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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
JOHN FORD.

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OF
JOHN FORD.

~~2-1811~~

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
JOHN FORD.

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY
HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

VOLUME I.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHEN Shakspeare had once directed the exertions of English genius to the stage, such a profusion of dramatic talent burst forth at once, that some poets, who highly deserved the applause of their countrymen, have suffered a degree of neglect, which can only be accounted for by the superior brilliancy of the genius of their great contemporary. While the matchless poetry of Shakspeare is known wherever the English language is read, the productions of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are more frequently talked of and praised than read; and the admirable dramas of Massinger were not rescued from oblivion till Mr Gifford, by his excellent edition, drew the attention of the public towards them. But besides these first-rate ornaments of the stage, there are others who well merit the attention of the reader, though almost unknown to any but professed collectors of ancient poetry; and none is more highly deserving of a revival

than the dramatist whose works the present editor has ventured to rescue from utter neglect, by presenting them to the public in a more engaging form than he appears in the uncouth and inaccurate quartos, which are almost inaccessible to the generality of readers. His plays have indeed been quoted in the notes to that vast mass of dramatic erudition subjoined to the text of Shakspeare; not for the purpose, however, of pointing out the beauties so liberally scattered through them, but in order to prove the propriety of some explanation in the notes, with the same cool indifference as the works of Goffe, Kyd, Nash, and Green. The circumstances of his life have received some notice from one of Shakspeare's most accurate commentators, but merely with a view of refuting the authority of a pamphlet which in some degree affects the reputation of that poet. None of these plays have been reprinted excepting one in the beginning of the last century, to serve a political purpose, and another in the collection of Dodsley; the unfortunate plot of which would deter some readers from its perusal, notwithstanding the superlative merit of the poetry. A few incidental notices, however, in the works of some of our greatest contemporary poets seem to have at last succeeded in engaging some share of attention towards our neglected poet.

With regard to his name (a circumstance of some difficulty when we consider the wavering state of orthography in those days), his

dedications are uniformly signed John Ford, though he is frequently called Forde by his contemporaries, and the same spelling he seems to have adopted in order to produce the anagram *Fide Honor*, by which he distinguishes the title of most of his dramas; a conceit which the pedantry of the age must excuse. The meagreness of the following biographical account will be readily excused by the reader who has examined the lives of his dramatical contemporaries, in which we are continually led to lament that our knowledge respecting them amounts to little better than nothing.

The date of his birth has been ascertained by Mr Malone, from the information of the Reverend Mr Palk, vicar of Ilsington in Devonshire, where our poet was baptized, April 17, 1586. He was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq.; and his family seems to have been respectable at least, as his father was enabled to bestow upon him a liberal education. His studies were directed to the law, and before he arrived at the age of seventeen he became a member of the Middle Temple, where he was entered November 16, 1602*. Here he seems to have prosecuted his professional studies; but his ambition to be ranked amongst the poets of his country appears to have been very ardent, for in 1606, when he was not yet one-and-twenty, he published an occasional poem

* Shakspeare, Ford, and Jonson, by Mr Malone, printed in the Variorum edition of Shakspeare, 1803, Vol. II. p. 386.

entitled "Fames Memorial, or the Earle of Devonshire deceased; with his honourable Life, peaceful End, and solemne Funeral," and dedicated to the Lady Penelope, Countess of Devonshire. That this was his first appearance in public is evident from the following conclusion of the dedication: "Thus, Madame, presuming on your acceptance, I will in the meane while thinke my willing paines (*hitherto confined to the innes of court, studyes much differente*), highly guerdoned, and mine unfeathered muse (as soone dead as borne) ritchly graced under the plumes of so worthy a protectresse *."

Though our author did not again seek the favour of the public in print till twenty-three years after this first attempt, he had certainly produced, in the mean time, some plays upon the theatres. When he ventured forth with his *Lover's Melancholy* in 1629, he expressly stated, in his dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn, "My presumption of coming in print in this kind hath hitherto been unreprouable, this piece being the first that ever courted reader." At what time he commenced his theatrical career it is not in our power to ascertain; but we are fortunately enabled to decide which of his plays was the first which ap-

* Reed's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1789, Vol. VIII. p. 3. The original presentation copy in MS. is in the collection of Mr Malone. It is not improbable that he had been induced by the patronage of the Earl of Devonshire to pay this tribute of respect to his memory.

peared upon the stage. In his dedication to the Earl of Peterborough prefixed to 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, he expressly terms that tragedy "the first fruits of his leisure in the action;" and this is evidence sufficient to determine the rank it should hold in a chronological arrangement of his works. From the printer's apology at the conclusion it appears that the drama obtained great commendation for the actors who performed in it; but, notwithstanding this applause, the poet thought fit to withhold it from the press till the year 1633.

Few dramatic authors have commenced their career with a production which more strongly breathes the very soul of poetry; but few have chosen a more unfortunate subject for the display of their talents. The vivid glow of passion with which the incestuous intercourse of Giovanni and Annabella is delineated, has justly been termed by Langbaine "too beautiful" for the subject, and the utter wreck and degradation of two characters which are held up to our admiration in the commencement; the one gifted with every qualification of a generous and philosophical soul, the other interesting for every thing which can render a female mind amiable, assails our feelings too powerfully, and renders the perusal of one of the finest plays, in point of pathetic effect, even painful. The conduct of the principal plot is skilfully interwoven with the subordinate one, the interest is not suffered to cool, a defect too frequent in the plays of that age, and the ca-

tastrophe is brought about with much dramatic art. With regard to the characters, none of them are amiable without alloy of baseness except the Friar, (a well-drawn copy of Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet*,) and the insipid husband of Hippolita. From the whole, however, it may be asserted, that Ford never excelled this his first attempt, though he undoubtedly equalled it in *The Broken Heart*.

It was probably in the year 1622, or not long after, that our poet joined with Rowley and Dekkar, poets of considerable reputation in their day, in dramatising the story of *Mother Sawyer, the witch of Edmonton*, a poor creature who was condemned and executed about that period. From the title page of the joint tragedy, it appears to have met with a reception highly favourable, having been acted often at the Cockpit theatre, and once at court, "with singular applause;" notwithstanding which it remained in manuscript till the year 1658, when it was published by two players, Bird and Pennycuicke, to whose necessities during the Rebellion we are indebted for the publication of many plays which might otherwise have shared the fate of Mr Warburton's unfortunate collection. The play, which is chiefly interesting for the singularity of the subject, was probably produced immediately after that instance of judicial folly and superstition had taken place, and perhaps the immediate profit to be expected from the exhibition upon the stage, of what the spectators

had fresh in their minds, from having witnessed the execution at Tyburn, induced the players to employ such an extensive partnership of dramatic authors, in order to bring out the tragedy with the utmost speed. For, besides the three poets mentioned above, several others, whose reputation would not have increased the popularity of the play, joined in the composition, as we learn from the *et cætera* after the names of Rowley, Dekkar, and Ford. What parts were composed by the several authors it is now impossible to ascertain with any degree of precision. It may, however, be observed, that the scenes between Frank, Susan, and Winnifred are much in the pathetic style of our author; and as they are written in the regular versification of his known productions, while that of his two principal coadjutors is remarkably rugged, it will not be considered as too great a stretch of hypothesis if we ascribe those scenes to him. They contain great poetical beauties, and few passages in the old plays affect the feelings more forcibly than the tender ebullitions of Susan's attachment, and the terrific agitation of Frank's mind in the scene where the nature of his crime is discovered. The intercourse of Mother Sawyer and her diabolical familiar are an apt illustration of the superstitions of the time, and, as they are much in the style of Dekkar, I should be inclined to ascribe them to that neglected poet, whose reputation cannot be affected by having produced the admirable soliloquy of the old

woman when she is first incited to call upon preternatural assistance, by the insulting treatment she received while the crime of witchcraft was merely attributed to her on account of her old age, and her withered and decrepid form. The low scenes of Cuddy Banks and the Morris-dancers may, without injustice, be appropriated to Rowley, whose genius was inferior to that of his two principal associates. These hypothetical conclusions are not obtruded upon the reader as certainties, but merely offered as the result of studying the different style of these three poets.

The singular circumstance of these dramatic partnerships, so frequent in this golden era of the stage, was generally the produce of necessity, as appears by the curious document preserved in Mr Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage, in which Nathaniel Field, Daborne, and Massinger solicit and obtain the small sum of five pounds from Mr Hinchlow, as part of the copy-money stipulated for a play they were writing in conjunction with Fletcher, who, probably being in more affluent circumstances, did not join in the petition. The coalition of the last-mentioned author with Beaumont does not seem to have been of the same nature, but the sole product of mutual attachment and esteem. Nor were these poetical alliances confined to the English stage. A vast number of the Spanish plays of the seventeenth century were written by two or three authors, one or two acts being produced by a

single author, and sometimes each of the three acts having a separate author. The Spanish poets, however, took care to distinguish the parts which they wrote by prefixing their names to their several portions. It were to be wished that the English dramatists had been equally careful of their reputation.

In March 1603-4*, our poet, in conjunction with his friend Dekkar, brought the Masque of the Sun's Darling upon the stage, which does not add much to the reputation of either. The abstract nature of allegorical exhibitions, so fashionable at the time, though it may evince the ingenuity and learning of the author, is not calculated to exhibit character; and will always fail in exciting admiration and affecting the feelings of the audience: for what interest can we feel when beholding the nature of the four seasons, the four elements, or the four temperaments exhibited? Much good poetry has been thrown away upon these productions, the nature of which leads unavoidably to pedantry and affectation. The Sun's Darling was published by Bird and Pencyuick in the year 1657; but it is greatly to be regretted that they did not prefer printing some of those plays of Ford which are now irrecoverably lost.

We cannot decide whether our poet abstained from his dramatical labours for some years

* Sir Henry Herbert's MS. quoted by Mr Malone *ut supra*, p. 386. According to Oldys, the greatest part of the Masque was written by Ford.

after this joint production, but none of his plays are on record as having been acted or printed till the year 1628, when his *Lover's Melancholy* was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, and exhibited at the Black Friars on the 24th of November. This was the first play he gave to the press, which he did in the following year with great diffidence, as appears by his dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn. According to the practice of the age, it was recommended to the public by four copies of verses; the first by the celebrated Dr Donne. In this play he undertook the very difficult task of representing the symptoms and cure of a deep and settled love-melancholy in one character, and of a confirmed madness in another; and he has executed the task with singular felicity. The disguise of Eroclea, and her attachment to the Prince, bear a strong resemblance to Euphrasia in *Philaster*, and the comparison of the original and imitation is by no means unfavourable to the latter.

This tragi-comedy has given rise to curious discussions, which have somewhat contributed to elucidate the obscure history of our author's life; a short account of which seems to be requisite in this place. In the year 1748 the celebrated actor and dramatic author, Macklin*,

* Perhaps Macklin's attention was led to the perusal of Ford's plays by the revival of *Perkin Warbeck*, three years before, at Goodman's Fields, in opposition to his own attempt on the same

chose to revive this play for the benefit of Mrs Macklin at Drury-Lane theatre, and it was announced for representation on Friday the 22d of April. As the minor dramatists of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. were little known at the time, he endeavoured to draw the attention of the public towards the play, by inserting the following letter in the General Advertiser on the Tuesday preceding the day intended for its representation :

“ SIR,

“ As *The Lover's Melancholy*, which is to be revived on Friday next, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, for the benefit of Mrs Macklin, is a scarce play, and in very few hands, it is hoped that a short account of its author, his works in general, and of that piece in particular, will not be unacceptable to the public.

“ John Ford, Esq. was of the Middle-Temple, and though but a young man when Shakspeare left the stage, yet, as he lived in strict friendship with him till he died, which appears by several of Ford's sonnets and verses, it may be said, with some propriety, that he was a contemporary of that great man's.

“ It is said that he wrote twelve or fourteen dramatic pieces, eight of which only have been collected, viz. *The Broken Heart*, *Love's Sacrifice*, *Perkin Warbeck*, *The Lady's Trial*,

foundation, played at Covent-Garden without success. See the Introduction to *Perkin Warbeck* in the second volume.

'Tis Pity she's a Whore, The Sun's Darling, a Masque, and The Lover's Melancholy.

“ Most of those pieces have great merit in them, particularly The Lover's Melancholy ; which, in the private opinion of many admirers of the stage, is written with an art, ease, and dramatic spirit inferior to none before or since his time, Shakspeare excepted.

“ The moral of the play is obvious and laudable ; the fable natural, simple, interesting, and perfect in all its parts ; the action one and entire ; the time twelve hours, and the place a palace.

“ The writing, as the piece is of that species of the drama which is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a play, is often in familiar, and sometimes in elevated, prose, after the manner of Shakspeare ; but when his subject and characters demand it, he has sentiment, diction, and flowing numbers at command.

“ His characters are natural and well chosen, and so distinct in manners, sentiment, and language, that each, as he speaks, would distinctly live in the reader's judgment without the common help of marginal directions.

“ As Ford was an intimate, and a professed admirer of Shakspeare, it is not to be wondered at that he often thinks and expresses like him ; which is not his misfortune but his happiness ; for when he is most like Shakspeare, he is most like nature. He does not put you in mind of him like a plagiarist, or an affected imitator ; but like a true genius, who had stu-

died under that great man, and could not avoid catching some of his divine excellence.

“ This praise perhaps, by some people, may be thought too much : of that the praiser pretends not to be a judge ; he only speaks his own feeling, not with an intent to impose, but to recommend a treasure to the public, that, for a century, has been buried in obscurity ; which, when they have seen, he flatters himself that they will think as he does ; and should that be the case, the following verses, written by Mr Ford’s contemporaries, will shew that neither the present public nor the letter-writer are singular in their esteem of *The Lover’s Melancholy* *.—Your’s,

“ B. B.”

Either from the foregoing letter not having due effect in raising the expectation of the public, and inducing them to engage all the boxes previous to the representation, or from the real illness of Mr Barry, who was to act a principal part, the performance was, upon the latter plea, deferred till Thursday the 28th of April, and, in the interim (on the 23d) a second letter was inserted in *The General Advertiser*, which follows :

“ It is hoped that the following gleanings of theatrical history will readily obtain a place in

* Here follow the recommendatory verses of Donne and Οφιλος, which may be found amongst the others collected at the end of this introduction.

your paper. It is taken from a pamphlet written in the reign of Charles I. with this quaint title: 'Old Ben's Light Heart made heavy by Young John's Melancholy Lover;' and, as it contains some historical anecdotes and alterations concerning Ben Jonson, Ford, Shakespeare, and *The Lover's Melancholy*, it is imagined that a few extracts from it at this juncture will not be unentertaining to the public.

“ Those who have any knowledge of the theatre in the reign of James and Charles the First, must know that Ben Jonson, from great critical language, which was then the portion but of very few, his merit as a poet, and his constant association with men of letters, did, for a considerable time, give laws to the stage.

“ Ben was by nature splenetic and sour; with a share of envy (for every anxious genius has some), more than was warrantable in society: by education rather critically than politely learned; which swelled his mind into an ostentatious pride of his own works, and an overbearing inexorable judgment of his contemporaries.

“ This raised him enemies, who, towards the close of his life, endeavoured to dethrone this tyrant, as the pamphlet styles him, out of the dominion of the theatre. And what greatly contributed to their design, was the slights and malignancies which the rigid Ben too frequently threw out against the lowly Shakespeare, whose fame, since his death, as appears

by the pamphlet, was grown too great for Ben's envy either to bear with or wound.

“ It would greatly exceed the limits of your paper to set down all the contempts and invectives which were uttered and written by Ben, and are collected and produced in this pamphlet, as unanswerable and shaming evidences, to prove his ill-nature and ingratitude to Shakspeare, who first introduced him to the theatre and fame.

“ But though the whole of these invectives cannot be set down at present, some few of the heads may not be disagreeable, which are as follow :

“ That the man had imagination and wit none could deny, but that they were ever guided by true judgment in the rules and conduct of a piece, none could with justice assert ; both being ever servile to raise the laughter of fools and the wonder of the ignorant. That he was a good poet only in part,—being ignorant of all dramatic laws,—had little Latin,—less Greek,—and speaking of plays, &c.

“ To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
 Past threescore years : or with three rusty swords,
 And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars.
 He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
 One such to-day as other plays should be ;
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,” &c.

“ This, and such like behaviour, brought

Ben at last from being lawgiver of the theatre to be the ridicule of it, being personally introduced there in several pieces, to the satisfaction of the public, who are ever fond of encouraging personal ridicule, when the follies and vices of the object are supposed to deserve it.

“ But what wounded his pride and fame most sensibly, was the preference which the public, and his contemporary wits, gave to Ford's *Lover's Melancholy* before his *New Inn, or Light Heart*. They were both brought on in the same week, and on the same stage; where Ben's was damned and Ford's received with uncommon applause: and what made this circumstance still more galling, was, that Ford was at the head of the partisans who supported Shakspeare's fame against Ben Jonson's invectives.

“ This so incensed old Ben, that, as an everlasting stigma upon his audience, he prefixed this title to his play: ‘ *The New Inn, or Light Heart*. A comedy, as it was never acted, but most negligently play'd by some, the King's idle servants; and more squeamishly beheld and censur'd by others, the King's foolish subjects.’ This title is followed by an abusive preface upon the audience and reader.

“ Immediately upon this he wrote his memorable ode against the public, beginning,—

‘ Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age,’ &c.

“ The revenge he took against Ford was, to write an epigram on him as a plagiary.

‘ Playwright, by chance, hearing toys I had writ,
Cry’d to my face---they were the elixir of wit.
And I must now believe him, for to-day
Five of my jests, then stol’n, pass’d him a play.’

Alluding to a character in *The Lady’s Trial*, which Ben says Ford stole from him.

“ The next charge against Ford was, that *The Lover’s Melancholy* was not his own, but purloined from Shakspeare’s papers, by the connivance of Heminge and Condell, who, in conjunction with Ford, had the revision of them.

“ The malice of this charge is gravely refuted, and afterwards laughed at in many verses and epigrams, the best of which are those that follow, with which I shall close this theatrical extract :

‘ *To my worthy friend JOHN FORD.*

‘ ’Tis said from Shakspeare’s mine your play you drew :
What need ?---When Shakspeare still survives in you ;
But grant it were from his vast treasury reft,
That plund’rer Ben ne’er made so rich a theft.

THOMAS MAY.’

‘ *Upon BEN JONSON, and his zany TOM RANDOLPH.*

‘ Quoth Ben to Tom, the Lover’s stole,
’Tis Shakspeare’s every word ;
Indeed, says Tom, upon the whole,
’Tis much too good for Ford.

‘ Thus Ben and Tom the dead still praise,
 The living to decry ;
 For none must dare to wear the bays
 Till Ben and Tom both die.

‘ Even Avon’s swan could not escape
 These letter tyrant elves ;
 They on his fame contriv’d a rape,
 To raise their pedant selves.

‘ But after times, with full consent,
 This truth will all acknowledge,---
 Shakspeare and Ford from heaven were sent,
 But Ben and Tom from college.

ENDYMON PORTER.”

Mr Steevens reprinted this letter in his edition of Shakspeare, without doubting its authenticity, noticing, at the same time, that it was written by Mr Macklin, but that the pamphlet alluded to in it was lost in its passage from Ireland. The first letter escaped his research, but was discovered and reprinted by Mr Malone; who, suspecting the existence of the pamphlet and the authenticity of the poetry, bestowed great labour in examining the evidence, and communicated the result to the public in an elaborate dissertation, entitled, “ Shakspeare, Ford, and Jonson,” to which the present scanty memoirs are much indebted.

The following is a condensed abstract of his arguments. Having applied to Macklin himself, he found his memory so impaired, that veteran comedian being then in his ninety-first year, that he “ scarcely recollected having written such a letter, much less the circum-

stances attending it ;” though, on a former occasion, he positively asserted the existence and loss of the pamphlet. Mr Malone commences with introducing the first of the letters printed above, and, dwelling on the pecuniary purpose which that, as well as the second, were to serve, he remarks that this custom of “preluding benefit-plays appears at that period to have been a common artifice.” He then observes, that Ford’s Sonnets and Verses, mentioned in the first letter, are not in existence ; that the circumstance of Ben Jonson accusing Ford of having stolen the play in dispute from Shakspeare is not mentioned in the first puff, and that it was very improbable Macklin should, in the short interval before the second appeared, have discovered its being in his possession ; that the title of the pamphlet, though perfectly in the style of the age *, is in itself a sufficient argument against its existence, Jonson having never been called Old Ben, and the difference between his age and that of *Young* John Ford being only twelve years, the former at the time being fifty-seven, years old, and the latter forty-five. The ease with which the advertiser might have collected the instances of Ben’s slurs on Shakspeare from his works and from modern writers, affords another presumptive proof of the pam-

* The play on the title-page is named *The Lover’s Melancholy*, but in some of the running titles it is denominated *The Melancholy Lover*, as in the title of the disputed pamphlet.

phlet never having existed. Mr Malone contends, that after the death of Shakspeare, the fame of Ben Jonson and of Fletcher was at least paramount to that of the "swan of Avon." From a reference to Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, Mr Malone proves, that *The Lover's Melancholy* and *The New Inn*, though exhibited at the same theatre, were not produced in the same week, an interval of two months intervening between the representations of the former and the latter; that the success of Ford's play does not seem to have been very great, but that *The Love-sick Maid*, or *Honour of Ladies*, by Jonson's own servant, Richard Brome, was brought out very soon after the condemnation of *The New Inn* with very great success. We next find a satisfactory refutation of the assertion, that the epigram *To Playwright* was an attack upon Ford, those verses having been published long before the supposed dispute respecting the two plays mentioned above; and *The Lady's Trial* not having been produced till after Ben Jonson's death, the assertion that the epigram alluded to a character in that play having been purloined from Ben must be fallacious. Mr Malone continues, that there is no evidence whatsoever that Ford had the revisal of Shakspeare's papers, nor even that he had lived in intimacy with that great poet at all. With respect to the *Commendatory Verses* subjoined to the second letter, Mr Malone traces several expressions in them to poems written in Ben Jonson's

time, and to Langbaine's Account of the Dramatic Poets; he then notices two modern expressions in the elegant verses signed Endymion Porter (*upon the whole, and from college*); and concludes his evidence with remarking the little probability that either May or Ford himself should have lived in enmity with Ben Jonson, both of them having encomiastic verses in the collection of poems published after that poet's death in 1638, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius*, and the latter having complimented Ben Jonson's servant Richard Brome, on his play entitled *The Northern Lass*, acted in the same year with the *Lover's Melancholy* and the *New Inn*.

Mr Steevens having first brought the subject forward, thought it necessary to enter into another disquisition, as his antiquarian sagacity might be suspected, by having placed implicit belief in the authenticity of the pamphlet. Though the second letter, he observes, "may not be entitled to implicit confidence, I am unwilling to regard this publication as a confirmed forgery by Mr Macklin. In my opinion he could as readily have supplied a deficient chorus in a Greek tragedy, as the poem ascribed to Endymion Porter. A vein of broad humour, and a rugged force of style distinguish the performances of our truly venerable dramatic veteran; but where, among all his numerous works, shall we find such ease and elegance as decorate the stanzas in commendation of Ford? It would be difficult to ac-

count for Mr Macklin's conception of the species of fraud so strenuously imputed to him. Unacquainted with ancient and licensed polemic weapons, he would scarcely have invented new and unfair ones. Before the year 1748 no successful impositions, whether grave or ludicrous, had led the way to such an attempt." Mr Steevens, without positively asserting its authenticity, further observes, "That no pamphlet, with the title already mentioned by Mr Malone, has ever appeared, is too much to be granted without some hesitation;" and then dwells on the many accidents which might have occasioned the entire loss of such slight works*. With regard to the historical inaccuracies noticed, Mr Steevens very plausibly asks, why the author of such a squib should not be supposed to have written without accurate knowledge of facts he may have collected from mere hearsay †? Besides, Mr Macklin's

* The present days of black-letter hunting continually afford instances of pamphlets utterly unknown, or supposed never to have existed, being almost miraculously brought to light. Ritson doubted that Friar Rush's history ever existed; but his doubts have been proved fallacious, by the recovery of a single copy in the Marquis of Stafford's noble library. A copy of the original dedication to Mr Colman's Iron Chest is hardly to be met with, though printed in very modern times. The pamphlet in question may have been suppressed for the same reasons and in the same manner.

† Mr Reed, in a note, makes mention of a pamphlet published soon after the death of Mr Quin, containing the most gross mistakes, and a most incomplete account of that comedian's having fought a duel, which he, not unaptly, applies to the present case.

extracts may have been made in great haste, without accuracy, and may have been blended in such a manner with his own conceptions, that, "without reference to the original document, the truths in question must escape the reach of human inquiry." Mr Steevens concludes his arguments with acquainting us, that "in 1777, when Mr Macklin first related the history of his lost pamphlet, he subjoined the following remarkable circumstance, which could not well have been invented on a sudden for the purposes of deceit:—'The want of this publication (said he) I do not so much lament as the loss of a speech on the Habeas Corpus by Sir J. Elliot, which (with several other tracts printed about the same time) was in the same quarto volume.'—Every collector of fugitive publications must know how usual it is for coeval articles, however miscellaneous, to be bound together. This circumstance, in my judgment, adds no small probability to the narrative in which Mr Macklin still persists; for the speech to which he alluded must have been published in or about the very year that produced 'Old Ben's Light Heart,' &c. provided a pamphlet bearing that title ever issued from the press."

It is no easy task to decide upon the question, and one which the Editor willingly declines, as both sides are supported by weighty arguments. With respect to the epithets Old and Young, it may however be observed, at the same time fully allowing that Mr Malone's

arguments have great force, that the pamphleteer (if he existed) may possibly not have alluded to the respective age of the two poets in question, which he was perhaps completely ignorant of, but to the period during which the one and the other had been known to the world as dramatic writers. Ben Jonson probably commenced his career, as a writer of plays, in 1594, between twenty and thirty years before Ford produced his first dramatic attempt.

With respect to the jealousy with which Jonson watched the rising reputation of poets who did not pay him the same homage as those whom he adopted as his poetical sons, there can be no doubt about the matter. And that our author was frequently pitted against him as the champion of his antagonists, appears from some indisputable documents. Nothing can more strongly evince this than the verses of the dramatic author Shirley, prefixed to our author's tragedy of *Love's Sacrifice* :

“ Look here, *thou that hast malice to the stage,*
 And impudence enough for the whole age ;
 Voluminously ignorant ! be vex'd
 To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.”

These lines are strongly worded, and the first evidently alludes to the insulting ode of Ben Jonson alluded to in the second letter of Mr Macklin. In the dedication prefixed to the same tragedy, Ford seems to refer to the same intemperate anger of the Laureate : “ The

contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfaced invention, and prescribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent than modestly confident of opinion herein." And the prologue to *The Lover's Melancholy* not only arraigns the arrogance of Ben Jonson, but seems even to allude to that poet's personal jealousy of Ford*.

"To tell ye gentlemen, in what true sense
The *writer, actor, and the audience*
Should mould their judgments for a play, might draw
Truth into rules; but we have no such law.
Our writer for himself, would have ye know,
That in his following scenes, he doth not owe
To others' fancies; nor hath lain in wait
For any *stol'n invention*, from whose height
He might *commend his own*, more than the right
A scholar claims may warrant for delight." &c.

I do not conceive that any one can deny that these lines refer to the angry Laureate, who was at the time giving laws to the writers, actors, and audience of the time, and abusing all who did not conform to his despotic rules. His antagonists were continually charging him for the plagiarisms he committed upon the ancients, whilst he, supposing himself to be at the height of classical learning, was by no means modest in the commendations of his

* To the same purpose the expression in Singleton's verses, prefixed to the same play—"I speak my thoughts . . . that spite may grieve to see itself outdone,"—may be quoted.

own. The circumstance of Ford's having contributed a copy of verses to *Jonsonius Virbius*, Mr Malone himself allows to be of little weight, as that collection exhibits another by Owen Feltham, the avowed enemy of Ben. The vacillation in the poetical friendships of that time appears to have been very great. Every one will recollect Marston's early attachment to, and subsequent bitter enmity against, Jonson, whose superlative merits (only inferior to Shakspeare's) are not much affected by allowing the jealousy and impatience of his ambitious mind, which cannot be explained away by any argument, though excited by the tenderest care of his reputation, and executed with the greatest research and ingenuity.

The singular circumstances which have brought the *Lover's Melancholy* into notice within the latter part of the last century, have diverted us for a considerable time from pursuing the chronological account of our poet's dramatic works. In the year 1633 he published two tragedies, but not having the opportunity of referring to the office-books of Sir Henry Herbert, the Editor cannot decide whether they had been licensed and acted before that year, nor determine the order of time in which they were severally produced.

The *Broken Heart* may claim, in point of poetical merits, an equality of praise with *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*; and when the excellence of its plot is put in comparison with the unfortunate subject of the latter, may well challenge

the precedence of all the productions of our poet, who seems to have been fully aware of its merits, for he observes in the beginning of the prologue :

————— He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the Broken Heart.

It is wonderful that, notwithstanding the prodigious merits of this piece, it has been buried in utter oblivion. Nothing but the bare title is given in the *Biographia Dramatica*, and no farther notice appears to have been taken of the existence of the play, till the appearance of Mr Lambe's *Specimens of Dramatic Authors*, where an appropriate praise is bestowed upon the catastrophe*. Few plays possess such an extreme power over the passions, and none in our language can be pointed out superior in pathetic effect. The two characters of Calantha and Penthea are admirable portraits of the gentle yet noble female mind, borne down by excess of affliction, yet preserving throughout untainted honour and firmness of mind, to which most of the stronger sex are utter strangers. Nor should the praise due to the male characters of the tragedy be withheld. The unalloyed nobleness of Ithocles is well contrasted with the implacable revenge and hypocrisy of Orgilus; and the jealousy and vexation of an old husband, whose grovelling suspi-

* His observations will be found at the conclusion of the play, p. 335 of this volume.

cious temper cannot be conquered by the frank and noble mind of a wife like Penthea, has never been more happily pourtrayed than in the character of Bassanes. The regret we must feel, however, that the poet was led by the taste of the age to introduce the corrupt and filthy characters of Phulas and Grausis, as attendants upon the gentle Penthea, cannot be concealed. Unfortunately the best plays of the age have similar blemishes, not to be eradicated without injuring the fabric of the drama. Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and others their inferiors, are, in this respect, equally blameable with our author.

Love's Sacrifice, the other tragedy published in 1633, which, according to the title, was "received generally well," is not entitled to the same share of praise with *The Broken Heart*. Ford, in forming the plot, had evidently the inimitable tragedy of *Othello* in his mind. The confidence of the Duke in the fidelity of his wife, till his temper is wrought upon by the insidious hints of his sister and of the counsellor D'Avolos; the designing villany of the latter, and his final fate: and lastly, the easy indifference of Fernando, remind us strongly of the several characters of *Othello*, Iago*, and Cassio; while the unfortunate fate of Bianca is in many respects similar to that of *Desdemona*. At the same time the imitations are

* It is singular that both D'Avolos and Iago speak in prose, and both assume the same ironical bluntness.

not so close as to prevent the beholder's or reader's enjoyment of many truly pathetic scenes and passages. But there are parts which we would willingly set aside when weighing the merits of the tragedy. Such are the conduct of Bianca towards Fernando, the object of her affections, which, though it does not absolutely realize the suspicions of the Duke, yet is sufficient to awaken them; and her braving the latter in terms more fit for a prostitute than such a character as the poet intended us to consider Bianca. Again, the underplot of Ferentes and his debaucheries, with his farcical assassination, are undoubtedly proofs either of the poet's want of judgment, or of the unfortunate deference to the vulgar part of the audience, who required their share of entertainment as well as the more educated spectators.

In the next play of our poet, which appeared in the ensuing year (1634), he left the track which he had hitherto pursued with so much success, and essayed his talents in another species, the Historical Drama, which his great original, Shakspeare, had cultivated with so much success. It is very probable that he designed "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" to fill up the gap between his predecessor's plays of Richard III. and Henry VIII. The event, which he has chosen in the intervening reign of Henry VII. is perhaps the only occurrence of that period capable of dramatic effect. Five copies of commenda-

tions in verse are prefixed ; the first of them by Donne, who appears to have been the steady friend of Ford, is entitled "To my own friend, Master John Ford, on his *justifiable* poem of Perkin Warbeck." From these verses, as well as from another copy by our poet's namesake and kinsman, John Ford of Gray's Inn, it would appear that this "Chronicle History" was invidiously censured. In the title it is said to have been "some times" acted at the Phœnix ; which may either mean, that it obtained no great share of popularity, or that it was *formerly* acted, a considerable time before the publication. The historical drama appears from the prologue to have been out of fashion for some time previous to the exhibition of the play ; and this circumstance is perhaps sufficient to account for its want of success.

It must be confessed, that Ford mistook his talent when he attempted to cultivate this species of dramatic composition, which nothing short of the gigantic genius of Shakspeare could render interesting. The range of time included in the plot is not so extensive as in that poet's historical plays ; the unity of action and place is not so egregiously violated, and the great event being accomplished, no secondary events are subsequently developed ; and the whole is more regularly constructed : but instead of finding those flashes and outbreaks of a fiery mind, which more than compensate for the defects in Shakspeare's com-

positions of a similar nature, we have frequently very declamatory dialogue, and, in general, no very accurate delineation of character. But while these defects are fully conceded, we may confidently assert, that scarcely any poet has succeeded in similar attempts, and that the cold and cautious character of Henry VII. was little calculated for the hero of a tragedy. Indeed most readers, in perusing the drama, will be inclined to consider the Flemish counterfeit as far more interesting than the rightful inheritor and actual possessor of the crown. Katherine, the wife of the pretender, is fully as interesting in the play as she seems to have been in real life; and the faithful attachment of Dalzell and Jane Douglas to her in all misfortunes, is pourtrayed with great delicacy.

The two remaining dramas of our author are of a very different nature from any of the preceding ones, bearing no resemblance to any of them, excepting, perhaps, to *The Lover's Melancholy*. They are more in the style of Fletcher's and Shirley's light and airy tragicomedies; and the mind of Ford, which seems hitherto to have been of a gloomy cast, must have undergone a considerable change before the year 1638, when *The Fancies*, and *The Lady's Trial*, seem to have been produced.

The comedy entitled "*Fancies, Chaste and Noble*," (which seems also to have been called "*The Bower of Fancies*"), was printed in 1638, and probably at that time had not been long upon the stage. The plot of this comedy

is a very singular one, and seems to be the sole produce of Ford's mind, as is boldly asserted in the prologue*:

————— In it is shown
Nothing but what our author knows his own,
Without a learned theft.

On account of this singularity, it is difficult to decide upon the comparative merit of the play. The structure, though sufficiently regular, is slender; no very accurate discrimination of the different characters is attempted, some having their foibles, but none being absolutely bad; and the play seems to have been designed rather for the amusement of an audience willing to be pleased, than to be tried by the touchstone of criticism.

The *Lady's Trial*, with which our poet appears to have closed his dramatic labours, is of a higher quality, and may challenge comparison with many of Fletcher's comedies; bearing great resemblance to some productions of that poet. It was performed for the first time at the Cockpit theatre, in May 1638, having been licensed on the 3d of that month for the stage †. In the dedication the play is termed "the is-

* Ford seems at this period to have left London, and to have been on a visit in the country, perhaps in his native county. Such an absence the following lines in the prologue seem to infer:

————— If traduced by some,
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.

† Shakspeare, Ford, and Jonson, *ut supra*, p. 397.

sue of some less serious hours," from which it would seem that Ford did not rely for support upon the stage solely, but that his profession occupied the principal part of his time.

The Lady's Trial cannot be ranked with some of its predecessors, such as *The Broken Heart*; but, while it affects the passions in a less degree, it is well calculated to afford pleasure both upon the stage and in the closet. There are scenes which may be read by the most sagacious critic, and defy the severest scrutiny. The characters of the noble Auria, the precise and scrupulous Aurelio, the discontented Malfato, and the gay Adurni are well contrasted with the strutting Guzman, the conceited Fulgoso, and the roaring Benatzi. In *Castanna* and *Spinella*, Ford evinces that his skill in the delineation of the female character had not deserted him to the last. The parting scene of Auria and his wife in the first act, his altercation with the friend of his heart in the third; the arraignment of Adurni in the fourth, and the reconciliation of *Spinella* and Auria in the last, would not disgrace the pages of any of his dramatic contemporaries.

Besides the plays now collected, Ford was the author of several others, now irrecoverably lost, having perished by the never-to-be-sufficiently reprobated negligence of Mr Warburton, the Somerset herald, and the unfortunate paper-sparing propensity of his cook. These were four in number, and their titles may be found in the table of our poet's plays at the

end of this memoir. They were entered on the books of Stationers' Hall in 1653 and 1660, but never printed*.

Besides "Fame's Memorial" our poet is not known to have published any poems excepting a few copies of verses prefixed to some plays of Massinger, Brome, &c. the revival of which would not contribute to recommend his dramatic works to notice.

The period of the death of our poet has never been ascertained, but it is very probable that he did not long survive the publication of his last play, in the year 1639, when he was in his fifty-fourth year; as it is not likely that he should so suddenly relinquish the stage, having just produced two plays in so short a period.

Respecting the personal character of any of the dramatic authors of the age, we have few data upon which we can decide with any degree of certainty. Of that of Ford the only document we can produce, besides the general tenor of his works, is the following distich,

* "Mr Winstanley says that our author was very beneficial to the Red Bull and Fortune playhouses, as may appear by the plays which he wrote; though the reader may see, by the foregoing account, that he takes his information upon trust, or else the plays he has seen are of different editions from those I have by me; but I rather believe the former, as I have found him subject to several mistakes of this nature."—*Langbaine's Account of Dramatic Authors*. There were certainly no second editions of any of our author's plays in the seventeenth century. Most of them were represented at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane.

quoted by Langbaine from a contemporary poet :

“ Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
With folded arms, and melancholy hat *.”

From some expressions in the dedications to his plays, and in the prologues and epilogues, it would appear that our author was of rather an irritable, if not somewhat discontented, temper; and the countenance and admonition of his peculiar friends seems to have been requisite † to induce him to continue the cultivation of his dramatic talents, which were probably invidiously slighted by some of his contemporaries. The same temperament seems to have led him to assume a degree of independent carelessness and indifference of fame, which was possibly far from being really the case. In the epilogue to *The Lover's Melancholy*, for instance :

We must submit to censure ; so doth he
Whose hours begot this issue ; yet, *being free*
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then
In this kind he'll not trouble you again.

Ford, like every man of genius, had his enemies as well as friends. The former he defies in several places : among the latter, which seem to have been peculiarly attached to him,

* Account of Dramatic Poets, p. 219.

† See the Dedication to *Love's Sacrifice*, and the Prologue to *Perkin Warbeck*.

were Dr Donne, the dramatic poets Dekkar, and Rowley, (his coadjutors in two of his early plays), Massinger and Shirley; with others who have expressed their esteem for him in commendatory verses prefixed to his works*.

These scanty notices are all which the Editor has been able to collect respecting the life of a poet to whom he should be proud to restore at least some portion of the popularity which he enjoyed so deservedly in his time, while he feels himself inadequate in these pages to point out forcibly the very uncommon beauties which merit the attention of the readers of this, as well as of every subsequent age. Mr Lambe †, who seems to be an enthusiastic admirer of our author, makes the following general observations on his poetical character, and it were to be wished that he had extended them to a greater length, and not confined himself to a kind of metaphysical definition of the genius of his favourite poet: "Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images from nature, but directly where she has her full residence, in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Anna-

* Thomas Ford, who wrote the tragi-comedy of *Love's Labyrinth*, was our poet's contemporary, but probably not related to him, as he seems to have been an Essex man.

† *Specimens of Dramatic Authors*, 1808, 8.

bella we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right-line, even in obliquity, and shews hints of an improvable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature."

It were in vain to claim a rank for our author equal to that which his contemporaries Fletcher, Jonson, and Massinger so justly deserve, and as to his predecessor Shakspeare, his name is sufficient to preclude any competition. The inimitable humour of Ben Jonson; the picturesque and romantic sweetness of Fletcher, with the highly-ludicrous quaintness of his comedies; lastly, the eloquence of Massinger, with the superior interest of his plots, the reader will not frequently meet with in the plays of Ford. But while the superior merit of these authors, in the qualifications just enumerated, is fully and liberally conceded, our author may perhaps challenge a superiority over them all in point of pathetic effect. This peculiar and truly tragic talent is so much his own that he sometimes pains the mind of his reader by stimulating his feelings to an excess of passion. While we peruse the plays of Fletcher and Massinger we are generally at full liberty to scrutinize their merits and reflect upon their excellencies and defects; but the reader of *The Broken Heart* is too much interested (sometimes perhaps harassed) by the deep and heart-rending sorrows and misfortunes of the principal characters, to institute any de-

liberate investigation, which he is obliged to defer till a second perusal. It may be observed in this place, that in general it requires a considerable acquaintance with contemporary dramatists to be able to separate the grain from the chaff, which so frequently disfigures the plays of that period.

The four plays which will be found in the First Volume of this edition are in Ford's peculiar style, and from these his genius must be chiefly appreciated. It may be asserted that to none of his contemporaries any of them could be attributed, with the single exception perhaps of Webster, whose productions, though greatly inferior to those of our author, bear a considerable resemblance to them. The different characters of his subsequent dramas have been already noticed, and it is perhaps to be lamented that he forsook the original bent of his genius to cultivate the historical drama and comedy.

To wit and humour our poet has no great pretensions, and in his attempts of that nature he not only falls short of Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, but of Massinger, and even of some of his inferiors in the third rank of the dramatists of the time. Like them all, he too frequently pollutes his pages with the impurity of the brothel; they are all more or less blameable in this respect: and the manners of the time, which not only admitted, but demanded such low entertainment, must excuse one as well as another.

The plots of the plays of Ford generally deviate less from regularity than those of most of his fellow dramatists, with the exception of Jonson and his poetical progeny. Some, like *The Lover's Melancholy*, are remarkably regular, and none less so than *Perkin Warbeck* and the *Lady's Trial*, in which plays he pretty closely followed the track of Shakspeare and Fletcher.

His characters are, in general, well discriminated, and the consistency which they exhibit from the opening of the drama to the catastrophe, is very remarkable. When they do swerve from what they appeared at first, the variation is always fully accounted for by the exact delineation of the progress of the mind from innocence to guilt, or the reverse. We are never shocked and disappointed by sudden and unaccountable seductions and conversions, a defect into which the haste of Fletcher, and sometimes his levity, betrayed him too often. No poet, as has been already noticed, was more happy in delineating the state of the female mind, when pressed down by the weight of grief. Fletcher has been highly and deservedly extolled for his female characters; but though he exhibits more variety, he is certainly inferior in the particular species which Ford made his particular object of study. This produces a great similarity in some of his characters; for *Calantha*, *Penthea*, *Bianca*, and *Spinnella* have a strong family likeness. The same resemblance may be traced in some of his male

characters; Friar Bonaventura reminds us of Tecnicus; and Mauruccio, in Love's Sacrifice, is another Cuculus in the Lover's Melancholy.

The versification of these plays is, in general, remarkably harmonious, and, at the same time, more regular than that of many of his contemporaries. The peculiar modulation and variety of Shakspeare's metre, (the principle of construction in which has never been explained, though it must be felt by every admirer of that prince of poets), the sweet harmony of Fletcher's, and the vigour and force of Massinger's versification, cannot be disputed: but whoever has perused the plays of Ford, will not, it is presumed, be inclined to dispute an equality of praise to him on this point. His versification is greatly varied, like that of all the poets just enumerated, and in those scenes where he seems peculiarly to have exerted his talents, we are strongly reminded of the particular cast of Shakspeare's metre. Nor should the pathetic sweetness of some of the songs introduced into these plays be suffered to pass unnoticed. They are only inferior to those in Shakspeare and Fletcher.

It is sufficiently obvious that our author possessed a considerable share of learning*, and his education seems to have been more liberal than that of most of the poets of the time. An

* That he had at least "some Latin and a little Greek," may be presumed from his translation from Strada in *The Lover's Melancholy*, and from the list of the *Dramatis Personæ* prefixed to *The Broken Heart*.

affectation of originality may be traced in his writings, which, in some instances, approaches to pedantry. The occurrence of words coined with peculiar awkwardness is not unfrequent *, but the strange machinery employed in some of his plays is still more reprehensible †.

Most of the dramatists of the time borrowed their plots from Italian, Spanish, and French novelists; and some of these plays had perhaps a similar foundation, though the originals of none that appear to have been taken from such a source have been discovered by the Editor in his researches of that nature, which were rendered necessary to elucidate the numerous plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, who have made a very general use of their knowledge of the Spanish and Italian languages. In some places, indeed, Ford positively asserts that he is not indebted to any previous author ‡, and he seems to have prided himself considerably on the originality of his conceptions.

Nothing remains for the Editor but to express his most anxious wish, that the labour bestowed in editing and elucidating these neglected plays, may tend to introduce them into the more general notice, which he conceives they fully deserve; and to deprecate the severity of

* For instance, unsouled (Vol. I. p. 369.), surfell (p. 373.), intrunked, unvessel, &c.

† See particularly the notes to *The Broken Heart*, *passim*.

‡ See the prologues to *The Lover's Melancholy*, and the *Fancies Chaste and Noble*.

criticism. Fully aware that many of the notes may be considered superfluous; and that the wish to preserve the text of the old editions, wherever it could be construed into any sense, may have occasionally betrayed him into an extreme opposite to the licentious boldness of introducing arbitrary alterations, or, as they are too often termed, amendments,—he can only lament that Ford has not been so fortunate to find an editor better qualified to revive his fame.

A LIST
OF
FORD'S PLAYS.

1. 'Tis Pity she's a Whore, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phœnix before 1623.
2. The Witch of Edmonton, T. By Rowley, Dekkar, Ford, &c. Printed 1658. Probably acted soon after 1622. Acted at the Cockpit, and at Court.
3. The Sun's Darling, M. Acted in March 1623-4 at the Cockpit. Printed 1657.
4. The Lover's Melancholy, T. C. Acted at the Blackfriars and the Globe, 24th November 1628. Printed 1629.
5. The Broken Heart, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Blackfriars.
6. Love's Sacrifice, T. Printed 1633. Acted at the Phœnix.
7. Perkin Warbeck, H. T. Printed 1634. Acted at the Phœnix.
8. The Fancies, Chaste and Noble, C. Printed 1638. Acted at the Phœnix.

