innocence and beauty.
 Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds
 Which I digg'd up, and reconcile the wrongs
 My fury wrought; and my contrition mourns.
 So chaste, so dear a wife was never man
 But I enjoyed: yet in the bloom and pride
 Of all her years, untimely took her life.—

Enough ; set ope the tomb, that I may take
My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

[*The Tomb is opened, out of which rises
FERNANDO in his winding-sheet, and,
as CARAFFA is going in, puts him back.*

Fern. Forbear ! what art thou that dost rudely
press

Into the confines of forsaken graves ?
Hath death no privilege ? Com'st thou, Caraffa,
To practise yet a rape upon the dead ?
Inhuman tyrant !——

Whats'ever thou intendedst, know this place
Is pointed out for my inheritance ;
Here lies the monument of all my hopes.
Had eager lust entrunk'd my conquer'd soul,
I had not buried living joys in death :
Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud
To boast thy famous murthers ; let thy smooth,
Low-fawning parasites renown thy act ;
Thou com'st not here.

Duke. Fernando, man of darkness,
Never till now, before these dreadful sights,
Did I abhor thy friendship ; thou hast robb'd
My resolution of a glorious name.
Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,
Thou diest a death more fearful than the scourge
Of death can whip thee with.

Fern. Of death ? poor duke !
Why that's the aim I shoot at ; 'tis not threats
(Maugre thy power, or the spite of hell)
Shall rend that honour : let life-hugging slaves,
Whose hands imbrued in butcheries like thine,
Shake terror to their souls, be loath to die !

See, I am cloath'd in robes that fit the grave ;
I pity thy defiance.

Duke. Guard—lay hands,
And drag him out.

Fern. Yes, let 'em, here's my shield ;
Here's health to victory ! —

[*He drinks off a phial of poison.*]

Now do thy worst.

Farewell, duke,* once I have outstripp'd thy plots :
Not all the cunning antidotes of art
Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life :
It works, it works already, bravely ! bravely !—
Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.
O royal poison ! trusty friend ! split, split
Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane !—
Roseilli, love my memory.—Well search'd out,
Swift, nimble venom ! torture every vein.—
I come, Bianca—cruel torment, feast,
Feast on, do !—duke, farewell. Thus I—hot
flames !—

Conclude my love,—and seal it in my bosom !—
oh !

[*Dies.*]

Friar. Most desperate end !

Duke. None stir ;
Who steps a foot, steps to his utter ruin.
And art thou gone, Fernando ? art thou gone ?
Thou wert a friend unmatch'd ; rest in thy fame.
Sister, when I have finish'd my last days,
Lodge me, my wife, and this unequall'd friend,
All in one monument. Now to my vows.
Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,

* i. e. *once for all*, finally, effectually

But let each letter in that tragic sound
 Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear :
 Children unborn and widows, whose lean cheeks
 Are furrow'd up by age, shall weep whole nights
 Repeating but the story of our fates ;
 Whilst in the period, closing up their tale,
 They must conclude, how for Bianca's love,
 Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
 Thus on her altar sacrificed his life. [*Stabs himself.*]

Friar. Oh, hold the duke's hand !

Fior. Save my brother, save him !

Duke. Do, do ; I was too willing to strike home
 To be prevented. Fools, why could you dream
 I would outlive my outrage ? sprightly flood,
 Run out in rivers ! Oh, that these thick streams
 Could gather head, and make a standing pool,
 That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood !
 So, I grow sweetly empty ; all the pipes
 Of life unvessel life ;—now, heavens, wipe out
 The writing of my sin ! Bianca, thus
 I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca.

[*Dies.*]

“ The catastrophe of this drama,” as Mr. Gifford observes, with a severity which extracts less cautious than our own would have sufficiently justified, “ does not shame its progress. The duchess dying in *odour of chastity*, after confessing and triumphing in her lascivious passion ; the poor duke, in defiance of it, affirming that “ no man was ever blest with so good and loving a wife,” and falling upon his sword, that he may the sooner share her tomb, together with “ his unequalled friend,” who so zeal-

lously had laboured to dishonour him; with other anomalies of a similar kind, render this one of the least attractive of Ford's pieces; it is not, however, without its beauties, many scenes are charmingly written for the greater part, and few of our author's works contain more striking examples of his characteristic merits and defects."