9. The Lady's Trial, T. C. Acted at the Cock-pit in May 1638. Printed 1639.
10. Beauty in a Trance, probably a T. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9th 1653, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr Warburton's servant.
11. The London Merchant, C.
12. The Royal Combat, C.
13. An Ill Beginning has a Good End, and a Bad Beginning may have a Good End, * C.

Entered on the Stationers' Books June 29th 1660, but not printed. Destroyed by Mr Warburton's servant.

* This title is probably corrupt.

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON FORD.



To my Friend the Author (of 'Tis Pity she's a Whore.)

WITH admiration I beheld this whore,
Adorn'd with beauty, such as might restore
(If ever being, as thy muse hath fam'd),
Her Giovanni, in his love unblam'd :
The ready graces lent their willing aid ;
Pallas herself now play'd the chambermaid,
And help'd to put her dressings on. Secure
Rest thou that thy name herein shall endure
To th' end of age ; and Annabella be
Gloriously fair, even in her infamy.

THOMAS ELLICE.

*To my honour'd Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on
his Lover's Melancholy.*

If that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise
Thou dost mistake : my liking is no praise ;

Nor can I think thy judgment is so ill
 To seek for bays from such a barren quill.
 Let your true critic, that can judge and mend,
 Allow thy scenes and style : I, as a friend
 That knows thy worth, do only stick my name
 To shew my love, not to advance thy fame.

GEORGE DONNE.

*To his worthy Friend the Author (of The Lover's
 Melancholy), Master JOHN FORD.*

I WRITE not to thy play : I'll not begin
 To throw a censure upon what hath been
 By th' best approv'd : it can nor fear, nor want
 The rage, or liking of the ignorant.
 Nor seek I fame for thee, when thine own pen
 Hath forc'd a praise long since, from knowing men.
 I speak my thoughts, and wish unto the stage
 A glory from thy studies ; that the age
 May be indebted to thee, for reprieve
 Of purer language, and that spite may grieve
 To see itself outdone. When thou art read,
 The theatre may hope arts are not dead,
 Though long conceal'd ; that poet-apes may fear
 To vent their weakness, mend, or quite forbear.
 This I dare promise ; and keep this in store ;
 As thou hast done enough, thou canst do more.

WILLIAM SINGLETON *.

* From a copy of verses prefixed to Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, Singleton appears to have been a kinsman of that poet's.

To the Author (of the Lover's Melancholy) Master
JOHN FORD.

BLACK choler, reason's overflowing spring,
 Where thirsty lovers drink, or any thing,
 Passion, the restless current of dull plaints
 Affords their thoughts, who deem lost beauties
 saints ;

Here their best lectures read, collect, and see
 Various conditions of humanity,
 Highly enlighten'd by thy muse's rage ;
 Yet all so couch'd that they adorn'd the stage.
 Shun Phocion's blushes thou ; for sure to please
 It is no sin, then what is thy disease ?
 Judgment's applause ? effeminated smiles ?
 Study's delight ? thy wit mistrust beguiles :
 Establish'd fame will thy physician be,
 (Write but again) to cure thy jealousy.

HUM. HOWORTH.

Of the Lover's Melancholy.

'Tis not the language, nor the fore-plac'd rhymes
 Of friends, that shall commend to after-times
 The Lover's Melancholy : its own worth
 Without a borrow'd phrase shall set it forth.

Ὁ φίλος.

To my friend Mr JOHN FORD, (on Love's Sacrifice.)

UNTO this altar, rich with thy own spice,
I bring one grain to thy Love's Sacrifice;
And boast to see thy flames ascending, while
Perfumes enrich our air from thy sweet pile.

Look here, thou, that hast malice to the stage,
And impudence enough for the whole age;
Voluminously ignorant! be vex'd
To read this tragedy, and thy own be next.

JAMES SHIRLEY*.

To my own Friend, Master JOHN FORD, on his justifiable poem of Perkin Warbeck, this Ode.

THEY who do know me, know that I,
Unskill'd to flatter,
Dare speak this piece, in words, in matter,
A work, without the danger of a lie.

Believe me, friend, the name of this and thee,
Will live, your story:
Books may want faith, or merit glory;
This, neither, without judgment's lethargy.

* This dramatic author, whose plays, though very numerous, often exhibit uncommon poetical powers, was, according to Oldys (MS. notes to Langbaine), born about 1594, near Stocks Market in London, and died in the parish of St Giles's in the Fields, having been burnt out of his habitation in Fleet Street in the great fire of 1666.

When the arts doat, then some sick poet may
 Hope that his pen,
 In new-stain'd paper, can find men
 To roar, He is the Wit ; his noise doth sway :

But such an age cannot be known ; for all
 Ere that time be,

Must prove such truth, mortality :
 So, friend, thy honour stands too fix'd to fall.

GEORGE DONNE.

*To his worthy Friend, Master JOHN FORD, upon
 his Perkin Warbeck.*

LET men, who are writ poets, lay a claim
 To the Phœbean hill, I have no name,
 Nor art in verse ; true, I have heard some tell
 Of Aganippe, but ne'er knew the well :
 Therefore have no ambition with the times,
 To be in print, for making of ill rhymes ;
 But love of thee, and justice to thy pen,
 Hath drawn me to this bar, with other men
 To justify, though against double laws,
 (Waving the subtle business of his cause)
 The glorious Perkin, and thy poet's art
 Equal with his, in playing the king's part.

RA. EURE, *baronis primogenitus* *.

* He was the son of William, Lord Eure.

*To my faithful, no less deserving Friend, the Author
(of Perkin Warbeck), this indebted oblation.*

PERKIN is redviv'd by thy strong hand,
And crown'd a king of new; the vengeful wand
Of greatness is forgot; his execution
May rest unmention'd, and his birth's conclusion
Lie buried in the story; but his fame
Thou hast eterniz'd; made a crown his game.
His lofty spirit soars yet: had he been
Base in his enterprise, as was his sin
Conceiv'd, his title, doubtless, prov'd unjust,
Had, but for thee, been silent in the dust.

GEORGE CRYMES, *miles.*

*To the Author, his Friend, upon his Chronicle His-
tory (of Perkin Warbeck.)*

THESE are not to express thy wit,
But to pronounce thy judgment fit,
In full-fil'd phrase, those times to raise,
When Perkin ran his wily ways.
Still, let the method of thy brain,
From Error's touch, and Envy's stain
Preserve thee free; that ever thy quill
Fair Truth may wet, and fancy fill.
Thus graces are with muses met,
And practic critics on may fret:
For here thou hast produc'd a story
Which shall eclipse their future glory.

JOHN BROGRAVE, *Ar.*

*To my Friend and Kinsman Master JOHN FORD,
the Author (of Perkin Warbeck.)*

DRAMATIC poets, as the times go now,
Can hardly write what others will allow ;
The cynic snarls, the critic howls and barks,
And ravens croak, to drown the voice of larks :
Scorn those stage-harpies ! This I'll boldly say,
Many may imitate, few match thy play.

JOHN FORD, *Graiensis.*

*To Master JOHN FORD of the Middle Temple, on
his Bower of Fancies (or, Fancies Chaste and
Noble.)*

I FOLLOW fair example, not report,
Like wits o' th' university, or court,
To show how I can write,
At mine own charges, for the time's delight ;
But to acquit a debt,
Due to right poets, not the counterfeit.

These Fancies Chaste and Noble, are no strains
Dropt from the itch of over-heated brains :

They speak unblushing truth,
The guard of beauty, and the care of youth ;
Well relish'd, might repair
An acadèmy for the young and fair.

Such labours, friend, will live ; for though some new
Pretenders to the stage, in haste pursue

Those laurels which of old
 Enrich'd the actors ; yet I can be bold,
 To say, their hopes are starv'd,
 For they but beg, what pens approv'd deserv'd.

EDW. GREENFIELD.

Upon the Sun's Darling (by FORD and DEKKAR.)

Is he then found? Phœbus, make holiday,
 Tie up thy steeds, and let the Cyclops play :
 Mulciber, leave thy anvil, and be trim ;
 Comb thy black muzzle, be no longer grim :
 Mercury, be quick, with mirth furnish the heavens ;
 Jove, this day let all run at six and sevens ;
 And Ganimede, be nimble, to the brim
 Fill bowls of nectar that the Gods may swim,
 To solemnize their health that did discover
 The obscure being of the Sun's fond lover ;
 That from th' example of their liberal mirth
 We may enjoy like freedom [here] on earth.

JOHN TATHAM *.

* John Tatham was a poet of the reign of Charles I. and author of four plays enumerated in the *Biographia Dramatica*. From 1657 to 1663, he furnished pageants for the Lord Mayor's day, in the quality of city poet.

*Upon FORD's two Tragedies, Love's Sacrifice and
The Broken Heart.*

THOU cheat'st us, Ford ; mak'st one seem two by
art :

What is Love's Sacrifice, but The Broken Heart ?

RICHARD CRASHAW *.

To JOHN FORD the Poet.

THE verse must needs be current, at a word,
That issues from a sweet and fluent Ford.

THOMAS BANCROFT †.

* From his *Delights of the Muses*, first printed in 1646.

† From his "Two Books of Epigrammes and Epitaphs," &c.
London, 1639, 4. Epigram 192.

Upon Ford's two Tragedies, Love's Sacrifice and
The Broken Heart.

Two characters are Ford; mark, at one seem two by
sit:

What is Love's sacrifice, but The Broken Heart!
RICHARD CRASHAW.

To John Ford, M.C. Ford, M.P.

The world must needs be curbed, in a word,
That issues from a sweet and stout Ford.

THOMAS BANCROFT †

From the Delights of the Muse, first printed in 1634.
From his "Two Books of Epigrams and Epitaphs," &c.
London, 1638, p. 131. Epig. an. 132.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

ITS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

The story of the girl who was
born in a poor family and
who was sold to a man who
was a member of the
parliament. She was
a very beautiful girl
and she was very
popular with the
members of the
parliament. She was
very kind and
very generous and
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3

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

THIS tragedy, in the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, is styled, by the author, "the first fruits of his leisure in the action;" and must therefore precede the *Lover's Melancholy*, although the latter was published four years before, perhaps on account of its superior popularity. The quarto edition bears the following title: "'Tis Pity She's a Whore; acted by the Queenes Majesties seruants, at the Phœnix, in Drury-Lane. London: Printed by Nicholas Okes, for Richard Collins, and are to be sold at his shop, in Paul's Church-yard, at the signe of the Three Kings, 1633." Like the other dramas of this author, we have only one old edition; but it had the good fortune to be received into Mr Dodsley's collection, and, in the second edition of that work, obtained some able illustrations from Mr Reed*. It must have been produced before March 1623-4; as at that time Ford and Decker jointly wrote the *Masque of the Sun's Darling*. With some other plays of our author's, it was appropriated, by the Lord Chamberlain, to the Cockpit or Phœnix Theatre, in 1639.—See Reed's edition of Shakespeare, Vol. III. p. 169.

* It is much to be regretted, that Mr Reed, in his very valuable republication, left the regulation of the scenes as he found them, and paid no regard to this, perhaps most necessary, part of theatrical editorship, to which the writing of notes is not to be compared, in point of utility. In the projected republication of Dodsley's old plays, it is to be hoped that this point will be attended to.

ITS PITY SHERS A WHORE

This tragedy, in the dedication to the Earl of Scarborough, is ascribed by the author to the first fruits of his leisure in the nation, and must therefore precede the latter's *Albaniade*, although the latter was published four years before, perhaps in consequence of its superior popularity. The events which form the following tale:—*It is the story of a Whore; acted by the famous Alcestis comedians, at the Theatre, in Great Britain, London: Printed by Nicholas Owen, for Richard Chiswell, and was to be sold at his shop, in Saint Dunstons Church-yard, in the Strand, at the Three Kings, 1688.* Take the other names if you please, we have only one old edition; and it had the good fortune to be received into Mr. Dobson's collection, and is the only copy of that work, which I saw this morning, taken from the press. It must have been printed before 1688; as Mr. Dobson's copy and the other of the same title, in the collection of the Earl of Scarborough, both contain the name of the author, as Mr. Dobson's does not. The edition of 1688, in the copy of the Earl of Scarborough, is the only one of the play, which I saw this morning.

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subject may easily excuse the lightness of the line
 otherwise I had been a severe judge against mine
 own guilt. Princes have vouchsafed grace to follow
 offered from a purity of devotion; your friendship
 may likewise please to admit mine your good opi-
 nion, with these words, *quod non est in conspectu*
 of affection from the sincere love of your hearts in

TO
THE TRULY NOBLE

JOHN,

**EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, LORD MORDAUNT,
 BARON OF TURVEY*.**

MY LORD,

WHERE a truth of merit hath a general warrant,
 there love is but a debt, acknowledgement a justice.
 Greatness cannot often claim virtue by inheritance;
 yet, in this, yours appears most eminent, for that you
 are not more rightly heir to your fortunes than glo-
 ry shall be to your memory. Sweetness of dispo-
 sition ennobles a freedom of birth; in both, your
 lawful interest adds honour to your own name, and
 mercy to my presumption. Your noble allowance
 of these first fruits of my leisure in the action, em-
 boldens my confidence of your as noble construc-
 tion in this presentment; especially since my ser-
 vice must ever owe particular duty to your favours,
 by a particular engagement. The gravity of the

* John, first Earl of Peterborough, obtained that dignity in the year 1627-8. He was brought up in the Catholic religion, but converted by Archbishop Usher. In 1642 he was general of ordnance and colonel of a regiment in the parliamentary army, and died June 18th the same year.

subject may easily excuse the lightness of the title, otherwise I had been a severe judge against mine own guilt. Princes have vouchsafed grace to trifles offered from a purity of devotion; your Lordship may likewise please to admit into your good opinion, with these weak endeavours, the constancy of affection from the sincere lover of your deserts in honour,

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- BONAVENTURA, *a friar.*
- A CARDINAL, *nuncio to the Pope.*
- SORANZO, *a nobleman.*
- FLORIO, *a citizen of Parma.*
- DONADO, *another citizen.*
- GRIMALDI, *a Roman gentleman.*
- GIOVANNI, *son to Florio.*
- BERGETTO, *nephew to Donado.*
- RICHARDETTO, *a supposed physician.*
- VASQUES, *servant to SORANZO.*
- POGGIO, *servant to BERGETTO.*
- Banditti.*

- ANNABELLA, *daughter to FLORIO.*
- HIPPOLITA, *wife to RICHARDETTO.*
- PHILOTIS, *his niece.*
- PUTANA, *tutoress to ANNABELLA.*

The Scene—Parma.

DRAMATIC PERSONAE.

BOZAKHITRA, a friend.
 A CARMINAL, nuncio to the Pope.
 DONALDO, a nobleman.
 FLORIO, a citizen of Parma.
 DONALDO, another citizen.
 RICHARDO, a Roman gentleman.
 RICHARDO, son to Florio.
 RICHARDO, nephew to Donaldo.
 RICHARDO, a supposed physician.
 RICHARDO, nephew to Donaldo.
 RICHARDO, nephew to RICHARDO.
 RICHARDO.

ANNA, daughter to Florio.
 RICHARDO, wife to RICHARDO.
 RICHARDO, his niece.
 ANNA, mistress to ANNA.

The Scene—Parma.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Friar* BONAVENTURA'S cell.

Enter FRIAR and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,

These are no school points ; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest ; wits that presum'd
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell,
And filled the world with dev'lish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond¹ : for² better 'tis

¹ *Fond,*] *i. e.* foolish. So in Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 74.

" O cuntry sweete, perswade obedience heere,
Reforme the *fond*, and still preserve the wise."

Ben Johnson's Devil is an Ass, A. 1. s. 6.

" _____ in me makes that proffer,
Which never fair-one was so *fond* to lose."

The word, in the same sense, is still in use in the northern parts of this kingdom.—*Reed.*

² *For.*] The second edition of Dodsley's old plays reads,

To bless the sun, than reason why it shines ;
 Yet he thou talk'st of is above the sun.
 No more ! I may not hear it.

Gio. Gentle father,

To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,
 Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,
 Made myself poor of secrets ; have not left
 Another word untold, which hath not spoke
 All what I ever durst, or think, or know ;
 And yet is here the comfort I shall have ?
 Must I not do what all men else may,—love ?

Friar. Yes you may love, fair son.

Gio. Must I not praise

That beauty, which, if fram'd anew, the gods
 Would make a god of, if they had it there ;
 And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them ?

Friar. Why, foolish madman !

Gio. Shall a peevish' sound,

A customary form, from man to man,
 Of brother and of sister, be a bar
 'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me ?
 Say that we had one father, say one womb
 (Curse to my joys !) gave both us life and birth ;
 Are we not, therefore, each to other bound
 So much the more by nature ; by the links
 Of blood, of reason ; nay, if you will hav't,
 Even of religion, to be ever one,
 One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all ?

Friar. Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art
 lost !

Gio. Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,
 My joys be ever banish'd from her bed ?
 No, father ! in your eyes I see the change

Far better 'tis, &c. an alteration neither warranted by the old
 quarto, nor necessary to the sense.

¹ *Peevish,*] foolish. So explained in Minsheu's Dict. 1607.

Of pity and compassion ; from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distills
The life of counsel. Tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes ?

Friar. Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin :
For thou hast mov'd a majesty above
With thy unranked, almost, blasphemy.

Gio. O do not speak of that, dear confessor.

Friar. Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia ?
How did the university applaud
Thy government¹, behaviour, learning, speech,
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man !
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books than part with thee.
I did so ; but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.

O Giovanni ! hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge, to converse with lust and death ?
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the
world,

And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st :
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin ;
Tho' in such games as those, they lose that win.

Gio. It were more ease to stop the ocean
From flows² and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

Friar. Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin ; Heaven is just.
Yet hear my counsel !

¹ *Government.*] This word, besides its more usual signification, was used for decency of manners and evenness of temper. So in Henry IV. P. I. " Let men say, we be men of good government."

² *Flows.*] The quarto reads,—floats.

Gio. As a voice of life.

Friar. Hie to thy father's house ; there lock thee fast

Alone within thy chamber ; then fall down

On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground ;

Cry to thy heart ; wash every word thou utter'st

In tears (and if't be possible) of blood :

Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust

That rots thy soul ; acknowledge what thou art,—

A wretch, a worm, a nothing : weep, sigh, pray

Three times a-day ; and three times every night :

For seven days space do this ; then, if thou find'st

No change in thy desires, return to me ;

I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself

At home, whilst I pray for thee here. Away !

My blessing with thee ! We have need to pray.

Gio. All this I'll do, to free me from the rod

Of vengeance ; else I'll swear my fate's my god.

[*Exeunt*'].

² There is scarcely a play in the language which can boast a more beautiful introductory scene, and we must only regret that the plot, which the author chose to clothe in the most glowing diction, and the most perfect harmony of versification, is such as makes us shudder ; and it is to be feared many will recoil from perusing the subsequent parts of it. It is justly observed by Langbaine, that the loves of Giovanni and Annabella are painted in too beautiful colours. The dreadful vice which this tragedy holds up to detestation, was, however, a frequent subject of the ancient Greek drama.

SCENE II.—*The Street, before the house of FLO-
RIO, which has a Balcony.*

Enter GRIMALDI and NASQUES, ready to fight.

Vas. Come, Sir, stand to your tackling; if you prove craven¹, I'll make you run quickly.

Grim. Thou art no equal match for me.

¹ *Craven.*] This word frequently occurs in our ancient writers. The meaning of it here, and in all other places, in which it is to be found, is sufficiently obvious; it may, however, not be improper briefly to explain the custom upon which it is founded, as it hath long since become obsolete. Formerly there existed in this kingdom a mode of deciding controversies, called an appeal of battle. It was allowed in three cases: one military, in the court-martial, or court of chivalry; one civil, upon issue joined in a writ of right; and one criminal, in an appeal of felony. In the last instance, the event of the engagement was always attended with the death or disgrace of one of the parties. The form of conducting the trial was in this manner:—The person appealed of felony pleaded not guilty, and threw down his glove, declaring, that he would defend his innocence by his body; the appellant then took up the glove, replying he was ready to make good the appeal, body for body. Oaths were then administered with great solemnity to each party, and the combatants were armed with batons, with which the battle immediately began. If the appellee was so far vanquished that he could not, or would not fight any longer, he was adjudged to be hanged immediately; and then, as if he had been killed in battle, Providence was deemed to have determined in favour of the truth, and his blood was attainted; but if he killed the appellant, or could maintain the fight from sun-rising till the stars appeared in the evening, he was to be acquitted. So if the appellant became recreant, and pronounced, as the excellent Commentator on the laws of England observes, *the horrible word of CRAVEN, he was doomed to lose his liberam legem, and become infamous*; and from thenceforth the appellee was discharged, not only of the appeal, but of all indictments for the same offence.—(See Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. III. p. 337. Vol. IV. p. 340.) One consequence of the infamy which the appellant subjected himself

Vas. Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news; nor cannot I play the mountebank for a meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in the field. See you these grey hairs, they'll not flinch for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this geer²?

Grim. Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation with a cast-suit? Call thy master, he shall know that I dare.

Vas. Scold like a cot-quean³, that's your profession. Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know my master keeps servants, thy betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou to fight or prate?

to by pronouncing *this horrible word*, was, his testimony being rejected in every instance where he might be called upon to give evidence. To this Ben Jonson alludes in *Epicœne*, A. 5. s. 4. "I would except against them as *beaten knights*, wench, and not good witnesses in law."

The word *craven*, in our ancient dramatic writers, is always applied to a coward. So in *Philaster*, A. 4. s. 1. "Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou art a *craven* I warrant thee."

The *Nice Valour*, A. 4. s. 1.

"——— Oh, here's one

Made to my hand, methinks looks like a *craven*."

"I am informed, that amongst cock-fighters the word is still in use."—*Reed*.

¹ The edition of 1780 reads, without any authority, "*nor can I play*." The double negative is used constantly in old plays.

² *Wilt thou to this geer?*] *i. e.* to this affair. The word also occurs in *Troilus* and *Cressida*:

"Will this *geer* ne'er be amended."

³ *Cot-quean*.] The meaning of this word is obvious. Perhaps the first syllable is an abbreviation of waistcoat, which was a dress peculiarly appropriated to prostitutes, and from which they obtained the very common appellation of waistcoateers. The word occurs in Bishop Hall's *Satires*, (Book IV. Sat. iv.)

"Fond Cœnis, that would'st wish to be a man!
Whose manish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a *cot-queene* freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech'd dame doth man the foreign stock."

Grim. Neither with thee; I am a Roman and a gentleman; one that have got mine honour with expence of blood.

Vas. You are a lying coward, and a fool! Fight, or by these hilts I'll kill thee—brave, my lord—you'll fight?

Grim. Provoke me not, for if thou dost—

Vas. Have at you.

[*They fight, GRIMALDI has the worst.*]

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, and SORANZO.

Flo. What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?

Have you not other places, but my house,
To vent the spleen of your disorder'd bloods?

Must I be haunted still with such unrest,
As not to eat, or sleep in peace at home?

Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie! 'tis naught.

Don. And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter ANNABELLA and PUTANA, on the Balcony.

Flo. What's the ground?

Sor. That, with your patience, signiors, I'll resolve:
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signior Florio's daughter; to whose ears
He still prefers his suit to my disgrace;
Thinking the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report:
But know, Grimaldi, tho' (may be) thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this bewrays¹

¹ *Bewrays,*] *i. e.* discovers, betrays. Minsheu explains it thus: "To bewraie, or disclose, à *Goth.* bewryc." Thus, in *Le Bone Florence of Rome* :

A lowness in thy mind ; which, wer't thou noble,
Thou would'st as much disdain, as I do thee
For this unworthiness ; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue¹,
Holding a man so base no match for me.

Vas. And had not your sudden coming prevent-
ed us, I had let my gentleman blood under the
gills ; I should have worm'd you, Sir, for running
mad².

Grim. I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

Vas. On a dish of warm broth to stay your sto-
mach. Do honest innocence, do ; spoon-meat is a
wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

Grim. Remember this !

Sor. I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

[*Exit GRIMALDI.*]

Flo. My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me,
Why you should storm, having my word engag'd :
Owing³ her heart, what need you doubt her ear ?
Losers may talk by law of any game.

Vas. Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio,
may be such, as would make any unspleened dove
choleric. Blame not my lord in this.

Flo. Be you more silent !
I would not for my wealth, my daughter's love

" Syr, thus thy wyfe hath dyght me,
For Y seyde Y schulde hur bewrye,
Whan Y fonde E-ravayne lygyng hur by."

¹ *His tongue.*] The quarto reads—this *tongue*.

² *I have worm'd you, Sir, for running mad,*] *i. e.* to prevent
you from running mad ; an allusion to the vulgar practice of
cutting what is called the worm from under a dog's tongue, to
prevent his running mad.

³ *Owing,*] *i. e.* owing. So in *Cornelia*, by Kyd :

" No ! but that thou usurp'st the pride they owe."

And in the *Miseries of enforced Marriage* :

" Prythee tell's who owes this building ?"

Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.
 Vasques, put up! let's end this fray in wine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Put. How like you this, child? here's threatening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

Ann. But, tutoress, such a life gives no content To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends.
 'Would you would leave me!

Put. Leave you? no marvel else; leave me no leaving, charge; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not; you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

Ann. Pray do not talk so much.

Put. Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well timber'd fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato; they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese; but, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier. [Not] one¹ amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams: tho' he might serve, if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

Ann. Fie, how thou prat'st!

Put. As I am a very woman, I like Signior Sorranzo well; he is wise; and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind; and what is more than all this, a nobleman: such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray

¹ *Not one.*] The first of these words was omitted in the quarto, and supplied in the reprint in Dodsley's old plays.

for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome; and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty; liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never ha' purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime. An 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, 'would he were thine. Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient, naked man; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life for't.

Ann. Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter BERGETTO' and POGGIO.

Put. But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now! Here's another of your cyphers to fill up the number: Oh, brave old ape in a silken coat! Observe.

Berg. Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight?

Pog. No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

Berg. I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never heardst of an elder brother that was a coxcomb; didst, Poggio?

Pog. Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

Berg. Is it possible, Poggio? Oh, monstrous! Why, I'll undertake, with a handful of silver, to buy a headful of wit at any time. But, sirrah, I

¹ Bergetto is a character whose prototypes must have been common in our author's time, as they are often the butt at which Ben Jonson and others exercise their satire.

have another purchase in hand ; I shall have the wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift socks ; and then have at her i' faith.—Mark my pace, Poggio !

Pog. Sir, I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin¹ with a better grace, I know not how often. [*Aside.—Exeunt.*]

Ann. This idiot haunts me too.

Put. Ay, ay, he needs no description. The rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signior Donado his uncle, for that he means to make this, his cousin, a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite, and fall down to him presently. But I hope I have tutored you better. They say a fool's bauble² is a lady's play-fellow ; yet you, having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh, at any rate. Hang him, innocent³ !

¹ *The Spanish pavin.*] “ The Pavan, from Pavo, a peacock, is a grave and majestic dance ; the method of performing it was anciently by gentlemen, dressed with a cap and sword ; by those of the long robe, in their gowns ; by princes, in their mantles ; and by ladies, in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards : Grassineau says, its tablature on the score is given in the Orchesographia of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard, a lighter kind of air made out of the former.”—Sir John Hawkins's *History of Music*, Vol. II. p. 134.

The reference is here to the grave and majestic port assumed by Bergetto.

² *A fool's bauble.*] The carved truncheon, which the fools and jesters carried in their hands. On the interesting subject of the fools and clowns, which form so prominent a feature in the ancient drama, the best information will be found in the late valuable dissertation of my friend, Francis Douce, Esq. in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, Vol. II.

³ *Innocent.*] A term formerly used in common, and still retained in some parts of the kingdom, for an idiot. Thus, in

Enter GIOVANNI.

Ann. But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape
Of some celestial creature now appears!
What man is he, that with such sad aspect
Walks careless of himself?

Put. Where?

Ann. Look, below.

Put. Oh, 'tis your brother, sweet!

Ann. Ha!

Put. 'Tis your brother.

Ann. Sure 'tis not he! This is some woeful
thing

Wrapp'd up in grief; some shadow of a man.
Alas! he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes,
Drown'd all in tears: Methinks I hear him sigh.
Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause.
I know my brother, in the love he bears me,
Will not deny me partage¹ in his sadness.
My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

[Exeunt from the Balcony.]

Giov. Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd
my death:

The more I strive, I love: The more I love,

Hall's Chronicle, Henry IV. fo. 6. "—— depravyng and
railyng on Kyng Rycharde as an *innocent*, a dastarde, a mei-
cocke," &c. In Ben Johnson's *Epicœne*, A. 1. s. 1. "—— she
hits me a blow o' the ear, and calls me *innocent*, and lets me go."
In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, A. 4.
s. 1.

"——but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An *innocent*! and I was very angry."—*Reed.*

¹ *Partage.*] Partition, parting; so explained by Cotgrave.
Here partnership is evidently the meaning intended.

The less I hope. I see my ruin certain.
 What judgment or endeavours could apply
 To my incurable and restless wounds,
 I thoroughly have examin'd, but in vain :
 O, that it were not in religion sin
 To make our love a god, and worship it!
 I have even wearied heav'n with pray'rs, dried up
 The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd
 My veins with daily fasts : What wit or art
 Could counsel, I have practis'd ; but, alas !
 I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,
 To fright unsteady youth ; I'm still the same.
 Or I must speak, or burst ! 'Tis not, I know,
 My lust ; but 'tis my fate that leads me on.
 Keep fear, and low faint-hearted shame with slaves !
 I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart
 Were rated at the price of that attempt¹.
 Oh me ! she comes.

¹ The faithful picture which our author gives of the gradual progress of the mind of Giovanni, from utter detestation of his lust to a more moderate view of it, and from that to a complete exculpation of his guilt by "school points" and "nice philosophy," is admirable : and it is to be wished the poet's eloquence had been bestowed, in the same degree, upon some of his other pieces, where the plot is not so extravagantly horrible. Mr Lambe subjoins the following note to a subsequent scene of this play, which he has extracted in his *Specimens of Dramatic Poets*.

"Sir Thomas Browne, in the last chapter of his *Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. The chapter is entitled, *Of some relations whose truth we fear*. His reasoning is solemn and fine. 'Lastly, as there are many relations where- to we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are divers others whose verities we fear, and heartily wish there were no truth therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in history, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity ; whose not only verities, but relations, honest men do deprecate. For, of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftimes a sin in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities ; sins should be accounted

Enter ANNABELLA and PUTANA.

Ann. Brother!

Giov. If such a thing

As courage dwell in men, ye heav'nly powers,
Now double all that virtue in my tongue!

Ann. Why, brother, will you not speak to me?

Giov. Yes; how do ye, sister?

Ann. Howsoe'er I am, methinks you are not well.

Put. Bless us! why are you so sad, sir?

Giov. Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Pu-
tana.

Sister, I would be private with you.

new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity, as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expiate without these singularities of villainy; for as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that make latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious example of ages past poison the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature, silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus, nor remain any register, but that of hell.—Pancirollus wrote *De Antiquis Deperditis*, or of the Last Inventions of Antiquity."

Count Alfieri, in his tragedy of *Mirra*, has treated an equally horrible subject in a manner which the chastest minds cannot be offended with. His last two acts are truly admirable. The three first, from his slavish attachment to the unities of the drama, are rather languid. It is indeed singular, that the two greatest dramatists of modern days have chosen the crime of incest for tragedies which rank among their masterpieces. I refer to the Italian author just mentioned, and to Schiller, whose *Bride of Messina* is professedly on the plan of the ancients. The frequent introduction of that crime in the dramas of antiquity no doubt suggested the subject to these modern authors who were so enthusiastically attached to them.

Ann. Withdraw, Putana.

Put. I will.—[*Aside.*] If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together,
[*Exit Putana.*]

Giov. Come, sister, lend your hand; let's walk together;

I hope you need not blush to walk with me;
Here's none but you and I.

Ann. How's this?

Giov. 'Faith, I mean no harm.

Ann. Harm?

Giov. No, good faith:

How is it with thee?

Ann. I trust he be not frantic—
I am very well, brother.

Giov. Trust me, but I am sick; I fear so sick
'Twill cost my life.

Ann. Mercy forbid it! 'tis not so, I hope.

Giov. I think, you love me, sister.

Ann. Yes, you know I do.

Giov. I know it indeed—you're very fair.

Ann. Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Giov. That's as it proves. The poets feign, I
read,

That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses; but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds her's, as her's did theirs.

Ann. 'Troth, this is pretty.

Giov. Such a pair of stars
As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,
(If gently glanc'd) give life to senseless stones.

Ann. Fie upon thee!

Giov. The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,
Upon your dimple cheeks, do strive for change.
Such lips would tempt a saint; such hands as those
Would make an anchorite lascivious.

Ann. Do you mock me, or flatter me?

Giov. If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

Ann. O! you are a trim youth.

Giov. Here! [Offers a dagger to her.]

Ann. What to do?

Giov. And here's my breast; strike home!
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak.
Why stand you?

Ann. Are you earnest?

Giov. Yes, most earnest.

You cannot love?

Ann. Whom?

Giov. Me. My tortur'd soul
Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.
O! Annabella, I am quite undone!
The love of thee, my sister, and the view
Of thy immortal beauty, have untun'd
All harmony both of my rest and life.
Why do you not strike?

Ann. Forbid it, my just fears!
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Giov. True, Annabella, 'tis no time to jest;
I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,
That almost have consum'd me; I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans;
Ran over all my thoughts, despis'd my fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless; 'tis my destiny
That you must either love, or I must die.

Ann. Comes this in sadness¹ from you?

¹ *Sadness,*] signifies here, as in many instances, *seriousness, earnestness.*

Giov. Let some mischief
 Befall me soon, if I dissemble ought.

Ann. You are my brother, *Giovanni*¹.

Giov. You
 My sister, Annabella; I know this,
 And could afford you instance why to love
 So much the more for this; to which intent
 Wise nature first in your creation meant
 To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul
 To share one beauty to a double soul.
 Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade
 A nearer nearness in affection.
 I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,
 Who tells me I may love you; and, 'tis just,
 That, since I may, I should; and will, yes will.
 Must I now live, or die?

Ann. Live; thou hast won
 The field, and never fought; what thou hast urg'd,
 My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
 I blush to tell thee, but I'll tell thee now.
 For every sigh, that thou hast spent for me,
 I have sigh'd ten; for every tear, shed twenty:
 And not so much for that I lov'd, as that
 I durst not say I lov'd, nor scarcely think it.

Giov. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
 For pity's sake, I beg ye!

Ann. On my knees, [*She kneels.*
 Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
 Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
 Love me, or kill me, brother!

Giov. On my knees, [*He kneels.*
 Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,
 Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;
 Love me, or kill me, sister.

¹ *Giovanni.*] The author uses this name improperly, as a word of four syllables.

Ann. You mean good sooth then ?

Giov. In good troth I do ;
And so do you I hope : Say, I'm in earnest.

Ann. I'll swear't, and I—

Giov. And I ; and by this kiss,
[*Kisses her.*
(Once more, yet once more ; now let's rise) by
this,

I would not change this minute for Elysium.
What must we now do ?

Ann. What you will.

Giov. Come then,
After so many tears as we have wept,
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep'.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in FLORIO's House.*

Enter FLORIO and DONADO.

Flo. Signior Donado, you have said enough ;
I understand you : but would have you know,
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I have but two, a son and her ;
And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health :
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, bless'd with enough.
My care is, how to match her to her liking ;
I would not have her marry wealth, but love.

³ It is either a strange inadvertence, or the fault of the scantiness of theatrical furniture in our author's age, that the latter part of this scene is transacted in the street ; for no change could have taken place between the first entrance of Grimaldi and Vasques.

And if she like your nephew, let him have her ;
Here's all that I can say.

Don. Sir, you say well,
Like a true father ; and, for my part, I,
If the young folks can like, ('twixt you and me)
Will promise to assure my nephew presently
Three thousand florins yearly, during life,
And, after I am dead, my whole estate.

Flo. 'Tis a fair proffer, sir ; meantime your ne-
phew

Shall have free passage to commence his suit ;
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent.

So for this time I'll leave you, signior. [*Exit.*]

Don. Well,

Here's hope yet ; if my nephew would have wit ;
But he is such another dunce, I fear

He'll never win the wench. When I was young,
I could have don't, i'faith, and so shall he,

If he will learn of me ; and in good time
He comes himself.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

How now Bergetto, whither away so fast¹ ?

Berg. Oh uncle ! I have heard the strangest
news that ever came out of the mint ! Have I not,
Poggio ?

Pog. Yes, indeed, Sir.

Don. What news, Bergetto ?

Berg. Why, look ye, uncle, my brother told
me just now, that there is a fellow come to town,
who undertakes to make a mill go without the mor-
tal help of any water or wind, only with sand-bags ;
and this fellow hath a strange horse, a most excel-

¹ This line is improperly given to Poggio in the quarto. The alteration was made in Dodsley's old plays, but should have been mentioned in a note.

lent beast, I'll assure you, uncle, my barber says ; whose head, to the wonder of all Christian people, stands just behind where his tail is'. Is't not true?

Pog. So the barber swore, forsooth.

Don. And you are running hither ?

Berg. Ay, forsooth, uncle !

Don. Wilt thou be a fool still ? Come, Sir, you shall not go, you have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told you : Why, thou great baby, wilt never have wit ? Wilt make thyself a May-game² to all the world ?

Pog. Answer for yourself, master.

Berg. Why, uncle, should I sit at home still, and not go abroad like other gallants ?

Don. To see hobby-horses ? What wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at Signior Florio's house ?

Berg. Oh, the wench ! Uds sa'me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

¹ The popular story here alluded to is too well known to require its insertion at this place. It is just suited to the capacity of Bergetto.

² *Wilt thou make thyself a May-game?*] This proverbial expression occurs in Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty* :

“ ——— art thou not weary
Of making me thy *May-game* ? ”

The festivities of May-day are often alluded to in the old dramatic compositions. As the fool was one of the principal characters in such games, the allusion of Donado is obvious. The hobby-horse mentioned below was another of the performers on this day, which was dedicated to joy in most countries in Europe. There is, for instance, an allusion to it in the 206th Sonnet of Petrarch ; and, in a certain village of Thuringia, the ceremonies still retain much of the pagan rites, in which their celebration was probably founded. The peasants dance round a very ancient oak, and a beast being slaughtered, the entrails are burnt, and the rest forms the dinner of the company present.

Don. Nay, I think so ; and what speech was't ?

Berg. What did I say, Poggio ?

Pog. Forsooth, my master said, that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmasent¹, and swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but such a nose as his was to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

Don. Oh gross !

Berg. Nay, uncle, then she ask'd me, whether my father had any more children than myself ? and I said no, 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first.

Don. This is intolerable.

Berg. Then said she, " Will Signior Donado, your uncle, leave you all his wealth ?"

Don. Ha ! that was good ; did she harp upon that string ?

Berg. Did she harp upon that string ? Ay that she did. I answer'd, " Leave me all his wealth ? Why, woman, he hath no other will ; if he had he should hear on't to his everlasting glory and confusion. I know, quoth I, I am his white-boy²,

¹ *Parmasent*,] *i. e.* Parmasan cheese ; the cheese of Parma in Italy, where the scene is laid. It hath been suggested to me by the same gentleman to whom I am obliged for this note, that by the word *parmasent* may be understood *drinking*, it being then used as a cant term with that meaning annexed to it. So in Dekker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, 4to. p. 3. " And for that purpose swarmed about him like bees about comfit-makers, and were drunk according to all the learned rules of drunkenness, as upsy freeze, crambo, *parmizant*."—Reed.

² *White-boy*.] A childish expression, which frequently occurs in old dramatic composition, signifying a favourite. " White," as Mr Warton observes, (*History of Poetry*, Vol. IV. p. 47.) " was anciently used as a term of endearment. In the return from Parnassus, 1606, Amoreto's page says, ' When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk : and then I shall be his little rogue, his *white* villain, for a whole week after.' A. ii. sc. vi. Doctor Busby used to call his favourite scholars his *white-boys*."

and will not be gull'd ;" and with that she fell into a great smile, and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

Don. Ah, sirrah, then I see there's no changing of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very ass still.

Berg. I should be sorry for that, uncle.

Don. Come, come you home with me: since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

Berg. Ay marry, that will be excellent.

Don. Peace, innocent !

Once in my time I'll set my wits to school,
If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

Berg. Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter GIOVANNI and ANNABELLA, as from their Chamber.

Giov. Come, Annabella, no more sister now,
But love, a name more gracious ; do not blush,
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know
That yielding thou hast conquered, and inflam'd
A heart, whose tribute is thy brother's life.

Ann. And mine is his. Oh ! how these stol'n
contents

Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd !

Giov. I marvel why the chaster of your sex

¹ *Innocent.*] See the Note on p. 19.

Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead
So strange a loss ; when, being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

Ann. 'Tis well for you,
Now you can talk.

Giov. Music as well consists
In th' ear as in the playing.

Ann. Oh, your wanton : *3 You're*
Tell on't, you're best, do !

Giov. Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me — so : Thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive,
But hold myself, in being king of thee,
More great than were I king of all the world.
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

Ann. But you shall not.

Giov. You must be married, mistress.

Ann. Yes, to whom ?

Giov. Some one must have you.

Ann. You must.

Giov. Nay, some other.

Ann. Now pr'ythee do not speak so, without
jesting.

You'll make me weep in earnest.

Giov. What, you will not.

But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dar'd¹ to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other ?

Ann. By both our loves I dare ; for didst thou
know,

My Giovanni, how all suitors seem
To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.

Giov. Enough, I take thy word : sweet, we must
part.

¹ *Be dar'd,*] *i. e.* be bold enough. The modern edition reads without mentioning the variation, *canst thou but dare.*

Remember what thou vow'st, keep well my heart.

Ann. Will you be gone?

Giov. I must.

Ann. When to return?

Giov. Soon.

Ann. Look you do.

Giov. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Ann. Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,

And where thou art, I know I shall be there.

Guardian!

Enter PUTANA.

Put. Child, how is't, child? well, thank Heav'n, ha!

Ann. O guardian, what a paradise of joy Have I past over!

Put. Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under! Why now I commend thee, charge. Fear nothing, sweet-heart: what though he be your brother, your brother's a man, I hope; and I say still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her take any body, father or brother, all is one¹.

Ann. I would not have it known for all the world.

Put. Nor I indeed, for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.

Flo. (within) Daughter, Annabella!

Ann. O me! my father, — here, Sir.—Reach my work.

Flo. (within) What are you doing?

¹ If we are allowed to judge from the characters of nurses and confidential maids in the old plays, they must have been the most abandoned prostitutes. The very name of the present speaker signifies, in Italian, a strumpet. From this and the other circumstances, I have no doubt that some Italian novel furnished our author with this horrid story.

Ann. So, let him come now.

Enter FLORIO, RICHARDETTO *like a Doctor of*
of Physic, and PHILOTIS *with a Lute in her*
hand.

Flo. So hard at work? that's well; you lose no
time.

Look, I have brought you company; here's one,
A learned doctor, lately come from Padua,
Much skill'd in physic: and, for that I see
You have of late been sickly, I entreated
This reverend man to visit you some time.

Ann. You're very welcome, sir.

Rich. I thank you, mistress:
Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise,
As well for virtue as perfection:
For which I have been bold to bring with me
A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song
And music, one perhaps will give content.
Please you to know her?

Ann. They are parts I love,
And she for them most welcome.

Phi. Thank you, lady.

Flo. Sir, now you know my house, pray make
not strange,
And if you find my daughter need your art,
I'll be your pay-master.

Rich. Sir, what I am
She shall command.

Flo. You shall bind me to you.
Daughter, I must have conference with you
About some matters that concern us both.
Good master doctor, please you but walk in,
We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning¹:

¹ *Cunning.*] The word *cunning*, at the time this play was
written, had not acquired its present bad signification. It was ge-

I think my girl ' hath not quite forgot
To touch an instrument, she could have don't ;
We'll hear them both.

Rich. I'll wait upon you, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Study in the House of SORANZO.*

Enter SORANZO, reading a Book.

*Love's measure is extreme, the comfort pain ;
The life unrest, and the reward disdain.*

What's here? look't o'er again. 'Tis so; so
writes

This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes.
But, Sanazzar, thou lyest; for, had thy bosom
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,
Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made thee
smart.

To work then, happy muse, and contradict
What Sanazzar hath in his envy writ.

*Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys,
His pleasure's life, and his reward all joys.*

Had Annabella liv'd when Sanazzar²

nerally used synonymously with *skilful*. So in Lyly's Epistle Dedicatorie to *Euphues and his England*, 1582: "So that whereas I had thought to show the *cunning* of a chyrgian by mine anatomic with a knife, I must plaie the tailour on the shoppe-board with a pair of sheers." And in his *Epistle to the Ladies*: "It was objected unto her by a ladie more captious than *cunning*, that in her worke there wanted some colours." And in the same sense it is frequently used throughout the English translation of the Bible.—*Reed.*

¹ *Girl.*] Like many other monosyllables including an *r*, were often used as words of one or two syllables in our author's time.

² ———— when Sanazzar
Did in his brief *enc. mium*, &c.]

Did in his brief encomium celebrate
 Venice, that queen of cities, he had left
 That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold,
 And for one only look from Annabel,
 Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.

O how my thoughts are ——

Vas. (within) Pray forbear : in rules of civility,
 let me give notice on't : I shall be tax'd of my ne-
 glect of duty and service.

Sor. What rude intrusion interrupts my peace ?
 Can I be nowhere private ?

Vas. (within) 'Truth, you wrong your modesty.

Sor. What's the matter Vasques ? who is't ?

Enter HIPPOLITA and VASQUES.

Hip. 'Tis I :

Do you know me now ? Look, perjurd man, on
 her

Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd ;
 Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth

A scorn to men and angels ; and shall I

Be now a foil to thy unsated change ?

Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame

Sanazzar, or Sannazarius, was a celebrated Italian and Latin poet, born at Naples 1458, and died 1530. The verses on Venice, here alluded to, are printed in the 2d Vol. of *Selecta Poemata Itolorum, qui Latine scripserunt*, published by Mr Pope, Svo. 1740, p. 23. ; and also by Tom Coryat in his *Cru- dities*, p. 159 ; who speaks of them in the following manner : " I heard in Venice that a certaine Italian poet, called Jacobus Sannazarius, had a hundred crownes bestowed upon him by the Senate of Venice for each of these verses following. I would to God my poetical friend Mr Benjamin Johnson were so well rewarded for his poems here in England, seeing he hath made many as good verses (in my opinion) as those of Sannazarius."—*Reed.* I am unable to say from what poem of Sanazzaro's the two lines quoted above are translated. Most probably from some of his Latin poems.

Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms
 Of hell or sorcery could not prevail
 Against the honour of my chaster bosom.
 Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,
 Such, and so many, that a heart of steel
 Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine :
 And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
 My husband's death urg'd on by his disgrace,
 My loss of womanhood, be ill rewarded
 With hatred and contempt ? No ; know, Soranzo,
 I have a spirit doth as much distaste
 The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
 Dost loath the memory of what hath past.

Sor. Nay, dear Hippolita !

Hip. Call me not dear,
 Nor think with supple words to smooth the gross-
 ness

Of my abuses ; 'tis not your new mistress,
 Your goodly madam merchant, shall triumph
 On my dejection ; tell her thus from me :
 My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

Sor. You are too violent.

Hip. You are too double
 In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
 This habit, these black mourning weeds of care ?
 'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorc'd
 My husband from his life, and me from him,
 And made me widow in my widowhood.

Sor. Will you yet hear ?

Hip. More of thy perjuries ?
 Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins ;
 Thou need'st not add to th' number.

Sor. Then I'll leave you :
 You are past all rules of sense.

Hip. And thou of grace.

Vas. Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits
 of reason ; if my lord had a resolution as noble as

virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all. Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her ; griefs, alas, will have a vent ; I dare undertake, madam Hippolita will now freely hear you.

Sor. Talk to a woman frantic !—Are these the fruits of your love ?

Hip. They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man !

Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband liv'd,
That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife ? did'st thou not vow,
When he should die, to marry me ? for which
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Leghorn, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter
Young and unfriended, who with much ado
I wish'd him to bring hither ; he did so,
And went ; and, as thou know'st, died on the way.
Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear,
With my advice ! yet thou, for whom I did it,
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

Sor. Who could help this ?

Hip. Who ? perjur'd man ! thou could'st,
If thou had'st faith or love.

Sor. You are deceiv'd ;
The vows I made, if you remember well,
Were wicked and unlawful ; 'twere more sin
To keep them than to break them : as for me,
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou
How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame,
In bringing of a gentleman to death
Who was thy husband, such a one as he,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behaviour, entertainment, love,
As Parma could not show a braver man.

Vas. You do not well ; this was not your promise.

Sor. I care not: let her know her monstrous life.
Ere I be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be a curse. Woman, come here no more,
Learn to repent and die; for by my honour
I hate thee and thy lust; you have been too foul.

[*Exit* SORANZO.]

Vas. This part has been scurvily play'd.

Hip. How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that, which I more scorn
Than I once lov'd, his love: but let him go,
My vengeance shall give comfort to his woe.

[*Going.*

Vas. Mistress, mistress; madam Hippolita! 'pray,
a word or two!

Hip. With me, sir!

Vas. With you, if you please.

Hip. What is't?

Vas. I know you are infinitely mov'd now, and
you think you have cause; some I confess you
have, but sure not so much as you imagine.

Hip. Indeed!

Vas. O you were miserably bitter, which you
followed even to the last syllable: 'faith, you were
somewhat too shrewd; by my life, you could not
have took my lord in a worse time since first I knew
him: to-morrow you shall find him a new man.

Hip. Well, I shall wait his leisure.

Vas. Fie, this is not a hearty patience; it comes
sourly from you; 'troth, let me persuade you for
once.

Hip. I have it, and it shall be so; thanks op-
portunity—[*Aside.*]—Persuade me to what?—

Vas. Visit him in some milder temper. O, if
you could but master a little your female spleen,
how might you win him!

Hip. He will never love me. Vasques, thou
hast been a too trusty servant to such a master, and

I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

Vas. So perhaps too.

Hip. Resolve¹ thyself it will; had I one so true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a slight acquittance, not only to make him master of all I have, but even of myself.

Vas. O you are a noble gentlewoman.

Hip. Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? well, I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old servant daily what it is.

Vas. Beggary and neglect.

Hip. True; but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and would'st be private to me and my designs, I here protest myself, and all what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

Vas. Work you that way, old mole²? then I have the wind of you—[*Aside.*]—I were not worthy of it, by any desert that could lie—within my compass; if I could—

Hip. What then?

Vas. I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest and security.

¹ *Resolve.*] The verb *resolved* and its substantive *resolution* signified frequently to satisfy, to inform, and consequently satisfaction, &c. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*:

" 'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to his bed, now I resolve
He hath dishonour'd thee."

Again, in the same play:

" Well, I am *resolv'd* you lay not with her."

² *Work you that way, old mole?* then I have the wind of you.] Phrases from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. It is not unlikely but that the popularity of *Hamlet* had rendered these phrases proverbial, as we see happen every day with sayings from the dramatic ephemera of the present day.

Hip. Give me thy hand : now promise but thy
silence,

And help to bring to pass a plot I have ;
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

Vas. Come, you are merry. This is such a hap-
piness that I can neither think or believe.

Hip. Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

Vas. Then here I call our good genii for witnes-
ses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whom-
soever, I will not only be a special actor therein,
but never disclose it till it be effected.

Hip. I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine :
Come then, let's more confer of this anon.—

On this delicious bane my thought shall banquet,
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter RICHARDETTO *and* PHILOTIS.

Rich. Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange
mishaps,
How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace,
Wherein I am but as a looker-on,
Whilst others act my shame, and I am silent.

Phi. But, uncle, wherein can this borrowed shape
Give you content ?

Rich. I'll tell thee, gentle niece :
Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots
Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead,
In my late journey to Leghorn for you ;
As I have caus'd it to be rumour'd out.
Now would I see with what an impudence
She gives scope to her loose adultery,

And how the common voice allows hereof:
Thus far I have prevail'd.

Phi. Alas, I fear

You mean some strange revenge.

Rich. O be not troubled;
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all.
But to your business. What! you learn'd for certain
How Signior Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo?

Phi. Yes, for certain.

Rich. But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclin'd to him?

Phi. For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.

Rich. There's mystery in that, which time must
shew.

She us'd you kindly?

Phi. Yes.

Rich. And crav'd your company?

Phi. Often.

Rich. 'Tis well, it goes as I could wish.
I am the doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not we shall thrive.
But who comes here!

Enter GRIMALDI.

I know him; 'tis Grimaldi,
A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the Duke of Montferratò, one
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
That now resides in Parma; by which means
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

Grim. Save you, sir.

Rich. And you, sir.

Grim. I have heard

Of your approved skill, which through the city

Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

Rich. For what, sir?

Grim. Marry, sir, for this——

But I would speak in private.

Rich. Leave us, cousin. [*Exit PHILOTIS.*]

Grim. I love fair Annabella, and would know
Whether in arts there may not be receipts
To move affection.

Rich. Sir, perhaps there may,
But these will nothing profit you.

Grim. Not me?

Rich. Unless I be mistook, you are a man
Greatly in favour with the cardinal.

Grim. What of that?

Rich. In duty to his grace,
I will be bold to tell you, if you seek
To marry Florio's daughter, you must first
Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

Grim. Who's that?

Rich. Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,
And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.

Grim. Soranzo! what, mine enemy? is't he?

Rich. Is he your enemy?

Grim. The man I hate,
Worse than confusion¹, I'll tell him straight.

Rich. Nay, then take my advice:
Even for his grace's sake the cardinal,
I'll find a time when he and she doth meet,
Of which I'll give you notice; and, to be sure
He shall not 'scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

¹ *Confusion.*] It will be recollected that *confusion*, as many other words with a similar termination, is often lengthened out to one more syllable than it has in our present pronunciation.

Grim. But shall I trust thee, doctor?

Rich. As yourself.

Doubt not in aught; thus shall the fates decree;
By me Soranzo falls, that mined me.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in DONADO's House.*

Enter DONADO, BERGETTO, and POGGIO.

Don. Well, sir, I must be content to be both your secretary and your messenger myself; I cannot tell what this letter may work; but, as sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk with her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

Ber. You make, uncle? why am not I big enough to carry mine own letter, I pray?

Don. Ay, ay, carry a fool's head of thy own; why, thou dunce, would'st thou write a letter, and carry it thyself?

Ber. Yes, that I would, and read it to her with mine own mouth; for you must think, if she will not believe me myself, when she hears me speak, she will not believe another's hand-writing. Oh, you think I am a blockhead, uncle: No, sir, Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself; so I have.

Pog. Yes truly, sir, I have it in my pocket.

Don. A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see't!

Ber. I cannot read my own hand very well;

Poggio—

Read it, Poggio.

Don. Begin.

Pog. [reads.] *Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you; but my uncle being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age, and the co-*

lour of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can bourd¹ where I see occasion, or if you like my uncle's wit better than mine, you shall marry me; if you like mine better than his, I will marry you, in spite of your teeth; so commending my best parts to you, I rest, yours upwards and downwards, or you my chuse,

BERGETTO.

Ber. Ah, ha! here's stuff, uncle!

Don. Here's stuff indeed to shame us all: Pray whose advice did you take in this learned letter?

Pog. None, upon my word, but mine own.

Ber. And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody's else; 'twas mine own brain; I thank a good wit for't.

Don. Get you home, sir, and look you keep within doors till I return.

¹ *I can bourd where I see occasion,*] *i. e.* bourd, jest; a Scots word. So in their proverb, "*Bourd* neither with me nor my honour." See Ray's Collection of North Country Words. Again, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599.—"All the meat that we eat, we catch out of the sea, and if there we miss, well washed and salted, we sneak home to bed supperless; and upon the tail of it he brings in a parasite, that flowteth and *bourdeth* them thus," &c. Erasmus's Praise of Folie, 1549, Sign. O 3.—"—— and finally, that in *bourdyng*e and *flyryng*e they can flatter pleasantly." Ben Jonson's Cataline, A. 1. s. 4.

"—— arise, and shew

But any least aversion in your look

To him that *bourds* you next, and your throat opens."

See Mr Whalley's note on the last passage.—*Reed.*

This word occurs so often, that a long instance of its use, quoted by Mr Reed, in the additional notes to Dodsley's O. P. (Vol. XIII.) is here omitted. The following, from the singular legend of Cokkebie Sow, in the Bannatyne MS. may serve instead of it:

"—— Than lat ws make sum sport
And recreatioun the company to confort,
Wold my *bordes* do so quho wold begin
Quho fil furth schaw, or quho sall first fall in."

Ber. How? that were a jest indeed? I scorn it i'faith!

Don. What, you do not?

Ber. Judge me, but I do now.

Pog. Indeed, sir, 'tis very unhealthy.

Don. Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions¹ and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not; look to't. [*Exit DONADO.*]

Ber. Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail?

Pog. Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

Ber. Dost take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest Poggio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The FRIAR's Cell.*

Enter FRIAR and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Peace: thou hast told a tale, whose every word

Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul.

I'm sorry I have heard it: 'would mine ears

Had been one minute deaf, before the hour

That thou cam'st to me: O young man, cast away!

By the religious number of mine order;

¹ *Motions.*] Puppet-shews. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 4. s. 5. Captain Pod, the celebrated owner of a puppet-shew, and his *motion* are mentioned. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*: "If he be that *motion* that you tell me of, and make no more noise, I shall entertain him." And in Dekkar's *Villanies discovered by lantern and candlelight*—"This labour being taken, the master of the *motion* hearkens where such a nobleman, &c. The *motion* is presented before him."—*Reed.* In Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, the whole plot is recapitulated in the last scene, under the direction of the sagacious Squire Tub of Tottenham-court, in five successive motions.

I day and night have wak'd my aged eyes
 Above my strength, to weep on thy behalf.
 But Heaven is angry, and be thou resolv'd,
 Thou art a man remark'd¹ to taste of mischief.
 Look for't; though it come late, it will come sure.

Gio. Father, in this you are uncharitable;
 What I have done, I'll prove both fit and good.
 It is a principle, which you have taught,
 When I was yet your scholar, that the frame
 And composition of the mind doth follow
 The frame and composition of body:
 So, where the body's furniture is beauty,
 The mind's must needs be virtue; which allow'd,
 Virtue itself is reason but refin'd,
 And love the quintessence of that: This proves
 My sister's beauty being rarely² fair,
 Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love,
 And chiefly in that love, her love to me:
 If her's to me, then so is mine to her,
 Since in like causes are effects alike.

Friar. O ignorance in knowledge! long ago,
 How often have I warn'd thee this before?
 Indeed, if we were sure there were no Deity,
 Nor heaven nor hell; then to be led alone
 By nature's light (as were philosophers
 Of elder times) might instance some defence.
 But 'tis not so: then, madman, thou wilt find,
 That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

Gio. Your age o'errules you: had you youth
 like mine,
 You'd make her love your heaven, and her divine.

Friar. Nay, then I see thou'rt too far sold to hell:
 It lies not in the compass of my prayers
 To call thee back: yet let me counsel thee,
 Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

¹ *Remark'd,*] *i. e.* marked out.

² *Rarely.*] *Exquisitely.*

Gio. Marriage? why that's to damn her; that's
to prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

Friar. O fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave
To shrive¹ her; lest she should die unabsolv'd.

Gio. At your best leisure, father: then she'll tell
you,

How dearly she doth prize my matchless love;
Then you will know what pity 'twere we two
Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms.
View well her face, and in that little round

You may observe a world of variety;
For coral², lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that form.
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music to the citizens in heaven.

But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

Friar. The more I hear, I pity thee the more;
That one so excellent should give those parts
All to a second death. What I can do,
Is but to pray; and yet I could advise thee,
Wouldst thou be rul'd.

Gio. In what?

Friar. Why leave her yet;
The throne of mercy is above your trespass;
Yet time is left you both—

Gio. To embrace each other;

¹ *Shrive.*] To shrive is to confess.

“ But afterward she gan him soft to *shrivee*,
And woove with faire entreatie to disclose,
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve.”

Fairy Queen, B. iv. c. 12. st. 26.—*Reed.*

² *Colour.*] So the quarto reads, corrected by Dodsley. In the third line after this, the old copy reads *throne*, altered by Dodsley to *form*.

Else let all time be struck quite out of number ;
She is like me, and I like her resolv'd.

Friar. No more, I'll visit her; this grieves me
most,
Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*An Apartment in FLORIO'S House.*

*Enter FLORIO, DONADO, ANNABELLA, and
PUTANA.*

Flo. Where is Giovanni ?

Ann. Newly walk'd abroad,
And (as I heard him say) gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

Flo. That's a blessed man!
A man made up of holiness ; I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world.

Don. Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter, sent
To you from my young cousin ; I dare swear
He loves you in his soul ; 'would you could hear
Sometimes what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

Flo. Receive it, Annabella.

Ann. Alas, good man!

Don. What's that she said?

Put. An't please you, sir, she said, " Alas, good
man." Truly I do commend him to her every
night before her first sleep, because I would have
her dream of him ; and she hearkens to that most
religiously.

Don. Say'st so? God a' mercy, Putana ; there
is something for thee ; and pr'ythee do what thou
canst on his behalf ; it shall not be lost labour, take
my word for it.

Put. Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your mind, let me alone to work.

Ann. Guardian.

Put. Did you call?

Ann. Keep this letter.

Don. Signior Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

Flo. Keep it! for what! pray read it me here right.

Ann. I shall, sir.

[*She reads.*]

Don. How do you find her inclin'd, signior?

Flo. 'Troth, sir, I know not how; not all so well As I could wish.

Ann. Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor;

The jewel I'll return; for if he love,
I'll count that love a jewel.

Don. Mark you that?

Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

Ann. You must excuse me,
Indeed I will not keep it.

Flo. Where's the ring?

That which your mother, in her will bequeath'd,
And charg'd you on her blessing not to give it
To any but your husband? send back that.

Ana. I have it not.

Flo. Ha! have it not; where is it?

Ann. My brother in the morning took it from me,
Said he would wear it to-day.

Flo. Well, what do you say

To young Bergetto's love! are you content
To match with him? speak.

Don. There's the point indeed.

Ann. What shall I do? I must say something
now.

Flo. What say? why d'you not speak?

Ann. Sir, with your leave,
Please you to give me freedom.

Flo. Yes, you have.

Ann. Signior Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope.
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me;
In short, I'm sure I shall not be his wife.

Don. Why here's plain dealing, I commend thee
for't;

And all the worst I wish thee, is heaven bless thee;
Your father yet and I will still be friends;
Shall we not, Signior Florio?

Flo. Yes, why not?

Look here, your cousin comes.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Don. Oh coxcomb, what doth he make here?

Ber. Where is my uncle, sirs?

Don. What is the news now?

Ber. Save you, uncle, save you. You must not
think I come for nothing, masters; and how, and
how is it? what, you have read my letter? ah, there
I—tickled you, i'faith.

Pog. But 'twere better you had tickled her in
another place.

Ber. Sirrah, sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest,
and riddle what it is.

Ann. You say you'd tell me.

Ber. As I was walking just now in the street, I
met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall
of me; and because he did thrust me, I very va-
liantly call'd him rogue. He hereupon bade me
draw; I told I had more wit than so; but when he
saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the

hilt of his rapier, that my head sung whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel.

Don. Was ever the like ass seen?

Ann. And what did you all this while?

Ber. Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood run about mine ears; and then I could not choose but find in my heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard (they say he is a new-come doctor), call'd me into this house, and gave me a plaster, look you here 'tis; and, sir, there was a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently; i'faith I shall love her as long as I live for it. Did she not, Poggio?

Pog. Yes, and kiss'd him too.

Ber. Why, la now, you think I tell a lie, uncle, I warrant.

Don. Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head, had beaten some wit into it: for I fear thou never wilt have any.

Ber. Oh uncle, but there was a wench would have done a man's heart good to have look'd on her. By this light, she had a face methinks worth twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

Don. Was ever such a fool born?

Ann. I am glad she lik'd¹ you, sir.

Ber. Are you so? by my troth I thank you forsooth.

Flo. Sure it was the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

Ber. 'Twas she, 'twas she.

Don. How do you know that, simplicity?

Ber. Why does not he say so? if I should have

¹ *Lik'd,*] *i. e.* pleased. So in King Lear, "His face *likes* me not." Maid's Tragedy, A. 2. "What look *likes* you best?" Euphues and his England, 1582, p. 16. "Enquire no farther that besemeth you, lest you heare that which cannot *like* you."—*Reed.*

said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry beating again; I'll none of that.

Flo. A very modest, well-behav'd young maid, As I have seen.

Don. Is she indeed?

Flo. Indeed
She is, if I have any judgment.

Don. Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending letters; now you are dismiss'd, you mistress here will none of you.

Ber. No! why what care I for that: I can have wenches enough in Parma for half a crown a-piece; cannot I, Poggio?

Pog. I'll warrant you, sir.

Don. Signior Florio, I thank you for your free recourse you gave for my admittance; and to you, fair maid, that jewel I will give you 'gainst your marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

Ber. Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell, mistress; I'll come again to-morrow—farewell, mistress! [*Exit DONADO, BERGETTO, and POGGIO.*]

Enter GIOVANNI.

Flo. Son, where have you been? what, alone?
alone still, still?

I would not have it so; you must forsake
This over-bookish humour. Well, your sister
Hath shook the fool off.

Gio. 'Twas no match for her.

Flo. 'Twas not indeed, I meant it nothing less:
Soranzo is the man I only like;
Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time,
And it grows late. [*Exit FLORIO.*]

Gio. Whose jewel's that?

Ann. Some sweetheart's.

Gio. So I think.

Ann. A lusty youth, Signior Donado, gave it me
To wear against my marriage.

Gio. But you shall not wear it; send it him back
again.

Ann. What, you are jealous!

Gio. That you shall know anon, at better leisure:
Welcome sweet night, the evening crowns the day,
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Ber. Does my uncle think to make me a baby
still? No, Poggio; he shall know I have a skonce¹
now.

Pog. Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape
with an apple.

Ber. 'Stoot, I will have the wench, if he were
ten uncles, in despite of his nose, Poggio.

Pog. Hold him to the grindstone, and give not
a jot of ground; she hath in a manner promised
you already.

Ber. True, Poggio; and her uncle, the doctor,
swore I should marry her.

Pog. He swore, I remember.

Ber. And I will have her, that's more: Did'st
see the codpiece-point² she gave me, and the box
of marmalade?

Pog. Very well; and kiss'd you, that my chops

¹ *Skonce,*] *i. e.* head.

² See Steevens's note on the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Ed.
1803, Vol. IV. p. 235.

water'd at the sight on't: there is no way but to clap up a marriage in hugger-mugger¹.

Ber. I will do it; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

Pog. Should you be afraid of your uncle?

Ber. Hang him, old doating rascal, no; I say I will have her.

Pog. Lose no time then,

Ber. I will beget a race of wise men, and constables, that shall cart whores at their own charges, and break the duke's peace ere I have done myself.—Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in FLORIO'S House, with a Gallery.*

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, SORANZO, ANNABELLA, PUTANA, and VASQUES.

Flo. My Lord Soranzo, though I must confess
The proffers that are made me have been great,

¹ *In hugger-mugger.*] In secret. This uncouth expression occurs in Hamlet, A. 4. s. 5. which many modern editors have altered to the more modern phrase of, *in private*; but, as Dr Johnson observes, “if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost, we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning.” Mr Steevens, by several instances, hath shewn, that the terms were in common use, and conveyed no low or vulgar ideas; and several others might be added, as in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, 1571: “If shooting fault at any time, it hydes it not, it lurkes not in corners and *hudder-mother*.” Again, in Dekkar's *Satiromastrix*: “One word, Sir Quintilian, *in hugger-mugger*.” And in Dekkar's *Newes from Hell*, Sign. c. 4.—“——— discharg'd their great bellies there, like whores *in hugger-mugger*.”—Reed.

In marriage of my daughter; yet the hope
 Of your still rising honours have prevail'd
 Above all other jointures. Here she is;
 She knows my mind; speak for yourself to her.
 And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly.
 For any private speech, I'll give you time:
 Come, son; and you the rest, let them alone
 Agree as they may.

Sor. I thank you, sir.

Gio. Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

[*Aside to her.*]

Sor. Vasques.

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Attend me without—

[*Exeunt omnes, excepting SORANZO
 and ANNABELLA.*]

Ann. Sir, what's your will with me?

Sor. Do you not know

What I should tell you?

Ann. Yes, you'll say you love me.

Sor. And I will swear it too; will you believe it?

Ann. 'Tis not point of faith.

Enter GIOVANNI above, unseen.

Sor. Have you not will to love?

Ann. Not you.

Sor. Whom then?

Ann. That's as the fates infer.

Gio. Of those I'm regent now.

Sor. What mean you, sweet!

Ann. To live and die a maid.

Sor. Oh, that's unfit.

Gio. Here's one can say that's but a woman's
 note.

Sor. Did you but see my heart, then would you
 swear—

Ann. That you were dead.

Gio. That's true, or somewhat near it.

Sor. See you these true love's tears?

Ann. No.

Gio. Now she winks.

Sor. They plead to you for grace.

Ann. Yet nothing speak.

Sor. Oh grant my suit.

Ann. What is't?

Sor. To let me live.—

Ann. Take it.—

Sor. Still yours.—

Ann. That is not mine to give.

Gio. One such another word would kill his hopes.

Sor. Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,

Know I have lov'd you long, and lov'd you truly ;
Not hope of what you have, but what you are,
Have drawn me on ; then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain.
I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

Ann. Help! aqua vitæ!

Sor. What mean you?

Ann. Why, I thought you had been sick.

Sor. Do you mock my love?

Gio. There, sir, she was too nimble.

Sor. 'Tis plain, she laughs at me. These scornful taunts

Neither become your modesty or years.

Ann. You are no looking-glass ; or if you were,
I would dress my language by you.

Gio. I'm confirm'd—

Ann. To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks
Your common sense should make you understand,
That if I lov'd you, or desir'd your love,
Some way I should have given you better taste:
But, since you are a nobleman, and one
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,

Let me advise you here to forbear your suit,
And think I wish you well; I tell you this.

Sor. Is't you speak this?

Ann. Yes, I myself; yet know
Thus far I give you comfort: if mine eyes
Could have pick'd out a man, amongst all those
That su'd to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man; let this suffice.
Be noble in your secrecy and wise.

Gio. Why, now I see she loves me.

Ann. One word more:
As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,
As ever noble courses were your guide,
As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you:
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

Sor. I take that promise.

Ann. Oh, oh my head!

Sor. What's the matter, not well?

Ann. Oh, I begin to sicken!

Gio. Heaven forbid! [*Exit from above.*]

Sor. Help, help, within there, ho!

Enter FLORIO, GIOVANNI, and PUTANA.

Gio. Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.

Flo. Hold her up, she swoons.

Gio. Sister, how do you?

Ann. Sick, brother. Are you there?

Flo. Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send
for a physician; quickly, I say.

Put. Alas! poor child.

[*Exeunt, all but SORANZO.*]

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord!

Sor. Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone,

Both in my present and my future hopes :
 She plainly told me, that she could not love,
 And thereupon soon sick'ned, and I fear
 Her life's in danger.

Vas. By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all.—'Las, sir, I am sorry for that ; may be 'tis but the maid's sickness, and over-flux of youth ; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy, as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial ?

Sor. She hath, and she hath not ; I'm full of grief :
 But what she said, I'll tell thee as we go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in the same.*

Enter GIOVANNI and PUTANA.

Put. Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and sham'd for ever : your sister, oh your sister !

Gio. What of her ? for heaven's sake, speak. How does she ?

Put. Oh that ever I was born to see this day !

Gio. She is not dead ? ha, is she ?

Put. Dead ? no, she is quick¹, 'tis worse : she is with child. You know what you have done ; heaven forgive you ! 'Tis too late to repent : now heaven help us !

Gio. With child ? how dost thou know't ?

Put. How do I know't ? am I at these years ignorant what the meaning of qualms and water-pangs be ? of changing of colours, queeziness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name : Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time

¹ *Quick.*] The allusion is to Annabella's pregnancy.

in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word: if you let a physician see her water, you're undone.

Gio. But in what case is she?

Put. Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espy'd, and she must look for often hence-forward.

Gio. Commend me to her; bid her take no care; Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you; Make some excuse, till I return.—Oh me! I have a world of business in my head.— Do not discomfort her!—How do these news perplex me!

If my father come to her, tell him she's recover'd well;

Say 'twas but some ill diet.—Do you hear, woman? Look you to't!

Put. I will, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same House.*

Enter FLORIO and RICHARDETTO.

Flo. And how d'you find her, sir?

Rich. Indifferent well;

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick, But that she told me, she had lately eaten Melons, and, as she thought, those disagreed With her young stomach.

Flo. Did you give her aught?

Rich. An easy surfeit-water, nothing else; You need not doubt her health; I rather think Her sickness is a fulness of her blood: You understand me?

Flo. I do; you counsel well; And once within these few days will so order it

She shall be married, ere she know the time.

Rich. Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy choice ;

That were dishonour.

Flo. Master doctor, no ;
I will not do so neither. In plain words,
My lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

Rich. A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

Flo. As any is in Parma : not far hence,
Dwells father Bonaventura, a grave friar,
Once tutor to my son : now, at his cell
I'll have 'em married.

Rich. You have plotted wisely.

Flo. I'll send one straight to speak with him to-night.

Rich. Soranzo's wise ; he will delay no time.

Flo. It shall be so.

Enter FRIAR and GIOVANNI.

Friar. Good peace be here, and love !

Flo. Welcome, religious friar ; you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

Gio. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best
To draw this holy man from forth his cell
To visit my sick sister, that with words
Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

Flo. 'Twas well done, Giovanni, thou herein
Hast shew'd a Christian's care, a brother's love.
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would entreat you.

Friar. Say on, sir !

Flo. I have a father's dear impression,
And wish, before I fall into my grave,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit ;
A word from you, grave man, will win her more,
Than all our best persuasions.

Friar. Gentle sir,
All this I'll say, that heaven may prosper her.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—RICHARDETTO'S Apartment in the same.

Enter GRIMALDI.

Grim. Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your bride. I know
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes
A soldier's valour; but in terms of love,
Where merit cannot sway, policy must.
I am resolv'd, if this physician
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter RICHARDETTO.

Rich. You are come as I could wish, this very
night
Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd, must be affianc'd¹
To Annabella; and, for aught I know,
Married.

Grim. How!

Rich. Yet your patience;
The place, 'tis friar Bonaventura's cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night.—
If you miss now! To-morrow I'll know all.

Grim. Have you the poison?

Rich. Here! 'tis in this box,

¹ *Must be affianc'd,*] *i. e.* betrothed. So in 2d part of Antonio and Mellida, A. 2. s. 3.

"Pish, thy mother was not lately widdowed,
Thy dear affianc'd love, lately defan'd
With blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus."—*Reed.*

Doubt nothing, this will do't ; in any case,
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

Grim. I'll speed him.

Rich. Do !—Away ! for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here,—ever my love.

Grim. And mine to you. [*Exit GRIMALDI.*]

Rich. So, if this hit, I'll laugh, and hug revenge ;
And they that now dream of a wedding-feast,
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin.
But to my other business ; niece Philotis.

Enter PHILOTIS.

Phi. Uncle.

Rich. My lovely niece, you have bethought ye ?

Phi. Yes,—and, as you counsell'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him ; but he swears
He will to-night be married ; for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,
Will hinder all, and call his cuz to shrift¹.

Rich. To-night? why best of all ; but let me see,
Ay—ha !—yes,—so it shall be ; in disguise
We'll early to the friar's, I have thought on't.

Enter BERGETTO and POGGIO.

Phi. Uncle, he comes.

Rich. Welcome, my worthy cuz.

Ber. Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass ; a ha,
Poggio ! [*Kisses her.*]

Phi. There's hope of this yet.

Rich. You shall have time enough : withdraw a
little.

We must confer at large.

Ber. Have you not sweetmeats, or dainty de-
vices² for me ?

¹ *Shrift,*] *i. e.* confession.

² *Dainty devices.*] The popularity of this word was no doubt derived from that most popular of poetical miscellanies, The Paradyce of Daintie Devices.

Phi. You shall enough, sweetheart.

Ber. Sweetheart! mark that, Poggio. By my troth I cannot choose but kiss thee once more for that word, sweetheart. Poggio, I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach, whatsoever the matter be.

Pog. You shall have physic for't, sir.

Rich. Time runs apace.

Ber. Time's a blockhead.

Rich. Be rul'd: when we have done what's fit to do,

Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.

Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*The FRIAR'S Cell.*

The FRIAR' sitting in a chair; ANNABELLA kneeling and whispering to him; a table before them and wax-lights; she weeps, and wrings her hands.

Friar. I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,

You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty,
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath borne you up; but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whilst I do read a lecture.

Ann. Wretched creature?

Friar. Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,

Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place,
(*List daughter*) in a black and hollow vault,

* The old ridiculous stage direction, "Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair," was neither altered by Mr Dodsley nor by Mr Reed in their republications.

Where day is never seen ; there shines no sun,
 But flaming horror of consuming fires ;
 A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
 Of an infected darkness ; in this place
 Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
 Of never-dying deaths ; there damned souls
 Roar without pity ; there are gluttons fed
 With toads and adders ; there is burning oil
 Pour'd down the drunkard's throat ; the usurer
 Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold ;
 There is the murderer for ever stabb'd,
 Yet can he never die ; there lies the wanton
 On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
 He feels the torment of his raging lust¹.

Ann. Mercy ! oh mercy !

Friar. There stand these wretched things,
 Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
 And secret incests, cursing one another ;
 Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
 Had been a dagger's point ; then you shall hear
 How he will cry, " Oh, would my wicked sister
 Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to
 lust ! " —

But soft, methinks I see repentance work
 New motions in your heart : say ? how is't with you ?

Ann. Is there no way left to redeem my miseries ?

Friar. There is ; despair not : Heaven is merci-
 ful,

And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed :
 First, for your honour's safety, that you marry
 The lord Soranzo : next, to save your soul,
 Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

¹ The present description is as sublime as any ever attempted of the infernal punishments. Most of the images are derived from popular poems describing the wanderings through purgatory, such as Owain, Tundale, &c.

Ann. Ay me!

Friar. Sigh not : I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave ; oh 'tis a death to do't !
Remember what must come. Are you content ?

Ann. I am.

Friar. I like it well ; we'll take the time.
Who's near us there ?

Enter FLORIO and GIOVANNI.

Flo. Did you call, father ?

Friar. Is lord Soranzo come ?

Flo. He stays below.

Friar. Have you acquainted him at full ?

Flo. I have,

And he is overjoy'd.

Friar. And so are we :

Bid him come near.

Gio. My sister weeping ?—Ha !

I fear this friar's falsehood ; I will call¹ him. [*Exit.*

Flo. Daughter, are you resolv'd ?

Ann. Father, I am.

Enter GIOVANNI, SORANZO, and VASQUES.

Flo. My lord Soranzo, here,

Give me your hand ; for that I give you this.

Sor. Lady, say you so too ?

Ann. I do, and vow

To live with you and your's.

Friar. Timely resolv'd :

My blessing rest on both ; more to be done,

You may perform it on the morning sun. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *I will call him,*] *i. e.* I will *upbraid* him. The same expression is still used at schools for scolding or swearing.

SCENE VII.—*Before the FRIAR'S Cell.—Night.*

Enter GRIMALDI with his rapier drawn, and a dark lantern.

Grim. 'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon
To finish such a work ; here I will lie
To listen who comes next. [*He lies down.*]

*Enter BERGETTO and PHILOTIS, disguised; and
after him RICHARDETTO and POGGIO.*

Ber. We are almost at the place, I hope, sweet-
heart.

Grim. I hear them near, and heard one say sweet-
heart,

'Tis he ; now guide my hand, some angry justice,
Home to his bosom. Now have at you, sir !

[*Strikes BERGETTO, and exit.*]

Ber. Oh help, help, here's a stitch fallen in my
guts, oh for a flesh-tailor quickly—Poggio !

Phi. What ails my love ?

Ber. I am sure I cannot piss forward and back-
ward, and yet I am wet before and behind ; lights !
lights ! ho, lights !

Phi. Alas ! some villain here has slain my love.

Rich. Oh heaven forbid it ; raise up the next
neighbours

Instantly, Poggio, and bring lights. [*Exit. POGGIO.*
How is't, Bergetto ? slain !

It cannot be ; are you sure you are hurt ?

Ber. O my belly seeths like a porridge-pot ;
some cold water, I shall boil over else ; my whole
body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt ;
feel here—why, Poggio !

Enter POGGIO, *with* Officers, *and* Lights, *and* Halberets.

Pog. Here ; alas, how do you ?

Rich. Give me a light. What's here ? all blood !

O sirs,

Signior Donado's nephew now is slain.

Follow the murderer with all the haste

Up to the city, he cannot be far hence ;

Follow, I beseech you.

Officers. Follow, follow, follow. [*Exeunt Officers.*]

Rich. Tear off thy linen, cuz, to stop his wounds.

Be of good comfort, man.

Ber. Is all this mine own blood ? nay, then, good night with me. Poggio, commend me to my uncle ; dost hear ? bid him, for my sake, make much of this wench : oh—I am going the wrong way sure, my belly aches so—oh farewell, Poggio—oh—oh—

[*Dies*']

Phi. O he is dead.

Pog. How ! dead !

Rich. He's dead indeed,

'Tis now too late to weep : let's have him home,
And with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

Pog. Oh my master ! my master ! my master !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Street.*

Enter VASQUES *and* HIPPOLITA.

Hip. Betroth'd ?

* Among the other numerous imitations of Shakespeare scattered through our author's works, the death of Bergetto bears a striking resemblance to that of Roderigo in Othello.

Vas. I saw it.

Hip. And when's the marriage-day?

Vas. Some two days hence.

Hip. Two days! Why man I would but wish
two hours,

To send him to his last and lasting sleep.

And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

Vas. I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust,
you my secrecy; I am infinitely yours.

Hip. I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.
So soon? O wicked man, I durst be sworn
He'd laugh to see me weep.

Vas. And that's a villainous fault in him.

Hip. No, let him laugh. I'm arm'd in my re-
solves:

Be thou still true.

Vas. I should get little by treachery against so
hopeful a preferment as I am like to climb to.

Hip. Even to my bosom, Vasques: let my youth
Revel in these new pleasures. If we thrive,
He now hath but a pair of days to live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Street before the CARDINAL'S
Gates.*

Enter FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, POG-
GIO, and Officers.

Flo. 'Tis bootless now to shew yourself a child,
Signior Donado; what is done, is done:
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

Rich. I must confess, somewhat I was in fault,
That had not first acquainted you what love
Past 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live,
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

Don. Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm,
That I am sure of.

Flo. I believe that too.

But stay, my masters, are you sure you saw
The murderer pass here ?

Officer. An it please you, sir, we are sure we saw
a ruffian, with a naked weapon in his hand all bloody,
get into my lord Cardinal's grace's gate ; that we
are sure of ; but for fear of his grace (bless us !) we
durst go no further.

Don. Know you what manner of man he was ?

Officer. Yes sure I know the man ; they say he
is a soldier : he that lov'd your daughter, sir, an't
please ye ; 'twas he for certain.

Flo. Grimaldi, on my life.

Officer. Ay, ay, the same.

Rich. The Cardinal is noble ; he no doubt
Will give true justice.

Don. Knock some one at the gate.

Pog. I'll knock, sir. [*P'OGGIO knocks.*]

Serv. (within) What would ye ?

Flo. We require speech with the lord Cardinal
About some present business ; pray inform
His grace that we are here.

Enter CARDINAL *and* GRIMALDI.

Car. Why how now, friends ? what saucy mates
are you,

That know nor duty nor civility ?

Are we a person fit to be your host ?

Or is our house become your common inn,

To beat our doors at pleasure ? what such haste

Is yours as that it cannot wait fit times ?

Are you the masters of this commonwealth,

And know no more discretion ? Oh, your news

Is here before you : you have lost a nephew,

Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain :

Is that your business? Well sir, we have knowledge on't,

Let that suffice.

Grim. In presence of your grace,
In thought I never meant Bergetto harm;
But, Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn
Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me: I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought, by way of ambush to have kill'd him,
But was unluckily therein mistook;
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And tho' my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace,
To do with me as you please.

Car. Rise up, Grimaldi.
You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For justice, know, as nuncio from the pope,
For this offence I here receive Grimaldi
Into his holiness' protection.
He is no common man, but nobly born,
Of princes' blood, tho' you, sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.

If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit for shame.—
Bury your dead!—Away, Grimaldi—leave 'em!

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL and GRIMALDI.]

Don. Is this a churchman's voice? dwells justice here?

Flo. Justice is fled to heaven, and comes no nearer.

Soranzo?—Was't for him?—O impudence!—
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?—
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss.

Great men may do their wills, we must obey,
But heaven will judge them for't another day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in FLORIO'S House.—A Banquet.—Hautboys.*

Enter the FRIAR, GIOVANNI, ANNABELLA, PHILOTIS, SORANZO, DONADO, FLORIO, RICARDETTO, PUTANA, and VASQUES.

Friar. These holy rites perform'd, now take your times

To spend the remnant of the day in feast.
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,
Who are your guests, tho' not with mortal eyes
To be beheld.—Long prosper in this day¹,
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

Sor. Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness

Hath been a shield for me against my death;
And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
With this most precious jewel; such a prize
As earth hath not another like to this.

Cheer up, my love; and, gentlemen, my friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth; this day we'll crown
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Gio. Oh torture! were the marriage yet undone,
[*Aside.*]

Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love

¹ *Long prosper in this day.*] The editor of the old plays reads "*from this day*," but the alteration is unnecessary, for the text means, "may you long rejoice in the happiness prepared for you on this day."

Clipt' by another, I would dare confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

Vas. Are you not well, sir?

Gio. Pr'ythee, fellow, wait,
I need not thy officious diligence.

Flo. Signior Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Sor. Vasques!

Vas. My lord.

Sor. Reach me that weighty bowl.
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you;
Your turn comes next, tho' now a bachelor;
Here's to your sister's happiness and mine.

Gio. I cannot drink.

Sor. What?

Gio. 'Twill indeed offend me.

Ann. Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.

Flo. How now! what noise is this?

Vas. O sir, I had forgot to tell you, certain young
maidens of Parma, in honour to madam Annabella's
marriage, have sent their loves to her in a masque,
for which they humbly crave your patience and si-
lence.

Sor. We are much bound to them; so much the
more as it comes unexpected. Guide them in.

[*Hautboys.*

*Enter HIPPOLITA masked, and Ladies in white
Robes with garlands of willows.—Music and a
Dance.*

Sor. Thanks, lovely virgins: now might we but
know

Clipt,] *i. e.* embraced. So Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, l.
10287.

"He kisseth hire, and clippeth hire ful oft."

Again, in *Gawin Douglas's Translation of Virgil*, B. ii. l. 39.

"Quam fynaly he clippis at the last."—*Reed.*

To whom we have been beholding for this love,
We shall acknowledge it.

Hip. (unmasks.) Yes, you shall know:
What think you now?

Omnes. Hippolita?

Hip. 'Tis she;

Be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,
I come not to defraud you of your man':

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk

What Parma long hath rumour'd of us both:

Let rash report run on: the breath that vents it
Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

But now to you, sweet creature; lend's your hand:

Perhaps it hath been said, that I would claim

Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord;

What I have right to do, his soul knows best:

But in my duty to your noble worth,

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,

Here take Soranzo, take this hand from me,

I'll once more join, what by the holy church

Is finish'd and allow'd. Have I done well?

Sor. You have too much engag'd us.

Hip. One thing more;

That you may know my single charity,

Freely I here remit all interest

I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;

And to confirm't, reach me a cup of wine.

My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink

Long rest t' ye—Look to it, Vasques.

[*Aside to him.*

Vas. Fear nothing—

[*He gives her a poisoned cup, she drinks.*

Sor. Hippolita, I thank you, and will pledge

This happy union as another life.

Wine there!

¹ *Your man,*] *i. e.* your husband; in which sense it was used in our author's time, and still is in the Scottish dialect.

Vas. You shall have none, neither shall you pledge her.

Hip. How!

Vas. Know now, mistress she-devil; your own mischievous treachery hath kill'd you; I must not marry you.

Hip. Villain!

Omnes. What's the matter?

Vas. Foolish woman, thou art now like a fire-brand; that hath kindled others and burnt thyself; *troppo sperar inganna*¹, thy vain hope hath deceived thee; thou art but dead; if thou hast any grace, pray.

Hip. Monster!

Vas. Die in charity, for shame!—This thing of malice, this woman, had privately corrupted me with promise of marriage, under this politic reconciliation to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage-day: I promis'd her fair, but I knew what my reward should have been, and would willingly have spar'd her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger of her disposition; and now have fitted her a just payment in her own coin: there she is, she hath yet²—and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

Omnes. Wonderful justice!

Rich. Heaven, thou art righteous!

Hip. O 'tis true,

¹ *Troppa sperar inganna.*] This Italian proverb is another presumptive proof that the plot was taken from some novelist in that language.

² *She hath yet—*] Thus the old copy. It is difficult to find any reason for Vasques breaking off his speech so abruptly. Perhaps Sir Henry Herbert, then master of the revels, found some improper passage, which he delete, and thus left the period incomplete.

I feel my minute coming. Had that slave
Kept promise,—O my torment!—thou this hour
Hadst dy'd, Soranzo——Heat above hell-fire!—
Yet ere I pass away—Cruel, cruel flames!—
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack unto¹ thy heart,
Burn blood, and boil in vengeance—O my heart,
My flame's intolerable!—may'st thou live
To father bastards; may her womb bring forth
Monsters, and die together in your sins,
Hated, scorn'd, and unpity'd!—oh—oh— [Dies.

Flo. Was e'er so vile a creature?

Rich. Here's the end

Of lust and pride.

Ann. It is a fearful sight.

Sor. Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,
And never will forget thee.—Come, my love,
We'll home, and thank the heavens for this escape.
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth,
It is too sad a feast.

Don. Bear hence the body.

Friar. Here's an ominous change!

Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed!—
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Street.

Enter RICHARDETTO and PHILOTIS.

Rich. My wretched wife, more wretched in her
shame
Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon
The forfeit of her modesty and life.

¹ *Unto.*] The modern copy reads—upon thy heart.

And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,
 Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,
 Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
 I need not, now my heart persuades me so,
 To further his confusion; there is one
 Above begins to work; for, as I hear,
 Debates already 'twixt his wife and him
 Thicken and run to head; she, as 'tis said,
 Slightens his love, and he abandons hers.
 Much talk I hear: since things go thus, my niece,
 In tender love and pity of your youth,
 My counsel is, that you should free your years
 From hazard of these woes, by flying hence
 To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul
 In holiness a holy votaress.

Leave me to see the end of these extremes;
 All human worldly courses are uneven,
 No life is blessed but the way to heaven.

Phi. Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

Rich. Ay, gentle niece, and in your hourly
 prayers

Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle.

Hie to Cremona now, as fortune leads;

Your home, your cloister; your best friends, your
 beads;

Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth:
 Who dies a virgin, lives a saint on earth.

Phi. Then farewell world, and worldly thoughts
 adieu;

Welcome, chaste vows, myself I yield to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in SORANZO'S House.*

Enter SORANZO unbraced, with his Sword unsheathed, dragging in ANNABELLA.

Sor. Come, strumpet, famous whore. Were every
drop
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins
A life, this sword (dost see't?) should in one blow
Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot,
That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin;
Was there no man in Parma to be bawd
To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?
Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,
The heyday of your luxury¹, be fed
Up to a surfeit? and could none but I
Be pick'd out to be cloak to your close tricks,
Your belly-sports? Now I must be the dad
To all that gallimaufry² that is stuff'd
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb;
Say, must I?

Ann. Beastly man, why, 'tis thy fate:
I su'd not to thee; for, but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial. Had you lent me time,

¹ *The heyday of your luxury,*] *i. e.* the height of your wantonness. So in Hamlet,

“The heyday of the blood.”

And in King Lear, A. 4. s. 6.

“To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.”

See also Mr Collins's note on Troilus and Cressida, Vol. IX. p. 166, edit. 1778.—S.

² *Gallimaufry,*] *i. e.* medley. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Pistol says—“He loves thy *gally-maufry*,” using it, as Mr Stevens observes, humorously for a woman. Again, in a Woman never Vext, 1632—“Let us show ourselves gallants, or *gally-maufries*.”