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.



THE leading characters in this play are well conceived, and judiciously sustained; but their merits grow out of a plot, so revolting in its nature, that only one specimen of the dialogue in the principal story can with propriety be exhibited to the reader.

The second or under-plot of Julio and Flavia, like most of our author's *intermedes*, contributes nothing to the advancement of the main-story: it is not, however, without merit, and will tell its own tale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIO DE VARANA, Lord of Camerino.

ROMANELLO, Brother to FLAVIA.

CAMILLO, }
VESPUCCI, } Attendants on JULIO.

FABRICIO, a Merchant, FLAVIA's first Husband.

CASTAMELA, Sister to LIVIO.

FLAVIA, Wife to JULIO.

THE SCENE—*Sienna.*

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the House of LIVIO.*

Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.

Rom. Tell me you cannot love me.

Cast. You impórtune

Too strict a resolution : as a gentleman
Of commendable parts, and fair deserts,
In every sweet condition that becomes
A hopeful expectation, I do honour
Th' example of your youth ; but, Sir, our fortunes,
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,
In argument of fit consideration.

Rom. Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,
Even from our childish years, into a dowry
Of richer estimation, than thy portion,
Doubled an hundred times, can equal : now
I clearly find, thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the gulf of riot,
Not the free ocean of a soft content.
You'd marry pomp and plenty : 'tis the idol,

I must confess, that creatures of the time
Bend their devotions to; but I have fashion'd
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

Cast. Enjoy

Your own prosperity; I am resolv'd
Never, by any charge with me, to force
A poverty upon you.
I'll not be your undoing.

Rom. Sure some dotage
Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness
Changed to ambition! oh, you are most miserable
In your desires! the female curse has caught you.

Cast. Fie! fie! how ill this suits.

Rom. A devil of pride
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,
Whilst you grasp mole-hills.

Cast. Worse and worse, I vow.

Rom. But that some remnant of an honest sense
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury
Of ease and titles.

Cast. Romanello, know
You have forgot the nobleness of truth,
And fix'd on scandal now.

Rom. A dog, a parrot,
A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey,
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,
Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton!

Cast. This is uncivil;
I am not, sir, your charge.

Rom. My grief you are;
For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

Cast. So is my chief opinion of your worthiness,

When such distractions tempt you ; you would
 prove
A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,
As you profess, to bait my best respects
Of duty to your welfare ; 'tis a madness
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,
You have no right in me ; let this suffice ;
I wish your joys much comfort.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in JULIO'S House.**Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO, and
VESPUCCI.**Flav.* Not yet returned?*Cam.* Madam!*Flav.* The lord our husband,

We mean. Unkind! four hours are almost past,
 (But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass)
 Since we broke company; was never, gentlemen,
 Poor princess us'd so!

Ves. With your gracious favour,
 Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity
 To attend on state employments.

Cam. For such duties
 Are all their toil and labour; but their pleasures
 Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers
 All sense of other travail.

Flav. Trimly spoken.
 When we were common, mortal, and a subject,
 As other creatures of Heaven's making are,
 (The more the pity) bless us! how we waited
 For the huge play-day, when the pageant flutter'd
 About the city;* for we then were certain,

* *On the huge play-day when the pageants flutter'd
 About the city.]* The huge play-day (for Ford's *Sienna*
 is only another name for London) was probably the Lord
 Mayor's day, when the company to which he belonged exhi-

The madam courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,
And call us by our names, and eat our viands;
Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end
Of our own tables, telling us how welcome
They'd make us when we came to court: full little
Dreamt I, at that time, of the wind that blew me
Up to the weathercock of the honours now
Are thrust upon me;—but we'll bear the burthen,
Were't twice as much as 'tis. The next great
feast,

We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see
How they'll behave themselves before our pre-
sence;

You too shall wait on us.