I would have told you in what case I was
But you would needs be doing.

Sor. Whore of whores!

Dar'st thou tell me this?

Ann. O yes, why not?

You were deceiv'd in me; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honour: yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.

Sor. Excellent quean!

Why, art thou not with child?

Ann. What needs all this,

When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.

Sor. Tell me by whom.

Ann. Soft, sir, 'twas not in my bargain.

Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach,
I am content t' acquaint you with; the man,
The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,—
(For 'tis a boy, and therefore glory, sir,
Your heir shall be a son),—

Sor. Damnable monster!

Ann. Nay, an' you will not hear, I'll speak no
more.

Sor. Yes speak, and speak thy last.

Ann. A match, a match;

This noble creature was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,
Who had not been but human, as was I,
Would have kneel'd to him, and have begg'd for
love.

You! why you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or, indeed,
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

Sor. What was he call'd?

Ann. We are not come to that;

Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.

In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as it doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
'That you had been a creature; but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

Sor. Tell me his name.

Ann. Alás, alas, there's all! Will you believe?

Sor. What?

Ann. You shall never know.

Sor. How!

Ann. Never;

If you do, let me be curs'd.

Sor. Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy heart,
And find it there.

Ann. Do, do.

Sor. And with my teeth,
Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.

Ann. Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry.

Sor. Dost thou laugh?

Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds. Who is't?

Ann. *Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore.*

[Sings.

Sor. Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag
Thy lust be-leaper'd body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.

Ann. *Morendo in gratia Dei morire senza dolore*¹.

[Sings.

Sor. Dost thou triumph? the treasure of the earth
Shall not redeem thee. Were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage. Dost thou not tremble yet?

¹ See the note on Act 4. s. 1. The wicked assurance of Annabella is very properly introduced, though perhaps not with such a design, to erase the pity we had felt for her at first, when her perfections were painted in such strong colours.

Ann. At what? to die! no, be a gallant hangman;

I dare thee to the worst; strike, and strike home; I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

Sor. Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly, Knows thy old father this?

Ann. No, by my life.

Sor. Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

Ann. My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

Sor. I will not slack my vengeance.

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. What d'you mean, sir?

Sor. Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore Deserves no pity.

Vas. Now the gods forefend! And wou'd you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too? O 'twere most unmanlike. She is your wife; what faults hath been done by her before she married you, were not against you. Alas! poor lady, what hath she committed, which any lady in Italy in the like case would not? Sir, you must be rul'd by your reason, and not by your fury; that were inhuman and beastly.

Sor. She shall not live.

Vas. Come, she must; you would have her confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I warrant you: 'tis an unconscionable demand, and she should lose the estimation that I, for my part, hold of her worth, if she had done it. Why, sir, you ought not, of all men living, to know it. Good sir, be reconciled. Alas, good gentlewoman!

Ann. Pish, do not beg for me, I prize my life As nothing; if the man will needs be mad, Why let him take it.

Sor. Vasques, hear'st thou this?

Vas. Yes, and commend her for it; in this she

shews the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely.—[*Aside to Soranzo.*]—Sir, in any case smother your revenge; leave the scenting out your wrongs to me; be ruled, as you respect your honour, or you mar all.—[*Aloud.*]—Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you are married now: what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors! 'tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

Sor. O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh, This faithless face of hers, had I laid up The treasure of my heart. Hadst thou been virtuous, Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys Of life itself had made me wish to live With any saint but thee. Deceitful creature! How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive! I did too dearly love thee.

Vas. This is well; follow this temper with some passion, be brief and moving, 'tis for the purpose.

[*Aside to Soranzo.*]

Sor. Be witness to my words, my soul, and thoughts, And tell me, didst not think that in my heart I did too superstitiously adore thee?

Ann. I must confess, I know you lov'd me well.

Sor. And would'st thou use me thus? O Anna-bella, Be thus assur'd, whatsoe'er the villain was That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace, Well he might lust, but never lov'd like me. He doated on the picture that hung out Upon thy cheeks to please his humorous¹ eye;

¹ *Humorous,*] *i. e.* capricious. So in Ben Jonson's Every

Not on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

Ann. O, my lord!

These words wound deeper than your sword could
do.

Vas. Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin
to weep myself, so much I pity him. Why, ma-
dam, I knew, when his rage was over-past, what it
would come to¹.

Sor. Forgive me, Annabella. Though thy youth
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,
Yet will not I forget what I should be,
And what I am, a husband; in that name
Is hid divinity. If I do find
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

Vas. By my troth, and that's a point of noble
charity.

Ann. Sir, on my knees——

Sor. Rise up, you shall not kneel:
Get you to your chamber, see you make no shew
Of alteration; I'll be with you straight.
My reason tells me now, that 'tis as common

Man Out of his Humour, Introduction, ——“when you come
to plays, be *humorous*; look with a good starch'd face, and ruffle
your brow like a new boot; laugh at nothing but your own jests,
or else as the noblemen laugh.” In Dekkar's *Satiromatrix*,
1600:

“—— all our understanding faculties
Sit there in their high court of parliament,
Enacting laws to sway this *humorous* world,
This little isle of man.”—*Reed.*

Lastly, and most appositely, in the Spanish tragedy:

“You know that women oft are *humorous*,
This clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone I'll scatter them myself.”

¹ This tragedy is much in the predicament of *Venice Preserv'd*,
for, of the more active personages, none partakes much of our
admiration, except the Friar, and, in some traits of his character,
Vasques.

To err in frailty as to be a woman.

Go to your chamber. [Exit Annabella].

Vas. So, this was somewhat to the matter; what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

Sor. I carry hell about me, all my blood
Is fir'd in swift revenge.

Vas. That may be; but know you how, or on whom? Alas! to marry a great woman, being made great in the stock to your hand, is an usual sport in these days; but to know what terret it was that hunted your cunny-burrow, there is the cunning.

Sor. I'll make her tell herself, or —

Vas. Or what? You must not do so; let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while: go to her, use her mildly, win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune: for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. 'Pray, sir, go in: the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

Sor. Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

[Exit.

Vas. Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce²; I

¹ This whole scene, though the author does not sufficiently restrain his language, and consequently is not over delicate, is most admirably conducted, and the nature of female passion, softened at once from the most unbounded fury to the most melting gentleness, well delineated.

² Nonce.] "That is" (says Mr Tyrwhitt, in his notes on Chaucer, Vol. IV. 207.) "as I conceive, for the occasion. This phrase, which was frequently, though not always very precisely, used by our old writers, I suppose to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I suppose came for the *nunc*, and so for the *nonce*; just as from *ad-nunc* came *anon*. The Spanish *entonces* has been formed in the same manner from *in tunc*."

To confirm this explanation, the following examples may be produced: Erasmus's Praise of Folly, 1549, sig. k. 2.—"This man mourneth, and lorde, what follies saieth he, and dooeth he, hyrynge also some plaiers (as it were) to wepe and howle for the

had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty while ago; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness, and loud fault-finding, then I remembered the proverb, that where hens crow, and cocks hold their peace, there are sorry houses. 'Sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whilst I live again; up and up so quick, and so quickly too! 'twere a fine policy to learn by whom. This must be known¹; and I have thought on't—

Enter PUTANA.

Here's the way or none.—What, crying, old mistress! alas, alas, I cannot blame thee; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

Put. O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

Vas. Me? why he makes a dog of me; but if some were of my mind, I know what we would do. As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness: say she be with child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blam'd for!

Put. Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

nones” Ibid. sig. l. 3. “—— eche of whome, in bablyng, maye compare with ten women chosen *for the nones*.” Gascoigne's Supposes, 1587, A. 3. s. 3: “—— step to him all at once, take him: and with a cord that I have lay'd on the table *for the nonce*, bind him hand and foot.” Ben Jonson's Volpone, A. 2. s. 2: “Here's a medicine *for the nones*.” Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599: “Norwich, at her majesty's coming in progress thither, presented her with a shew of knotters, on a high stage placed *for the nonce*.”—Reed.

¹ *Known.*] So the quarto. The modern copy reads with an unnecessary alteration—by whom this must be *done*.

Vas. I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all strait: well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed.

Put. Do you think so?

Vas. Foh, I know it; provided that he did not win her to it by force. He was once in a mind that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you; but I somewhat pacified him from that; yet sure you know a great deal.

Put. Heaven forgive us all, I know a little, Vasques.

Vas. Why should you not? who else should? Upon my conscience she loves you dearly, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

Put. Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

Vas. 'Twere pity of your life if you should; but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

Put. Dost think so, Vasques?

Vas. Nay, I know it; ——— sure it was some near and entire friend.

Put. 'Twas a dear friend indeed; but—

Vas. But what? fear not to name him; my life between you and danger: 'faith, I think it was no base fellow.

Put. Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

Vas. U'ds pity, what else? you shall be rewarded too, trust me.

Put. 'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

Vas. Her brother Giovanni, I warrant you!

Put. Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman

as ever kiss'd fair lady : O they love most perpetually¹.

Vas. A brave gentleman indeed ; why therein I commend her choice.—Better and better—— You are sure'twas he ?

Put. Sure ; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

Vas. He were to blame if he would : but may I believe thee ?

Put. Believe me ! why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew ? No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long to belie them now.

Vas. Where are you ? there, within, sirs.

Enter Banditti.

Put. How now, what are these ?

Vas. You shall know presently. Come, sirs, take me this old, damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly.

Put. Vasques ! Vasques !

Vas. Gag her, I say ; 'sfoot, do you suffer her to prate ! what do you fumble about ! let me come to her. I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch ! Sirs, carry her closely into the coal-house, and put out her eyes instantly ; if she roars, slit her nose ; do you hear, be speedy and sure. Why this is excellent, and above expectation.

[Exeunt with Putana.

Her own brother ! O horrible ! to what a height of liberty in damnation hath the devil trained our age ! her brother ! well, there's yet but a beginning. I must to my lord, and tutor him better in his points of vengeance : now I see how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail ; but soft—what thing comes next ?

¹ *Perpetually.*] The modern copy reads, perfectly ; but the old reading is far better.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Giovanni, as I could wish; my belief is strengthened, 'tis as firm as winter and summer.

Gio. Where's my sister?

Vas. Troubled with a new sickness; my lord, she's somewhat ill.

Gio. Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vas. Troth, sir, and you, I think, have even hit it; but my virtuous lady——

Gio. Where is she? [*Giving him money.*]

Vas. In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone. Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant, and shall ever——

[*Exit GIOVANNI.*]

Enter SORANZO.

Sir, I am made a man, I have plied my cue with cunning and success; I beseech you let us be private.

Sor. My lady's brother's come, now he'll know all.

Vas. Let him know it; I have made some of them fast enough. How have you dealt with my lady?

Sor. Gently, as thou hast counsell'd; O my soul Runs circular in sorrow for revenge.

But, Vasques, thou shalt know——

Vas. Nay, I will know no more; for now comes your turn to know. I would not talk so openly with you: let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure: he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him.—Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

Sor. No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before SORANZO's House.*

Enter ANNABELLA on a Balcony.

Ann. Pleasures farewell! and all ye thriftless minutes

Wherein false joys have spun a weary life;
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.

Thou precious time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race

Of my last fate; here stay thy restless course,

And bear to ages that are yet unborn

A wretched woeful woman's tragedy.

My conscience now stands up against my lust,

With depositions character'd in guilt,

Enter FRIAR below.

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;

Beauty that clothes the outside of the face,

Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.

Here like a turtle, mew'd up in a cage,

Unmated, I converse with air and walls,

And descant on my vile unhappiness.

O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil

Of thine own virtues, and my modest fame,

'Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars

That luckless reign'd at my nativity!

O would the scourge due to my black offence

Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel

The torment of an uncontroled flame!

Friar. (apart) What's this I hear?

Ann. That man, that blessed friar,

Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand

To him whose wife I now am, told me oft,
 I trod the path to death, and shew'd me how.
 But they who sleep in lethargies of lust,
 Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust ;
 And so did I.

Friar. Here's music to the soul ! [*Apart.*

Ann. Forgive me, my good genius, and this
 once

Be helpful to my ends ; let some good man
 Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
 This paper, double lin'd with tears and blood ;
 Which being granted, here I sadly vow
 Repentance, and a leaving of that life
 I long have died in.

Friar. Lady, Heaven hath heard you,
 And hath by providence ordain'd, that I
 Should be his minister for your behoof.

Ann. Ha, what are you ?

Friar. Your brother's friend, the Friar ;
 Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
 This free confession 'twixt your peace and you :
 What would you, or to whom ? fear not to speak.

Ann. Is heaven so bountiful ?—Then I have
 found

More favour than I hop'd ; here, holy man——

[*Throws a letter.*

Commend me to my brother, give him that,
 That letter ; bid him read it, and repent.
 Tell him that I (imprison'd in my chamber,
 Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
 Who gives me cause of much suspect) have time
 To blush at what hath past : bid him be wise,
 And not believe the friendship of my lord ;
 I fear much more than I can speak : good father,
 The place is dangerous, and spies are busy,
 I must break off,—you'll do't ?

Friar. Be sure I will ;

And fly with speed——my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter; live, to die more blest.

[*Exit* FRIAR.]

Ann. Thanks to the heavens, who have prolong'd
my breath

To this good use! now I can welcome death.

[*Exit* ANNABELLA.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the same House.*

Enter SORANZO and VASQUES.

Vas. Am I to be believed now? First, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to laugh at your horns? to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations, cuckold you in your bride-bed, waste your estate upon panders and bawds?

Sor. No more, I say, no more.

Vas. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord.

Sor. I am resolv'd; urge not another word; My thoughts are great, and all as resolute As thunder; in mean time I'll cause our lady To deck herself in all her bridal robes; Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms. Begone:—yet hear you, are the banditti ready To wait in ambush?

Vas. Good sir, trouble not yourself about other business than your own resolution; remember that time lost cannot be recalled.

Sor. With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
The states of Parma to my birth-day's feast;
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not fail;
Be speedy and return.

Vas. Let not your pity betray you, till my coming back : think upon incest and cuckoldry.

Sor. Revenge is all th' ambition I aspire,
To that I'll climb or fall ; my blood's on fire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—GIOVANNI'S *Apartment in FLORIO'S House.*

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights th' unexperienc'd temper of the mind :
So did it me ; who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract ; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine !
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds ;
My world, and all of happiness, is here,
And I'd not change it for the best to come :
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

Enter FRIAR.

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retir'd delights ; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else.
But slavish and fond superstitious fear ;
And I could prove it too——

Friar. Thy blindness slays thee :
Look there, 'tis writ to thee. [*Gives the letter.*]

Gio. From whom ?

Friar. Unrip the seals and see ;
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congealed coral.—
Why d'ye change colour, son ?

Gio. 'Fore heaven you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love
And your religion-masked sorceries.
Where had you this ?

Friar. Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd¹,
Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

Gio. 'Tis her hand,
I know't ; and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what. Death ? I'll not fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discover'd—pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice !—Discover'd ?
The devil we are ! Which way is't possible ?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights ?
Confusion take such dotage ! 'tis but forg'd ;
This is your peevish² chattering, weak old man !—
Now, sir, what news bring you ?

Enter VASQUES.

Vas. My lord, according to his yearly custom,
keeping this day a feast in honour of his birth-day,
by me invites you thither. Your worthy father,
with the pope's reverend nuncio, and other magni-
ficoes of Parma, have promis'd their presence ;
will't please you to be of the number ?

¹ *Seared,*] *i. e.* dried up, a term generally applied to trees.

² *Peevish,*] *i. e.* weak, silly. Thus in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Why this it is to be a *peevish* girl.”

And in *King Henry VI. P. I.*

“ To send such *peevish* tokens to a king.”

Gio. Yes, tell them I dare come.

Vas. Dare come?

Gio. So I said; and tell him more, I will come.

Vas. These words are strange to me.

Gio. Say, I will come.

Vas. You will not miss?

Gio. Yet more: I'll come.—Sir, are you answered?

Vas. So I'll say.—My service to you.

[*Exit* VASQUES.]

Friar. You will not go, I trust.

Gio. Not go; for what?

Friar. O do not go! this feast (I'll 'gage my life)
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin.
Be rul'd, you sha'not go.

Gio. Not go! stood death
Threat'ning his armies of confounding plagues,
With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars,
I would be there: Not go? yes, and resolve
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all;
For I will go.

Friar. Go where thou wilt, I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end—
To a bad fearful end: I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia I
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma farewell; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine! Well, young man, since no
prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair.

[*Exit* FRIAR.]

Gio. Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me; I have set up my rest¹.

¹ *I have set up my rest.*] *To set up a rest*, is a phrase which occurs in almost every poet in the times of James and Charles. It is taken from terms used at the *game of primero*, and perhaps

Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots ;
 Be all a man, my soul ; let not the curse
 Of old prescription rend from me the gall
 Of courage, which enrolls a glorious death.
 If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
 Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
 Be crush'd to splits : with me they all shall perish.
 [Exit.]

at other games then played. The following, among other instances, will be sufficient to prove it :

Nugæ Antiquæ, Vol. II. p. 31. " The other tale I wold tell of a willinge and wise loss I have heard dyversly tolde. Some tell it of Kyng Phillip and a favoryt of his ; some of our worthy Kyng Henry 8th and Domingo ; and I may call it a tale, because perhappes it is but a tale ; but thys they tell it : The kyng, 55 eldest hand, *sets up all restes*, and discarded flush ; Domingo, or Dundego, call him how you will, held it uppon 40, or some such game ; when all *restes wear up*, and they had discarded, the king threw his 55 on the boord open with great lafter, supposing the game (as it was) in a manner sewer. Domingo was at his last carde incownter'd flush, as the standers-by saw, and tolde the daye after ; but seeing the kinge so mery, would not for a rest at *primero* put him owt of that pleasawnt conceyt, and put up his cardes quietly, yeelding it lost."—Supposes, by Gascoyne, A. 3. s. 2. " This amorous cause that hangs in controversy betwixt Domine Doctor and me, may be compared to them that play at *primero*, of whom one peradventure shall leese a great sum of money before he win one stake ; and at last, half in anger, *set up his rest* ; win it, and after that another, another, and another, till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heap ; the other, by little and little, still diminishing his rest till," &c.—Prologue to Return from Parnassus, 1606 : " Gentlemen, you that can play at noddie, or rather play upon noddies, you that can *set up a rest at primero* instead of a rest, laugh," &c.—Reed.

Mr Reed introduces several other examples, but the above will be sufficient to prove the origin of the frequent metaphorical use of the term.

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in SORANZO'S House.*

Enter SORANZO, VASQUES, and Banditti.

Sor. You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt!

Vas. I will undertake for their parts; be sure, my masters, to be bloody enough, and as unmerciful as if you were preying upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria; for your pardons, trust to my lord; but for your reward you shall trust none but your own pockets.

Bandit. (omnes) We'll make a murder.

Sor. Here's gold, here's more; want nothing: what you do

Is noble, and an act of brave revenge.

I'll make you rich, banditti, and all free.

Omnes. Liberty! liberty!

Vas. Hold: take every man a vizard; when you are withdrawn keep as much silence as you can possibly. You know the watch-word, till which be spoken, move not; but when you hear that, rush in like a stormy flood: I need not instruct you in your own profession.

Omnes. No, no, no.

Vas. In then, your ends are profit and preferment—Away! [*Exeunt Banditti.*

Sor. The guests will all come, Vasques!

Vas. Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge your resolution: you see nothing is unready to this great work, but a great mind in you: call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of honour, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage in your own wrongs; so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call your own.

Sor. 'Tis well ; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

Vas. Now you begin to turn Italian. This beside ; when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit : give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty ; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death, that, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation¹.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Sor. It shall be so ; and see, as we would wish,
He comes himself first.—Welcome my much-lov'd
brother,

Now I perceive you honour me ; you're welcome.—
But where's my father ?

Gio. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister ?

Sor. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet.
You're best walk to her chamber.

Gio. If you will.

Sor. I must expect my honourable friends ;
Good brother, get her forth.

¹ *That, if it be possible, he post to hell in the very act of his damnation.*] This infernal sentiment has been copied from Shakespeare by several writers who were nearly his contemporaries.—*Reed.* In the notes on Hamlet, A. 3. s. 3. the supposed imitations of the speech Shakespeare there introduced, are quoted from Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Machin, and an anonymous writer. It is, however, a sentiment not unlikely to be put into the mouth of characters wound up to the height of revenge. In the Additional Notes to Vol. VIII. of Dodsley's Old Plays by Reed, a very plausible alteration is proposed in this speech, in the following words : “ I suspect that we should read—he will be sharp set on his old *bait* : give him *line* enough, &c. S.”—The old text, however, gives perfect sense, and we have not a sufficient desire of mending our author, to introduce this otherwise very ingenious conjecture.

Gio. You are busy, sir. [*Exit GIOVANNI.*]

Vas. Even as the great devil himself would have it, let him go and glut himself in his own destruction: hark, the nuncio is at hand; good sir, be ready to receive him.

Flourish.—*Enter* CARDINAL, FLORIO, DONADO, RICHARDETTO, and Attendants.

Sor. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,

That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favour.

Car. You are our friend, my lord; his holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honour
St Peter's vicar in his substitute.

Our special love to you.

Sor. Signiors, to you

My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.

Please¹ your grace to walk near?

Car. My lord we come

To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

Sor. Attend his grace there. Signiors keep your way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Chamber, ANNABELLA discovered lying on a Bed.*

*Enter GIOVANNI*².

Gio. What, chang'd so soon? hath your new
sprightly lord

¹ The old copy reads unmetrically, *pleaseth your grace.*

² The stage direction in the old copy, and in the reprints by

Found out a trick in night-games more than we
 Could know in our simplicity?—Ha! is't so?
 Or does the fit come on you, to prove treach'rous
 To your past vows and oaths?

Ann. Why should you jest
 At my calamity, without all sense
 Of the approaching dangers you are in?

Gio. What danger's half so great as thy revolt?
 Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
 Malice, or any treachery beside,
 Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate
 Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
 Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
 One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
 And what! you'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

Ann. Brother, dear brother, know what I have
 been,

And know that now there's but a dining-time
 'Twixt us and our confusion; let's not waste
 These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
 Alas, these gay attires were not put on
 But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
 Was not ordain'd to riot in expence;
 I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
 Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
 Am not for nothing at an instant freed
 To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother,
 This banquet is an harbinger of death
 To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
 And be prepar'd to welcome it.

Gio. Well, then,
 The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
 Shall be consum'd to ashes in a minute.

Ann. So I have read too.

Dodsley and Reed, reads ridiculously: Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

Gio. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn ; could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or heaven.

Ann. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream ; else in this other world
We should know one another.

Ann. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so ?

Ann. For certain.

Gio. But do you think,
That I shall see you there ? you look on me :
May we kiss one another ? prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here ?

Ann. I know not that ;
But, good [brother] for the present, how do you mean¹
To free yourself from danger ? some way think
How to escape ; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here ; what see you in my
face ?

Ann. Distraction and a troubled countenance².

Gio. Death, and a swift repining wrath,—yet
look,

What see you in mine eyes ?

Ann. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed ; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave, these furrow'd up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,

¹ *But good for the present, what d'ee mean.*] So the old quarto reads. Corrected in Dodsley's old plays.

² *Countenance.*] The modern editors very improperly read—conscience.

Early and late, the tribute which my heart
 Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
 Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now :
 Never till now did nature do her best,
 To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
 Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
 The jealous destinies require again.

Pray, Annabella, pray ! Since we must part.
 Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
 Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.

Pray, pray, my sister.

Ann. Then I see your drift ;
 Ye blessed angels, guard me !

Gio. So say I.

Kiss me. If ever after-times should hear
 Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
 The laws of conscience and of civil use
 May justly blame us, yet when they but know
 Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,
 Which would in other incests be abhorr'd.
 Give me your hand : how sweetly life doth run
 In these well-colour'd veins ! how constantly
 These palms do promise health ! but I could chide
 With nature for this cunning flattery,—
 Kiss me again,—forgive me.

Ann. With my heart.

Gio. Farewell.

Ann. Will you be gone ?

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,

And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
 May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
 More sooty than the poets feign their Styx !
 One other kiss, my sister.

Ann. What means this ?

Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss¹.

[Stabs her.

¹ *And kill thee in a kiss.*] Ford seems to have had Othello in

Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand.
Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

Ann. Oh brother, by your hand!

Gio. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thee, even in thy death, most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Ann. Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins!
Farewell.

Brother unkind, unkind,—mercy, great Heaven,—
oh—oh.

[*Dies.*

Gio. She's dead, alas, good soul! the hapless
fruit,

That in her womb receiv'd its life from me,
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this;
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part!

[*Exit with the Body.*

his mind when he wrote this speech. The present scene does not suffer by a comparison with the celebrated one in Shakespeare here referred to; and, both in point of pathos and versification, is scarcely inferior to any passage in that author. I repeat, that we cannot sufficiently regret, that Ford has wasted his highest powers upon a play, the unfortunate plot of which will certainly make it unpalatable to many readers.

SCENE VI.—*The Hall in the same House.*

A Banquet.—*Enter the CARDINAL, FLORIO, DONADO, SORANZO, RICHARDETTO, VASQUES, and Attendants.*—*They take their places.*

Vas. (*Apart to Sor.*) Remember, sir, what you have to do; be wise and resolute.

Sor. Enough—my heart is fix'd.—Pleaseth your grace

To taste these coarse confections. Tho' the use
Of such set entertainments more consists
In custom, than in cause; yet, reverend sir,
I am still made your servant by your presence.

Car. And we your friend.

Sor. But where's my brother Giovanni?

Enter GIOVANNI, with a Heart upon his Dagger.

Gio. Here, here, Soranzo, trimm'd in reeking
blood,

That triumphs over death; proud in the spoil
Of love and vengeance; fate, or all the powers
That guide the motions of immortal souls
Could not prevent me.

Car. What means this?

Flo. Son Giovanni!

Sor. Shall I be forestall'd?

Gio. Be not amaz'd: if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted?—my sister, oh my sister!

Flo. Ha! what of her?

Gio. The glory of my deed
Darken'd the mid-day sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare;

I came to feast too, but I digg'd for food
 In a much richer mine than gold or stone
 Of any value balanc'd; 'tis a heart,
 A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd.
 Look well upon't; do you know't?

Vas. What strange riddle's this?

Gio. 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why d' you
 startle?

I vow 'tis her's. This dagger's point plough'd up
 Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame
 Of a most glorious executioner.

Flo. Why, madman, art thyself?

Gio. Yes, father; and, that times to come may
 know,

How as my fate I honour'd my revenge,
 List, father; to your ears I will yield up
 How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

Flo. What is't thou say'st?

Gio. Nine moons have had their changes,
 Since I first thoroughly view'd, and truly lov'd,
 Your daughter and my sister.

Flo. How? Alas, my lords,
 He is a frantic madman!

Gio. Father, no;

For nine months space, in secret, I enjoy'd
 Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I liv'd
 A happy monarch of her heart and her.

Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek
 Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace;
 For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd
 The happy passage of our stol'n delights,
 And made her mother to a child unborn.

Car. Incestuous villain!

Flo. Oh, his rage belies him!

Gio. It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth;
 I vow it is so!

Sor. I shall burst with fury!
Bring the strumpet forth!

Vas. I shall, sir. [*Exit VASQUES.*]

Gio. Do, sir; have you all no faith
To credit yet my triumphs? here I swear
By all that you call sacred, by the love
I bore my Annabella whilst she liv'd,
These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this heart.

Enter VASQUES.

Is't true or no, sir?

Vas. 'Tis most strangely true.

Flo. Cursed man—have I liv'd to— [*Dies.*]

Cur. Hold up, Florio.

Monster of children! see what thou hast done,
Broke thy old father's heart; is none of you
Dares venture on him?

Gio. Let 'em; oh my father,
How well his death becomes him in his griefs!
Why this was done with courage; now survives
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

Sor. Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T' outlive thy murders? [*Draws.*]

Gio. Yes, I tell thee yes;

For in my fists I bear the twists of life.

Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine, [*Fight.*]

And thus, and thus: now brave revenge is mine.

[*SORANZO falls.*]

Vas. I cannot hold any longer. You, sir, are
you grown insolent in your butcheries? have at
you. [*Fight.*]

Gio. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee.

Vas. No! will it not be yet? if this will not, an-
other shall. Not yet? I shall fit you anon—
Vengeance.

Enter Banditti.

Gio. Welcome; come more of you, whate'er you be;

I dare your worst——

Oh I can stand no longer; feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength?

Vas. Now, you are welcome, sir; away, my masters, all is done; shift for yourselves, your reward is your own. Shift for yourselves.

Band. Away, away. [*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Vas. How d'ye, my lord? See you this! how is't!

Sor. Dead; but in death well pleas'd, that I have liv'd

To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.—

O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give

My last of breath, let not that lecher live—

Oh!—

[*Dies.*]

Vas. The reward of peace and rest be with him, my ever dearest lord and master.

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound?

Vas. Mine, sir; I was your first man: have you enough?

Gio. I thank thee, thou hast done for me
But what I would have else done on myself;
Art sure thy lord is dead?

Vas. Oh impudent slave,
As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

Car. Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

Gio. Mercy! why, I have found it in this justice.

Car. Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

Gio. Oh I bleed fast!

Death, thou'rt a guest long look'd for; I embrace

Thee and thy wounds. Oh my last minute comes!

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
 Freely to view my Annabella's face! [Dies.]

Don. Strange miracle of justice!

Car. Raise up the city, we shall be murder'd all.

Vas. You need not fear, you shall not; this
 strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to
 the son, which I have vowed to the father.

Car. Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate
 fiend

Hath led thee on to this?

Vas. Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs;
 for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought
 forth my country in my youth by lord Soranzo's fa-
 ther; whom, whilst he lived, I served faithfully;
 since whose death I have been to this man, as I
 was to him: what I have done, was duty, and I re-
 pent nothing, but that the loss of my life had not
 ransomed his.

Car. Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet unnam'd
 Of council in this incest?

Vas. Yes, an old woman, sometime guardian to
 this murder'd lady.

Car. And what's become of her?

Vas. Within this room she is; whose eyes, after
 her confession, I caused to be put out, but kept
 alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth
 you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done
 you may judge of, and let your own wisdom be a
 judge in your own reason.

Car. Peace! First this woman, chief in these ef-
 fects,

My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en
 Out of the city, for example's sake,
 There to be burnt to ashes.

Don. 'Tis most just.

Car. Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

Don. I shall.

Vas. What for me! if death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son, as I was to the father.

Car. Fellow, for thee; since what thou didst was done

Not for thyself, being no Italian,
We banish thee for ever, to depart
Within three days; in this we do dispense
With grounds of reason, not of thine offence.

Vas. 'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge.

[*Exit VASQUES.*]

Car. Take up these slaughter'd bodies, see them buried;

And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever,
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

Rich. (*Discovers himself.*) Your grace's pardon;
thus long I liv'd disguis'd,
To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

Car. What! Richardetto, whom we thought for dead?

Don. Sir, was it you——

Rich. Your friend.

Car. We shall have time

To talk at large of all; but never yet
Incest and murder have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, '*Tis pity she's a Whore*'?

¹ At the end of the old quarto, the printer makes the following apology for the errors of the press, which are, however, not nearly as numerous as in many other plays of the time: "The general commendation deserved by the actors in their presentment of this tragedy, may easily excuse such few faults as are escaped in the printing. A common charity may allow him the ability of spelling, whom a secure confidence assures that he cannot ignorantly err in the application of sense."

The first thing that I did when I came to the court
 was to go to the king's chamber and to see
 how he did. I found him very well, and he
 was very glad to see me. He told me that
 he had been thinking of me very much, and
 that he was very glad to hear that I was
 well. He also told me that he was very
 glad to see me, and that he was very
 glad to hear that I was well. He also
 told me that he was very glad to see me,

and that he was very glad to hear that I
 was well. He also told me that he was
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 was very glad to hear that I was well.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

AND THE EAST INDIA HOUSE

THE EAST INDIA HOUSE

THE EAST INDIA HOUSE

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THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

THIS Tragi-Comedy was the first of our author's dramatic performances which he sent to the press. *'Tis pity she's a Whore* did not see the light till four years after. Whether *The Lover's Melancholy* was the greater favourite with our author, or whether the horrid plot of the former made him fearful to submit it to the eyes of the world, we cannot determine. The full title of the present play is, "The Lover's Melancholy. Acted at the Private House in the Blacke Friars, and publikely at the Globe, by the King's Majestic's seruants. London, printed for H. Seile, and are to be sold at the Tyger's Head in St Paul's Church-Yard. 1629."

In 1748 this play was revived for a benefit by the celebrated comedian Macklin. His letter in the General Advertiser, together with an account of the controversies it has occasioned, will be found in the Introduction.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM

The Boston Museum of Natural History, established in 1846, was the first museum in the United States to be dedicated to the study of natural history. It was founded by the citizens of Boston and is now one of the largest and most important museums in the world. The museum's collections include plants, animals, minerals, and fossils, and it is a center of research and education in the field of natural history. The museum's exhibits are displayed in a modern and attractive building, and it offers a wide range of programs and activities for visitors of all ages. The museum's research programs focus on the study of the evolution of life and the interactions between organisms and their environments. The museum's collections are one of the most comprehensive in the world, and it is a valuable resource for scientists and the general public alike.

TO

MY WORTHILY RESPECTED FRIENDS,

NATHANIEL FINCH, JOHN FORD, ESQRS.

MR HENRY BLUNT, MR ROBERT ELLICE,

AND ALL THE REST OF THE

NOBLE SOCIETY OF GRAY'S INN.

MY HONOURED FRIENDS,

THE account of some leisable hours is here summed up, and offered to examination. Importunity of others, or opinion of mine own, hath not urged on any confidence of running the hazard of a censure. As plurality hath reference to a multitude, so I care not to please many: but where there is a parity of condition, there the freedom of construction makes the best music. This concord hath equally held between you the patrons, and me the presenter. I am cleared of all scruple of disrespect on your parts, as I am of too slack a merit in myself. My presumption of coming in print in this kind, hath hitherto been unreprouvable*; this piece

* We have here a proof of the modesty of Ford, in not having as yet printed his other pieces, composed previously to this. It

being the first that ever courted reader ; and it is very possible that the like compliment with me may soon grow out of fashion. A practice of which that I may avoid now, I commend to the continuance of your loves, the memory of his, who, without the protestation of a service, is readily your friend,

JOHN FORD.

seems, indeed, to have led to a degree of diffidence which can hardly be esteemed as laudable. The encouragement of friends, and the applause of the public, seem to have been requisite to induce his mind to cultivate a genius which might have risen to the first eminence, if a certain search of originality in the conception, and a quaintness in the execution of his works, had not hitherto contributed to throw a shade upon his plays, and led to the entire neglect of an author, gifted with talents for the highest degree of dramatical excellence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALADOR, *prince of Cyprus.*

AMETHUS, *cousin to the prince.*

MELEANDER, *an old lord.*

SOPHRONOS, *brother to MELEANDER.*

MENAPHON, *son of SOPHRONOS.*

ARETUS, *tutor to the prince.*

CORAX, *a physician.*

PELIAS, } *two foolish courtiers.*

CUCULUS, }

RHETIAS, *servant to EROCLEA.*

TROLLIO, *servant to MELEANDER.*

GRILLA, *a page of CUCULUS, in woman's dress.*

THAMASTA, *sister of AMETHUS, and cousin to the prince.*

EROCLEA, } *daughters of MELEANDER.*

CLEOPHILA, }

KALA, *waiting-maid to THAMASTA.*

The Scene—Famagosta in Cyprus.

The Names of such as acted:

* <i>John Lowin.</i>	<i>Curteise Grivill.</i>
<i>Joseph Taylor.</i>	<i>George Vernon.</i>
<i>Robert Benfield.</i>	<i>Richard Baxter.</i>
<i>John Shanck.</i>	<i>John Tomson.</i>
<i>Eylyardt Swanston.</i>	<i>John Honyman.</i>
<i>Anthony Smith.</i>	<i>James Horne.</i>
<i>Richard Sharpe.</i>	<i>William Trigg.</i>
<i>Thomas Pollard.</i>	<i>Alexander Gough.</i>
<i>William Penn.</i>	

* This and the three following comedians, are known to have acted in Shakespeare's plays. Several of the players, with some information concerning the characters they chiefly excelled in, are to be found in the following extract from the "Historia Histrionica," 1699: "In my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act, with mighty applause, Falstaffe, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon in the Alchymist; Melantius, in the Maid's Tragedy: Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well, Iago, Truc-wit in the Silent Woman, and Face in the Alchymist: Swanston used to play Othello: Pollard and Robinson were comedians; so was Shank, who used to act Sir Roger in the Scornful Lady: These were of the Blackfriars." Almost all the same actors are enumerated before Massinger's Roman Actor, and several of their names are prefixed to Fletcher's Wild-goose Chase, fol. 1652.

PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, in what true sense,
The writer, actors, or the audience
Should mould their judgments for a play, might draw
Truth into rules ; but we have no such law.
Our writer, for himself, would have ye know,
That, in his following scenes, he doth not owe
To others' fancies ; nor hath lain in wait
For any stol'n invention, from whose height
He might commend his own, more than the right
A scholar claims, may warrant for delight*.
It is art's scorn, that some of late have made
The noble use of poetry a trade.
For your parts, gentlemen, to quite † his pains,
Yet you will please, that as you meet with strains
Of lighter mixtures, but to cast your eye
Rather upon the main, than on the by.
His hopes stand firm, and, we shall find it true,
The Lover's Melancholy cur'd by you.

* We have here a very indubitable allusion to Ben Jonson. His high conceit of his abilities, and his "stol'n inventions from the ancients," were by his opponents used as excellent weapons of retaliation, for the attacks he made upon other successful writers.

† *Quite,*] *i. e.* requite.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

CONTAINING

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter MENAPHON and PELIAS.

Men. Dangers? how mean you dangers, that so courtly

You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

Pel. From travels, noble sir.

Men. These are delights,

If my experience hath not, truant-like,
Mis-spent the time, which I have strove to use
For bettering my mind with observation.

Pel. As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange;
But is it possible?

Men. What?

Pel. To bestride

The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,
When blust'ring Boreas tosseth up the deep,
And thumps a louder bounce¹.

¹ Pelias, it should be remembered, is "a foolish courtier;" and speaks, conformably to his character, the bombastic language of the Spanish tragedy, King Cambyzes, &c. See his next speech but one.

Men. Sweet sir, 'tis nothing ;
Straight comes a dolphin', playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents
A feather-bed, to waff ye to the shore,
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

Pel. indeed? is't true, I pray?

Men. I will not stretch
Your faith upon the tenters. Pr'ythee, Pelias,
Where did'st thou learn this language?

Pel. I this language?
Alas, sir, we that study words and forms
Of compliment, must fashion all discourse
According to the nature of the subject.—
But I am silent; now appears a sun,
Whose shadow I adore.

Enter AMETHUS, SOPHRONOS, and Attendants.

Men. My honour'd father!

Soph. From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my
love,
The joys, that bid thee welcome, do too much
Speak me a child.

Men. O princely sir! your hand.

Amet. Perform your duties, where you owe them
first;
I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures
Thy presence hath brought home.

Soph. Here thou still find'st
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when
Thou left'st at thy departure.

Men. Yes, I know it,
To him I owe more service——

Amet. 'Pray-give leave,
He shall attend your entertainments soon,

¹ *Straight comes a dolphin.*] The dolphin retained from the ancient mythology many marvellous attributes, which the travellers of old were not anxious to contradict.

Next day, and next day ; for an hour or two
I would engross him only.

Soph. Noble lord!

Amet. You're both dismiss'd.

Pel. Your creature and your servant.

[*Ex. SOPHRONOS, PELIAS, and Attendants.*]

Amet. Give me thy hand ! I will not say, Thou'rt
welcome,

That is the common road of common friends ;
I'm glad I have thee here.—Oh ! I want words
To let thee know my heart.

Men. 'Tis piec'd to mine.

Amet. Yes, 'tis ; as firmly as that holy thing
Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,
My Menaphon ! now all the goodly blessings,
That can create a heav'n on earth, dwell with thee !
Twelve months we have been sund'red ; but hence-
forth

We never more will part, till that sad hour,
In which death leaves the one of us behind,
To see the other's funerals perform'd.
Let's now a while be free ! How have thy travels
Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents ?

Men. Such cure as sick men find in changing
beds,

I found in change of airs ; the fancy flatter'd
My hopes with ease, as their's do ; but the grief
Is still the same.

Amet. Such is my case at home.

Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid
Of sweetness and humility, more pities
Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide
Of my complaints.

Men. Thamasta, my great mistress,
Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this
Confirm'd affection on some worthy choice.

Amet. Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet

Is intermur'd with ice; tho' by the truth
Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein
I have not mention'd thy deserts, thy constancy,
Thy—Come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,
Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd upon a sin
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend.

Men. Does the court
Wear the old looks too?

Amet. If thou mean'st the prince,
It does. He's the same melancholy man,
He was at his father's death; sometimes speaks sense,
But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none;
Gaze upon revels, antick fopperies,
But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse;
Hear music: but what most he takes delight in,
Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly,
So sweet in his own nature, any story
Hath seldom mention'd.

Men. Why should such as I am,
Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun
Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In several shapes; as miseries do grow,
They alter as men's forms; but now, none know.

Amet. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.

Men. Than any
I have observ'd abroad: all countries else
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
Of admirable virtue.

Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?

Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;

A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are : to add delight
I'll tell ye, how I found him.

Amet.

Pr'ythee do.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art and nature¹ ever were at strife in².

Amet. I cannot yet conceive, what you infer
By art and nature.

Men.

I shall soon resolve ye³.

A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather

¹ *Art and nature.*] The old copy is here evidently corrupt, as it reads art or nature.

² The author, who probably published this piece under his immediate inspection, adds the following note: "*Vide Fami. Stradam. lib. 2. Prolus. 6. Acad. 2. Imitat. Claudian.*" The well known beautiful fable of Strada is very beautifully introduced by our author in this place. Mr Lambe has selected this tale in his specimens, and bestows the following commendations upon it, which it highly deserves: "This story, which is originally to be met with in Strada's Prolusions, has been paraphrased in rhyme by Crashaw, Ambrose Philips, and others: but none of those versions can at all compare for harmony and grace with this blank verse of Ford's. It is as fine as any thing in Beaumont and Fletcher; and almost equals the strife which it celebrates."

³ *I shall soon resolve ye.*] To *resolve*, in our author's time, amongst numerous other collateral meanings, often signified to inform, satisfy, or declare. Thus, in Othello:

"——— to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd."

Indeed entranc'd my soul; as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-fac'd youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,
 Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
 To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
 That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
 Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good, on!

Men. A nightingale,
 Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
 The challenge, and for ev'ry several strain
 The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her
 down;

He could not run division¹ with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
 The nightingale, did with her various notes
 Reply to. For a voice, and for a sound,
 Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
 That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly,
 For they were rivals, and their mistress harmony.
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last

¹ *Run division.*] The very valuable notes to the Variorum edition of Shakespeare, however they may be abused, without distinction or discernment, by ignorant and superficial critics, form perhaps the most valuable glossary of the vulgar tongue of Shakespeare's age in the English language: and the very mistakes of the commentators have contributed to clear up a subject, of which the editors of the golden age of Queen Anne were most grossly ignorant. In this place, I quote the following note of Steevens:—" *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So in King Henry IV.

' Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
 With ravishing *division* to her lute.'

To run a *division* is also a musical term."

Into a pretty anger, that a bird
 Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods¹, or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
 To end the controversy, in a rapture
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning²,
 Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
 Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
 These several sounds : which, when her warbling
 throat

Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
 And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears ;
 That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
 A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd and
 cried :

“ Alas, poor creature ! I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it ;
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end :” and in that sorrow,
 As he was pashing³ it against a tree,
 I suddenly stept in.

¹ *Moods.*] Probably the *time* in which the music is played.

² *Cunning*] Frequently signified *art*.

³ *Pashing.*] Dashing, or throwing with violence: so in Mas-
 singer and Decker's *Virgin Martyr* :

Amet. Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.

Men. I repriev'd
Th' intended execution with intreaties,
And interruption. But, my princely friend,
It was not strange, the music of his hand
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,
Youth, carriage, and discretion, must, from men,
Indu'd with reason, ravish admiration :
From me they did.

Amet. But is the miracle
Not to be seen ?

Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion ; whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo not to make known,
Only for reasons to himself reserv'd:
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel ; for his fortunes,
They were nor mean, nor riotous ; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, tho' not obscure ;
His country Athens ; and his name Parthenophill.

Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus ?

Men. Willingly.
The fame of our young melancholy prince,
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love
Prevail'd with him, and I have lodg'd him privately
In Famagosta.

" ——— a firmament with clouds, being fill'd
With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,
To *pash* your gods in pieces."

In *How to Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602, 4to.

" ——— learn *pash* and knock, and beat and mall,
Cleave pates and caputs."

It was still used by Dryden, in a passage adduced by Mr Gifford
in a note on the former of these quotations.

Amet. Now thou'rt doubly welcome.
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When d'ye intend
To visit my great-spirited sister?

Men. May I
Without offence?

Amet. Without offence.—Parthenophill
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.
Thou art not still a coward?

Men. She's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.

Amet. I'll prepare
A noble welcome; and, friend, ere we part,
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter RHETIAS, carelessly attired.

Rhe. I will not court the madness of the times,
Nor fawn upon the riots that embalm¹
Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust
Of their affected vanities in coffins
Of memorable shame. When commonwealths
Totter and reel from that nobility
And ancient virtue, which renowns the great,
Who steer the helm of government; while mush-
rooms
Grow up, and make new laws to license folly:
Why should not I, a May-game², scorn the weight

¹ *The riots that embalm.*] The allusion is very obvious, but the metaphor, as well as the language, very quaint. Into this fault our author's affectation of originality, and perhaps his imitation of Shakespeare, too often betrayed him.

² *A May-game.*] We have here another singular metaphor, introduced too abruptly, and without a sufficient explanation.

Of my sunk fortunes ? snarl at the vices
 Which rot the land, and, without fear or wit¹,
 Be mine own antick ? 'Tis a sport to live
 When life is irksome, if we will not hug
 Prosperity in others, and contemn
 Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain :
 He that pursues his safety from the school
 Of state, must learn to be madman or fool.
 Ambition, wealth, ease ! I renounce the devil
 That damns ye here on earth ; or I will be
 Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So,

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence ; a buzz o' the court.