Ves. With best observance,
And glory in our service.

Cam. We are creatures
Made proud in your commands.

Flav. Believ't you are so;
And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,
Than you in your obedience.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Noblest lady—

bited, in honour of his installation, those rude but splendid pageantries and processions, which, however they may now excite a smile, were then viewed with equal wonder and delight, and not altogether, perhaps, without profit, which is more than can be said of the tattered remnants of them, that are annually dragged abroad to shame us. They were not, however, confined to one festival; but “fluttered about the city” on every joyous occasion. There is truth as well as humour in Flavia's pleasant description of the condescension of the “madam courtiers” on these huge play-days. The satire is not yet quite obsolete.—GIFFORD.

Ves. Rudeness!
Keep off, or I shall—Sawcy groom, learn manners.

Flav. Let him stay;
The fellow I have seen, and now remember
His name, Fabricio.

Fab. Your poor creature, lady;
Out of your gentleness, please you to consider
The brief of this petition, which contains
All hope of my last fortunes.*

Flav. Give it from him.

Cam. Here, madam.—[*Takes the paper from
FAB. and delivers it to FLAV. who walks
aside with it.*]—Mark, Vespucci, how the
wittol

Stares on his sometime wife!

Ves. “She had seen the fellow!” didst observe?

Cam. Most punctually:
Could call him by his name too! why ’tis possible,
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

Ves. That were most strange: oh, ’tis a precious
trinket!

Was ever puppet so slipt up?

Cam. The tale
Of Venus’ cat, man, changed into a woman,
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

Ves. He stands
Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.†

* *All hope of my last fortunes.*] Meaning probably (for the language is constrained) “my final hope, my last resource.” The object of this request appears to be more money to enable him to expatriate himself.—GIFFORD.

† *He stands*

Just like Acteon *in the painted cloth.*] i. e. in the act of gazing at Diana, in a posture of mingled awe and surprise. There is some humour in the expression.—GIFFORD.

Cam. No more.

Flav. Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the sum
Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,
Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye :
'Tis a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents
Somewhat unseasonable ; for, let us tell ye,
You have been a spender, a vain spender ; wasted
Your stock of credit, and of wares, unthriftily.
You are a faulty man ; and should we urge
Our lord as often for supplies, as shame,
Or wants drive you to ask, it might be construed
An impudence, which we defy ; an impudence,
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.
Are you not ashamed yet of yourself ?

Fab. Great lady,
Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

Cam. So, so !
This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci ?

[*Aside to VES.*

Ves. Why, here's a lady worshipful !

Flav. Pray, gentlemen,
Retire a while ; this fellow shall resolve
Some doubts that stick about me.

Both. As you please. [*Exeunt VES. and FLAV.*

Flav. To thee, Fabricio,—oh, the change is
cruel—

Since I find some small leisure, I must justify
Thou art unworthy of the name of man.
Those holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,
Recorded in the register of truth,
Were kept by me unbroken ; no assaults
Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,
No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which
Thy riots had betray'd me, could betray

My warrantable thoughts to impure folly.
Why would'st thou force me miserable?

Fab. The scorn
Of rumour is reward enough, to brand
My lewder actions; 'twas, I thought, impossible,
A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook
The last of my decays.

Flav. Did I complain?
My sleeps between thine arms were e'en as sound,
My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,
As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.
Amongst some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,
Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy
Of those whom in their bosom they possess
Without controul, begets a self-unworthiness;
For which through fear, or, what is worse, desire
Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour
To pander their own wives; those wives, whose
innocence,
Stranger to language, spoke obedience only;
And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

Fab. My loss is irrecoverable.

Flav. Call not
Thy wickedness thy loss; without my knowledge
Thou sold'st me, and in open court protested'st
A pre-contráct unto another, falsely,
To justify a separation. Wherein
Could I offend, to be believed
In best sense an adultress? so conceived
In all opinions, that I am shook off,
Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast
Not noble, yet 'twas not mean; for Romanello,
Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors
To own me for his sister.

Fab. 'Tis confest,
I am the shame of mankind.

Flav. I live happy
In this great lord's love, now; but could his cunning
Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never
Been sunder'd by the temptation of his purchase.
In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of
My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,
That I am not more fool to such as honour me,
Than to myself, who hate this antick carriage.*

Fab. You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,
Than grossly to be talk'd with.

Flav. [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats,
I shall provide you better:—'twere a bravery,
Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd
Your name for ever hateful.

Fab. I will do't,
Do't, excellentest goodness, and conclude
My days in silent sadness.

Flav. You may prosper
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however
You interrupted study with commérce.
I'll think of your supplies; meantime, pray, storm
not

At my behaviour to you; I have forgot
Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first dis-
tance. [*He draws back.*]

Camillo! who is near? Vespucci!

* ———— *this antick carriage.*] This childish and ridiculous affectation of levity, which she assumed, partly to humour the count, but chiefly, as she afterwards says, to defeat the "lascivious villanies" of her attendants, Camillo and Vespucci.—GIFFORD.

Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Jul. What!

Our lady's last familiar?

Flav. Oh, I am sick, sick, sick—

I faint at heart—kiss me, nay, prithee, quickly,
[*To JUL.*

Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while
 from me.

And this companion too—beshrew him!

Jul. Dearest,

Thou art my health, my blessing:—turn the
 bankrupt

Out of my doors!—sirrah, I'll have thee whipt,
 If thou com'st here again.

Cam. Hence, hence, you vermin! [*Exit FAB.*

Jul. How is't, my best of joys?

Flav. Prettily mended,

Now we have our own lord here; I shall never
 Endure to spare you long out of my sight.
 See, what the thing presented.

[*Gives him the paper.*

Jul. A petition,

Belike, for some new charity?

Flav. We must not

Be troubled with his needs; a wanting creature
 Is monstrous, is as ominous—fie upon't!

Dispatch the silly mushroom once for all,

And send him with some pittance out o' th'
 country,

Where we may hear no more of him.

Jul. Thy will

Shall stand a law, my matchless pleasure ;
 No life is sweet without thee : in my heart
 Reign empress, and be styled thy Julio's sovereign,
 My only, precious dear. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in JULIO'S House.*

Enter VESPUCCI and CAMILLO.

Vesp. Come, thou art caught, Camillo.

Cam. Away, away,
 That were a jest indeed; I caught?

Vesp. The lady
 Does scatter glances, wheels her round, and smiles;
 Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes
 Each hour have run in progress; then thou kissest
 All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly,
 "Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,
 Three quarters have near past the figure X;"
 Or as the time of day goes—

Cam. So, Vespucci!
 This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,
 The grain of thy complexion is quite alter'd;
 Once 'twas a comely brown, 'tis now of late
 A perfect green and yellow; sure prognosticates
 Of th' overflux o'th' gall, and melancholy,
 Symptoms of love and jealousy.

Vesp. She loves thee;
 Doats on thee; in my hearing told her lord
 Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe
 Of courtship, and of compliment:—ah, ah!
 She nick'd it there!—I envy not thy fortunes;

For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome and deserv'st
her,

Were she as great again as she is.

Cam. I handsome?

Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,
There's all! But, sirrah, prithee, let's be sociable;
I do confess, I think the goody-madam
May possibly be compass'd.

Vesp. A pretty toy 'tis.

Cam. Let us consider—

She's but a merchant's leavings.

Vesp. Hatch'd i'th' country,
And fledged i'th' city. Thus then;
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services
To ladies' favours; with what faith and secrecy
I live in her commands, whose special courtesies
Oblige me to particular engagements:
I'll do as much for thee.

Cam. With this addition,

Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour;
That to deliver him in perfect character,
Were to detract from such a solid virtue
As reigns not in another soul; he is——

Vesp. The thing a mistress ought to wish her
servant.

Are we agreed?

Cam. Most readily. On t' other side,
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely
Of one another as we can.

Vesp. I like it;

So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, and FABRICIO.