Pel. Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news,
 New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah !
 That gull, that young old gull², is coming this way.

Rhe. And thou art his forerunner³ ?

Pel. Pr'ythee, hear me !
 Instead of a fine guarded⁴ page we've got him

Rhetias means to call himself the *May-game* or butt of fortune. In the same strain he proposes soon afterwards to be his *own antick*.

¹ *Without fear or wit.*] It is difficult to conceive the precise meaning our author intended to apply to the last of these words. It cannot have the common ancient signification of *knowledge*, for we cannot conceive the propriety of Rhetias *purposefully* intending, without fear or *knowledge* of the circumstance, to become his own antick.

² *Gull.*] A gull, as Mr Steevens observes, " is a bird remarkable for the poverty of its feathers." Metaphorically the word was used for a blockhead, a person of a poor understanding, as well as a person good for nothing. Cotgrave explains *naquemouche* a fly-catcher, a gaping hoydon, an idle *gull*.

³ *Forerunner.*] This cruel profession is still in use in some of the southern parts of Europe. In our author's time it was probably as necessary an appendage of a nobleman's household as butlers, coachmen, and footmen, are in our days.

⁴ *Guarded.*] Adorned with lace or fringe. Reed, in a note

A boy, trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion ;
 Persuaded him, that 'tis indeed a wench ;
 And he has entertain'd him ; he does follow him,
 Carries his sword and buckler, waits on his trencher¹,
 Fills him his wine, tobacco ; whets his knife,
 Lackeys his letters, does what service else
 He would employ his man in. Being ask'd
 Why he is so irregular in courtship,
 His answer is, that since great ladies use
 Gentlemen-ushers to go bare before them,
 He knows no reason, but he may reduce
 The courtiers to have women wait on them,
 And he begins the fashion ; he is laugh'd at
 Most complimentally.—Thou'lt burst to see him.

Rhe. Agelastus, so surnamed for his gravity, was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance all days of his life as demurely as a judge that pronounceth sentence of death on a poor rogue, for stealing as much bacon as would serve at a meal with a calf's head. Yet he smiled once, and never but once.—Thou art no scholar ?

Pel. I have read pamphlets dedicated to me.—Dost call him Agelastus ? Why did he laugh ?

Rhe. To see an ass eat thistles. Puppy, go study to be a singular coxcomb. Cuculus is an ordinary ape, but thou art an ape of an ape.

Pel. Thou hast a patent to abuse thy friends.

to The Malcontent, observes, “ Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains a *garment garded*, to be the same as one *hemmed, plaited, or fringed*. So, in the *Dedication to Euphuus and his England*, 1582 : “ If a tailour make your gowne too little, you cover his fault with a broad stomacher ; if too great, with a number of plights ; if too short, with a *fayre garde* ; if too long, with a false gathering,” &c.

¹ *Trencher.*] Trenchers were still used by persons of fashion in our author's time. In the *Household Book of the Earls of Northumberland*, compiled at the beginning of the same century (since published), it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility.—*Percy*.

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA, both fantastically dressed.

Look, look he comes! observe him seriously.

Cuc. Reach me my sword and buckler!

Gril. They are here forsooth.

Cuc. How now, minx! how now? where is your duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically tendered; you are now one of us. Your courtesy! [*GRILLA courtesies.*] good. Remember that you are to practise courtship¹. Was thy father a piper, saist thou?

Gril. A sounder of some such wind-instrument forsooth.

Cuc. Was he so? Hold up thy head! Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer: one that shall ride on his footcloth², and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

Gril. That will be fine indeed.

Cuc. Thou art yet but simple.

Gril. D'ye think so?

Cuc. I have a brain; I have a head-piece: o' my

¹ *Courtship.*] The behaviour necessary to be observed at court, the manners of a courtier. The word has the same meaning in the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— More validity,
More honourable state, more *courtship* lives
In carrion flies than *Romeo*.”

The same explanation was given in rather an awkward manner by Johnson, and silently acquiesced in by Steevens. Mr Malone attempted to prove, that the ordinary modern meaning of the word was employed. The passage in our author, however, strongly tends to support the above explanation.

² *Footcloth.*] A horse fully caparisoned. So called from the footcloth or “housing which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached to the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with golden lace.” Horses, thus enveloped, are often delineated in wooden prints. The most superb are to be seen in the *Triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian*, printed at Vienna, from the wooden blocks discovered in the castle of Auras, in the Tyrol.

conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court-midwife at least. I will make thee big in time, wench.

Gril. E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

Pel. (*coming forward*) Noble accomplished Cuculus!

Rhe. Give me thy fist, innocent¹.

Cuc. 'Would 'twere in thy belly! There 'tis.

Pel. That's well; he's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

Cuc. Who cares? We can be as blunt as he, for's life.

Rhe. Cuculus, there is within a mile or two, a sow-pig hath suck'd a brach², and now hunts the deer, the hare, nay, most unnaturally, the wild boar, as well as any hound in Cyprus.

Cuc. Monstrous sow-pig! is't true?

Pel. I'll be at charge of a banquet³ on thee for a sight of her.

Rhe. Every thing takes after the dam that gave it suck. Where hadst thou thy milk?

Cuc. I? Why, my nurse's husband was a most excellent maker of shuttlecocks⁴.

Pel. My nurse was a woman-surgeon⁵.

¹ *Innocent.*] Fool. See Note on p. 19. of this volume.

² *Brach.*] This word is here used in its original signification, *a bitch*. So many pages of controversy upon this word are to be found in the editions of Shakespeare, that they leave little more to be said on the subject, and exempt us from adducing any proofs of the explanation given above.

³ *A Banquet.*] "A banquet, or (as is it is called in some of our old books) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit." Stevens's Note on the Taming of the Shrew, A. 5. s. 2.

⁴ *Shuttlecock.*] The old copy spells *shittlecock*. Every one is acquainted with this instrument, but the precise allusion which is concealed here I have not been able to discover.

⁵ *Woman-surgeon.*] Probably a *midwife*, though it is pos-

Rhe. And who gave thee pap, mouse ?

Gril. I never suck'd that I remember.

Rhe. La now ! a shuttlecock maker ; all thy brains are stuck with cork and feather. Cuculus, this learned courtier takes after the nurse too ; a she-surgeon, which is in fact a mere matter of colours. Go, learn to paint and daub compliments, 'tis the next step to run into a new suit. My lady Periwinkle here never suck'd. Suck thy master, and bring forth moon-calves ! do ! This is good philosophy, sirs ; make use on't.

Gril. Bless us ; what a strange creature this is !

Cuc. A gull, an arrant gull by proclamation.

Enter CORAX, passing over the Stage.

Pel. Corax, the prince's chief physician ?
What business speeds his haste ?—Are all things well, sir ?

Cor. Yes, yes, yes.

Rhe. Phew ! you may wheel about, man ; we know you are proud of your slovenry and practice, 'tis your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still ?

Cor. So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

Cuc. Aha ! here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

Rhe. You must not go yet.

Cor. I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity. [*Throws off his gown.*] Do what thou dar'st ; I stand thee.

Rhe. Mountebanks, empirics, quack-salvers, mineralists, wizards, alchemists, cast apothecaries,

sible that the ladies, who, in times of romance, were the best practitioners of physic, retained, in our author's days, some degree of reputation in that line. The words in one of the following speeches, " A she-surgeon, which is in fact a mere matter of colours," I am not able to explain.

old wives and barbers, are all suppositors¹ to the right worshipful doctor, as I take it. Some of ye are the head of your art, and the horns too, but they come by nature. Thou livest single for no other end, but that thou fearest to be a cuckold².

Cor. Have at thee! Thou affectest railing only for thy health; thy miseries are so thick and lasting, that thou hast not one poor denier to bestow on opening a vein. Wherefore, to avoid a pleurisy, thou'lt be sure to prate thyself once a month into a whipping, and bleed in the breech instead of the arm.

Rhe. Have at thee again!

Cor. Come!

Cuc. There, there, there! O brave doctor!

Pel. Let them alone!

Rhe. Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy lust a goat, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous empiric. Physicians are the body's

¹ *Suppositors.*] Suppositories, which I suppose are here used in a punning manner for supporters, are a medical application now almost laid aside.

² The present conversation between Corax and Rhetias is of the same nature as the Flytings, which were a source of great amusement to our ancestors. As instances may be adduced, the Flytings between King Henry VIII. and his buffoons, between Dunbar and Kennedy, King James V. and Sir David Lyndsay, &c. "James VI.," as the learned editor of the last mentioned poet observes, "in his Art of Poetry, lays down rules and cautions for flyting, according to the *norma loquendi*." The practice may be traced to the abusive sonnets so fashionable among the older Italian poets, as those which passed between Matteo Franco, and the admirable author of the *Morgante Maggiore*, and those of Alfonso Pazzi and Benedetto Varchi in a succeeding age. Very similar was the game of vapours, which we shall have occasion to mention in these notes. An instance of the latter is to be found in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair.

coblers, rather the botchers¹ of men's bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders our diseased flesh.—Come on!

Cuc. To't! to't! hold him to't! hold him to't!
to't! to't! to't!

Cor. The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind, for that only entitles thee to the dignity of a louse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou bitest anywhere; and any man who defends not himself with the clean linen of secure honesty, him thou darest not come near. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, time's dunghill, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou would'st hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art; but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter: and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

Rhe. Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

Cor. I have employment for thee, and for ye all. Tut! these are but good morrows between us.

Rhe. Are thy bottles full?

Cor. Of rich wine; let's all suck together.

Rhe. Like so many swine in a trough.

Cor. I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

Rhe. He shall fret or laugh.

Cuc. Must I make one?

Cor. Yes, and your feminine page too.

Gril. Thanks, most egregiously!

Pel. I will not slack my part.

Cuc. Wench, take my buckler!

¹ *Botchers.*] “A bad tailor is called a *botcher*, and to *botch* is to make clumsily,” as Johnson observes, in a note on the following passage in the *Twelfth Night*:

“— Hear how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath *botch'd* up.”

Cor. Come all unto my chamber ; the project is cast ; the time only we must attend.

Rhe. The melody must agree well, and yield sport,

When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Apartment of THAMASTA.*

Enter AMETHUS, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Amet. Does this shew well ?

Tha. What would you have me do ?

Amet. Not like a lady of the trim¹, new crept
Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour
Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness,
Embroideries, and all these antick fashions,
That shape a woman monstrous ; to transform
Your education, and a noble birth
Into contempt and laughter. Sister ! sister !
She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility.

Tha. Then you conclude me proud ?

Amet. Young Menaphon,
My worthy friend, has lov'd you long and truly.
To witness his obedience to your scorn,
Twelve months (wrong'd gentleman) he undertook
A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister,
In this time of his absence, have you not
Dispos'd of your affections on some monarch ?
Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king

¹ *A lady of the trim.*] The same idea is here meant to be given of a lady, as our present word *coxcomb* gives of a man affecting to dress ; in short a female fop. *Trim* is dress, and numerous instances to this effect may be found in the last edition of Shakespeare, Vol. X. p. 428.

With fawning protestations of your graces,
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?
This had been a new piece of modesty,
Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

Tha. You are bitter;
And brother, by your leave, not kindly wise.
My freedom is my birth; I am not bound
To fancy your improvements, but my own.
Indeed you are an humble youth; I hear of
Your visits, and your loving commendation
To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin
Of a rare excellence. What tho' she want
A portion to maintain a portly greatness,
Yet 'tis your gracious sweetness to descend
So low; the meekness of your pity leads ye.
She is your dear friend's sister; a good soul,
An innocent.

Amet. Thamasta!

Tha. I have given
Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me;
For his sake entertain'd Parthenophill,
The handsome stranger, more familiarly
Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part,
I not repent my courtesies: but you—

Amet. No more, no more! be affable to both:
Time may reclaim your cruelty.

Tha. I pity
The youth, and, trust me brother, love his sadness:
He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers
His tales so gracefully, that I could sit
And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep,
To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon
Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend
For pleading his true love.

Amet. Now I commend thee;
Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

Enter MENAPHON and EROCLEA, in man's attire.

Tha. I fear I shall.

Amet. Have you survey'd the garden?

Men. 'Tis a curious,
A pleasantly contriv'd delight:

Tha. Your eye, sir,
Hath in your travels often met contents
Of more variety.

Ero. Not any, lady.

Men. It were impossible, since your fair presence
Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine,
More lovely than all other helps of art
Can equal.

Tha. What you mean by helps of art—
You know yourself best, be they as they are:
You need none, I am sure, to set you forth.

Men. 'Twould argue want of manners, more than
skill,
Not to praise praise itself.

Tha. For your reward,
Henceforth I'll call you servant¹.

Amet. Excellent sister!

Men. 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall
Lower than shame, when I neglect all service
That may confirm this favour.

Tha. Are you well, sir?

Ero. Great princess, I am well. To see a league
Between an humble love, such as my friend's is,
And a commanding virtue, such as your's is,
Are sure restoratives.

¹ *Servant.*] A name bestowed by ladies of old, not only upon their lovers, but also upon their privileged admirers; for even married ladies had such servants, without such a practice being detrimental to their honour; and, in the latter sense, they corresponded nearly with the *cicisbeos* of Italy.

Tha. You speak ingeniously¹.
 Brother, be pleas'd to shew the gallery
 To this young stranger. Use the time a while,
 And we will all together to the court.
 I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

Ero. You're all compos'd of fairness and true
 bounty.

Amet. Come, come! we'll wait thee sister. This
 beginning
 Doth relish happy process.

Men. You have bless'd me.

[*Exeunt MEN. AMET. and ERO.*]

Tha. Kala! Oh, Kala!

Kala. Lady!

Tha. We are private;

Thou art my closet.

Kala. Lock your secrets close then:
 I am not to be forc'd.

Tha. Never till now
 Could I be sensible of being traitor
 To honour and to shame.

Kala. You are in love?

Tha. I am grown base. Parthenophill—

Kala. He's handsome,
 Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,
 A winning tongue.

Tha. If ever I must fall,
 In him my greatness sinks. Love is a tyrant,
 Resisted. Whisper in his ear, how gladly
 I would steal time to talk with him one hour;
 But do it honourably. Pr'ythee, Kala,
 Do not betray me.

Kala. Madam, I will make it

¹ *Ingeniously.*] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*. So in the *Taming of the Shrew* :

“A course of learning and ingenious studies.”

Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with him.

Tha. I hope thou art not, Kala.

Kala. 'Tis for your sake
I'll tell him so; but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

Tha. Pray, use me kindly; let me not too soon
Be lost in my new follies. 'Tis a fate
That overrules our wisdoms; whilst we strive
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.
Diamonds cut diamonds: they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Court.*

Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.

Soph. Our commonwealth is sick: 'tis more than
time

That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps
In the dull lethargy of lost security.

The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;

The court is now turn'd antick, and grows wild;

Whilst all the neighb'ring nations stand at gaze,

And watch fit opportunity to wreak

Their just conceived fury on such injuries.

As the late prince, our living master's father,

Committed against laws of truth and honour.

Intelligence comes flying in on all sides;

Whilst the unsteady multitude presume

How that you, Aretus, and I engross,

Out of particular¹ ambition,

¹ *Particular,*] *i. e.* private; in which sense the French *particulier* is often used.

Th' affairs of government, which I for my part
Groan under, and am weary of.

Are. Sophronos,
I am as zealous too of shaking off
My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought
Of speedy remedy; and to that end,
As I have told you, have concluded with
Corax, the prince's chief physician.

Soph. You should have done this sooner, Aretus;
You were his tutor, and could best discern
His dispositions to inform them rightly.

Are. Passions of violent nature by degrees
Are easiliest reclaim'd. There's something hid
Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

Enter CORAX, RHETIAS, PELIAS, CUCULUS, and
GRILLA.

You come on just appointment. Welcome, gentlemen!

Have you won Rhetias, Corax?

Cor. Most sincerely.

Cuc. Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships
take notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the new-
est edition, spick and span-new, without example.
Do your honour, housewife!

Gril. There's a courtesy for you, and a courtesy
for you.

Soph. 'Tis excellent. We must all follow fashion;
And entertain she-waiters.

Are. 'Twill be courtly.

Cuc. I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear
me one day for a headpiece——

Rhe. Of woodcock without brains in¹; barbers

¹ *Woodcock without brains in.*] A proverbial expression, occurring in many old comedies, and signifying, as Mr Malone observes, "a foolish fellow." It was a vulgar idea that the wood-

shall wear thee on their citterns¹, and hucksters set thee on their gingerbread.

Cuc. Devil take thee! I say nothing to thee now; can'st let me be quiet?

Gril. You're too perstreperous, sauce-box.

Cuc. Good girl, if we begin to puff once—

Pel. Pr'ythee, hold thy tongue; the lords are in the presence.

cock possessed no brains. So in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*: "You do give for your creast, a woodcock's head, with the brains pick'd out."

¹ *Citterns.*] A lute or *cittern*, formerly used to be part of the furniture of a barber's shop, and, as Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on Walton's *Complete Angler*, p. 236, (Edin. 1808, p. 286.) observes, answered the end of a newspaper, the now common amusement of waiting customers. In an old book of enigmas, to every one of which the author has prefixed a wooden cut of the subject of the enigma, is a barber, and the cut represents a barber's shop, in which there is one person sitting in a chair, under the barber's hands, while another, who is waiting for his turn, is playing on the lute; and on the side of the shop hangs another instrument of the lute or *cittern* kind. This custom will explain the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, A. 3. s. 5. where Morose cries out, "That cursed barber!—I have married his *cittern*, that is common to all men." Again, Lord Falkland's *Marriage Night*, A. 1. s. 1.

"———He has travell'd and speaks languages,
As a barber's boy plays o' th' gittern."—Reed.

The cittern began to be disused about the beginning of this century. In one of Dr King's *Useful Transactions*, he speaks of the *castanets* used in dances, and says, "They might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at present, turning themselves to periwig-making, they have forgot their *cittern* and their musick." King's Works, II. 79. N.

In our author's *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, we have "a *cittern-headed* gewgaw." It would appear from these passages, that the lute was adorned with the headpiece of some well known character. It appears from the above quotations from Lord Falkland and King, that one of the barbers boys played to amuse the customers; for it cannot be supposed, that all persons waiting to be shaved could be acquainted with the art of music, though Sir John Hawkins seems to have had such an idea.

Rhe. Mum, butterfly!

Pel. [Oh!] the prince! stand and keep silence.

Cuc. O! the prince! wench, thou shalt see the prince now. [Soft Music.

Enter PALADOR, the Prince, with a Book in his Hand.

Soph. Are. Sir! gracious sir!

Pal. Why all this company?

Cor. A book! is this the early exercise I did prescribe? instead of following health, Which all men covet, you pursue disease. Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set at tennis,

Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing,

Your casting of the sledge¹, or learning how

To toss a pike? all chang'd into a sonnet?

'Pray sir, grant me free liberty to leave

The court; it does infect me with the sloth

Of sleep and surfeit: in the university

I have employments, which to my profession

Add profit and report; here I am lost,

And in your wilful dulness held a man

Of neither art nor honesty. You may

Command my head: 'Pray, take it! do! 'twere better

For me to lose it, than to lose my wits,

And live in Bedlam; you will force me to't;

I am almost mad already.

Pal. I believe it.

Soph. Letters are come from Crete, which do require

A speedy restitution of such ships,

¹ *Casting of the sledge, or learning how to toss the pike.*—The same games which are thus mentioned in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*: "One o' th' woodyard, that can *quoit the sledge, or toss the barre.*"

As by your father were long since detain'd :
If not, defiance threaten'd.

Are. These near parts
Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends:
And by intelligence we learn for certain,
The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest
Of tribute intermitted.

Soph. Through your land
Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine
More than they dare speak publickly.

Cor. And yet
They talk but oddly of you.

Cuc. Hang'em, mongrels.

Pal. Of me? my subjects talk of me?

Cor. Yes, scurvily,
And think worse, prince.

Pal. I'll borrow patience
A little time to listen to these wrongs,
And from the few of you, which are here present,
Conceive the general voice.

Cor. So, now he's nettled. [*Aside.*

Pal. By all your loves I charge you, without
fear

Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,
And how I am interpreted. Speak boldly!

Soph. For my part, sir, I will be plain, and brief:
I think you are of nature mild and easy,
Not willingly provok'd, but withall headstrong
In any passion that misleads your judgment.
I think you too indulgent to such motions,
As spring out of your own affections;
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit council from yourself, of what
Is most amiss.

Pal. So—Tutor, your conceit?

Are. I think you doat (with pardon let me speak
it)

Too much upon your pleasures; and these pleasures
 Are so wrapt up in self-love, that you covet
 No other change of fortune: would be still
 What your birth makes you, but are loth to toil
 In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.

Cor. I think you would be, by the world, re-
 puted

A man, in every point complete, but are
 In manners and effect indeed a child,
 A boy, a very boy.

Pel. May it please your grace,
 I think you do contain within yourself
 The great elixir, soul and quintessence
 Of all divine perfections: are the glory
 Of mankind; and the only strict example
 For earthly monarchies¹ to square out their lives
 by:

Time's miracle, fame's pride; in knowledge, wit,
 Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—

Pal. You are a courtier.

Cuc. But not of the ancient fashion, an it like
 your highness. 'Tis I; I that am the credit of the
 court, noble prince; and if thou wouldest, by pro-
 clamation or patent, create me overseer of all the
 tailors in thy dominions: then, then the golden
 days should appear again; bread should be cheaper;
 fools should have more wit, knaves more honesty,
 and beggars more money.

Gri. I think now—

Cuc. Peace, you squall.

Pal. You have not spoken yet.

Cuc. Hang him! he'll nothing but rail.

Gri. Most abominable; out upon him!

Cor. Away Cuculus; follow the lords.

¹ *Monarchies,*] *i. e.* monarchs. In the same manner, *County*
 is used for *Count* in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Cuc. Close, page, close.

[*They all fall back, and retire, but RHETIAS.*

Pal. You are somewhat long a' thinking.

Rhe. I do not think at all.

Pal. Am I not worthy of your thought?

Rhe. My pity you are;—but not my reprehension.

Pal. Pity?

Rhe. Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe service, who exchange their happiness for a misery.

Pal. Is it a misery to be a prince?

Rhe. Princes, who forget their sovereignty, and yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—You had a father, sir.

Pal. Your sovereign, whilst he liv'd. But what of him?

Rhe. Nothing. I only dared to name him.—That's all.

Pal. I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st us,

Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak: there's something

That we must know: be free; our ears are open.

Rhe. O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the ears, than stroke a lion; the greatest danger is the last.

Pal. This is mere trifling.—Ha! are all stol'n hence?

We are alone: Thou hast an honest look;

Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd

With flattery. Be open. Though 'tis true,

That in my younger days I oft have heard

Agenor's name, my father, more traduc'd,

Than I could then observe: yet I protest,

I never had a friend, a certain friend,

That would inform me th'roughly of such errors,

As oftentimes are incident to princes.

Rhe. All this may be. I have seen a man so

curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against the metal I am to handle; the one is tenderer than the other.

Pal. I see then I must court thee. Take the word

Of a just prince; for any thing thou speakest I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

Rhe. I will remember you of an old tale, that something concerns you. Meleander, the great, but unfortunate, statesman, was by your father treated with for a match between you and his eldest daughter, the lady Eroclea. You were both near of an age. I presume you remember a contract, and cannot forget *her*.

Pal. She was a lovely beauty. Pr'ythee forward!

Rhe. To court was Eroclea brought, was courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as it followed, but to be made a prey to some less noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot the rest.

Pal. Good; call it back again into thy memory; Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

Rhe. You charm me'. In brief, a rape, by some bad agents, was attempted; by the lord Meleander, her father rescued; she conveyed away; Meleander accused of treason, his land seized, he himself distracted and confined to the castle, where he now lies. What had ensued, was doubtful. But your father shortly after died.

Pal. But what became of fair Eroclea?

Rhe. She never since was heard of.

Pal. No hope lives then
Of ever, ever seeing her again?

' *You charm me.*] You force me as it were by a *charm*, or enchantment. So in *Cynthia's Revels*: "How now my dancing braggart, *charm* your tongue."

Rhe. Sir, I feared¹ I should anger you. There was, as I said, an old tale: I have now a new one, which may perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish.

Pal. I am prepar'd to hear; say what you please.

Rhe. My lord Meleander falling, on whose favour my fortunes relied, I furnished myself for travel, and bent my course to Athens, where a pretty accident after a while came to my knowledge.

Pal. My ear is open to thee.

Rhe. A young lady contracted to a noble gentleman, as the lady last mentioned and your highness were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like a ship-boy in a merchant, from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.

Pal. In habit of a man?

Rhe. A handsome young man. 'Till within these three months, or less, her sweet hearty father dying some year before, or more, she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it, at Athens enjoyed her happiness: she was long an exile. For now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 'tis not impossible.

Pal. If I did love her, Rhetias? Yes, I did. Give me thy hand: As thou did'st serve Meleander, And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

Rhe. My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

Pal. Forget the sadder story of my father, And only, Rhetias, learn to read² me well;

¹ *I feared.*] Old copy, I fear.

² *Read.*] Both the ancient sense of this verb, to counsel, to

For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd
A tongue, was vow'd to silence; for requital
Open my bosom, Rhetias!

Rhe. What's your meaning?

Pal. To tie thee to an oath of secrecy.

Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly.
What find'st thou there?

Rhe. A picture in a tablet.

Pal. Look well upon't.

Rhe. I do—yes—let me observe it—
'Tis her's, the lady's.

Pal. Who's?

Rhe. Eroclea's.

Pal. Her's that was once Eroclea. For her sake
Have I advanc'd Sophronos to the helm
Of government; for her sake, will restore
Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake,
Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful,
And let no politick lord work from thy bosom
My griefs. I know thou wert put on to sift me;
But be not too secure.

Rhe. I am your creature.

Pal. Continue still thy discontented fashion:
Humour the lords, as they would humour me.
I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discover'd.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, KALA,
and EROCLEA, *as before.*

Amet. Honour and health still wait upon the
prince!

Sir, I am bold with favour to present
Unto your highness Menaphon my friend,
Return'd from travel.

Men. Humbly on my knees
I kiss your gracious hand.

advise, and the modern one are applicable here. The latter seems
however preferable.

Pal. It is our duty
To love the virtuous.

Men. If my pray'rs or service
Hold any value, they are vow'd your's ever.

Rhe. I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou art started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad? Can'st tell news and swear lies with a grace, like a true traveller?—What new ouzle's¹ this?

Tha. Your highness shall do right to your own judgment,
In taking more than common notice of
This stranger, an Athenian, nam'd Parthenophill;
One, who, if mine opinion doth not soothe me²
Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind
Deserves a dear respect.

Pal. Your commendations,
Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

Ero. All the powers
That sentinel just thrones, double these guards
About your sacred excellence!

Pal. What fortunes
Led him to Cyprus?

Men. My persuasions won him.

¹ *Ouzle.*] There has been some controversy respecting the bird thus named. Mr Reed has adduced the following passage, to prove that a *blackbird* and an *ouzele* are the same, from Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1586, p. 139: "She would needs have it, that they were two *ousels* or *blackbirds*." This quotation, however, does not prove that the two birds may not differ, and we are more inclined to Mr Douce's explanation. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*: A. 3. s. 1. It may, however, be observed, that in an old MS. description of the county of Sutherland, among the birds enumerated, are "*blackburds* or *osills*," which seems to infer a perfect identity of the denominations.

² *Sooth me.*] Flatter me, or blind me by too favourable an opinion. In a somewhat similar sense, it is used in *King Henry VI.* p. 3.

"And now to sooth your forgery and his."

Amet. And if your highness please to hear the entrance

Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

Tha. It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest accident,

That ere delighted your attention.

I can discourse it, sir.

Pal. Some other time.—

How is he called?

Tha. Parthenophill.

Pal. Parthenophill?

We shall sort time to take more notice of him.

[*Exit PALADOR.*

Men. His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

Amet. I told you so.

Tha. You must not wonder at it.

Ero. I do not, lady.

Amet. Shall we to the castle?

Men. We will attend you both.

Rhe. All three.—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear, gallant: I'll keep the old man in chat, whilst thou gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips; not a word!

Amet. I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister, soon expect us: this day we will range the city.

Tha. Well, soon I shall expect ye.—Kala!

Kal. Trust me.

Rhe. Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder thou art!

[*Exeunt all but EROCLEA and KALA.*

Kal. May I not be offensive, sir?

Ero. Your pleasure?

Yet, 'pray, be brief.

Kal. Then briefly, good, resolve me: Have you a mistress or a wife?

Ero. I have neither.

Kal. Nor did you ever love in earnest any Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own?

Ero. Not any, truly.

Kal. What your friends or means are
I will not be inquisitive to know,
Nor do I care to hope for. But admit
A dower were thrown down before your choice
Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection¹,
How gladly would you entertain it? Young man,
I do not tempt you idly.

Ero. I shall thank you,
When my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible
Of what 'tis to be happy: for the present
I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman,
Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,
For my weak brains conceive not what concerns
me.—

Another time.—(Going.)

Enter THAMASTA.

Tha. Do I break off your parley,
That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you.
Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

Ero. Yes, madam:
Discreetly chaste she can: she hath much won
On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,
Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady,
Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment:
Therefore, I may be bold to make confession
Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first,
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tha. Indeed!
But say, a nobler love should interpose.

Ero. Where real worth and constancy first settle
A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;
Nor shall it mine. Yet I am but an infant

¹ The old copy unmetrically reads, "and sincere affection."

In that construction, which must give clear light
To Kala's merit: riper hours hereafter
Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.—

Madam, my duty waits on you. [Exit.]

Tha. Come hither!—

“If ever henceforth I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.”—'Twas so?

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tha. These very words
Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave!
Thou wo'ed'st him for thyself.

Kal. You said I should.

Tha. My name was never mention'd!

Kal. Madam, no:

We were not come to that.

Tha. Not come to that?

Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate?
Now poverty and a dishonest fame,
The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment.
False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your car-
riage¹:

There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen
That shall be cast upon thee² Kala;
I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,
Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

Kal. I have not verily deserv'd this cruelty.

Tha. Parthenophill shall know, if he respect

¹ *Carriage*] seems here to mean *intention*. In *Hamlet* it is used to signify *import, construction*:

“——— By the same co-mart,
And *carriage* of the article designed.”

² *Upon thee.*] The old copy here, as in numerous other places, reads *upon yee*, which was the usual method of spelling *thee* in MSS., and the abbreviation, if it can be called so, is still used.

My birth, the danger of a fond¹ neglect.

[Exit THAMASTA.

Kal. Are you so quick? Well, I may chance
to cross

Your peevishness. Now, tho' I never meant
The young man for myself; yet, if he love me,
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him;
And let her do her worst then! What? we're all
But flesh and blood; the same thing that will do
My lady good, will please her woman too. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at the Castle.*

Enter CLEOPHILA and TROLLIO.

Cleo. Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

Trol. Ay, forsooth: but he sleeps like a hare,
with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this sullen living;
But I am not: for I take more content
In my obedience here, than all delights
The time presents elsewhere.

Mel. (within) Oh!

Cleo. Dost hear that groan?

Trol. Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast,
young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs,
and all.

Cleo. My much-wrong'd father!—let me view his
face.

[*Draws the Arras*², MELEANDER discovered
in a chair, sleeping.

¹ *Fond,*] i. e. *foolish.* The word frequently occurs in this sense in the old writers.

² *Draws the arras.*] Arras was usually fixed to wooden frames, and was therefore not moveable like a curtain. That employed on the stage would of course be hung upon rods for the convenience

Trol. Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to steal away his rough beard, whilst he sleeps in his naps? He never looks in a glass, and 'tis high time, 'on conscience, for him to be trimmed; 'has not been under the shaver's hand almost these four years.

Cleo. Peace, fool!

Trol. I could clip the old ruffian; there's hair enough to stuff all the great cod-pieces in Switzerland. He begins to stir; he stirs. Bless us, how his eyes roll! A good year¹ keep your lordship in your right wits, I beseech ye!

Mel. Cleophila!

Cleo. Sir, I am here; how do ye, sir?

Trol. Sir, is your stomach up yet? get some warm porridge in your belly; 'tis a very good settle-brain.

Mel. The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of
owls,
Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd

of the machinery of plays. Though the scenery of the theatres in our author's time was certainly not upon the plan of our present stage, it must have been greatly improved since the time of Shakespeare's first appearance. There was a very considerable intercourse with Spain in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.; and every one acquainted with the Spanish dramatic authors, must know that the plays of Lope de Vega, Moreto, and Calderon, often required as much machinery as the most splendid pantomimes of the present day. It cannot be reasonably supposed that courtiers, acquainted with the superior decorations which they witnessed at Madrid, would be content with the scanty furniture with which we well know the theatres in the reign of Elizabeth were provided.

¹ *A good year.*] This expression is, by the commentators of Shakespeare, uniformly interpreted *goujere*, the lues venerea. It may, however, be doubted whether the gratulations on New-Year's Day may not have contributed to form the phrase. *Trollio* would hardly wish that such a disease should keep his master in his right wits. The following quotation from the Duchess of Malfy supports the latter explanation:

"I am strongly armed to brook my overthrow,
As commonly men beare with a *hard yeere*."—A. 3. Sc. 2.

The whilst, for't was no boot¹ to weep. The girl
Was fresh and full of youth ; but, oh ! the cun-
ning

Of tyrants, that look big ; their very frowns
Doom poor souls guilty, ere their cause be heard.—
Good, what art thou, and thou ?

Cleo. I am Cleophila,
Your woeful daughter.

Trol. I am Trollio, your honest implement.

Mel. I know ye both. 'Las, why d'ye use me
thus ?

Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle,
That turtles, in their down, do feed more gall,
Than her spleen mix'd with : yet, when winds and
storm

Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,
The purest whiteness is no such defence
Against the sullying foulness of that fury.
So rav'd Agenor, that great man, mischief
Against the girl.—It was a politic trick :
We were too old in honour.—I am lean
And fall'n away extremely ; most assuredly
I have not din'd these three days.

Cleo. Will you now, sir ?

Trol. I beseech ye heartily, sir. I feel a horrible
puking myself.

Mel. Am I stark mad ?

Trol. No, no, you are but a little staring. There's
difference between staring and stark mad. You

¹ *No boot.*] No use, no advantage. So in the Pinner of
Wakefield :

“ Then list to me : Saint Andrew be my *boot*,
But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground.”

In *Measure for Measure*, Angelo observes :

“ ——— my gravity
Could I, with *boot*, change for an idle plume.”

are but whimsied, yet, crotcheted¹, conundrumed, or so.

Mel. Here's all my care : and I do often sigh
For thee, Cleophila ! We are secluded
From all good people. But take heed ! Amethus
Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister.
There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon
Have not been very skillful to let all out.

Cleo. I am, alas ! too griev'd to think of love ;
That must concern me least.

Mel. Sirrah² ! be wise ! be wise !

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, EROCLEA (*as before*), and RHETIAS.

Trol. Who, I ? I will be monstrous and wise immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen ; the more the merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner now. [*Exit* TROLLIO.]

Amet. My lord Meleander, Menaphon your kinsman,

Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender
His duty to ye : to you his love, fair mistress.

Men. I would I could as easily remove
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study
To do you faithful service. My dear cousin,
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience.

Cleo. One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin,
lives
In you, and your well-doing.

¹ *Crotcheted.*] His head is full of *crotchets*, is explained by Cotgrave, " Il à beaucoup de crinons en la teste."

² *Sirrah.*] This was a term of endearment as well as of reproach. Here, as well as in the following speech in Antony and Cleopatra it is applied to a female : " *Sirrah*, Iras, go !" Trollio, however, from the ambiguity of the expression, answers as if he were addressed.

Men. This young stranger
Will well deserve your knowledge.

Amet. For my friend's sake,
Lady, pray give him welcome.

Cleo. He has met it,
If sorrows can look kindly.

Ero. You much honour me.

Rhe. How he eyes the company ! sure my passion will betray my weakness.—O my master, my noble master, do not forget me ; I am still the humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those that serve you.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha !

Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter, 'tis the usher to a violent extremity¹.

Mel. I am a weak old man. All these are come
To jeer my ripe calamities.

Men. Good uncle !

Mel. But I'll outstare ye all ! Fools ! desperate
fools !

You are cheated, grossly cheated ; range, range on,
And roll about the world to gather moss,
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud
roofs

Shall with their pinnacles even touch the stars !
Ye work and work like moles, blind in the paths
That are bor'd thro' the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits,
As, being gorg'd once, make ye lean with plenty :
And when ye have skimm'd the vomit of your riots,
You're far in no felicity, but folly ;
Then your last sleeps seize on ye ; then the troops

¹ *Extremity.*] Calamity. So in Pericles :

“ ——— Thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.”

Of worms crawl round, and feast good cheer, rich
fare,

Dainty, delicious.—Here's Cleophila ;

All the poor stock of my remaining thrift :

You, you, the prince's cousin, how d'ye like her ?

Amethus, how d'ye like her ?

Amet. My intents
Are just and honourable.

Men. Sir, believe him !

Mel. Take her.—We two must part. Go to
him, go !

Ero. This sight is full of horror.

Rhe. There is sense yet in this distraction.

Mel. In this jewel I have given away
All, what I can call mine. When I am dead,
Save charge ; let me be buried in a nook.
No guns, no pompous whining : these are fooleries.
If, whilst we live, we stalk about the streets,
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes,
In silken coats, unminded and not thought on ;
It is not comely to be hal'd¹ to the earth
Like high fed jades² upon a tilting-day,
In antique trappings. Scorn to useless tears.
Eroclea was not coffin'd so ; she perish'd
And no eye dropp'd save mine, and I am childish.
I talk like one that doats : laugh at me, Rhetias,
Or rail at me ! They will not give me meat ;
They have starv'd me : but I'll henceforth be mine
own cook.

Good morrow ! 'tis too early for my cares

¹ *Hal'd to the earth.*] To hale was used in the same sense as *to haul* is in the present day. It is explained by Sherwood by the French verbs *tirer*, *trainer*, &c.

² *High fed jades upon a tilting-day.*] This is a strong confirmation of Mr Steevens's observation upon a passage in King Henry V., that jade was by no means a term derogatory to the qualities of a horse.

To revel. I will break my heart a little,
And tell ye more hereafter. 'Pray be merry. [*Exit.*

Rhe. I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use
your time respectively. Few words to purpose
soonest prevail. Study no long orations; be plain
and short. I'll follow him. [*Exit.*

Amet. Cleophila, altho' these blacker clouds
Of sadness, thicken and make dark the sky
Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow
The stream of my affections: they are pure,
Without all mixture of un noble thoughts.
Can you be ever mine?

Cleo. I am so low
In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,
That I want words to tell ye, you deserve
A worthier choice.

Amet. But give me leave to hope.

Men. My friend is serious.

Cleo. Sir, this for answer: If I ever thrive
In any earthly¹ happiness, the next
To my good father's wish'd recovery,
Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise, for the present time
You cannot urge more from me.

Mel. (within) Ho, Cleophila!

Cleo. This gentleman is mov'd.

Amet. Your eyes, Parthenophill,
Are guilty of some passion.

Men. Friend, what ails thee?

Ero. All is not well within me, sir.

Mel. (within) Cleophila!

Amet. Sweet maid, forget me not. We now
must part.

¹ *In any earthly.*] The old copy reads evidently wrong:
“ In an earthly.”

Cleo. Still you shall have my prayer.

Amet. Still you my truth. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Court.*

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA, the former in a black velvet cap, with a white feather, and a paper in his hand.

Cuc. Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of the trim¹?

Gril. As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-gartered².

Cuc. Here are my mistresses, mustered in white and black. [*Reads.*] “Kala, the waiting-woman.” I will first begin at the foot: stand thou for Kala.

Gril. I stand for Kala; do your best and your worst.

Cuc. I must look big, and care little or nothing for her, because she is a creature that stands at livery. Thus I talk wisely, and to no purpose: wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be either fair or honest: so, considering thy service, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure thy base-

¹ *A youth of the trim.*] See note on p. 135. of this volume.

² *Cross-gartered.*] From a passage quoted in Steevens's notes on *Twelfth Night*, from Barton Holyday's *Τεχνογαμια*, or the *Marriage of the Arts*, it would appear that this mode, after having probably come out of fashion, was retained by the Puritans. Every one will recollect the cross-garters upon Malvolio's yellow stockings.

ness, 'tis more out of thy courtesy than my deserving; and so I expect thy answer.

Gril. I must confess—

Cuc. Well said.

Gril. You are—

Cuc. That's true too.

Gril. To speak you right; a very scurvy fellow.

Cuc. Away! away! dost think so?

Gril. A very foul-mouthed and mis-shapen coxcomb.

Cuc. I'll never believe it by this hand.

Gril. A maggot, most unworthy to creep in
To the least wrinkle of a gentlewoman's
(What d'ye call) good conceit, or so, or what
You will else;—were you not refined by courtship
And education, which, in my blear eyes¹,
Makes you appear as sweet as any nosegay,
Or savoury cod of musk, new fall'n from the cat.

Cuc. This shall serve well enough for the waiting-woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the old madman's daughter. I must come to her in a whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, and blubber out my speech thus: "Even as a kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare, when they are full paunched on the carrion of a dead horse: so, even so, the gorge² of my affections, being full crammed with the garboils³ of your condolences, doth

¹ *Blear eyes.*] From the following interpretation of the French word *chassieux* by Cotgrave, the reader will understand this term: *Blear-eyed, whose eyes doe runne continually.*

² *The gorge.*] "The throat or gullet, most properly the bottom of the mouth, or the most deepe and inward part thereof."—Cotgrave.

³ *Garboils.*] *Garbouil*, or *garburge*, is explained by Cotgrave: "A garboyle, hurly-burly, great stirre, monstrous rambling, horrible rumbling." So in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*: "Days of mourning of continual *garboiles* were, however, numbered and increased."

tickle me with the prick (as it were) about me, and fellow-feeling of howling outright."

Gril. This will do't, if we will hear'.

Cuc. Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another tender-hearted fool.

Gril. Even as the snuff of a candle that is burnt in the socket goes out, and leaves a strong perfume behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese next the heart in a morning is a restorative for a sweet breath: so, even so, the odoriferous savour of your love doth perfume my heart (hey ho!) with the pure scent of an intolerable content, and not to be endured.

Cuc. By this hand 'tis excellent. Have at thee at last of all: for the princess Thamasta, she that is my mistress indeed, she is abominably proud; a lady of a damnable high, turbulent, and generous spirit. But I have a loud-mouth'd cannon of mine own to batter her, and a penned speech of purpose: observe it.

Gril. Thus I walk by, hear, and mind you not.

Cuc. "Tho' haughty as the devil or his dam, Thou dost appear, great mistress: yet I am Like to an ugly fire-work, and can mount Above the region of thy sweet account. Wert thou the moon herself, yet having seen thee, Behold the man ordain'd to move within thee."— Look to yourself, housewife! answer me in strong lines: you were best.

Gril. Keep off, poor fool; my beams will strike thee blind:

Else, if thou touch me, touch me but behind.
In palaces, such as pass in before,
Must be great princes: for at the back door

[*If we will hear.*] It should be recollected that Grilla is personating the lady whom Cucullus wishes to court.

Tatterdemallions¹ wait, who know not how
To gain admittance: such a one art thou.

Cuc. 'Sfoot, this is downright roaring².

Gril. I know how to represent a big lady in her
own cue. But pray, in earnest, are you in love
with all these?

Cuc. Pish! I have not a rag of love about me.
'Tis only a foolish humour I am possess'd with to
be surnamed the Conqueror. I will court any
thing; be in love with nothing, nor no—thing.

Gril. A rare man you are, I protest.

Cuc. Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever
held myself so.

Enter PELIAS and CORAX.

Pel. In amorous contemplation, on my life;
Courting his page, by Helicon!

Cuc. 'Tis false.

Gril. A gross untruth; I'll justify it, sir,
At any time, place, weapon.

Cuc. Marry, shall she.

Cor. No quarrels, good'ee whisk³. Lay by your
trumperies, and fall to your practice. Instructions
are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader; fol-
low him. Get credit now or never! Vanish,
doodles, vanish!

Cuc. For the device?

Cor. The same; get ye gone, and make no bawl-
ing!
[*Exeunt all but CORAX.*
To waste my time thus, drone-like⁴, in the court,

¹ *Tatterdemallions.*] Vagabonds.

² *This is downright roaring.*] See a note on the Sun's Dar-
ling, Vol. II. Act 1.

³ *Good'ee whisk.*] Cotgrave explains *singlet*: "A scutch,
lash, whisk, jerk or jerk with a rod."

⁴ *Drone-like.*] Drone is a frequent term of reproach in
Shakespeare. So in the Comedy of Errors: "Dromio, thou
drone, thou slug, thou snail, thou sot."

And lose so many hours, as my studies
 Have hoarded up; is to be like a man,
 That creeps on both his hands and knees, to climb
 A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,
 One careless slip down-tumbles him again
 Into the bottom, whence he first began.
 I need no prince's favour: princes need
 My art. Then Corax, be no more a gull,
 The best of 'em cannot fool thee; nay, they shall not.

Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.

Soph: We find him timely now; let's learn the
 cause.

Are. 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you
 learned,

And, since your skill can best discern the humours
 That are predominant in bodies subject
 To alteration; tell us, pray, what devil
 This melancholy is, which can transform
 Men into monsters.

Cor. You're yourself a scholar,
 And quick of apprehension: melancholy
 Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
 Of body, but the mind's disease. So extasy,
 Fantastic dotage, madness, frenzy, rupture
 Of mere imagination, differ partly
 From melancholy¹, which is briefly this:
 A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
 With fear and sorrow, first begot i'th' brain,
 The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd
 As suddenly into the heart, the seat
 Of our affection.

¹ Our author has here the following marginal reference: "*Vid. Democrit. Junior,*" the well known Anatomy of Melancholy by Burton, from whence he has gathered the descriptions and personifications of the various affections of the mind in the third scene of this act.

Are. There are sundry kinds
Of our affection?

Cor. Infinite: it were
More easy to conjecture every hour
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds,
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

Soph. Thus you conclude, that, as the cause is
doubtful,
The cure must be impossible; and then
Our prince (poor gentleman!) is lost forever,
As well unto himself as to his subjects.

Cor. My lord you are too quick; thus much I
dare
Promise and do; ere many minutes pass,
I will discover whence his sadness is,
Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.

Are. You are a noble scholar.