Jul. Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress ;
Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,
Nor common alms.

Flav. You must not loiter lazily,
And* speak about the town, my friend, in ta-
verns,

In gaming-houses; nor sneak after dinner
To public shews, to interludes, in riot,
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily,
Like one of us—oh, fie upon them, giblets!

I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it
In braveries, so rich, that 'tis scarce possible
To distinguish one of these vile naughty packs
From true and arrant ladies; they'll inveigle
Your substance and your body:—think on that,—
I say, your body; look to't.—

Is't not sound counsel? [Turns to JUL.

Jul. 'Tis more; 'tis heavenly.

Vesp. What hope, Camillo, now, if this tune
hold?

Cam. Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever;
Why any woman in her husband's presence
Can say no less.

Vesp. 'Tis true, and she hath leave here.

Fab. Madam, your care and charity at once
Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth
Whene'er my mention falls into report,

* *And speak about the town, &c.*] "Gaming-houses" were not much noted, in Ford's days, for the resort of "idle praters." I suspect that the poet's word was *lurk*.—GIFFORD.

It shall requite this bounty; I am travelling
To a new world.

Jul. I like your undertakings.

Flav. New world! where's that I pray? good,
if you light on

A parrot or a monkey that has qualities
Of a new fashion, think on me.

Fab. Yes, lady,

I—I shall think on you; and my devotions,
Tender'd where they are due in single meekness,
With purer flames will mount, with free increase
Of plenty, honours, full contents, full blessings,
Truth and affection 'twixt your lord and you.
So with my humblest, best leave, I turn from you;
Never, as now I am, to appear before you.
All joys dwell here, and lasting! [*Exit.*

Flav. Prithee, sweetest,

Hark in your ear,—beshrew't, the brim of your hat
Struck in mine eye—dissemble honest tears,
The griefs my heart does labour in [*Aside*]
—it smarts

Unmeasurably.

Jul. A chance, a chance; 'twill off,
Suddenly off—forbear; this handkerchief
But makes it worse.

Cam. Wink, madam, with that eye,
The pain will quickly pass.

Vesp. Immediately;
I know it by experience.

Flav. Yes, I find it.

Jul. Spare us a little, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt CAM. and VESP.*
Speak freely:

What wert thou saying, dearest?

Flav. Do you love me?

Answer in sober sadness; I'm your wife now,
I know my place and power.

Jul. What's this riddle?

Thou hast thyself replied to thine own question,
In being married to me; a sure argument
Of more than protestation.

Flav. Such it should be

Were you as other husbands: it is granted,
A woman of my state may like good clothes,
Choice diet, many servants, change of merriments.
All these I do enjoy; and wherefore not?
Great ladies should command their own delights:
And yet, for all this, I am used but homely,—
But I'm serv'd even well enough.

Jul. My Flavia,

I understand not what thou would'st.

Flav. Pray pardon me;

I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish;
Trust me, indeed I am; for I could cry
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour:
You know I have a brother.

Jul. Romanello,

An unkind brother.

Flav. Right, right; since you bosom'd
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe
As much as to come near me. Oh, it mads me,
Being but two, that we should live at distance,
As if I were a cast-away;—and you,
For your part, take no care on't, nor attempt
To draw him hither.

Jul. Say the man be peevish,

Must I petition him?

Flav. Yea, marry, must you,

Or else you love not me: not see my brother!

Yes I will see him; so I will, will see him;—
You hear't—oh my good lord, dear, gentle,
 prithee,—

You sha'nt be angry;—'las, I know, poor gentle-
 man,

He bears a troubled mind: but let us meet
And talk a little; we perhaps may chide
At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet;
There's all.

Jul. Write to him and invite him hither,
Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness;
I'll do what thou canst wish.

Flav. And, in requital,
Believe I shall say something that may settle
A constancy of peace, for which you'll thank me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in ROMANELLO'S House.*

Enter FLAVIA, followed by CAMILLO and VESPUCCI, who stand apart.

Flav. Brother, I come—

Rom. Unlook'd for;—I but sojourn
Myself; I keep nor house, nor entertainments,*
French cooks composed, Italian collations:—
Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services,
Befitting exquisite ladies, such as you are,
Perfume not our low roofs;—the way lies open;
That, there.—[*Points to the door.*] Good day,
great madam!

Flav. Why d'ye slight me?
For what one act of mine, even from my childhood,
Which may deliver my deserts inferior,
Or to our births or family, is nature
Become, in your contempt of me, a monster?

Ves. What's this, Camillo?

Cam. Not the strain in ordinary.

Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourse—how-
ever,
You are a woman.

Flav. Pensive and unfortunate,
Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen

* ————— *entertainments,*

French cooks composed.] i. e. perhaps, *which* French cooks
composed.—GIFFORD.

More griefs than female weakness can keep league
with.

Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report,
Spit what it dares invent against my actions;
And it shall never find a power to blemish
My mention, other than beseems a patient:
I not repine at lowness; and the fortunes
Which I attend on now, are, as I value them,
No new creation to a looser liberty;
Your strangeness only may beget a change
In wild opinion.

Cam. Here's another tang
Of sense, Vespucci.

Ves. Listen, and observe.

Rom. Are not you, pray you—nay, we'll be
contented,

In presence of your ushers, once to prattle
Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned
The lady-regent, by whose special influence
Julio, the count of Camerine, is order'd?

Flav. His wife, 'tis known I am; and in that
title

Obedient to a service; else, of greatness
The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.

Rom. He loves you?

Flav. As worthily as dearly.

Rom. And 'tis believed how practice quickly
fashion'd

A port of humorous antickness in carriage,
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

Cam. Put home roundly.

Ves. A ward for that blow?

Flav. Safety of mine honour
Instructed such deceit.

Rom. Your honour?

Flav. Witness

This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy
Presumed to plot a siege.

Cam. Ves. We, madam!

Rom. On, on;

Some leisure serves us now.

Flav. Still as Lord Julio

Pusued his contract with the man,—oh, pardon,

If I forget to name him!—by whose poverty

Of honest truth I was renounced in marriage;

These two, entrusted for a secret courtship,

By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,

Proffer'd their own devotions, as they term'd them,

Almost unto an impudence; regardless

Of him, on whose supportance they relied.

Rom. Dare not for both your lives to interrupt
her.

Flav. Baited thus to vexation, I assumed

A dulness of simplicity; till afterwards

Lost to my city-freedom, and now enter'd

Into this present state of my condition,

(Concluding henceforth absolute security

From their lascivious villanies) I continued

My former custom of ridiculous lightness,

As they did their pursuit; t' acquaint my lord,
were

To have ruin'd their best certainty of living:

But that might yield suspicion in my nature;

And women may be virtuous, without mischief

To such as tempt them.

Rom. You are much to blame, sirs,
Should all be truth is utter'd.

Flav. For that justice

I did command them hither; for a privacy
In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother,
Needed no secretaries such as these are.
Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge
I fly for right to; if I be thy sister,
And not a bastard, answer their confession,
Or threaten vengeance with perpetual silence.

Cam. My follies are acknowledged; you're a
lady

Who have outdone example: when I trespass
In ought but duty and respects of service,
May hopes of joys forsake me!

Ves. To like penance
I join a constant votary.

Rom. Peace, then,
Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast waken'd
Intranced affection from its sleep to knowledge
Of once more who thou art; no jealous frenzy
Shall hazard a distrust: reign in thy sweetness,
Thou only worthy woman; these two converts
Record our hearty union.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—JULIO, FLAVIA, ROMANELLO, and
VESPUCCI.

Vesp. Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read
A novelty: 'tis written from Bononia.
Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,
Is entered into orders, and received
Amongst the Capuchins a fellow; news
Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant:
Certain, I can assure it.

Jul. He at last has
Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

Rom. Most happy man!—I now forgive the
injuries
Thy former life exposed thee to.
Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,
But thankfully.

Flav. He's now dead to the world,
And lives to Heaven; a saint's reward reward
him!—

THE END.

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