Soph. For reward
You shall make your own demand

Cor. May I be sure?

Are. We both will pledge our truth.

Cor. 'Tis soon perform'd:
That I may be discharg'd from my attendance
At court, and never more be sent for after:
Or if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,
If I get home once, and come here again!
Though my neck stretch a halter for't, I care not.

Soph. Come, come, you shall not fear it.

Cor. I'll acquaint ye
With what is to be done, and you shall fashion it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—THAMASTA'S Apartment.

Enter KALA and EROCLEA, as before.

Kala. My lady does expect ye, thinks all time
Too slow till you come to her: wherefore, young
man,

If you intend to love me, and me only,
Before we part, without more circumstance,
Let us betroth ourselves.

Ero. I dare not wrong ye;
You are too violent.

Kala. Wrong me no more
Than I wrong you: be mine, and I am yours;
I cannot stand on points.

Ero. Then, to resolve
All further hopes, you never can be mine,
Must not, and, pardon tho' I say, you shall not,

Kala. [*Aside*] The thing is sure a gelding. — I
shall not? Well,

You're best to prate unto my lady now,
What proffer I have made.

Ero. Never, I vow.

Kala. Do, do! 'tis but a kind heart of my own,
And ill luck can undo me.—Be refus'd?
O scurvy!—Pray walk on, I'll overtake thee.

[*Exit EROCLEA.*]

My maidenhead will shortly grow so stale,
That 'twill be mouldy; but I'll mar her market.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. Parthenophill pass'd this way¹. Pr'ythee
Kala
Direct me to him.

¹ *This way.*] The old copy reads, *The way.*

Kala. Yes, I can direct ye :
But you, sir, must forbear.

Men. Forbear ? [*Gives money.*]

Kala. I said so.
Your bounty has engag'd my truth ; receive
A secret, that will, as you are a man,
Startle your reason : 'tis but mere respect
Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,
The stranger, whom your courtesy receiv'd
For friend, is made your rival.

Men. Rival, *Kala* ?
Take heed ! thou art too credulous.

Kala. My lady
Doats on him : I will place you in a room,
Where, tho' you cannot hear, yet you shall see
Such passages as will confirm the truth
Of my intelligence.

Men. 'Twill make me mad.

Kala. Yes, yes, it makes me mad too, that a
gentleman
So excellently sweet, so liberal,
So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd
By a young smooth-chinn'd straggler. But, for
love's sake,
Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word ;
I am undone then.

Men. That were too much pity,
Honest, most honest *Kala* ; 'tis thy care,
Thy serviceable care.

Kala. You have ev'n spoken
All can be said or thought.

Men. I will reward thee :
But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip
His falsehood with a vengeance.

Kala. O speak little !

¹ *Speak little,*] i. e. low. A common sense in which this adjective was used by old authors.

Walk up these stairs, and take this key ; it opens
A chamber door, where at the window yonder,
You may see all their courtship.

Men. I am silent.

Kala. As little noise as may be, I beseech you ;
There is a back stair to convey you forth
Unseen or unsuspected.— [*Exit MENAPHON.*

He that cheats
A waiting-woman of a free good turn
She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.
Sheep-spirited boy, altho' he had not married me,
He might have proffer'd kindness in a corner,
And ne'er have been the worse for't. They are
come :
On goes my set of faces most demurely '.

Enter THAMASTA and EROCLEA.

Tha. Forbear the room.

Kala. Yes, madam.

Tha. Whosoever

Requires access to me, deny him entrance
Till I call thee, and wait without.

Kala. I shall.

Sweet Venus, turn his courage to a snow-ball,
I heartily beseech it. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*

Tha. I expose

The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,
To hazard of much hard construction,
In seeking an adventure of a parley,
So private, with a stranger ; if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.

² Kala is true to the general character of chambermaids as given in the plays of our author's age. Shakespeare, however, has not painted them with such gross colours.

Ero. Lady, to shorten long excuses; time
And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd
My apprehension, with a real taste
Of your most noble nature, that to question
The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,
Which Heav'n hath with a plenty made you rich
in,

Would argue me uncivil; which is more,
Base-bred, and, which is most of all, unthankful.

Tha. The constant loadstone and the steel are
found

In several mines: yet is there such a league
Between these minerals, as if one vein
Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle
Is not engraft upon an olive's stock:
Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret
Of sympathy, that, being planted near,
They will, both in their branches and their roots,
Embrace each other; twines of ivy round¹
The well-grown oak; the vine doth court the
elm;

Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,
Consider this aright; then these slight creatures²
Will fortify the reasons I should frame
For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection
Which is submitted to a stranger's pity.
True love may blush, when shame repents too
late,

But in all actions nature yields to fate.

Ero. Great lady, 'twere a dulness must exceed
The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
Not to be sensible of your intents;
I clearly understand them. Yet so much
The difference between that height and lowness,

¹ *Twines of ivy round the well-grown oak.*] *Twines* is here a substantive, *round* is a verb, and is used for *surround*.

² *These slight creatures.*] The plants she has just enumerated,

Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,
 Dissuades me from ambition, that I am
 Humbler in my desires, than love's own power
 Can any way raise up.

Tha. I am a princess
 And know no law of slavery. To sue,
 Yet be denied?

Ero. I am so much a subject
 To every law of noble honesty,
 That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,
 I hold a sacrilege as foul, and curs'd,
 As if some holy temple had been robb'd,
 And I the thief.

Tha. Thou art unwise, young man,
 To enrage a lioness.

Ero. It were unjust
 To falsify a faith, and ever after,
 Disrob'd of that fair ornament, live naked,
 A scorn to time and truth.

Tha. Remember well,
 Who I am, and what thou art.

Ero. That remembrance
 Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,
 If some few days have tempted your free heart,
 To cast away affection on a stranger:
 If that affection have so oversway'd
 Your judgment, that it in a manner hath
 Declin'd your sovereignty of birth and spirit:
 How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,
 Wherein you may new-trim, and settle right
 A memorable name.

Tha. The youth is idle¹.

¹ *Idle.*] Idle is often used in the sense of weak, useless, un-
 fertile. So in Comedy of Errors: "Usurping ivy, briar or
idle moss." In Othello: "—antres vast and deserts *idle*."
 In King Lear we have the same sense as in our author, "I be-
 gin to find an *idle* and *fond* [that is, *weak* and *foolish*] bondage
 in the oppression of aged tyranny."

Ero. Days, months, and years are past, since
Menaphon

Hath lov'd and serv'd you truly: Menaphon,
A man of no large distance in his blood
From your's; in qualities desertful, grac'd
With youth, experience, every happy gift
That can by nature, or by education
Improve a gentleman. For him, great lady,
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care
Have wisely treasur'd up to enrich his life.

Tha. Thou hast a moving eloquence, Partheno-
phill!—

Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross
The destiny that guides us. My great heart
Is stoop'd so much beneath that wonted pride,
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer
A miserable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.

Ero. Menaphon,
By me, repeats the self-same words to you.
You are too cruel, if you can distrust
His truth or my report.

Tha. Go, where thou wilt,
I'll be an exile with thee; I will learn
To bear all change of fortunes.

Ero. For my friend
I plead with grounds of reason.

Tha. For thy love,
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other entertainments,—

Ero. Stay, as you honour virtue.

Tha. When the proffers
Of other greatness,—

Ero. Lady!

Tha. When entreats
Of friends,—

Ero. I'll ease your grief.

Tha. Respect of kindred,—

Ero. 'Pray, give me hearing—

Tha. Loss of fame,—

Ero. I crave

But some few minutes!

Tha. I shall infringe my vows,

Let Heaven,—

Ero. My love speaks t'ye; hear! then go on!

Tha. Thy love? why, 'tis a charm to stop a vow
In its most violent course.

Ero. Cupid has broke

His arrows here; and like a child unarm'd,
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

Tha. This is mere trifling.

Ero. Lady, take a secret.

I am as you are; in a lower rank,
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.
And now, to use your own words, if your thoughts
Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.

Tha. Are you not mankind¹ then?

Ero. When you shall read
The story of my sorrows, with the change
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed²
From my unforg'd relation, I believe
You will not think the shedding of one tear,

¹ *Mankind*] is often used in the old writers for masculine; a *mankind woman*, signifying the same as our expression a masculine woman. In this passage of our author, it is employed in opposition to *womankind*, as distinguishing the two sexes, a sense which it has entirely lost at present.

² *Printed.*] This is a singular anachronism, a species of inaccuracy with which Ford is less chargeable than most of his dramatic contemporaries.

A prodigality that misbecomes
Your pity and my fortune.

Tha. 'Pray conceal
The errors of my passions.

Ero. 'Would I had
Much more of honour (as for life, I value't not),
To venture on your secrecy.

Tha. It will be
A hard task for my reason, to relinquish
Th' affection, which was once devoted thine.
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth
I lov'd so dearly.

Ero. You shall find me ever
Your ready faithful servant.

Tha. O! the powers,
Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies.
We must not part yet.

Ero. Let not my unworthiness
Alter your good opinion¹.

Tha. I shall henceforth
Be jealous of thy company with any;
My fears are strong and many.

Enter KALA.

Kala. Did your ladyship
Call me?

Tha. For what?

Kala. Your servant Menaphon
Desires admittance.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. With your leave, great mistress,
I come.—So private? Is this well Parthenophill?

¹ Eroclea is evidently the offspring of Euphrasia in Philaster. Some scenes, particularly the above, are equal to any part of that play, though as a whole, *The Lover's Melancholy* must no doubt yield to that masterpiece of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ero. Sir, noble sir!

Men. You are unkind and treacherous.
This 'tis to trust a straggler.

Tha. Pr'ythee, servant.

Men. I dare not question you; you are my mistress;

My prince's nearest kinswoman: but he—

Tha. Come, you are angry.

Men. Henceforth, I will bury
Unmanly passion in perpetual silence.
I'll court mine own distraction, doat on folly,
Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,
Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,
Which in her best of constancy is steadiest
In change and scorn.

Tha. How dare ye talk to me thus?

Men. Dare? Were ye not own sister to my friend,

Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl ye
As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;
For I would never more look on ye. Take
Your jewel t'ye. And youth, keep under wing,
Or—boy!—boy!

Tha. If commands be of no force,
Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

Men. 'Tis naught.

Fie! fie! Parthenophill, have I deserv'd
To be thus us'd?

Ero. I do protest—

Men. You shall not;
Henceforth I will be free and hate my bondage.

Enter AMETHUS.

Amet. Away, away to court! The prince is
pleas'd
To see a mask to-night; we must attend him:

'Tis near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?

Men. The judge, your sister, will decide it shortly.

Tha. Parthenophill, I will not trust you from me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment at Court.*

Enter PALADOR, ARETUS, CORAX (with a paper-plot)¹; Servants with torches.

Cor. Lights and attendance! I will shew your highness,
A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,
Imagine you were now i' th' university,
You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,
A quab². 'Tis nothing else; a very quab.

Pal. We will observe it.

Soph. Yes, and grace it too, sir.
For Corax else is humorous and testy.

Are. By any means, men singular in art,
Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.

Pal. The name of this conceit?

Cor. Sir, it is called
The Mask of Melancholy.

Are. We must look for
Nothing but sadness here, then.

Cor. Madness rather

¹ A paper-plot is the outline of a play set down for the use of the prompter and the actors. The fac-similes of four, out of the most ancient time of the English drama, are printed in the Prolegomena to Steevens's and Reed's Shakespear.

² A quab.] The precise meaning of this word I am not acquainted with, nor have I found any other passage in the old dramatists wherein it occurs.

In several changes. Melancholy is
 The root, as well of every apish frenzy,
 Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,
 [Gives the paper-plot.
 Hold and observe the plot; 'tis there express'd
 In kind¹, what shall be now express'd in ac-
 tion.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, and
 EROCLEA.

Pal². No interpretation! take your places quickly!
 Nay, nay; leave ceremony! sound to th' entrance!
 [Flourish.

Enter RHETIAS, his face whited, black shaggy hair,
 long nails; with a piece of raw meat.

Rhe. Bow, bow! wow, wow! the moon's eclips'd.
 I'll to the churchyard and sup. Since I turn'd
 wolf, I bark and howl, and dig up graves. I will
 never have the sun shine again. 'Tis midnight,
 deep dark midnight.—Get a prey, and fall to! I
 have catch'd thee now —Arre.—

Cor. This kind is call'd lycanthropia³, sir:
 When men conceive themselves wolves.

¹ *In kind.*] Kind is generally used for *nature*, here for *reality*. " 'Tis there express'd *in kind*," means, " what is now to be verbally pronounced is, in this paper, really set down."

² These two lines are printed in the original as part of the speech of Corax. I have ventured to give them to the prince, who evidently prevents Corax from giving the interpretation which he had begun, and orders the usual introductory flourish to be sounded.

³ *Lycanthropia.*] The best description of this kind of melancholy may be given in the words of Webster, in his admirable tragedy of the Duchess of Malfy :

" *Pesc.* Pray thee, what's his disease?

Doc. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
 They call lycanthropia.

Pal. Here I find it.

Enter PELIAS, a Crown of Feathers on, antickly rich.

Pel. I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was I not an emperor? My hand was kiss'd, and ladies lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me: I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any man to name water, or wash his hands, throughout all my dominions; break all the looking-glasses; I will not see my horns: my wife cuckolds me; she is a whore, a whore, a whore, a whore!

Pal. Hydrophobia¹ term you this?

Pesc. What's that?

I need a dictionary to't.

Doc. I'll tell you;

In these that are possessed with't, there o'er-flows
Such melancholy humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into woolves,
Steale forth to church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the duke, 'bout mid-night, in a lane
Behind St Marke's church, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he how'd fearefully:
Said he was a woolffe: only the difference
Was, a woolves skiune is hairy on the outside,
His on the inside: bad them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh and try."

One of the most curious instances where a poetical use is made of this superstition, is the entertaining tale of Bisclaveret, by the ancient French poetess Marie de France, the substance of which is given in Mr Ellis's Specimens of Metrical Romances. The romance of William and the Warwolf, translated from the French, and extant in King's College, Cambridge, is another. And in the curious Teutonic romance, in the Scandinavian language, entitled, "Wilkina Saga," Queen Ostacia brings a whole host of war-wolfs against her opponents. In the following personifications of the various affections of the mind, our author follows Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy very closely. The principal definitions of that writer shall therefore be given in the notes.

¹ "Hydrophobia is a kinde of madnesse, well known in every

Cor. And men possess'd so, shun all sight of
water;
Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them
Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

*Enter a PHILOSOPHER in black rags, with a Cop-
per Chain on, an old Gown half off, and a Book.*

Phi. Philosophers dwell in the moon. Specu-
lation and theory girdle the world about, like a
wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd
in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is the
physic for the soul. My opinions are pure and per-
fect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the beast.

Cor. Delirium this is call'd, which is mere dot-
age¹,
Sprung from ambition first, and singularity,
Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

Pal. I not dislike the course.

village, which comes by the biting of a mad dogge, or scratch-
ing, saith Aurelianus, or touching, or smelling alone sometimes,
as Schenkus proves, and is incident to many other creatures as
well as men: so called, because the parties affected cannot en-
dure the sight of water, or any liquor, supposing still they see
a mad dogge in it. And which is more wonderfull, though they
be very dry (as in this malady they are), they will rather dye
than drinke."—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Edin. 1624,
p. 9.

¹ "Dotage, fatuity, or folly, is a common name to all the fol-
lowing species, as some will have it. Laurentius and Altomarus
comprehend madnesse, melancholy, and the rest under this name,
and call it the *summum genus* of them all. If it be distinguished
from them, it is naturall or ingenite, which comes by some defect
of the organs, and over-moist braine, as we see in our common
fooles; and is for the most part intended or remitted in most
men, and thereupon some are wiser than other; or els it is ac-
quisite, an appendix, or symptome of some other disease, which
comes or goes; or if it continue, a signe of melancholy itselfe."
—*Ibid.* p. 8.

Enter GRILLA, in a rich Gown, great Fardingale, great Ruff, a Muff, Fan, and Coxcomb¹ on her Head.

Gri. Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this fine? I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here, here did he give me a shough², and cut off's tail. Buss, buss, nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.

Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis³.

Pal. True.

Cor. Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most in women.

Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam⁴, singing.

Cuc. *They that will learn to drink a health in hell,
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;*

¹ *Coxcomb.*] A fool's cap.

² *Shough.*] Probably what we now call shock-dog. It is mentioned in Macbeth's catalogue of dogs:

—"hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs, Shoughs, water-rugs, and demiwolves."—

³ "Phrenitis is a disease of the mind, with a continual madness or dotage, which hath an acute feauer annexed, or els an inflammation of the braine, or the membranes or cells of it, with an acute fever, which causeth madness or dotage. It differs from melancholy and madness, because their dotage is without an ague: this continually, with waking or memory decayed, &c. Melancholy is most part silent, this clamorous, and many such like differences are assigned by physitions."—Burton, *ut supra*.

⁴ *Bedlam.*] This species of beggars is thus described by Randle Home, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, as quoted by Mr Steevens: "The *bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for, *being a madman*, he is madly decked, and dressed all over with ribbins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave."

*For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do hear.*

Rhe. I'll sup thee up.

Pel. Thou'st straight to execution.

Gril. Fool, fool, fool! catch me an' thou canst.

Phi. Expel him the house; 'tis a dunce.

Cuc. [*sings*] *Hark, did you not hear a rumbling?*

The goblins are now a tumbling:

I'll tear 'em, I'll sear 'em,

I'll roar 'em, I'll gore 'em:

*Now, now, now! my brains are a jum-
bling,—*

Bounce! the gun's off.

Pal. You name this here hypochondriacal²?

Cor. Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing
The head, and thence deriv'd to the animal parts.
To be too over-curious, loss of goods
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

Enter a SEA-NYMPH, big-bellied, singing and dancing.

Sea-n. *Good your honours,
Pray your worships,
Dear your beauties,—*

Cuc. *Hang thee!*

To lash your sides,

To tame your hides,

To scourge your prides:

And bang thee.

¹ *An*] Signified anciently *if*, and was often corruptedly spelt and pronounced *and*. So in Marlow's tragical Historie of Dr Faustus: "I, and I fall not asleepe in the meantime."

² "The third [species of melancholy] ariseth from the bowels, liver, spleene, or membrane called mesenterium, named hypochondriacall or windy-melancholy."—Burton, *ut supra*, p. 34.

Sea-n. *We're pretty and dainty, and I will begin;
See! how they do jeer me, deride me, and
grin!
Come, sport me! come, court me! your top-
sail advance,
And let us conclude our delights in a dance.*

All. A dance, a dance, a dance!

Cor. This is the wanton melancholy. Women
With child, possess'd with this strange fury, often
Have danc'd three days together without ceasing¹.

Pal. 'Tis very strange: but Heaven is full of
miracles.

The Maskers dance, and then exeunt.

We are thy debtor, Corax, for the gift
Of this invention: but the plot deceives us;
What means this empty space?

[*Pointing to the paper-plot.*]

Cor. One kind of melancholy
Is only left untouch'd: 'twas not in art
To personate the shadow of that fancy.
'Tis nam'd Love-Melancholy. As, for instance:

¹ "Chorus Sancti Viti, or Saint Vitus' dance, the lascivious dance Paracelsus calls it, because they that are taken with it can do nothing but dance till they be dead or cured. It is so called, for that the parties so troubled were wont to goe to Saint Vitus for helpe, and after they had danced there a while, they were certainly freed. 'Tis strange to heare how long they will dance, and in what manner; over stooles, formes, tables; even great bellyed women sometimes (and yet never hurt their childe) will dance so long, that they can stirre neither hand nor foot, but seeme to be quite dead. One in red clothes they cannot abide. Musick above all things they love, and therefore the magistrates in Germany will hire musitians to play to them, and some lusty sturdy companions to dance with them."—Burton, *ut supra*, p. 10.

Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand
forth!— [To EROCLEA.

Entangled by the beauty of this lady,
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart
The weight of hopes and fears: it were impossible
To limn¹ his passions in such lively colours,
As his own proper sufferance could express.

Ero. You are not modest, sir.

Tha. Am I your mirth?

Cor. Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens
Reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel,
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.
O, were your highness but touch'd home, and
th'roughly,

With this (what shall I call it?) devil—

Pal. Hold!

Let no man henceforth name the word again!—
Wait you my pleasure, youth!—'Tis late; to
rest!— [Exit.

Cor. My lords—

Soph. Enough; thou art a perfect arts-man.

Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change
the skin:

And love, pent ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—THAMASTA'S Apartment.

Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.

Amet. Doat on a stranger?

Men. Court him, plead, and sue to him.

¹ *To limn,*] or *limn* is to paint, pourtray. Hence, a *limner* is a painter.

Amet. Affectionately ?

Men. Servilely ; and, pardon me
If I say, basely.

Amet. Women, in their passions,
Like false fires, flash, to fright our trembling senses :
Yet, in themselves, contain nor light, nor heat.
My sister do this ? she, whose pride did scorn
All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now ?
You are my friend.

Men. What I confirm is truth.

Amet. Truth, Menaphon ?

Men. If I conceiv'd you were
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,
Then, sir——

Amet. What then, sir ?

Men. I would then resolve
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,
As is Thamasta in her choice of love.
That sin is double, running in a blood,
Which justifies another being worse.

Amet. My Menaphon, excuse me ! I grow wild,
And would not, willingly, believe the truth
Of my dishonour. She shall know how much
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,
By checking the contempt her poor desires.
Have sunk her fame in. Pr'ythee tell me, friend
How did the youth receive her ?

Men. With a coldness,
As modest and as hopeless as the trust
I did repose in him, could wish or merit.

Enter THAMASTA and KALA.

Amet. I will esteem him dearly.

Men. Sir, your sister.

Tha. Servant, I have employment for you.

Amet. Harkye :

The mask of your ambition is fall'n off,
 Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject lowness,
 That you have now discover'd to report
 Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,——

Tha. You are turn'd satyr.

Amet. All the flatteries
 Of greatness have expos'd ye to contempt.

Tha. This is mere railing.

Amet. You have sold your birth
 For lust.

Tha. Lust?

Amet. Yes; and at a dear expence
 Purchas'd the only glories of a wanton.

Tha. A wanton?

Amet. Let repentance stop your mouth.
 Learn to redeem your fault.

Kala. I hope your tongue
 Has not betray'd my honesty. [*Aside to MEN.*]

Men. Fear nothing.

Tha. If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove,
 To keep a weary guard about my fame;
 If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift
 The constancy of your protested love:
 You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,
 Impute that to a coyness or neglect,
 Which my discretion and your service aim'd
 For noble purposes.

Men. Great mistress, no:
 I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,
 That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope
 Of any least desert, that might entitle
 My duty to a pension from your favours.

Amet. And therefore; lady, (pray observe him
 well),
 He henceforth covets plain equality;
 Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low
 With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,

Without offence or danger, he may cherish,
Yes, and command too, as a wife ; a wife,
A wife, my most great lady.

Kala. All will out. [*Aside.*

Tha. Now I perceive the league of amity,
Which ye have long between ye vow'd and kept,
Is sacred and inviolable ; secrets
Of every nature are in common to you.
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty :
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

Men. Gracious and virtuous mistress !

Amet. 'Tis a trick.

There is no trust in female cunning, friend !
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure
Apparent testimony of her constancy :
Or we will not believe these childish plots.
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear
To a reply. Think on't !

Men. Pray, love your fame !

[*Exeunt MEN. and AMET.*

Tha. Gone ! I am sure awak'd. *Kala*, I find
You have not been so trusty as the duty
You ow'd required.

Kala. Not I ? I do protest
I have been, madam.

Tha. Be no matter what !
I'm pay'd in mine own coin ; something I must,
And speedily—So !—Seek out Cuculus ;
Bid him attend me instantly !

Kala. That antick ?—

The trim old youth shall wait you.

Tha. Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds
indeed :

But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. Thou art an excellent fellow. Diabolo! O these lousy close-stool empirics, that will undertake all cures, yet know not the causes of any disease! Dog-leeches¹! By the four elements I honour thee; could find in my heart to turn knave, and be thy flatterer.

Cor. Sirrah, 'tis pity thou'ast not been a scholar:
Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o' conscience.

But for thy lord now, I have put him to't.

Rhe. He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot. Is he not monstrously overgone in frenzy?

Cor. Rhetias, 'tis not a madness, but his sorrow's
Close griping grief², and anguish of the soul,
That torture him: he carries hell on earth
Within his bosom. 'Twas a prince's tyranny
Caus'd his distraction, and a prince's sweetness
Must qualify that tempest of his mind.

Rhe. Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure
The misbelieving world, that the sun shines,
When 'tis i'th' full meridian of his beauty.
No cloud of black detraction can eclipse
The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth, casting

¹ *Dog-leeches,*] *i. e.* dog-doctors. A leech is the ancient appellation of a physician.

² *Griping grief.*] Griping was frequently applied to grief, and did not convey any ludicrous idea to our ancestors, who sung with perfect seriousness:

“When griping grief the heart doth wound,” &c.

All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,
 Call me your servant. Only for the present,
 I wish a happy blessing to your labours.
 Heaven crown your undertakings! and believe me,
 Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,
 The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.

[*Exit.*

Cor. Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd whoreson;
 there is pith
 In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

Enter TROLLIO with a Morion¹ on.

Trol. Worshipful master doctor! I have a great deal of, I cannot tell what, to say to you. My lord thunders; every word that comes out of his mouth roars like a cannon; the house shook once; my young lady dares not be seen.

Cor. We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

Trol. He has got a great pole-axe in his hand, and fences it up and down the house, as if he were to make room for the pageants. I have provided me a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

Cor. No matter for the morion: here's my cap. Thus I will pull it down; and thus outstare him.

Trol. The physician is got as mad as my lord.—O brave! a man of worship.

Cor. Let him come, Trollio! I will firk² his trangdido,
 And bounce, and bounce in metal, honest Trollio.

Trol. He vapours like a tinker, and struts like a juggler.

¹ *Morion.*] Commonly spelt murrion, a head-piece, helmet.

² *Firk*] Is a word of various significations. Here it seems to signify to strike. In the same sense Pistol tells a French soldier that he will *firk* him. "I will *firk* his trangdido," probably signifies, "I will strike his pole-axe out of his hand."

Mel. (*within*) So ho, so ho!

Trol. There, there, there! look to your right worshipful, look to yourself.

Enter MELEANDER with a pole-axe.

Mel. Shew me the dog, whose triple-throated noise

Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,
To tear the cur in pieces.

Cor. Stay thy paws,
Couragious beast! also, lo! the gorgeous skull,
That shall transform thee to that restless stone,
Which Sysiphus rolls up against the hill;
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

Mel. Hold! hold thy conqu'ring breath; 'tis
stronger far
Than gunpowder and garlic. If the fates

Have spun my thread, and my spent clue of life
Be now untwisted, let us part like friends.

Lay up my weapon, Trollio, and be gone.

Trol. Yes, sir, with all my heart.— [*Exit.*]

Mel. This friend and I will walk and gabble
wisely.

Cor. I allow the motion: on!

Mel. So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,
Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,
Crisp'd hairs², and punctual cheats, do wriggle³ in

¹ *Its weight.*] Old copy, *his weight.*

² *Crisped hairs,*] Curled. So in the Merchant of Venice:

" ——— Those *crisped* snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind."

³ *Wriggle.*] *Serpeger* is explained by Cotgrave, "To waue, waggle, wriggle, writhe, or to goe wauing, &c. like a serpent." So in Shirley's Humorous Courtier: "Noble Signior, I'll

Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state,
Then the whole body follows.

Cor. Then they fill
Lordships; steal womens hearts; with them and
theirs

The world runs round; yet these are square men¹
still.

Mel. There are none poor, but such as engross
offices.

Cor. None wise, but unthrifts, bankrupts, beg-
gars, rascals.

Mel. The hangman is a rare physician.

Cor. That's not so good; it shall be granted.

Mel. All

The buzz of drugs, and minerals and simples,
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull
Liege-people, and rear golden piles, are trash.
To a well strong-wrought halter; there the gout,
The stone, yes, and the melancholy devil,
Are cur'd in less time than a pair of minutes.
Build me a gallows in this very plot,
And I'll dispatch your business.

Cor. Fix the knot
Right under the left ear.

Mel. Sirrah, make ready!

Cor. Yet do not be too sudden, grant me leave,
To give a farewell to a creature long

wriggle myself into a worm-hole, or creep into a mole-hill and
live upon emmits eggs."

¹ *Square men.*] This is a singular use of this adjective. To
square is sometimes used for to suit, to quadrate. Hence *square*
men in the text may be precise men, who know how to sustain
their reputation. Indeed this meaning is deducible from one very
common in old dramatists; for instance, in the Tragedy of Hoff-
man, A. 5.

"——— By revenge I would have him intrapt,
Then the revenge were fit, just, and square."

Absented from me ; 'tis a daughter, sir,
Snatch'd from me in her youth, a handsome girl :
She comes to ask a blessing.

Mel. Pray, where is she ?

I cannot see her yet.

Cor. She makes more haste
In her quick prayers than her trembling steps,
Which many griefs have weaken'd.

Mel. Cruel man !

How canst thou rip a heart that's cleft already
With injuries of time ? Whilst I am frantic,
Whilst throngs of rude divisions huddle' on,
And do disrank my brains from peace and sleep :
So long I am insensible of cares.
As balls of wildfire may be safely touch'd,
Not violently sund'red, and thrown up :
So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,
Not hurried in the air of repetition,
Or memory of my misfortunes past.
Then are my griefs struck home, when they're re-
claim'd

To their own pity of themselves.—Proceed !
What of your daughter now ?

Cor. I cannot tell ye :

'Tis now out of my head again ; my brains
Are crazy ; I have scarce slept one sound sleep
These twelve months.

Mel. 'Las, poor man ! canst thou imagine
To prosper in the task thou tak'st in hand,
By practising a cure upon my weakness,
And yet be no physician for thyself ?
Go, go ! turn over all thy books once more,
And learn to thrive in modesty : for impudence

¹ *Huddle on.*] To huddle generally means to mix, to con-
found. Hence the sense of *huddling on* may be easily conceiv-
ed.

Does least become a scholar. Thou'rt a fool ;
A kind of learned fool.

Cor. I do confess it.

Mel. If thou canst wake with me, forget to eat ;
Renounce the thought of greatness ; tread on fate ;
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things,
Done long ago, and ill done ; and, when sighs
Are wearied, piece up what remains behind
With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to death ;
Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,
And we will sit together, like true friends,
And never be divided. With what greediness
Do I hug my afflictions ! there's no mirth
Which is not truly season'd with some madness.
As, for example—

[*Exit.*

Cor. What new crotchet next ?
There is so much sense in this wild distraction,
That I am almost out of my wits too,
To see and hear him. Some few hours more
Spent here would turn me apish, if not frantic.

Re-enter MELEANDER with CLEOPHILA.

Mel. In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou
man
Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,
Worthy thy contemplation, like to this ?
The model of the heavens, the earth, the waters,
The harmony and sweet consent¹ of times,
Are not of such an excellence, in form
Of their creation, as the infinite wonder
That dwells within the compass of this face :

¹ *Consent.*] Explained by Dr Burney, " connected harmony." So in Ben Jonson's *Volpone* :

" ——— as Plato holds, your music
(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)
Is your true rapture, when there is *consent*
In face, in voice.

And yet, I tell thee, scholar, under this
Well-ordered sign, is lodg'd such an obedience
As will hereafter, in another age,
Strike all comparison into a silence.
She had a sister too :—but as for her,
If I were giv'n to talk, I could describe
A pretty piece of goodness. Let that pass !—
We must be wise some times. What would you
with her ?

Cor. I with her ? nothing by your leave, sir, I :
It is not my profession.

Mel. You are saucy,
And, as I take it, scurvy in your sauciness,
To use no more respect.—Good soul ! be patient :
We are a pair of things, the world doth laugh at.
Yet be content, Cleophila ; those clouds,
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,
Will never be chac'd off till I am dead ;
And then some charitable soul will take thee
Into protection. I am hasting on ;
The time cannot be long.

Cleo. I do beseech ye,
Sir, as you love your health, as you respect
My safety, let not passion overrule you.

Mel. It shall not. I am friends with all the
world.

Get me some wine ; to witness that I will be
An absolute good-fellow, I will drink with thee.

Cor. Have you prepar'd his cup ?

Cleo. It is in readiness¹.

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA.

Cuc. By your leave, gallants, I come to speak

¹ This is an admirable scene. The gradually increasing glimpses of reason are delineated by our author in a manner which would be highly creditable even to Shakespeare. The old play-

with a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's¹ daughter of this house.

Mel. Your business with my lady-daughter, toss-pot²?

Gril. Toss-pot! O base! Toss-pot!

Cuc. Peace! dost not see in what case he is?— I would do my own commendations to her; that's all.

Mel. Do! Come, my genius, we will quaff in wine,
Till we grow wise.

Cor. True nectar is divine.
[*Exeunt MEL. and COR.*]

Cuc. So; I am glad he is gone. Page, walk aside!—Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from the mistress of my thoughts to you, the mistress of my desires.

Cleo. So, sir? I pray be brief.

Cuc. That you may know I am not, as they say, an animal: which is, as they say, a kind of cocks, which is, as the learned term, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon, a dolt, a noddy, a——

Cleo. As you please.

Cuc. Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please

wrights delighted in scenes where a benevolent physician cures a patient of mental affections. The scene in Massinger's *Very Woman* is only inferior to this of our author.

¹ *Trojan.*] The popularity of the achievements of the Greeks and Trojans led to an application of their names not very honourable to them, the former being used for cheats, and the latter for thieves. It is difficult to conceive a greater degradation, if we except the common misapplication of the venerable names of Hector, Cæsar, Pompey, &c. to dogs.

² *Toss-pot.*] This was not an uncommon term for a toper, which occurs again in these plays.

indeed. Forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

Cleo. Well, to your embassy! What, and from whom?

Cuc. Marry, *what* is more than I know, for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what*. But these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

Cleo. From whom, then, are you sent?

Cuc. There you come to me again. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much as to say, to be great in ladies' favours.

Cleo. Good time a-day to you! I can stay no longer.

Cuc. By this light, but you must: for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. [Delivers a Letter.]

Cleo. To me from her? 'Tis strange! I dare peruse it. [Reads.]

Cuc. Good! O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

Cleo. Is't possible? Heaven, thou art great and bountiful.

Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess, Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

Cuc. They shall, mad-dame.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helps are quite be-reaven,
Our humble pray'rs have entrance into heaven.

Cuc. That's my opinion clearly and without doubt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room at the Palace.*

Enter ARETUS *and* SOPHRONOS.

Are. The prince is th'roughly mov'd.

Soph. I never saw him
So much distemper'd.

Are. What should this young man be,
And whither can he be convey'd?

Soph. It is to me
A mystery; I understand it not.

Are. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR *and* PELIAS.

Pal. Ye have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature; but take heed:
Tho' I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery ye make of my dull patience;
Yet ye shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provok'd, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

Pel. Good sir.

Pal. Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or language,
Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate¹ and controul my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?

Men. Not to be heard of.

¹ *Check-mate.*] A term from the game of chess.

Pal. Fly then to the desert,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,
This airy apparition : come no more
In sight ! Get ye all from me ! He that stays
Is not my friend.

Amet. 'Tis strange.—

Are. and Soph. We must obey.

[*Exeunt all but PALADOR.*

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delu-
sions,

My credulous sense : the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me.—The physician
Presented a strange mask, the view of it
Puzzled my understanding : but the boy—

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs ;
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him :
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every
corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him.
There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is, there is some practice¹, slight,
or plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd
private lodging in the city, as like the youth in
face as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias !

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats,
'tis a spirit in his likeness ; answer I can get none
from her : you shall see her.

¹ *Practice.*] Artifice, insidious stratagem. So in *Measure for Measure* :

“ ——— Thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful *practice*.”

Slight has the signification of cunning, art.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life,
To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

[*Exit RHETIAS.*]

Enter EROCLEA in Woman's attire, and listens.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias. As there is by nature,
In every thing created, contrariety :
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind ; but man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heaven hath modell'd, in himself contains
Passions of sev'ral qualities ; the music
Of man's fair composition best accords
When 'tis in consort ¹, not in single strains.
My heart has been untun'd these many months,
Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
True harmony consisted ; living here,
We are heav'n's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

Ero. Minutes are numb'ed by the fall of sands,
As by an hour-glass ² ; the span of time
Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it.
An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
At last, and ends in sorrow : but the life,
Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down ;
So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints ?
Can I be nowhere private ?

¹ *When 'tis in consort.*] In concert. The word frequently occurs in these plays.

² *Hour-glass.*] Here used as a word of three syllables. The words hour, fire, &c. were often used in our author's time as dissyllables, and not without reason, for it is next to impossible to sound them as monosyllables. Again, in the first line of Act V. of this play :

“'Tis well, 'tis well the *hour* is at hand.”

Ero. Let the substance
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,
As the vain sound can pass your ear,
If no impression of a troth vow'd your's
Retain a constant memory. [Kneels.

Pal. Stand up!
'Tis not the figure, stamp'd upon thy cheeks,
The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
That the bright sun of your life-quick'ning presence
Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again
That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!
Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade:
If any neighb'ring greatness hath seduc'd
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off; wherefore, (cruel mercy!)
Hast thou assum'd a shape, that would make trea-
son

A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires are flam'd
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world,
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon un-
weave
The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,

And so I may be gentle : as thou art,
 There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
 In thy demeanours. Turn ! turn from me, pry-
 thee :
 For my belief is arm'd else. Yet, fair subtilty,
 Before we part (for part we must), be true ;
 Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha ! thy father ?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name ?

Ero. A name of misery ;
 Th' unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger

In this seducing counterfeit. Great goodness !

Hath honesty and virtue left the time ?

Are we become so impious, that, to tread

The path of impudence, is law and justice ?

Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,

Give me thy name !

Ero. Whilst I was lost to memory,

Parthenophill did shrowd my shame in change

Of sundry rare misfortunes : but, since now

I am, before I die, return'd to claim

A convoy to my grave, I must not blush

To let prince Palador, if I offend,

Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms Eroclea.

I am that woeful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast

Thy penance with the story of thy suff'rings :—

So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth ;

So martyrdom and holiness are twins,

As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue ;—

But, let me by degrees collect my senses ;

I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air

Hast thou perfume'd, since tyranny first ravished

The contract of our hearts.

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right, as I
In Cyprus.—Come! to trial, if thou beest
Eroclea; in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I prince Palador, in mine: this gift
[*She shows him a tablet.*

His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took
To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd
peace!

My extasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserv'd to entertain content.
Eroclea, I am thine: O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now
Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

Ero. You are still gracious. Sir, how I have
liv'd,
By what means been convey'd, by what preserv'd,
By what return'd, Rhetias, my trusty servant,
Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

Pal. Enough. Instead of music, every night,
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Ero. O, but my father!

Pal. Fear not! to behold
Eroclea safe, will make him young again.
It shall be our first task. Blush sensual follies,
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure.

There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts;
'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room at the Castle.*

Enter CORAX and CLEOPHILA.

Cor. 'Tis well, 'tis well; the hour is at hand,
Which must conclude the business, that no art
Could all this while make ripe for wish'd content.
O lady! in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Toss'd up and down with several storms and tem-
pests,

Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till, labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm, that crowns our ends.

Cleo. A happy end, Heaven bless us with.

Cor. 'Tis well said.
The old man sleeps still soundly.

Cleo. May soft dreams
Play in his fancy; that when he awakes,
With comfort, he may, by degrees, digest
The present blessings in a mod'rate joy.

Cor. I drench'd his cup to purpose: he ne'er
stirr'd

At barber or at tailor. He will laugh
At his own metamorphosis, and wonder.—
We must be watchful. Does the couch stand ready?

Enter TROLLIO.

Cleo. All as you commanded. What's your
haste for?

Trol. A brace of big women, usher'd by the young old ape, with his she-clog at his bum, are enter'd the castle. Shall they come on?

Cor. By any means; the time is precious now. Lady, be quick and careful! Follow, Trollio!

Trol. I owe all sir-reverence to your right worshipfulness.

Cleo. So many fears, so many joys, encounter
My doubtful expectations, that I waver
Between the resolution of my hopes
And my obedience. 'Tis not, O my fate!
The apprehension of a timely blessing
In pleasures, shakes my weakness: but the danger
Of a mistaken duty, that confines
The limits of my reason. Let me live,
Virtue, to thee as chaste, as truth to time!

Enter THAMASTA.

Tha. [*Entering*] Attend me till I call! — My sweet Cleophila!

Cleo. Great princess! —

Tha. I bring peace, to sue a pardon
For my neglect of all those noble virtues
Thy mind and duty are apparell'd with.
I have deserv'd ill from thee, and must say,
Thou art too gentle, if thou can'st forget it.

Cleo. Alas! you have not wrong'd me: for, indeed,

Acquaintance with my sorrow and my fortune
Were grown to such familiarity,
That 'twas an impudence, more than presumption,

To wish so great a lady, as you are,
Should lose affection on my uncle's son;
But that your brother, equal in your blood,
Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love
A cast-away, a poor despised maid,

Only for me to hope was almost sin :

Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.

Tha. Chide not

The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,

In such an humble language ! I have smarted

Already in the wounds my pride hath made

Upon thy sufferings. Henceforth, 'tis in you

To work my happiness.

Cleo. Call any service

Of mine, a debt ; for such it is. The letter,

You lately sent me, in the blest contents

It made me privy to, hath largely quitted

Every suspicion of your grace and goodness.

Tha. Let me embrace thee with a sister's love !

A sister's love, Cleophila ! for should

My brother henceforth study to forget

The vows, that he hath made thee, I would ever

Solicit' thy deserts.

Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.

Amet. We must have entrance.

Tha. Must ? Who are they, say must ? You
are unmannerly.

Brother, is't you ? and you too, sir ?

Amet. Your ladyship

Has had a time of scolding to your humour :

Does the storm hold still ?

Cleo. Never fell a shower

More seasonably gentle on the barren

Parch'd thirsty earth, than show'rs of courtesy

Have from this princess been distill'd on me,

To make my growth in quiet of my mind

Secure and lasting.

Tha. You may both believe,

That I was not uncivil.

Solicit. " I would ever solicit [or court] thy deserts."

Amet. Pish! I know
Her spirit and her envy.

Cleo. Now, in troth, sir,—
Pray credit me; I do not use to swear:—
The virtuous princess hath, in words and carriage,
Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush.
I am not rich enough in thanks, sufficient
For her unequall'd bounty.—My good cousin,
I have a suit to you.

Men. It shall be granted.

Cleo. That no time, no persuasion, no respects
Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter
By possibility to be conceiv'd,
Draw you from that sincerity and pureness
Of love, which you have oftentimes protested
To this great worthy lady. She deserves
A duty more, than what the ties of marriage
Can claim, or warrant: be for ever her's,
As she is yours, and Heaven increase your com-
forts.

Amet. Cleophila hath play'd the churchman's
part;
I'll not forbid the bans.

Men. Are you consented?

Tha. I have one task in charge first, which con-
cerns me.

Brother, be not more cruel than this lady:
She hath forgiv'n my follies, so may you.
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,
Without additions of estate or birth,
Are dower for a prince, indeed. You lov'd her;
For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,
Here fix your heart; and thus resolve: if now
You miss this heaven on earth, you cannot find
In any other choice ought but a hell.

Amet. The ladies are turn'd lawyers, and plead
handsomely

Their clients' cases. I am an easy judge,
 And so shalt thou be Menaphon. I give thee
 My sister for a wife ; a good one, friend.

Men. Lady, will you confirm the gift ?

Tha. The errors

Of my mistaken judgment being lost
 To your remembrance, I shall ever strive
 In my obedience to deserve your pity.

Men. My love, my care, my all.

Amet. What rests for me ?

I'm still a bachelor : Sweet maid, resolve me,
 May I yet call you mine ?

Cleo. My lord Amethus,

Blame not my plainness ; I am young and simple,
 And have not any power to dispose
 Mine own will, without warrant from my father :
 That purchas'd, I am yours.

Amet. It shall suffice me.

*Enter CUCULUS, PELIAS, TROLLIO, and GRILLA
 pluck'd in by them.*

Cuc. Revenge ! I must have revenge ; I will have
 revenge, bitter and abominable revenge ; I will have
 revenge. This unfashionable mongrel, this linsey-
 walsey of mortality ; by this hand, mistress, this
 she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, with-
 out any reverence to my person, or good garments.
 Why d'ye not speak, gentlemen ?

Pel. Some certain blows have past, an't like
 your highness.

Trol. Some few knocks of friendship ; some love
 toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

Gril. I'll turn him away ; he shall be my master
 no longer.

Men. Is this your she-page, Cuculus! 'tis a boy, sure.

Cuc. A boy, an arrant boy in long coats.

Trol. He has mumbled¹ his nose, that 'tis as big as a great cod-piece.

Cuc. Oh, thou cock-vermine of iniquity!

Tha. Pelias, take hence the wag, and school him for't.

For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince
To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

Cuc. Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.

Whilst I'm in office, th' old garb shall again
Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.

Come Trollio, help to wash my face, pr'ythee.

Trol. Yes, and to scour it too.

[*Exit* CUC. TROL. PEL. and GRIL.]

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. The prince and princess are at hand; give over

Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady,
Henceforth forbear your sadness. Are you ready
To practise your instructions?

Cleo. I have studied

My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias,
With all the skill I can.

Cor. I'll pass my word for her.

¹ *Mumbled,*] Here means *pulled, tugged.* Cotgrave explains the French participle *saboulé*, mumbled, tugged, or scuffled with.

A Flourish.—*Enter* PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and EROCLEA.

Pal. Thus princes should be circled with a guard
Of truly noble friends and watchful subjects.
O Rhetias, thou art just: the youth thou told'st me,
That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last
To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

Rhe. My knowledge made me sure of my report,
sir.

Pal. Eroclea, clear thy fears! When the sun
shines,
Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky,
Nor shall they here.—Why do they kneel? Stand
up!

The day and place is privileged.

Soph. Your presence,
Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

Pal. Wherefore does this young virgin use such
circumstance

In duty to us? Rise!

Ero. 'Tis I must raise her.
Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,
In hiding from your knowledge any secret,
That should have been in common 'twixt our souls:
But I was rul'd by counsel.

Cleo. That I show
Myself a girl', sister, and bewray
Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,
I hope you cannot blame me.

Pal. We must part:
The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets

* *Girl.*] This word is here evidently used as a dissyllable. Mr Steevens was too obstinate in denying some of these differences in ancient and modern pronunciation, though Mr Malone has certainly extended their number too far.

With th' island¹ of our arms, Cleophila,
The custom of thy piety hath built
Even to thy younger years a monument
Of memorable fame; some great reward
Must wait on thy desert.

Soph. The prince speaks t'you, niece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray. Let us about our business.

The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw!
Rhetias, let's settle here the couch².

Pal. Away then!

[*Exeunt all, except RHETIAS, CORAX,
and a Boy.*]

Soft Music.—*The Curtain is drawn, and MELEANDER discovered asleep on a Couch, his Hair and Beard trimmed, Habit and Gown changed.—The Boy sings.*

SONG.

*Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charm'd in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Loves and griefs are so express'd,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charm'd in sleep.*

Mel. Where am I? Ha! What sounds are these? 'Tis day, sure.
Oh, I have slept belike; 'tis but the foolery

¹ *With th' island.*] I suspect we should read, "within the island of our arms."

² *Couch.*] The old copy reads *coach*; and, in the following stage-direction, Meleander "enters, in a coach!!"

Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not
 Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,
 But dream my dream out.

Cor. 'Morrow to your lordship!

You took a goodly nap, and slept it soundly.

Mel. Away, beast! let me alone!

[*The Music ceases.*]

Cor. O, by your leave, sir.

I must be bold to raise you; else your physic
 Will turn to further sickness.

Mel. Physic, bear-leech'?

Cor. Yes physic! you are mad.

Mel. Trollio! Cleophila!

Rhe. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias, pr'ythee rid the room
 Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,
 I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

Rhe. Sir, true! you have; and this most learned
 scholar

Apply'd't t'you²! Oh, you were in dangerous
 plight,

Before he took ye [in] hand.

Mel. These things are drunk,
 Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I never saw a body in the wane
 Of age, so overspread with several sorts
 Of such diseases, as the strength of youth
 Would groan under and sink.

Rhe. The more your glory
 In the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the cordial
 Prepared for him to take after his sleep,
 'Twill do him good at heart.

¹ *Bear-leech.*] See note on p. 186.

² *Apply'd't t'you.*] The old copy reads *apply'd t'ee*. The abbreviation is remarkably harsh. In the next line the word in brackets is omitted in the original.

Rhe. I hope it will, sir. [*Exit.*

Mel. What dost [thou¹] think I am, that thou should'st fiddle

So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,
That all the hands of art cannot remove
One grain to ease my grief. If thou could'st poison
My memory, or wrap my senses up
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;
If thou could'st make me walk, speak, eat and
laugh

Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties:
Why then perhaps at marts² thou might'st make
benefit

Of such an antic motion, and get credit
From credulous gazers, but not profit me³.
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple
To be wrought on.

Cor. I'll burn my books, old man,
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

¹ *Thou.*] This monosyllable is left out in the old copy.

² *At marts—antic motion.*] *Marts* are markets, and *antic motions*, strange puppets, in the puppet-shows exhibited there.

³ This passage bears some distant resemblance to the celebrated one in *Macbeth*: "Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?" &c. The imitation is, however, not so obvious, that it would deserve to be mentioned here; which is done only with a view of noting a very striking coincidence between the same passage in *Shakespeare*, and the following in an Italian poet, with whom he was undoubtedly utterly unacquainted:

"*Ma chi puote con erbe, od argomenti*

Guarir l'infermità dell' intelletto?

Il corpo è sano, e l' alma inferma ed egra;

Nè perciò si rinfranca, o si rallegra."

Amadigi di Bernardo Tasso, Canto XXVI. st. 37.

The two first lines are so similar to the tenor of the whole passage, that they ought to be a warning to all future critics, who seek to obtain reputation by discovering the most trivial similarities, and then absurdly charge their authors with plagiarism.

Enter ARETUS, *with a patent.*

Are. Most honour'd lord, Meleander, our great master,
Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me
Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd
Not only confirmation of the honours
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition
Of the marshalship of Cyprus, and ere long
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;
I must attend the prince. [*Exit.*]

Cor. There's one pill works.

Mel. Dost know that spirit? 'tis a grave familiar,
And talk'd I know not what.

Cor. He's like, methinks,
The prince's tutor Aretus.

Mel. Yes, yes;
It may be I have seen such a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter AMETHUS, *with a Staff.*

Amet. The prince hath sent you,
My lord, this staff of office, and withal
Salutes you grand-commander of the ports
Throughout his principalities. He shortly
Will visit you himself: I must attend him. [*Exit.*]

Cor. D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?

Mel. A devil
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason in the throne
Of a pure soul.—

Enter SOPHRONUS, *with a Tablet*¹.

Another? I will stand thee;
Be what thou canst, I care not.

¹ *A tablet*] Is generally any picture, but here evidently a miniature. Cotgrave explains *monilles*, "necklaces, *tablets*, brouches, or *ouches*; any such *ornaments for the necke*."

Soph. From the prince,
 Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,
 A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom:
 Henceforth, he bad me say, he does beseech you
 To call him son, for he will call you father.
 It is an honour, brother, that a subject
 Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.
 Be moderate in your joys; he will in person
 Confirm my errand, but commands my service.

[*Exit.*

Cor. What hope now of your cure?

Mel. Stay, stay! What earthquakes
 Roll in my flesh! Here's prince, and prince, and
 prince;

Prince upon prince. The dotage of my sorrows
 Revels in magic of ambitious scorn:
 Be they enchantments, deadly as the grave,
 I'll look upon them! Patent, staff, and relic?
 To the last first. Round me¹, ye guarding ministers,
 And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs
 That overhang my sight, fall off, and leave
 These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust.

Cor. 'Tis time I see to fetch the cordial. Pr'y-
 thee,
 Sit down: I'll instantly be here again. [*Exit.*

Mel. Good, give me leave; I will sit down in-
 deed.

Here's company enough for me to prate to.—
 Eroclea? 'Tis the same; the cunning artsman
 Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd
 A little hollow space here, and blown breath
 To have made it move and whisper, 't had been ex-
 cellent.

But 'faith, 'tis well, 'tis very well as 'tis;
 Passing, most passing well.

¹ *Round me,*] Surround me. See note on p. 169.

Enter CLEOPHILA, EROCLEA, and RHETIAS.

Cleo. The sovereign greatness,
Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,
Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,
By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,
A gift more precious to him than his birthright.
Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home
The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

Ero. Dear sir, you know me!

Mel. Yes, thou art my daughter:
My eldest blessing. Know thee? Why Eroclea,
I never did forget thee in thy absence.
Poor soul, how dost?

Ero. The best of my well-being
Consists in yours.

Mel. Stand up! the gods who hitherto
Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever.
Cleophila, I thank thee and the prince;
I thank thee too, Eroclea, that thou would'st
In pity of my age, take so much pains
To live, till I might once more look upon thee,
Before I broke my heart: Oh, 'twas a piece
Of piety and duty unexampled.

Rhe. The good man relisheth his comforts strange-
ly;
The sight doth turn me child.

Ero. I have not words,
That can express my joys.

Cleo. Nor I.

Mel. Nor I.

Yet let us gaze on one another freely,
And surfeit with our eyes; let me be plain:
If I should speak as much as I should speak,
I should talk of a thousand things at once,
And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee!

My tears, like ruffling winds, lock'd up in caves,
 Do bustle for a vent:—on th' other side,
 To fly out into mirth were not so comely.
 Come hither! let me kiss thee! with a pride,
 Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy
 presence

Hath stor'd me with, I kneel before their altars,
 Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety.
 Ask, ask thy sister, pr'ythee, she will tell thee
 How I have been much mad.

Cleo. Much discontented,
 Shunning all means that might procure him comfort.

Ero. Heaven has at last been gracious.

Mel. So say I:
 But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,
 As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth
 With thy misfortunes? Understand me th'roughly,
 I would not have thee to report at large
 From point to point a journal of thy absence:
 'Twill take up too much time; I would securely
 Engross the little remnant of my life,
 That thou might'st every day be telling somewhat,
 Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.
 Let me bethink me! how we parted first
 Puzzles my faint remembrance.—But soft,
 Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince
 Sent me this present.

Cleo. From his own fair hands
 I did receive my sister.

Mel. To requite him,
 We will not dig his father's grave anew,
 Although the mention of him much concerns
 The business we inquire of.—As I said,
 We parted in a hurry at the court;
 I to this castle, after made my jail:
 But whither thou, dear heart?

Rhe. Now they fall to't;
 I look'd for this.

Ero. I, by my uncle's care,
Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly
Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a' shipboard
That very night.

Mel. A policy quick and strange.

Ero. The ship was bound for Corinth, whither
first,
Attended only with your servant Rhetias,
And all fit necessaries, we arrived :
From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd
To Athens, where, till our return of late,
Have we liv'd safe.

Mel. Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy¹ factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred providence above him !
Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mixed.
And still thou wert a boy ?

Ero. So I obey'd
My uncle's wise command.

Mel. 'Twas safely carried ;
I humbly thank thy fate.

Ero. If earthly treasures
Are pour'd in plenty down from heav'n on mortals,
They reign amongst those oracles, that flow
In schools of sacred knowledge ; such is Athens :
Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison :
The thought of you, my sister, country, fortunes,
And something of the prince, barr'd all contents²,

¹ *To bandy.*] A metaphor from tennis, as Mr Steevens observes : so in Decker's *Satiromastrix* :

“ Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience.”

And in Shakespeare's *King Lear* : “ Do you *bandy* looks with me, rascal ?”

² *Contents.*] Often used in our author's age for contentments.

Which else might ravish sense : for had not Rhetias

Been always comfortable to me, certainly
Things had gone worse.

Mel. Speak low, Eroclea!

That something of the prince bears danger in it :
Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for such endow-
ments,

As might create a prince a wife for him,
Had he the world to guide : but touch not there.
How cam'st thou home ?

Rhe. Sir, with your noble favour,
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

Mel. Honest, right honest Rhetias !

Rhe. Your grave brother
Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,
Lord Menaphon too eagerly pursued
Thamasta, cousin to our present prince,
And, to remove the violence of affection,
Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months' space
Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin
Enjoy'd each others griefs ; till by his father,
The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough ! the world shall henceforth
witness

My thankfulness to heaven and those people
Who have been pityful to me and mine.
Lend me a looking-glass !—How now ? How came I
So courtly, in fresh raiments ?

Rhe. Here's the glass, sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—Oh Cleophila,
This was the goodness of thy care and cunning.

[*Loud Music.*

Whence comes this noise ?

Rhe. The prince, my lord, in person.

Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS,
MENAPHON, CORAX, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Pal. Ye shall not kneel to us; rise all! I charge
ye.

Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms
And heart shall be your guard. We have o'erheard
All passages of your united loves.
Be young again, Meleander, live to number
A happy generation, and die old
In comforts, as in years. The offices
And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,
Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;
Enjoy them liberally.

Mel. My tears must thank ye,
For my tongue cannot.

Cor. I have kept my promise
And given you a sure cordial.

Mel. Oh, a rare one.

Pal. Good man, we both have shar'd enough of
sadness:

Though thine has tasted deeper of th' extreme;
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I sent ye? Keep it; 'tis a counterfeit;
And in exchange of that I seize on this,
The real substance: with this other hand
I give away, before her father's face
His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,
Cousin Amethus: take her and be to her
More than a father, a deserving husband.
Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,
Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My brains are dull'd;
I am entranc'd and know not what ye mean.
Great, gracious sir, alas! why do you mock me?
I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,
That my untoward joints can scarcely creep

Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.

Pal. Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine ;
Cleophila my cousin's, by consent
Of both their hearts : we both now claim our own ;
It only rests in you to give a blessing
For confirmation.

Rhe. Sir, 'tis truth and justice.

Mel. The gods, that lent ye to me, bless your
vows !

Oh, children, children, pay your pray'rs to heaven,
For they have shew'd much mercy. But Sophronos,
Thou art my brother : I can say no more :
A good, good brother !

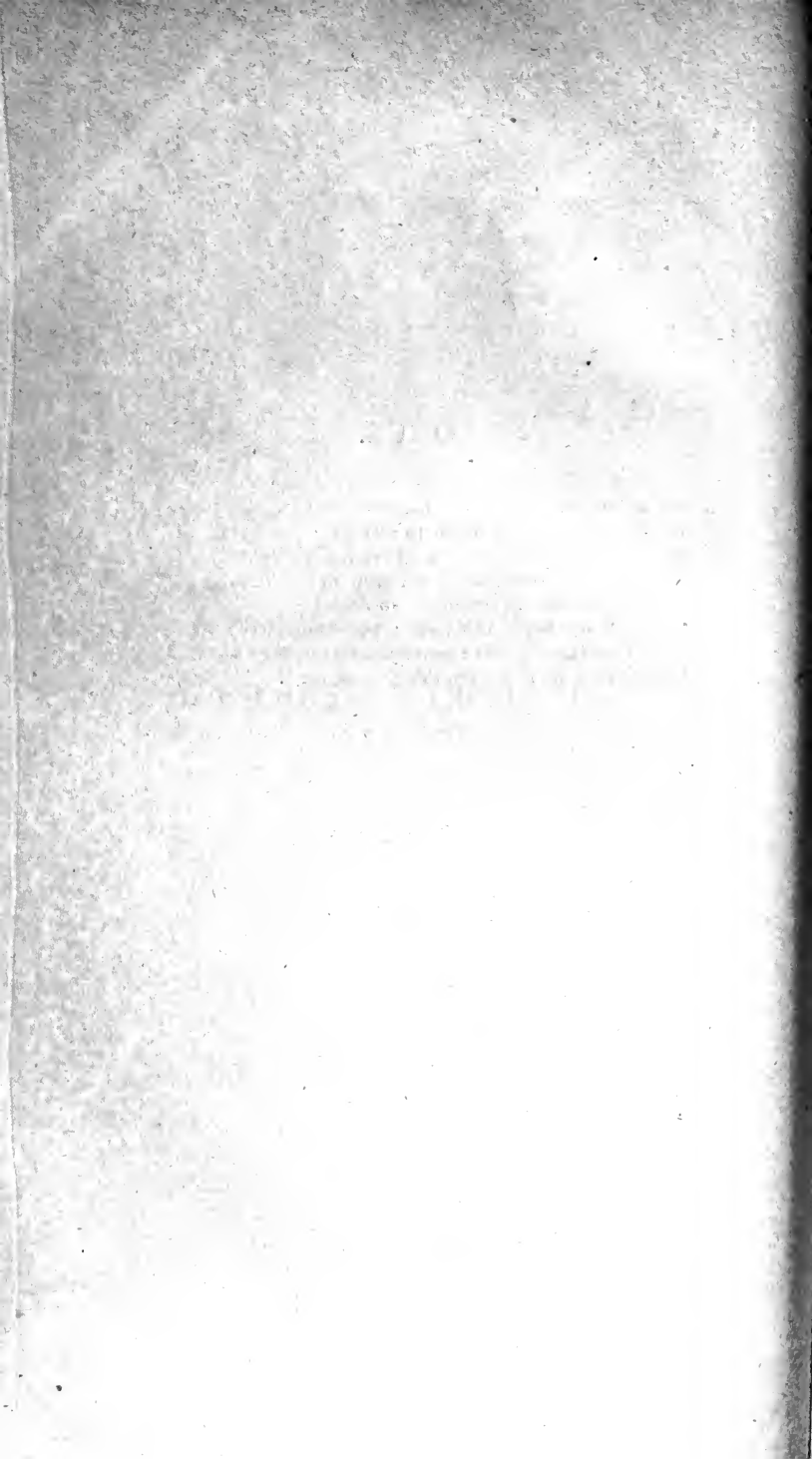
Pal. Leave the rest to time !
Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too :
She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetias, for thee
And Corax, I have more than common thanks.
On to the temple ! there all solemn rites
Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd.
The Lover's Melancholy hath found cure :
Sorrows are chang'd to bride-songs. So they thrive,
Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive.

[*Exeunt.*]

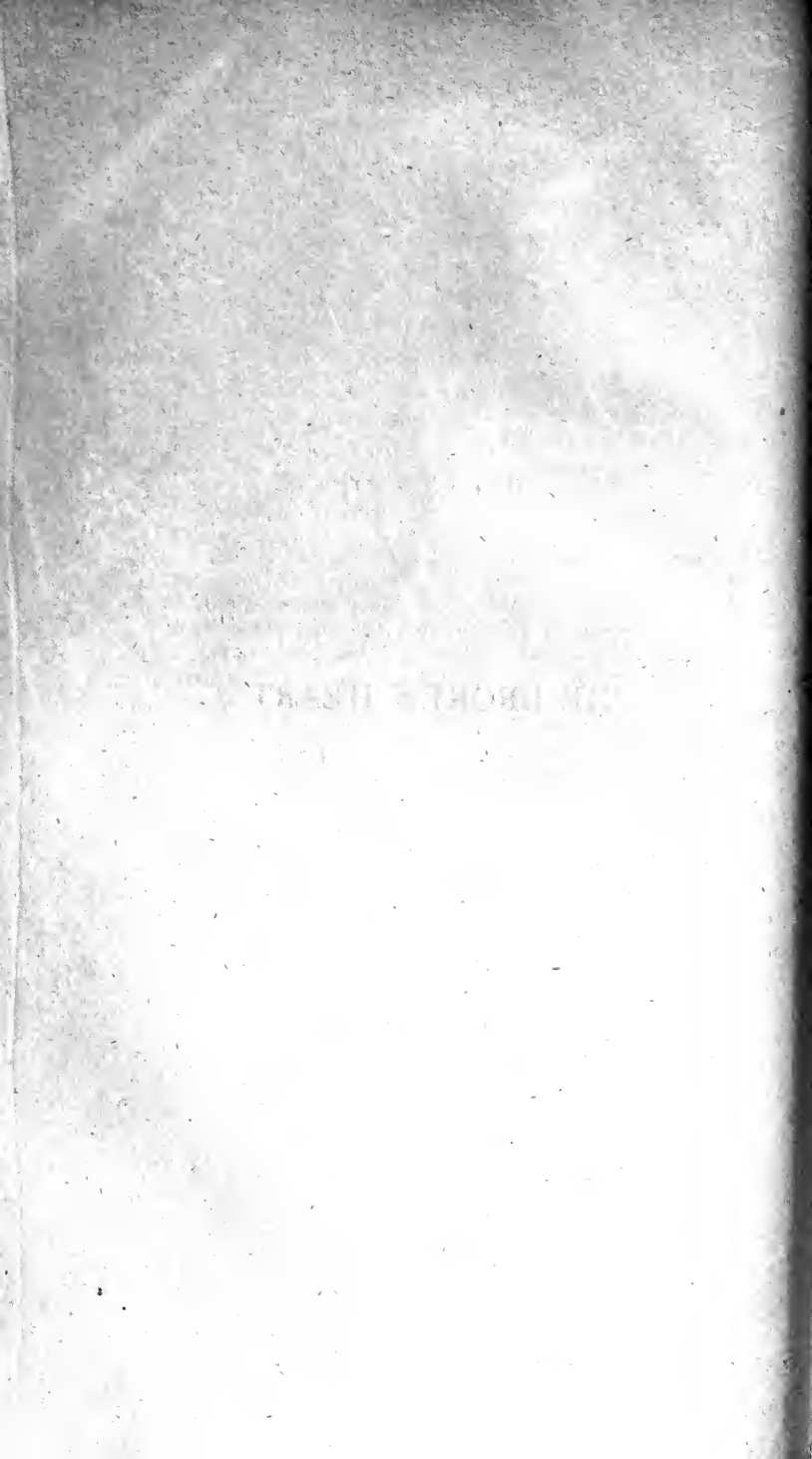
EPILOGUE.

To be too confident, is as unjust
In any work, as too much to distrust ;
Who from the laws of study have not swerv'd,
Know begg'd applauses never were deserv'd.
We must submit to censure : so doth he,
Whose hours begot this issue ; yet, being free
For his part, if he have not pleas'd you, then
In this kind he'll not trouble you again *.

* This Epilogue is remarkably independent, and perfectly agrees with the character given of our author in the lines quoted in the introduction from Langbaine. We have also here another evident mark of the success of his pieces, for he furnished the stage, after this, with numerous plays. Had the audience been whimsical, and refused the applause due to this admirable drama, we should perhaps never have possessed the Broken Heart, Perkin Warbeck, &c. &c.



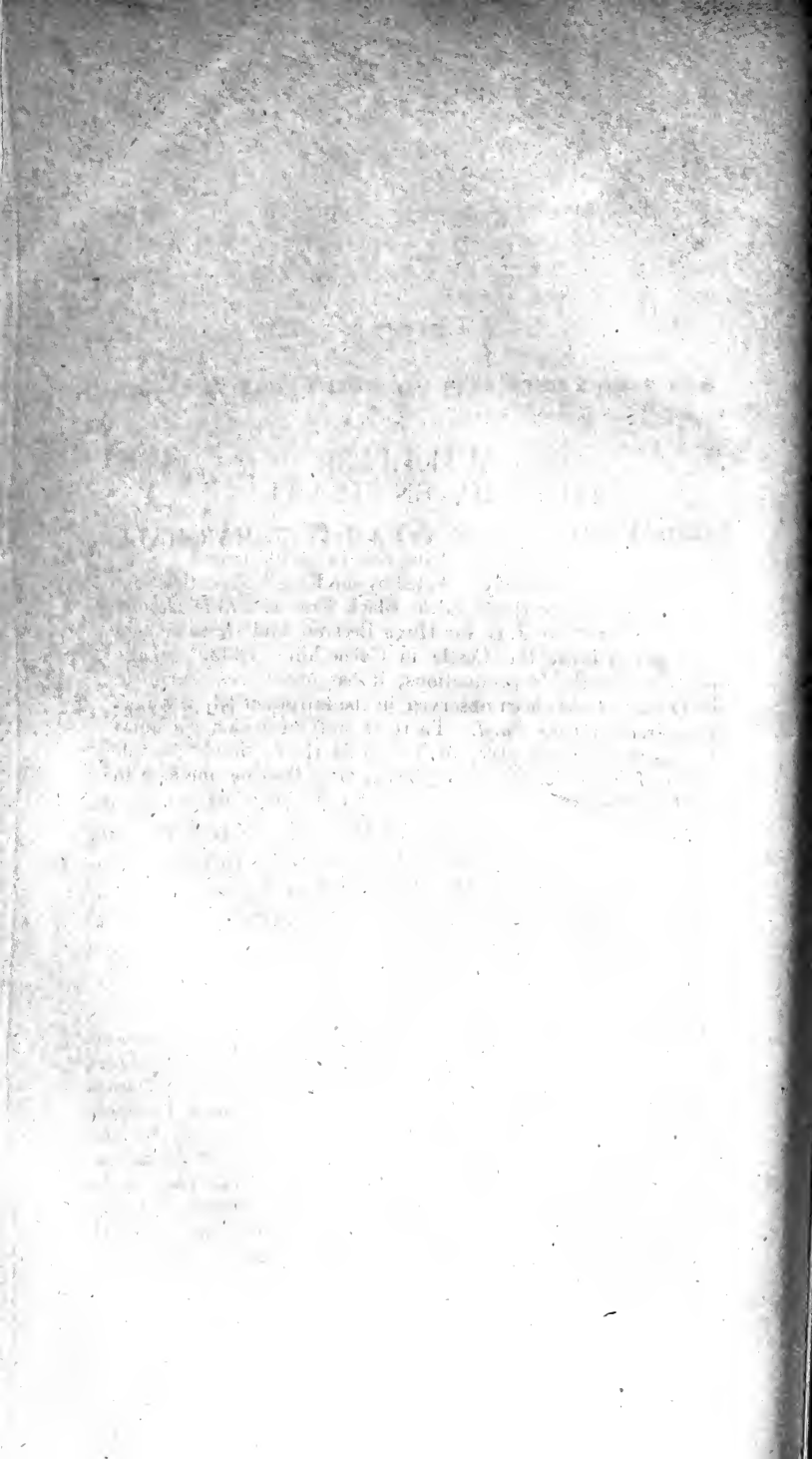
THE BROKEN HEART.



THE NORTH CAROLINA

THE BROKEN HEART.

THIS tragedy bears the following title in the old copy: "The Broken Heart. A tragedy. Acted by the King's Majestie's servants, at the Private House in the Black Frier's. *Fide Honor.* London: Printed by J. B. for Hugh Beeston, and are to be sold at his shop, neare the Castle in Corne-hill. 1633." Like most of our author's productions, it has never been reprinted. *Fide Honor*, as has been observed in the introduction, is a perfect anagram of *John Ford*. There is nothing which can point out to us whether this play, or *Love's Sacrifice*, should precede in point of chronological arrangement, both bearing one date in the old quartos.



TO THE

MOST WORTHY DESERVER OF THE NOBLEST TITLES IN HONOUR,

WILLIAM,

LORD CRAVEN, BARON OF HAMSTEED-MARSHALL*.

MY LORD,

THE glory of a great name, acquired by a greater glory of action, hath in all ages lived the truest chronicle to his own memory. In the practice of which argument, your growth to perfection (even in youth) hath appeared so sincere, so unflattering a penman, that posterity cannot with more delight read the merit of noble endeavours, than noble endeavours merit thanks from posterity to be read with delight. Many nations, many eyes have been witnesses of your deserts, and loved them: be

* William Craven, Lord Craven. He signalized himself in Germany, and in the Netherlands, under Henry, Prince of Orange; and, in 1627, was raised to the dignity of Lord Craven of Hampstead-Marshall. He afterwards fought bravely under Gustavus Adolphus, and was wounded in the three assaults upon Kreutznach, when he was told by the Swedish monarch, "He adventured so desperately, he bid his younger brother fair play for his estate." Subsequently he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount and Earl, and served Charles I. and II., and James II. faithfully. He died, deprived of his employments by King William, April 9, 1697, aged 88 years.

pleased, then, with the freedom of your own name, to admit *one* amongst all, particularly into the list of such as honour a fair example of nobility. There is a kind of humble ambition, not uncommendable, when the silence of study breaks forth into discourse, coveting rather encouragement than applause; yet herein censure commonly is too severe an auditor, without the moderation of an able patronage. I have ever been slow in courtship of greatness, not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to opinion: but the justice of your inclination to industry, emboldens my weakness of confidence to relish an experience of your mercy, as many brave dangers have tasted of your courage. Your Lordship strove to be known to the world, when the world knew you least, by voluntary, but excellent attempts: Like allowance I plead of being known to your Lordship (in this low presumption), by tendering, to a favourable entertainment, a devotion offered from a heart, that can be as truly sensible of any least respect, as ever profess the owner in my best, my readiest services, a lover of your natural love to virtue,

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Speakers' names fitted to their qualities.*

AMYCLAS, *common to the kings of Laconia.*

ITHOCLES, (*honour of loveliness,*) *a favourite.*

ORGILUS, (*angry,*) *son to CROTOLON.*

BASSANES, (*vexation,*) *a jealous nobleman.*

ARMOSTES, (*an appeaser,*) *a counsellor of state.*

CROTOLON, (*noise,*) *another counsellor.*

PROPHILUS, (*dear,*) *friend to ITHOCLES.*

NEARCHUS, (*young prince,*) *prince of Argos.*

TECNICUS, (*artist,*) *a philosopher.*

HEMOPHIL, (*glutton,*)

GRONEAS, (*tavern-haunter,*) } *two courtiers,*

AMELUS, (*trusty,*) *friend to NEARCHUS.*

PHULAS, (*watchful,*) *servant to BASSANES.*

CALANTHA, (*flower of beauty,*) *the king's daughter.*

PENTHEA, (*complaint,*) *sister to ITHOCLES.*

EUPHRANEA, (*joy,*) *a maid of honour.*

CHRISTALLA, (*crystal,*)

PHILEMA, (*a kiss,*) } *maids of honour.*

GRAUSIS, (*old beldam,*) *overseer of PENTHEA.*

* This whimsical enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ has been carefully preserved from the old copy.

Persons included.

THRASUS, (*fierceness,*) *father of ITHOCLES.*
APLOTES, (*simplicity,*) *ORGILUS so disguised.*

The Scene—Sparta.

THE PROLOGUE.

Our scene is Sparta. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the Broken Heart.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons ; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel court's applause
From vulgar admiration : such low songs,
Tun'd to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays :
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we kept in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow ;
What may be here thought a fiction, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth :
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right,
You may partake a pity with delight.

THE PROVERB

There is a time to be silent
and a time to speak,
and a time to be angry,
and a time to be merry,
and a time to weep,
and a time to dance,
and a time to sing,
and a time to be still,
and a time to be bold,
and a time to be soft,
and a time to be hard,
and a time to be kind,
and a time to be cruel,
and a time to be gentle,
and a time to be fierce,
and a time to be lowly,
and a time to be high,
and a time to be poor,
and a time to be rich,
and a time to be hungry,
and a time to be full,
and a time to be cold,
and a time to be hot,
and a time to be naked,
and a time to be clothed,
and a time to be weary,
and a time to be fresh,
and a time to be old,
and a time to be young,
and a time to be dead,
and a time to be alive,
and a time to be alone,
and a time to be with others,
and a time to be in pain,
and a time to be in joy,
and a time to be in sorrow,
and a time to be in hope,
and a time to be in despair,
and a time to be in love,
and a time to be in hate,
and a time to be in friendship,
and a time to be in enmity,
and a time to be in peace,
and a time to be in war,
and a time to be in silence,
and a time to be in noise,
and a time to be in darkness,
and a time to be in light,
and a time to be in death,
and a time to be in life,
and a time to be in hell,
and a time to be in heaven,
and a time to be in earth,
and a time to be in air,
and a time to be in water,
and a time to be in fire,
and a time to be in the sky,
and a time to be in the ground,
and a time to be in the sea,
and a time to be in the mountains,
and a time to be in the valleys,
and a time to be in the cities,
and a time to be in the villages,
and a time to be in the fields,
and a time to be in the woods,
and a time to be in the forests,
and a time to be in the plains,
and a time to be in the hills,
and a time to be in the rocks,
and a time to be in the stones,
and a time to be in the trees,
and a time to be in the flowers,
and a time to be in the fruits,
and a time to be in the leaves,
and a time to be in the grass,
and a time to be in the earth,
and a time to be in the sky,
and a time to be in the sun,
and a time to be in the moon,
and a time to be in the stars,
and a time to be in the clouds,
and a time to be in the wind,
and a time to be in the rain,
and a time to be in the snow,
and a time to be in the ice,
and a time to be in the frost,
and a time to be in the dew,
and a time to be in the mist,
and a time to be in the fog,
and a time to be in the haze,
and a time to be in the rainbows,
and a time to be in the halos,
and a time to be in the auroras,
and a time to be in the comets,
and a time to be in the meteors,
and a time to be in the shooting stars,
and a time to be in the lightning bolts,
and a time to be in the thunder claps,
and a time to be in the lightning flashes,
and a time to be in the lightning strikes,
and a time to be in the lightning bolts,
and a time to be in the lightning strikes,
and a time to be in the lightning bolts,
and a time to be in the lightning strikes,

THE BROKEN HEART.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the House of CROTOLON.*

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. Dally not further, I will know the reason,
That speeds thee to this journey!

Org. Reason, good sir?
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and e'er we part must have:
Athens! pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite; and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth? for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.

Crot. You do? Then, son, if books and love of
knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'Tis not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command thee

To acquaint me with the truth.

Org. Thus, I obey you:

After so many quarrels, as dissention,
Fury and rage, had broach'd¹ in blood, and some-
times

With death to such confederates, as sided
With now dead Thrasus, and yourself, my lord,
Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace :
Friends you profess'd yourselves, which to confirm
A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families was entertain'd,
By joining in a Hymenean bond,
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.

Crot. What of this?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fixt our souls
In a firm growth of holy union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge²; we had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
By Thrasus his untimely death.

Crot.

Most certain.

¹ *Brouch'd in blood.*] Old copy, *Brauch't.* *Broached* generally signified spitted, transfixed. The metaphor in the text is rather forced, if we accept this explication; but there is no other meaning of the word, which could at all apply here. So in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, A. 1. s. 1.

—“I'll broach them, if they do,
Upon my falchion's point.”

² *That no time can eat into the pledge.*] Our author is thinking of the very common metaphor of the worm of time, and this makes him forget the impropriety of the present allusion.

Org. From this time sprouted up that poisonous stalk

Of aconite, whose ripen'd fruit hath ravish'd
 All health, all comfort of a happy life:
 For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
 And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
 The memory of former discontents,
 To glory in revenge; by cunning partly,
 Partly by threats, he woos at once and forces
 His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
 With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
 And riches, I confess beyond my fortunes.

Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
 My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows,
 Beauteous Penthea wedded to this torture
 By an insulting brother, being secretly
 Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
 To him, who never can usurp her heart
 Before contracted mine, is now so yok'd
 To a most barbarous thraldom, misery,
 Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
 Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
 In hearing but her name.

Crot. As how, pray?

Org. Bassanes,
 The man that calls her wife, considers truly
 What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
 By thinking fair Penthea his. This thought
 Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
 Is nurse unto a fear so strong, and servile,
 As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
 All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
 He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle;
 Some one, he is assur'd, may now and then
 (If opportunity but sort) prevail:
 So much out of a self-unworthiness

His fears transport him, not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

Crot. You spin out your discourse.

Org. My griefs are violent;
For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Court'd by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues: which the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of; hence, from hence,
I undertake a voluntary exile:
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes, but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth;
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough: To Athens
I give a full consent. Alas, good lady!
We shall hear from thee often?

Org. Often.

Crot. See,

Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph. Brother.

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss, more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit t' you.

Euph. You may stile it,
My brother, a command.

Org. That you will promise
To pass never to any man, however worthy,
Your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.

Crot. An easy motion,
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Org. Your pardon ;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires I swear.

Crot. And I
By great Apollo's beams join in the vow ;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea
Mistake me not ; far, far 'tis from my thought,
As far from any will of mine, to hinder
Preferment to an honourable bed,
On fitting fortune¹ ; thou art young and handsome ;
And 'twere injustice, more, a tyranny,
Not to advance thy merit. Trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
As may become thy choice, and our contents :
I have your oath.

Euph. You have ; but mean you brother
To leave us as you say ?

Crot. Aye, aye, Euphranea :
He has just grounds direct him : I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.

Euph. Heaven
Does look into the secrets of all hearts :
Gods you have mercy with ye ! else——

Crot. Doubt nothing
Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without
them ;
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about
them. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ *On fitting fortune.*] Fortune which it is *fit* you should accept.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.—A Flourish.*

Enter AMYCLAS the King, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS, and Attendants.

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious, our humility
 Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
 Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
 See lords, Amyclas your old king is ent'ring
 Into his youth again. I shall shake off
 This silver badge of age, and change this snow
 For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks ;
 Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time
 Run back to double your long life, great sir !

Amyc. It will, it must Armostes, thy bold nephew,
 Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
 Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
 Laconia is a monarchy at length ;
 Hath in this latter war trod under foot
 Messene's pride ; Messene bows her neck
 To Lacedemon's royalty : O 'twas
 A glorious victory, and doth deserve
 More than a chronicle ; a temple, lords,
 A temple to the name of Ithocles.
 Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus ?

Pro. At Pephon,
 Most gracious sovereign ; twenty of the noblest
 Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure
 For such conditions as you shall propose,
 In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amyc. When comes your friend the general ?

Pro. He promis'd
 To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLON, CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA,
PHILEMA *and* EUPHRANEA.

Amyc. Our daughter?—Dear Calantha, the happy news,
The conquest of Messene, hath already
Enrich'd thy knowledge?

Cal. With the circumstance
And manner of the fight, related faithfully
By Prophilus himself. But, pray sir, tell me
How doth the youthful general demean
His actions in these fortunes?

Pro. Excellent princess,
Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
Such amplitude of his success, as would,
In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
Advance them to comparison with heaven.
But Ithocles—

Cal. Your friend.

Pro. He is so, madam,
In which the period of my fate consists:
He in this firmament of honour stands
Like a star fixt, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion: he hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 'twas but his duty.

Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.

Amyc. Such, Crotolon,
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him:
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him!

[*Flourish.*]

Enter ITHOCLES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS, and the rest of the Lords, ushering him in.

Amyc. Return into these arms, thy home, thy sanctuary,

Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles.

Ith. Your humble subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in ;
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy
valour,

Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action ;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet¹ !—Ithocles,

Upon the wings of fame, the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought
To crown thy temples, this provincial² garland ;
Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchas'd !

¹ *Chaplet.*] *Chapelet, Fr.* a garland, or wreath for the head.

² *This provincial garland.*] I am not certain whether the garland was composed of *provincial* or *provincial roses*, which are mentioned in Hamlet: "Provincial roses on my razed shoes." It is certainly a violent anachronism to introduce *Provençal roses* in a tale of Sparta; which, however, the common usage of that appellation for the *rosa centifolia* would excuse. It is not improbable that *provincial* here merely signifies *plain, unadorned*. See a curious note upon the subject of provincial or provençal roses in Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakespear.

Ith. You're a royal maid.

Amyc. She is, in all, our own daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
What nothings I have done, compar'd with th' hon-
ours

Heap'd on the issue¹ of a willing mind ;

In that lay mine ability, that only.

For who is he so sluggish from his birth,

So little worthy of a name or country,

That owes not out of gratitude for life

A debt of service, in what kind soever,

Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth,

Requires for payment !

Cal. He speaks truth.

Ith. Whom Heaven

Is pleas'd to stile victorious, there, to such,

Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests

In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,

Voicing² the leader-on a demi-god :

Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood

Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,

As his, whose much more delicate condition

Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment commands,

But resolution executes : I use not

Before this royal presence these fit slights³,

As in contempt of such as can direct :

My speech hath other end ; not to attribute

All praise to one man's fortune, which is strength-

en'd

¹ *On the issue of a willing mind.*] On the produce of, on the acts issuing from a willing mind.

² *Voicing.*] To voice is a verb not unfrequent in the older writers, the same as to exclaim, to publish.

³ *These fit slights.*] Arts, subtle practices, as Johnson explains it in the following lines of Hecate's speech in Macbeth :

“ And that, distill'd by magic slights
I use such artificial sprights,” &c.

By many hands. For instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth),
Of much desert ; and, tho' in other rank,
Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace ; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 'twas our duty.

Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers ?—We vouchsafe
our hand.

Observe your great example.

Hem. With all diligence.

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.

Amyc. Some repose

After these toils is needful¹. We must think on
Conditions for the conquer'd ; they expect them.

On !—Come my Ithocles !

Euph. [to *Pro.*] Sir, with your favour,
I need not a supporter.

Pro. Fate instructs me.

[*Exeunt.*—*Manent* HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS,
detaining CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Chris. With me ?

Phil. Indeed I dare not stay,

Hem. Sweet lady,

Soldiers are blunt, your lip.

Chris. Fye, this is rudeness :

You went not hence such creatures.

Gron. Spirit of valour

Is of a mounting nature.

Phil. It appears so.—

Pray, in earnest, how many men apiece

Have you two been the death of ?

Gron. 'Faith not many ;

We were compos'd of mercy.

Hem. For our daring

¹ *Is needful.*] The old copy reads ungramatically, " are needful."

You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.

Chris. You wish'd your country peace :
That show'd your charity ; where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for !

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not !

Gron. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—

Phil. And altogether.

Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember thee,
And cry, " dear Philema, 'tis for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder !" Dost not love me
With all thy heart now !

Phil. Now as heretofore.

I have not put my love to use, the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gron. By Mars

I'll marry thee !

Phil. By Vulcan you're foresworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gron. One word.

Chris. You lie beyond all modesty ; forbear me !

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 'tis
Mine own by conquest.

Chris. By petition ; sue for't
In *forma pauperis*.—City ? kennel.—Gallants,
Off with your feathers¹ ; put on aprons, gallants,
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins !

Hem. Christalla !

Chris. Practice to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers ? corncutters,

¹ *Off with your feathers.*] The old copy reads *fathers*.

But not so valiant ; they oft times draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have prac-
tis'd

More wit, or more civility, we'll rank ye
I' th' list of men : till then, brave things at arms
Dare not to speak to us, most potent Groneas !

Phil. And Hemophil the hardy ! At your ser-
vices.

Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang them ! let us scorn them, and be re-
veng'd. [*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Gron. Shall we ?

Hem. We will ; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they'll follow us.

It is a woman's nature.

Gron. 'Tis a scurvy one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace.*

*Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS disguised like a
Scholar of his.*

Tec ^a. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou
canst not play

With the severity of fate ; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all
times

Down to thy thoughts : in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.

^a *Tecnicus* is another Friar Bonaventura, and both are nigh
kindred to the Friar Lawrence of Shakespeare, whose character
must have highly delighted our author. In the opening of the
present dialogue, he seems indeed to have closely imitated the first
scene of his own 'Tis Pity She's a Whore.

Org. Give me leave,
 Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
 Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
 By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
 Of thy oraculous lectures : if my fortune
 Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
 My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
 Shall call me back and set my footing straight :
 I will not court the world.

Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
 Neglects in young men of delights and life,
 Run often to extremities ; they care not
 For harms to others, who condemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
 At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
 Of any true deserver : nor doth malice
 Of present hopes so check them with despair,
 As that I yield to thought of more affliction
 Than what is incident to frailty : wherefore
 Impute not this retired course of living
 Some little time, to any other cause
 Than what I justly render : the information
 Of an unsettled mind, as the effect
 Must clearly witness.

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee.
 On these conditions I conceal thy change,
 And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
 I'll to my study.

[*Exit.*

Org. I to contemplations,
 In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphos'd,
 I may without suspicion hearken after
 Penthea's usage, and Euphranea's faith.
 Love ! thou art full of mystery : the deities
 Themselves are not secure, in searching out
 The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
 A breast, made tributary to the laws
 Of beauty ; physic yet hath never found

A remedy to cure a lover's wound.

Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

PROPHILUS *passeth over, supporting EUPHRANEA,
and whispering*¹.

My sister; O, my sister! 'tis Euphranea
With Prophilus; supported too! I would
It were an apparition; Prophilus
Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—
Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open. [*Walks by, reading.*]

Re-enter PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA.

Pro. Do not waste
The span of this stolen time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness². Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires.—

Org. Desires? [*Aside.*]

Pro. My service, my integrity.—

Org. That's better. [*Aside.*]

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter but thine eyes.
My love is honourable.—

Org. So was mine
To my Penthea: chastely honourable. [*Aside.*]

¹ The editors of old dramatic authors have generally thought it their right and title to modernize the stage directions according to their free will. Where they are, however, neither absurd nor insufficient, there cannot be any occasion for such alterations.

² *Niceness.*] Foolish preciseness. The corresponding adjective often occurs in the present sense in Shakespeare, though the editors explain it merely *silly, trifling*. So in *As you Like it*: "The lady's [melancholy] which is *nice*." And in *King Richard III.* "But the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial."

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my
wish

Of happiness, than having thee a wife,
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. But a brother
More cruel than the grave. [Aside.]

Euph. What can you look for
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind ?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea ! [Aside.]

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never under-valued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person : it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness. For, to speak the truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With your's ; nor have I left that resolution ;
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father and my brother,
E're he can own me his.

Org. She is foresworn else. [Aside.]

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, e'er he parted
To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure. [Aside.]

Pro. I doubt not with the means the court sup-
plies,
But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely. [Aside.]

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my
hopes

On the foundation of thy constant sufferance
In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman—
Passion ! O be contain'd : my very heart-strings
Are on the tenters¹. [*Aside.*]

Euph. Sir, we are o'erheard.
Cupid protect us ! 'twas a stirring, sir,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady ;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his oratory ; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.

Euph. Methinks
I hear one talking to himself :—I see him.

Pro. 'Tis a poor scholar, as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discover'd.—Say it ; is it possible,
[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*]
With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea ?
Answer to that,—your art ? what art to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms ?—
No, no ; they'll out, they'll out ; ye may as easily
Outrun a cloud, driven by a northern blast,
As fiddle-faddle so. Peace or speak sense !

¹ *On the tenters.*] The tenters are frames with hooks on which cloth is hung to dry after having been dyed. So in the Second Part of the Honest Whore: "Wo't not be a good fit of mirth, to make a piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him on the tenters?"

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he's lunatic!

Pro. Observe him, sweet, 'tis but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? you're so tetchy¹,
You keep no rule in argument; philosophy
Works not upon impossibilities,
But natural conclusions.—Mew!—absurd!
The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents
As not mixt perfectly, in the air engender'd,
Appear to us unnatural; that's all.
Prove it;—yet with a reverence to your gravity,
I'll baulk illiterate sauciness, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

Org. Ha, ha, ha!

These apish boys, when they but task the gram-
mates,
The principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature,
With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then:
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams,
Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and
sleep.

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth.

He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

¹ *Tetchy*] Is touchy, peevish, fretful, ill-tempered. So in King Richard III.

“Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.”

Pro. Happy creatures.

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness : their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty :
Their love is love of virtue.—What's thy name ?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want any thing ?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My Lord ?—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands :
The like from you to me ; so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence ;
And thus our hearts may talk, when our tongues
cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable ; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a-day ;
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other ? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove make me thankful ; thankful, I be-
seech thee,

Propitious Jove ; I will prove sure and trusty.
You will not fail me books ?

Pro. Nor ought besides
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory,
It must prove my best friend. I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write
The books thou would'st have bought thee, in a
note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money ;
Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile Hymen on the growth of our desires,
We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires.

[*Exeunt PRO. and EUPH.*]

Org. Put out thy torches Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night.
Inspire me Mercury with swift deceits ;
Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purpos'd by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories:
They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at BASSANES' House.*

Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street
damm'd up¹;

¹ *Damm'd up,*] Closed up: a verb formed from the *dams* or *dikes*, raised to defend flat countries from inundations.

It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
 And courts a gazer's glances : there's a lust
 Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
 Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-
 whelp

Adultery be lick'd into the act,
 The very act. That light shall be damm'd up ;
 D'ye hear, sir?

Phu. I do hear, my lord ; a mason
 Shall be provided suddenly¹.

Bass. Some rogue,
 Some rogue of your confederacy, factor
 For slaves and strumpets, to convey close packets
 From this spruce springal², and the t'other young-
 ster ;

That gaudy ear-wig, or my lord your patron,
 Whose pensioner you are.—I'll tear thy throat
 out,

Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
 Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
 A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
 A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
 Directed to my lady : it may prove
 A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every thread
 About me to an eye.—Here's a sweet life.

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
 Of chamber merchandize, set all at price
 By wholesale, yet they wipe their mouths and sim-
 per,

Cull, kiss, and cry sweetheart, and stroke the head
 Which they have branch'd, and all is well again.

¹ *Suddenly,*] Immediately.

² *Springal.*] Springal (*adolescens*), a youth.—*Skinner.* So
 in the *City Night-Cap*, by Davenport :

“ That lusty *springal*, Millicent, is no worse man
 Than the duke of Milain's son.”

Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs
Struck on their foreheads¹.

Phu. 'Tis a villainous world,
One cannot hold his own in't.

Bass. Dames at court
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias :
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Upon the stilts of office, titles, incomes ;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for't :
Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to
death

By such unlawful hire. The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt ;
But all are false. On this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall², and doth or would.—
Now, for the newest news about the city ;
What blab the voices, sirrah!

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever——

Bass. Hey-day! Up and ride me!—rascal,
What is't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mow'd³
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded

¹ *The rubs struck on their foreheads.*] A rub at bowls is here alluded to, which is explained by Sherwood by the French term *saut*. See the note of Mr Malone on the following passage of Troilus and Cressida: "So, so; *rub on*, and kiss the mistress."

² *No woman but can fall, and doth or would,*] *i. e.* No woman, if she *but can fall*, doth fall, or if she cannot, fain would fall. The comical jealousy of Bassanes is uncommonly well drawn. It is so very mean, that we almost regret that our author has married him to a character incapable of realizing his apprehensions.

³ *Mow'd,*] Old copy, *mew'd*.

Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block.

Phu. Yes truly, and 'tis talk'd about the streets,
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danc'd their very hearts out.

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 'tis thought
He never can return.

Bass. Grant it Apollo!

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 'tis re-
ported

For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorc'd: but this is but she-news,
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet.

Bass. Antick, no more; ideots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why, to be fair
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul:
Look to the doors!

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him!

[Exit PHULAS.]

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle¹ in my
thoughts

In rare distemper. Beauty! Oh, it is
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse.

Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS, an old lady.

She comes, she comes; so shoots the morning forth,
Spangled with pearls² of transparent dew;
The way to poverty is to be rich;

¹ *Huddle,*] Crowd, confuse.

² *Pearls.*] It is evident, that pearls is here used as a word of two syllables.

As I in her am wealthy, but for her
In all contents a bankrupt.—Lov'd Penthea,
How fares my heart's best joy?

Grau. In sooth not well,
She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—
Thy brother is return'd, sweet; safe, and honour'd
With a triumphant victory: thou shall visit him;
We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshin'd,
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen
Fret in their tears; whilst every wond'ring eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.
Choose thine own recreations, be a queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what com-
pany,
What place, what times; do any thing, do all things
Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these
clouds

From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

Grau. Now, 'tis well said my lord. What, la-
dy, laugh,
Be merry, time is precious!

Bass. Furies whip thee!

Pen. Alas, my lord! this language to your hand-
maid

Sounds as would music to the deaf: I need
No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence.
Let such, if any such there are, who covet
A curiosity of admiration,
By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion, nobly plac'd,

Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house methinks stands somewhat too
much inward,

It is too melancholy; we'll remove
Nearer the court; or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress;
Whether you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau. Island! prison:
A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands,
Marry, out upon 'em! Whom shall we see there?
Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mewes¹, and dog-fish! goodly gear
For a young lady's dealings, or an old one's.
On no terms islands; I'll be stew'd first.

Bass. Grausis,
You are a juggling bawd!—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood.—I'll have you pound-
ed.— [Aside to GRAUSIS.

For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth,
Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.
Damnable bitch-fox! [To GRAUSIS.

Grau. I am thick of hearing,
Still when the wind blows southerly. What think
ye

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord?
Would not a chopping boy d'ye good at heart?—
But as you said—

Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops!

Grau. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

¹ Mewes,] i. e. Sea-mews.

Pen. Thou prat'st madly.

Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?

Enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Pleasant! how?

Phu. Caroches ?

In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without,
sir;

And now I vanish. [Exit PHULAS.]

*Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS,
CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.*

Pro. Noble Bassanes.

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus: Ladies, gentlemen,

To all my heart is open; you all honour me,—

A tympany swells in my head already— [Aside.]

Honour me bountifully.—How they flatter!

Wagtails and jays together! [Aside.]

Pro. From your brother,

By virtue of your love to him, I require

Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear
beauty,

I find some alteration in him lately,

Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,

I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed

An invitation, if his sister's health

Had not fallen into question.—Haste Penthea!

Slack not a minute: lead the way, good Prophilus,
I'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.

[*Exeunt all but BASS. and GRAU.*]

Bass. One word with your old bawdship; thou'dst
been better

Rail'd at the sins thou worship'st, than have thwarted
My will: I'll use thee cursedly.

Grau. You dote,

You are beside yourself. A politician
In jealousy? No, you're too gross, too vulgar!

Pish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue:

My crossing you sinks me into her trust,

By which I shall know all: my trade's a sure one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grauisis, 'twas consideration
I relish'd not; but have a care now.

Grau. Fear not:

I am no new-come-to't.

Bass. Thy life's upon it,

And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment of ITHOCLES.*

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of viper's breed; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled¹ dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.

¹ *A seeled dove.*] To *seel* is a technical term in falconry, and signifies to sew up the eye-lids. So in *Catiline*, by B. Jonson:

“ ——— Would have kept
Both eyes and beak *seel'd* up for six sesterces.”

And in *Othello*:

“ To *seel* her father's eyes up, close as oak.”—

So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
 Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
 In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
 To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
 At whose sweet music all our actions dance;
 But this is form of books and school-tradition,
 It physics not the sickness of a mind
 Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
 With counsel, but with best receipts and means:
 Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES and CROTOLON.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
 Too nice and too unnecessary. Prophilus
 Is every way desertful. I am confident
 Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
 From your son's tutelage.

Crot. Yet not so ripe,
 My lord, Armostes, that it dares to dote
 Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
 Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

Ith. Not yet
 Resolved, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
 Be so available, we'll write to Athens
 For his repair to Sparta. The king's hand
 Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Cro-
 tolon
 For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
 Are laws not to be question'd.

Ith. By this marriage

¹ We continually meet in these plays with distant imitations of Shakespeare, probably occasioned by our author's unbounded veneration for that poet. There is here another allusion to the celebrated passage in Macbeth, an imitation we had occasion to mention, p. 210 of this volume.

You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
 Between your loves to me and mine to yours,
 As if mine own blood had an interest in it:
 For Prophilus is mine and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!

Ith. What, good sir? Speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
 My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
 Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed.
 Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
 For had your father Thrasus liv'd,—but peace
 Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You're bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury; it smarts:
 No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve them.—
 Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
 Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
 Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
 Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
 Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
 Might lead a boy in years to; 'twas a fault,
 A capital fault, for then I could not dive
 Into the secrets of commanding love:
 Since when experience by th' extremities in others,
 Hath forc'd me to collect. And trust me, Cro-
 tolon,

I will redeem those wrongs with any service
 Your satisfaction can require for current¹.

Arm. Thy acknowledgment is satisfaction.
 What would you more?

Crot. I'm conquer'd: if Euphranea
 Herself admit the motion, let it be so.
 I doubt not my son's liking.

¹ *Current,*] A metaphor taken from coin that is current.—
 "I will redeem those wrongs with any service that you can re-
 quire as *current*, or that will pass with you for satisfaction."

Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword and heart, all are your own.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.

Arm. The princess with your sister.

Cal. I present ye
A stranger here in court, my lord : for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wed-
lock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.

'Tis not my brother's pleasure, I presume,
T' immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'Tis her will ;
She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare.
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now ?

Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. [*aside*] I like the answer well ; 'tis sad
and modest.
There may be tricks yet, tricks.—Have an eye,
Grausis !

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must
not

Fall by too long demur'.

Crot. 'Tis granted, princess,
For my part.

¹ *Demur,*] *i. e.* delay.

Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.
The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!

Pro. Most sweetly gracious.

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on
earth;

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord¹, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures; no restoratives
Like to a constant woman;—(*Aside*) but where is
she?

'Twould puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster:—I can speak by proof;
For I rest in Elysium; 'tis my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd (speak
freely),

In your affections to this gentleman?

Euph. No more nor less than as his love assures
me,

Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants),
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so: I know your answer.

Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your
presencé;

And fairest princess, yours.

Cal. We will attend him.

¹ *Sinews of concord.*] A metaphor taken from the sinews of
a musical instrument. Concord is here used for *harmony*.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. Where are the lords? All must unto the king

Without delay; the prince of Argos—

Cal. Well, sir?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady,

Cal. How?

The prince of Argos?

Gron. 'Twas my fortune, madam, T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea.

Pen. Brother?

Ith. Let me an hour hence

Meet you alone, within the palace grove,

I have some secret with you.—Pr'ythee, friend,

Conduct her thither, and have special care

The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How's that?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—

I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords!

[*Exeunt all but BASS.*

Bass. Alone? alone? What means that word alone?

Why might not I be there?—Hum!—He's her brother:

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,

And this same whorson court-ease is temptation

To a rebellion in the veins:—Besides,

His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian.

Why may not he dispatch a business nimbly

Before the other come?—or pand'ring? pand'ring

For one another, be't to sister, mother,

Wife, cousin, any thing, 'mongst youths of metal

Is in request; it is so—stubborn fate!

But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,
I will be fell, and fell.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. My lord, you're call'd for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank ye. Where's my
wife, pray ?

Gron. Retir'd amongst the ladies.

Bass. Still I thank ye :

There's an old waiter with her ; saw you her too ?

Gron. She sits i' th' presence lobby fast asleep, sir.

Bass. Asleep ! Sleep, sir ?

Gron. Is your lordship troubled ?

You will not to the king ?

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gron. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Palace.*

Enter PROPHILUS and PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find
you :

And, with your favour, give me leave a little

To work a preparation : In his fashion

I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness

To such alacrity as [once his] nature

And custom did delight in : sadness grows

Upon his recreations, which he hoards

In such a willing silence, that to question

The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,

And less good manners¹.

¹ This passage is much corrupted, and indeed, by the omission of three words, rendered quite unintelligible, in the old copy. The

Pen. Sir, I'm not inquisitive
Of secrecies without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense ; the drift——

Enter ORGILUS, habited as a Scholar.

Do thy best [To ORGILUS.
To make this lady merry for an hour.

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir. [Exit.

Pen. Pr'ythee, leave me ;
I have some private thoughts I would account
with:

Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph, our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres
As any's who have feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection.

Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.

Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour ; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking

words enclosed in brackets have therefore been added, and the propriety of their insertion is so evident, and absolutely necessary, that no defence can be required. The latter part of the speech is also involved, and requires some elucidation. "Sadness grows upon, that is, usurps the place of his former recreations, which (viz. sadness) he hoards up in such a willing (or wilful) silence, that it would argue little skill in friendship, and less good manners, to question the grounds of his sadness."

The holiest altars, virgin-tears (like [those¹]
On Vesta's odours) sprinkled dews to feed them
And to increase their fervour?

Pen. Be not frantic!

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam
And sight of banquet², whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food :
Such is the leanness of a heart, divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves ;
No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! Some fury hath bewitch'd thy
tongue:

The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone!
Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,

In thy commands: when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights:
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[*Throws off his Cloak.*

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man, thou lay'st
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life: yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,

¹ Like [those.] This word is necessary to sense and metre, and is therefore introduced without apology.

² We have here an allusion to the old tale of the cook, who, for the smell of his meat, was paid by the sound of money. It is related, probably from some Arabian original, in the *Cento Nouvelle Antiche*, where it forms the eighth novel. The speeches of Orgilus, in the character of a scholar, are purposely involved in obscurity, which is, however, not so impenetrable, but that it may be decyphered by a little attention.

I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforc'd
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart :
Why would you fall from goodness thus ?

Org. Oh, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd ; 'tis for thy sake
I put on this imposture. Dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou'lt pity our calamities ; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand ;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. [*They kneel*].

Org. You instruct my duty.

Pen. We may stand up. Have you ought else
to urge
Of new demand ? As for the old, forget it ;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever : what more would ye ?

Org. I would possess my wife ; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all ?

Org. Why, 'tis the all of me myself.

Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me ; at this space
A few words I dare change : but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.

Org. You are obey'd : 'tis done.

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise I was thine,
The heavens do witness ; they can witness too
A rape done on my truth : how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear

¹ If Ford may be often traced to remember Shakespeare, he still more often imitates himself. The kneeling of Orgilus and Penthea bears a striking resemblance to that of Giovanni and Annabella in *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*.

In tendering thy freedom ; for I find
 The constant preservation of thy merit,
 By thy not daring to attempt my fame
 With injury of any loose conceit,
 Which might give deeper wounds to discontents :
 Continue this fair race ; then, though I cannot
 Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
 Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
 And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,
 Happy in thy next choice, that thou may'st people
 This barren age with virtues in thy issue :
 And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
 With mercy, not contempt : I hope thy wife,
 Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.
 Now let us part.

Org. Part ! yet advise thee better :
 Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
 And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall nor will.

Org. How !

Pen. Hear me : in a word I'll tell thee why :
 The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
 Is ravish'd by another : my true love
 Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd
 No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it :
 Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
 Another worse than this, and less desir'd,
 If of all men alive thou should'st but touch
 My lip or hand again.

Org. Penthea, now
 I tell ye, you grow wanton in my sufferance ;
 Come, sweet, thou'rt mine.

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,
 Or I can turn affection into vengeance ;
 Your reputation, if you value any,

Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
 If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
 Message, or letter to betray my frailty,
 I'll call thy former protestations lust,
 And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
 Go thou, fit only for disguise and walks,
 To hide thy shame : this once I spare thy life.
 I laugh at mine own confidence ; my sorrows
 By thee are made inferior to my fortunes.
 If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
 Dare not to answer. My good genius guide me,
 That I may never see thee more.—Go from me !

Org. I tear my veil of politic French off, *Violent action*
 And stand up like a man resolv'd to do
 Action, not words shall shew me.—Oh Penthea !

[*Exit.*

Pen. He sigh'd my name sure, as he parted from
 me :

I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman,
 He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
 But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
 How much we fight with weakness to preserve
 thee ! [Walks apart.

Enter BASSANES and GRAUSIS.

Bass. Fie on thee ! Damn thee, rotten maggot,
 damn thee !

Sleep ? Sleep at court ? and now ? Aches¹, con-
 vulsions,

Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones
 A dozen years more yet ! [To GRAUSIS.

Grau. Now you're in humours.

Bass. She's by herself ? there's hope of that ;
 she's sad too ;

¹ *Aches.*] It must be remembered, that this plural was uni-
 formly pronounced as a dissyllable in our author's age.

She's in strong contemplation : yes, and fixed :
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!—Lady,
come : your brother

Is carried to his closet ; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord ?

Bass. A sudden fit ; 'twill off ;
Some surfeit or disorder.—How dost, dearest ?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pro. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath ; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy : then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds : sickness or pain
Is the deserfer's exercise ; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady : be all gentle ;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Cell of* TECNICUS.

Enter TECNICUS, *and* ORGILUS *in his own dress.*

Tec. Be well advis'd ; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous ;
For if the borrow'd shape, so late put on,
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shock'd that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution : Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrowded unlawful plots ; our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your hearts, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,
Such doubts are causeless ; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit, the present state commands
me :

The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir ; besides, mine only sister
Euphranea is dispos'd to Prophilus ;
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court.
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted : yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation ; no fair colours
Can fortify a building, faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect

Of dangerous extent, sudden, and,—look to't!—
I might add, certain.

Org. My aspect? Could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not
sift

An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.

But know then, Orgilus, what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature ;
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice or by valour, which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre of revenge,
Commits thefts, murder, treasons, or adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching¹ on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth),
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend
oracle,

And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty! [*Exit.*]

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes ; curiosity

¹ *Intrenching on just laws.*] This is a singular use of this verb, and it is put here for *trenching upon just laws.*

May lead his actions into rare attempts ;
 But let the gods be moderators ¹ still,
 No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES.

From whence come ye ?

Arm. From king Amyclas.—Pardon
 My interruption of your studies.—Here
 In this seal'd box he sends a treasure, dear
 To him as his crown : he prays your gravity
 You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt ²
 The pith and circumstance of every tittle
 The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is't, Armostes ?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
 Sinews and safety of the commonwealth,
 The sum of what the oracle delivered,
 When last he visited the prophetic temple
 At Delphos : what his reasons are, for which,
 After so long a silence, he requires
 Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
 Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo

Inspire my intellect!—The prince of Argos
 Is entertain'd ³ ?

Arm. He is ; and has demanded
 Our princess for his wife ; which I conceive
 One special cause the king importunes you
 For resolution of the oracle.

¹ *Moderators.*] A metaphor taken from the office of moderators in public corporations.

² *Sift and bolt,*] Are nearly synonymous terms, and the latter often is used metaphorically for refining, clearing, or searching out.

³ *Entertained,*] Expected. This use of the verb is not very common, but the deduction of the meaning from the more common sense of it is sufficiently plain.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Tecnicus! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Chamber of ITHOCLES.—A Curtain drawn across the Stage.*

Soft Music.—A song, during which PROPHILUS, BASSANES, PENTHEA, and GRAUSIS pass over the Stage; BASSANES and GRAUSIS re-enter softly, and listen in different places.

SONG.

*Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?*

*Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?*

*Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?*

No, oh no! yet you may

Sooner do both that and this,

This and that, and never miss,

Than by any praise display

Beauty's beauty, such a glory,

As beyond all fate, all story,

All arms, all arts,

All loves, all hearts,

Greater than those, or they

Do, shall, and must obey.

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—*Grausis*, no creaking?

No noise? dost hear nothing?

Grau.

Not a mouse,

Or whisper of the wind.

Bass. The floor is matted¹ ;
The bed-posts sure are steel or marble.—Soldiers
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate ;
Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury : they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame.

Grau. What do you mean, my lord ?—Speak
low : that gabbling
Of your's will but undo us.

Bass. Chamber-combats
Are felt, not heard.

Pro. (*behind the Curtain*) He wakes.

Bass. What's that ?

Ith. (*behind the Curtain*) Who's there ?
Sister ?—All quit the room else.

Bass. 'Tis consented.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be private ;
We must forbear : his sleep hath newly left him.
Please ye, withdraw !

Bass. By any means ; 'tis fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

Grau. Yes, I will sir. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Curtain is drawn ; ITHOCLES discovered in a
Chair, and PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me ; nearer yet :
We had one father, in one womb took life,

¹ *Matted.*] The matting of floors probably intervened between the rushes strewed upon them in ancient times, and our modern carpets. The latter are often alluded to in the old dramatic authors. In the Proëmio to Boccaccio's Decamerone, we have the following mention of them : “ Nelle camere i letti fatti, ed ogni cosa di fiori, quali nella stagione si potevano avere, piena, e di giunchi giuncata.”

Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers. I could wish
That the first pillow, whereon I was cradled,
Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy :
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a vengeance,
For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel ; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust,
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee ! first, let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it ! may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible !

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother !

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass ;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages,
The untroubled [but] of country toil¹, drinks streams

¹ These two lines are utterly unintelligible as they stand in the old copy. "The handmaid to the wages" is a singular expression, by which our author probably meant nothing more than a hired female servant. He is in many instances not less quaint in similar phrases. The old copy in the second line reads, "The untroubled of country toil," which is in direct opposition to *the handmaid to the wages*, who is certainly not untroubled of, or with, country toil. Some alteration was absolutely necessary, and the least violent which suggested itself was the introduction of the monosyllable *but*, and this not only affords sense, but greatly assists the metre. The plain sense of the passage is now :

With leaping kids and with the bleating lambs,
 And so allays her thirst secure ; whilst I
 Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
 Eari'd with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep ;
 Whilst ' every bit I touch turns in digestion
 To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.
 Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
 And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me,
 Rid me from living with a jealous husband,
 Then we will join in friendship, be again
 Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray : nay, will ye ?

Ith. How doth thy lord esteem thee ?

Pen. Such an one
 As only you have made me : a faith-breaker,
 A spotted whore : forgive me ; I am one
 In act ², not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles ;
 For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
 In known adultery with Bassanes,
 Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now ?
 The ashes of our parents will assume
 Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
 Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
 To infamy, in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
 I meet despair ; ingratitude of nature
 Hath made my actions monstrous : thou shalt stand
 A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
 For thy resolved martyrdom : wrong'd maids
 And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine

“ The hired handmaid, or servant, not troubled with any toil
 but that of the country, drinks streams,” &c.

¹ *Whilst.*] The old copy reads *which*, evidently corrupt.

² *In act.*] Old copy, In art.

Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
 Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle, if thy pity
 Unto a yielding brother's pressure, tend
 One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more.

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian
 banks

And free me from this chaos of my bondage ;
 And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve ?

Ith. Friendship or [nearness¹]
 Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
 Have mov'd that question, as a secret, sister,
 I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me
 (By your new protestations I conjure ye !)
 Partake her name.

Ith. Her name ?—'tis,—'tis—I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forg'd.

Ith. They are not.—Peace !—
 Calantha 'tis² ; the princess, the king's daughter,
 Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable !—
 Do I now love thee ? For my injuries
 Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
 My treasons to the king's ears. Do !—Calantha
 Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, would
 it not
 Split even your very soul to see her father

¹ *Nearness.*] The old quarto is remarkably corrupt in this scene. The word *nearness* is entirely omitted, but its introduction is so obvious that any defence would be misplaced.

² *Calantha 'tis.*] I have ventured to make another alteration here. The old copy reads, "Calantha is the princess," &c. which is neither unknown to Penthea, nor to the reader. Ithocles evidently answers to the question of his sister, Who is the saint he adores ? "Calantha 'tis ; the princess," &c.

Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story;
I sweat in blood for't.

Pen. We are reconcil'd.—
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 'tis not fit we should divide:
Have comfort, you may find it,

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine!

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention for an active strain.

Ith. Mad man! why have I wrong'd a maid so
excellent?

*Enter BASSANES with a poniard, PROPHILUS, GRO-
NEAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRAUSIS.*

Bass. I can forbear no longer: more, I will not:
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point:
Patience is tir'd, for, like a slow-pac'd ass,
Ye ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance, a reproach and property¹.

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He's distracted.

¹ *Ye proclaim my sloth to vengeance, a reproach and property.*] "Property" sometimes was used for "a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please," as Mr Steevens explains it in the following passages:

"Do not talk of him
But as a *property*."—*Julius Caesar*.

"They have here *propertyed* me, kept me in darkness."—*Twelfth Night*.

The text, I suspect, is corrupt; but as it admits of the following, certainly very forced, explanation, I have not disturbed it: "Ye proclaim my sloth to take revenge for the injuries I have received, a reproach and property."

Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord.

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him :
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To prick a' cares not whom, nor where.—See, see,
see !

Bass. My birth is noble, though the popular blast
Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chariot of thy sun ;
I am no clod of trade to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports.

Grau. Fine humours ! they become him.

Hem. How he stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats ! most admirable lunacy !

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your sob'rer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.

Pen. Dear brother !

Bass. Unmannerly !—Mew kitling !—Smooth
formality

Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train. Indeed, sir,
Your fiery metal, or your springal¹ blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty
To print upon my forehead the scorn, cuckold.

Ith. His jealousy has robb'd him of his wits ;
He talks he knows not what.

Bass. Yes, and he knows
To whom he talks ; to one that franks his lust
In swine security of bestial incest.

Ith. Ha, devil !

Bass. I will haloo't, though I blush more
To name the filthiness, than thou to act it.

¹ *Springal.*] A *springal* is a youth. Here the term seems to be an adjective, signifying, of course, *youthful*.

Ith. Monster ! [Draws.]

Pro. Sir, by our friendship—

Pen. By our bloods !
Will you quite both undo us, brother ?

Grau. Out on him !
These are his megrims, firks¹ and melancholies.

Hem. Well said, old touch-hole.

Gron. Kick him out at doors.

Pen. With favour let me speak.—My lord, what
slackness

In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage ?

Except humility and silent duty

Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity

Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,

Deal not ungently with a desperate wound !

No breach of reason dares make war with her

Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm.

Oh, that I could preserve² thee in fruition

As in devotion !

Pen. Sir, may every evil,

Lock'd in Pandora's box, show'r, in your presence,

On my unhappy head, if since you made me

A partner in your bed, I have been faulty

In one unseemly thought against your honour.

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

Bass. Yes, say on,
Excellent creature !—Good, be not a hind'rance

¹ *Firk.*] Mr Steevens adduces various meanings of this word, amongst which the following exactly suits our text: In *Ram Alley* it seems to be employed in the sense of *quibble* :

“ Sir, leave this *firk* of law, or by this light,” &c.

In the same sense it is used in *The Wits* by Sir W. Davenant though differently explained by Mr Reed :

“ Why this was such a *firk* of piety,
I ne'er heard of.”

² *Preserve.*] I suspect we should read, *but serve.*

To peace and praise of virtue [to ITH.]—Oh, my senses

Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on !
I never gave you one ill word : say, did I ?
Indeed I did not !

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess ! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal !

Ith. No ; but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it ?
With gladness I embrace it ; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

Ith. When you shall shew good proof, that man-
ly wisdom,

Not overstay'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead judgment² ; then this lady,
Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you : but, till first
I can out of clear evidence approve it,
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up ;
I'll stand the execution with a constancy :
This torture is insufferable.

Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But
Penthea says not so ?

Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purpos'd wrong.

¹ The ridiculous doating of an old husband suddenly changing from the most absurd jealousy to a perfectly ludicrous fondness, is admirably drawn in the character of Bassanes.

² The metre would be greatly aided by reading "your judgment." The alterations absolutely required in this act are however so numerous, that those which merely would aid the versification cannot be admitted.

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity
Stay you behind,

Gron. The court wants not your diligence.

[*Exeunt all but BASS. and GRAU.*

Grau. What will you do, my lord? my lady's
gone;

I am denied to follow.

Bass. I may see her,

Or speak to her once more.

Grau. And feel her too, man;

Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike:
She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth, who credits not her
VOWS:

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus. Some way I must try
To outdo art, and try¹ a jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS *leading* CALANTHA,
ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANEA, CHRIS-
TALLA, PHILEMA, and AMELUS.

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have
pleas'd,

In their unchanging counsels to conclude

¹ *And try a jealousy.*] The old copy reads, quite absurdly, *cry a jealousy*. The meaning of the amended text is certainly not very forcible. But the corruption could not be allowed to stand, and without a very violent alteration no sense could be discovered. *To try a jealousy*, may mean to try a project prompted by jealousy.

For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to :
 Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
 Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
 Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope
 Continues of succession. As you are
 In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
 So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
 Calantha's love ; since we have ever vow'd
 Not to enforce affection by our will,
 But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.

I come not hither roughly to demand
 My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own :
 Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
 Sweetness and singular perfections, courted
 All ears to credit what I find was published
 By constant truth ; from which, if any service
 Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
 This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,

So well you know how to profess observance,
 That you instruct your hearers to become
 Practitioners in duty ; of which number
 I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
 In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty :
 Use thine own opportunities.—Armotes,
 We must consult with the philosophers ;
 The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's re-
 turn'd
 From Athens ? Wherefore comes he not to court
 As we commanded ?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea,
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures
At celebration of it would give life
To th' entertainment of the prince our kinsman :
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high
attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us.

Cal. A prince, a subject? (He kneels)

Near. Yes; to beauty's sceptre
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome :
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend : for without compliment
Believe it, Orgilus, 'tis my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me your poor
servant.

Ith. So amorously close?—close?—so soon?—
My heart! [*Aside.*

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!
To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens ; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

Crot. My son preferr'd by Ithocles? [*Aside.*

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus ; for instance,
 (Hark, in thine ear !) if out of those inventions
 Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engross'd¹
 Some rarity of wit to grace the nuptials
 Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
 In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be debtor
 To thy conceit : think on't !

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,
 Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
 You are a guest most wished for.

Org. May my duty
 Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess.

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir ; a gentleman
 Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,
 Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare
 For revels and disport : the joys of Hymen,
 Like Phœbus in his lustre, puts to flight
 All mists of dulness, crown the hours with glad-
 ness ;

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth.

Cal. Thine arm, I pr'ythee, Ithocles.—Nay,
 good

My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ *Engross'd.*] Taken a sketch, or a general idea of.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the House of CROTOLON.*

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will he hath :

But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature justice, to inform
That licence sovereignty holds without check
Over a meek obedience¹.

Crot. How resolve you
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it ;
Could wish² him thrift in all his best desires,
And with a willingness inleague³ our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touched on any wrong that malic'd
The honour of our house, nor stirred our peace ;
Yet with your favour, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and com-
fort,

¹ This speech is rather obscure, and the following explanation may be necessary : “ His will he hath ; but were it lawful to hold, or give in, a plea against the power, and not against the reason of it, such undershrubs as we subjects might perhaps sometimes borrow justice of nature (or find in the case sufficient reason), to inform or advise that unlimited licence which sovereignty holds over meek obedience.” The sentiment well suits an author who wrote in the reign of Charles I.

² *Wish.*] Thrift is not used in its usual sense, but in that of thriving or prosperity.

³ *Inleague.*] Old writers are fond of coining words in the same manner as Ford does in the present instance. In Kennedy's *Historie of Calanthrop and Lucilla*, 1626, for instance, some ladies are said “ to *incoach* themselves with speed.”

Whose creature he is bound, made, and must live
so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition,
No courtesy can win it; 'tis too rancorous.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construc-
tion,

I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: Lordly Ithocles
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortune is reclaimed
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so? Friend, I will
have it so,

Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir; have ye? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure, your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind altered quickly.

Org. 'Twas care, sir, of my health, cut short my
journey:

For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with thee,
Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it our dear genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,

Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
 Than woo a father's curse : My sister's marriage
 With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd :
 May I live hated, may I die despised,
 If I omit to further it in all
 That can concern me !

Crot. I have been too rough ;
 My duty to my king made me so earnest :
 Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir !

Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRO-
 NEAS, and HEMOPHIL.

Crot. Here comes
 Euphranea, with Prophilus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honoured, ever famous !

Ith. Your true friend,
 On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
 Look on this worthy couple, your consent
 Can only make them one.

Org. They have it.—Sister,
 Thou pawnd'st to me an oath, of which engage-
 ment
 I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
 At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
 At him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which till a greater ceremony perfect,
 Euphranea lend thy hand ; here take her Prophilus,
 Live long a happy man and wife ; and further,
 That these in presence may conclude an omen,
 Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes :

SONG.

*Comforts lasting, loves increasing,
 Like soft hours never ceasing ;*

*Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
 Without jars, or tongues envying;
 Hearts by holy union wedded,
 More than their's by custom bedded¹;
 Fruitful issues; life so graced,
 Not by age to be defaced;
 Budding as the year ensu' th,
 Every spring another youth:
 All what thought can add beside,
 Crown this bridegroom and this bride.*

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—Eu-
 phranea,

Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange

One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants

Will please to grace a poor invention

By joining with me in some slight device,

I'll venture on a strain my younger days

Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness

I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour

Of mine shall fail to shew itself.

Ith. We will

All join to wait on thy direction, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow to-
 wards

A too unworthy worm; but as you please,
 I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee son for this acknowledgment,
 It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But² my duty.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

¹ *More than their's by custom bedded,*] *i. e.* More than the union of those who are bedded by custom merely.

² *But.*] Here, as in numerous instances, used for *only*.

SCENE V.—CALANTHA'S Apartment in the
Palace.

Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, and
PHILEMA.

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his entrance ;

Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admittance,

Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.

[*Exeunt* CHRIS. and PHIL.]

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted¹
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit

Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for:
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down ; the sands are spent ;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying ; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness

¹ *Granted*] Is here the participle perfect: " You have the opportunity you sought granted to you," is the meaning of the passage.

Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only : to what end
Reach all these moral texts ?

Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause ; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak ; and enjoy it¹.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you to dispose
Such legacies, as I bequeath impartially ;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead ; for sure I must not live :
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me to much woman.

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion ; then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. [*Aside.*]—In this paper

¹ *Speak ; and enjoy it.*] The conjunction “ and ” has been substituted for the pronoun “ I,” which occurs in the quarto. The emendation was suggested to me by a friend, and adds so much to the force of the sentence, that I have no doubt but that the compositor mistakingly substituted the pronoun for the common sign of abbreviation, used for the conjunctive particle.

My will was character'd; which you, with pardon
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, pr'ythee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than raging of their blood; and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with.

Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour.

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harm-
less sport
Of mere imagination! speak the last,
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart;
Long have I liv'd without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead

Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
 By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
 I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
 Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What say'st thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition

A faith as humbly perfect, as the prayers
 Of a devoted suppliant can endow it :
 Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity ;
 How like the ghost of what he late appear'd
 He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
 Or lend my ear too grossly ?

Pen. First his heart
 Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
 Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
 On these divine looks ; but with low-bent thoughts
 Accusing such presumption ; as for words,
 He dares not utter any but of service.
 Yet this lost creature loves ye.—Be a princess
 In sweetness as in blood ; give him his doom,
 Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
 Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
 Tempt my displeasure ?

Pen. I must leave the world
 To revel [in¹] Elysium, and 'tis just
 To wish my brother some advantage here ;
 Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
 Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
 Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
 And you shall soon conclude how strong a power,
 Your absolute authority holds over
 His life and end.

¹ *In.*] This monosyllable is omitted in the old copy.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind : Oh, most unkind !

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye !—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think ye sleep, you drones : wait on Pen-
thea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles ! Wrong'd lady !

Pen. My reckonings are made even : death or
fate
Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Apartment of* ITHOCLES.

Enter ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition : curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature ;
In fears of love too quick ; too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish.—All is not right.—Good Hea-
ven

Confirm your resolutions for dependance
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet !

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But grieved Penthea more : I now repent it ;
Now, uncle, now ; this now is now too late :

So provident is folly in sad issue,
That afterwit, like bankrupt's debts, stand tallied¹
Without all possibilities of payment.—

Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman;
A man of single meaning.

Arm. I believe it:

Yet, nephew, 'tis the tongue informs our ears;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward:—but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

Ith. The princess? ha!

Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS, *leading* CALANTHA; AMELUS,
CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any
instance
Of livery², from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark—

Cal. A toy.

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.

Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap:
So cheap, that let him take it, who dares stoop for't,
And give it at next meeting to a mistress;
She'll thank him for't, perhaps.

[*Casts a ring to* ITHOCLES.]

¹ *Tallied.*] Scored or reckoned up. Cotgrave explains, among other meanings, *taille*, a tallie or score kept on a piece of wood.

² *Livery.*] A lover, in order to be the servant of his mistress in every sense of the word, obtained some token upon which he prided himself greatly. The custom, no doubt, had its origin in the rewards given by ladies at tournaments. In our author's age, lovers thought themselves bound to any humiliating, and often disgusting, penalty, in order to express their obedience to their fair tyrants.

Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, pr'ythee.—To the blessed
owner

Upon my knees—— [*Kneels before CALANTHA.*]

Near. You're saucy.

Cal. This is pretty;
I am, belike, a mistress!—Wondrous pretty;
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it;
He's worthy on't.—On cousin!

Ith. Follow, spaniel:
I'll force ye to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

[*Exeunt NEAR. CAL. AME. CHRIS.
and PHIL.*]

Arm. My lord, ye were too froward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle:
Some such there are, whose liberal contents¹
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures:
Pleasures (observe me uncle!) of rare object:
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours;
Now change of garments, then the votes of people;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance;
Yet these are still but dreams: give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers;
A real, visible, material happiness;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—

¹ *Contents.*] This word has great latitude of meauing. It is often used for *contentments*; and in the present passage, this interpretation is not entirely inapplicable, though other explanations would certainly render the meaning plainer.

I saw it, sir, I saw it ; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it to you.

Ith. True ; and she said——Well, I remember
what.——

Her cousin prince would beg it ?

Arm. Yes, and parted

In anger at your taking on't.

Ith. Penthea,

Oh ! thou hast pleaded with a powerful language :
I want a fee to gratify thy merit.

But I will do——

Arm. What is't you say ?

Ith. In anger ?

In anger let him part ; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine ; it should not ;
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be any thing
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Arm. Contain yourself, my lord : Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosomed but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs : 'tis an useful moral ;
Ambition, hatched in clouds of mere opinion,
Proves but in birth a prodigy.

Ith. I thank ye ;

Yet, with your licence, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it'.

* Ford frequently gives his language too free a rein. Though, in the present speech, the sense, by a little attention, may be discovered, yet a strange confusion of metaphor makes it appear at first sight mere nonsense.

Arm. He deserves small trust,
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, and AMELUS.

Near. Brave me ?

Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper :
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection.

Ame. Was't your modesty
Term'd any of the prince's servants spaniel ?
Your nurse sure taught you other language.

Ith. Language ?

Near. A gallant man at arms is here : a doctor
In feats of chivalry ; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which rash spirits style good manners.

Ith. Manners ?

Org. No more, illustrious sir, 'tis matchless Ithocles.

Near. You might have understood who I am.

Ith. Yes,

I did,—else—but the presence calmed th' affront ;
You're cousin to the princess.

Near. To the king too ;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your Colossic greatness :—to that king too
You might have added.

Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.

Arm. O fye, fye !

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in
loyalty.
Sirrah ! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

[*Exeunt NEARCHUS and AMELUS,*

Ith. Come back !—What pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at ! Come back :

Let him come back and echo once again
That scornful sound of mushroom : painted colts,
Like heralds coats, gilt o'er with crowns and sceptres,

May bait a muzzled lion ¹.

Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.

Org. In point of honour
Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'Twas all about a little ring.

Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up :
Admit she threw't to me ; what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart
Than steal and wear one dust on't.—Orgilus,
I am extremely wronged.

Org. A lady's favour
Is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted !

Arm. Quiet
These vain unruly passions, which will render ye
Into a madness.

Org. Griefs will have their vent.

Enter TECNICUS.

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend
man,
To pour the balsam of a supple ² patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes he here ?

Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,

¹ This passage is probably an allusion to some fable or tale, which I am, however, not able to adduce.

² *Supple,*] Yielding, bending. The old copy reads, a *sup-
plying* patience, which does not afford any sense, and destroys
the metre.

Which shortly will prove deadly ¹. To the king,
 Armostes, see in safety thou deliver
 This sealed-up counsel ; bid him with a constancy
 Peruse the secrets of the gods.—Oh Sparta !
 Oh Lacedemon ! double named, but one
 In fate : when kingdoms reel (mark well my saw ²!)
 Their heads must needs be giddy : tell the king
 That henceforth he no more must inquire after
 My aged head : Apollo wills it so :
 I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
 With our great master ?

Tec. Never more to see him :
 A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
*When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
 The lifeless trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.* } p 335

Ith. What's this, if understood ?

Tec. List ³, Orgilus ;
 Remember what I told thee long before,
 These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Las, good man.

Tec. *Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
 Revenge proves its own executioner.* } p 330

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests :
 I am not Oedipus.

Tec. My hour is come ;
 Cheer up the king : farewell to all.—O Sparta,
 O Lacedemon ! [Exit TECNICUS.]

¹ *The hurts are yet but mortal, which shortly will prove deadly.*] The two synonyms, *mortal* and *deadly*, are here opposed in a strange manner one to the other. The meaning is: "The wounds which are now *mortal*, or which bear death in them, will shortly produce *death*."

² *Saw,*] Saying, speech. So in *Love's Labours Lost* :

"When all aloud the wind doth blow
 And coughing drowns the parson's *saw*."

³ *List,*] i. e. hearken.

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might con-
strue
His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us, the effects of their decrees ;
My burthen lies within me. Servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha !

Arm. The gods be still propitious.

[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]

Org. Something oddly
The book-man prated ; yet he talked it weeping :
*Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.*
Con it again !—For what ? It shall not puzzle me ;
'Tis dotage of a withered brain.—Penthea
Forbade me not her presence ; I may see her,
And gaze my fill : Why see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak, I must be silent. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, and PHULAS.

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
I will expect is quietness amongst ye :
Take liberty at home, abroad at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods
Whom I with my distractions have offended.

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart.

Phu. Here's a rare change !
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded ;
The cuckold in conceit hath cast his horns. [*Aside.*]

Bass. Betake ye to your several occasions ;
And, wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
Let your constructions mildly pass it over ;

Henceforth I'll study reformation,—more
I have not for employment.

Grau. Oh, sweet man !

Thou art the very honeycomb of honesty.

Phu. The garland of good will ¹.—Old lady, hold
up

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a moil ² of ancient carriage.

[*Exeunt GRAUSIS and PHULAS.*

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness :
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestowed :
But men, endowed with reason, and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
Soul and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay heaven,
Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts ; and of those beasts
The worst am I ; I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish, of a chaste wife ³,
Endeavoured what in me lay, to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,

¹ *The Garland of Good Will.*] The title of one of the popular song-books of the age. It was printed in 1631, and the initials of the author's name are T. D. There is another allusion to it in Rowley's *Match at Midnight* : " No, no, man ; these are out of ballads ; she has all ' The Garland of Good Will ' by heart."

² *Moil.*] " A *moile* was the old term for a *mule*. So in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, sign. H. " For one that is sand-blynd would take an asse for a *moyle* or another prayse, a rime of *Robyn Hode*, for as excellent a making as *Troilus* of Chaucer, yet should they not straight waies be counted made therefore."—*Reed.*

³ *Of a chaste wife.*] The old copy reads, " for a chaste wife."

And level't in the dust of causeless scandal :
 But to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
 Humility shall pour before the deities :
 I have incensed a largess¹ of more patience
 Than their displeas'd altars can require :
 No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
 The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee,
 Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
 Of manhood, hooped about with ribs of iron,
 Can cram within thy breast : Penthea, Bassanes,
 Cursed by thy jealousies, more, by thy dotage,
 Is left a prey to words. — *fearful, really!*

Bass. Exercise
 Your trials for addition to my penance :
 I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery
 Past cure : some angry minister of fate hath
 Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
 From its most proper throne. But, what's the mi-
 racle
 More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live.

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judg-
 ment :

'Tis anchor'd into a firm resolution ;
 Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it :
 Practise no further.

Org. May the death of love to her
 Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast

¹ *A largess.*] The compositor of the old quarto, being probably unacquainted with this word, substituted in its place *largeness*. *Largess* originally signified the bounty given to heralds, but was subsequently employed for any liberal gift or offering.

From every joy of life ! Thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter PENTHEA, *with her hair flying*, ITHOCLES,
PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up ; your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you : why d'you weep ? Dear, turn not
from me !

Here is a killing sight : lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object !

Org. Man, dost see't ?
Sports are more gamesome : am I yet in merriment ?
Why dost not laugh ?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage : mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof¹ so excellent :
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appeared, impostor, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest ?

Pen. Sure, if we were all syrens, we should sing
pitifully ;

*Does sk
imitate e ghe*

And 'twere a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell : the turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate ; and yet some say
'A must be dead first : 'tis a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream : indeed I've slept
With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith ; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave. I must creep thither ;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,

¹ *Roof.*] The old copy reads here, *root*, and, in the next line but one, *impostors*.

Hast many years, I hope, to number yet
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun¹ first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly formed
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal.

Org. Wisdom, look ye,
Begins to rave:—art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes:
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for
certain,
I should have cried when they cried. Truly, bro-
ther,

My father would have picked me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards:
But 'tis too late for me to marry now;
I am past child-bearing: 'tis not my fault.

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames; sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores! Affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; shew justice
Upon the author of this mischief; dig out
The jealousies that hatched this thralldom first
With thine own poiniard: every antick rapture²
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not: it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I

¹ *Sun.*] The old copy reads corruptedly, "the swan."

² *Every antick rapture,*] And a little further on, "It is a talking motion." Both are metaphors taken from the caricature of dramatic entertainments, "puppet-shows."

To ban^d passion? Ere I'll speak a word
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once.

[*To ORGILUS:*
Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature, in despite of
malice ;

For it I love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand ;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it.

Org. Pain my heart too¹ !

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard : I'll
kiss it ;

Oh, 'tis a fine soft palm.—Hark in thine ear !
Like whom do I look, pr'ythee ?—Nay, no whisp-
'ring.

Goodness ! we had been happy : too much happi-
ness

Will make folk proud they say.—But that is he :—
[*Pointing to ITHOCLES.*

And yet he paid for't home. Alas ! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess ;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gathered roses in the garden,
I found my wits, but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 'tis he.

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue !

¹ The old quarto, which is remarkably incorrect, reads this and the following line thus :

“ *Org.* Paine my heart to
Complain not though I wring it hard : I'll kiss it,” &c.

and gives the whole of the following speech to Orgilus, though the slightest attention must convince the reader that it is the melancholy Penthea who utters it. The arrangement in the text solves the difficulty. She had in her former speech said : “ Spare your hand, believe me I'll not hurt it ;” in answer to which, Orgilus exclaims : “ You pain my heart, as well as my hand !”

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour! [*Aside.*

Org. She has tutor'd me :
Some pow'ful inspiration checks my laziness.
Now let me kiss your hand, grieved beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold ;
Dear soul, he's lost his colour : have ye seen
A straying heart ? all crannies, every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace, usher her into Elysium !
If this be madness, madness is an oracle.

[*Exit ORGILUS.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister ?
Her ravings are so wild !

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually ; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh, misery of miseries !

Pen. Take comfort,
You may live well, and die a good old man :
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
If you had joined our hands once in the temple,
('Twas since my father died, for had he lived
He would have done't,) I must have called you fa-
ther.

Oh, my wreck'd honour, ruin'd by those tyrants,
A cruel brother and a desperate dotage !
There is no peace left for a ravished wife
Widowed by lawless marriage ; to all memory,
Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted :
But since her blood was seasoned by the forfeit
Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
Her blood—'tis just,—be henceforth never height-
ened

With taste of sustenance. Starve let that fulness

Whose pleurisy hath fevered faith and modesty.
 Forgive me : Oh ! I faint.

Arm. Be not so wilful,
 Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature
 Will call her daughter monster. What ? not eat ?
 Refuse the only ordinary means
 Which are ordained for life ? be not, my sister,
 A murderess to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bas-
 sanes ?

Bass. Foh ! I am busy ; for I have not thoughts
 Enough to think. All shall be well anon :
 'Tis tumbling in my head : there is a mastery
 In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside ;
 Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
 Without the help of food, fumes, or perfumes,—
 Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone ! I'll search out
 The trick on't.

Pen. Lead me gently ; heavens reward ye.
 Grievs are sure friends ; they leave, without controul,
 Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul ¹.

[*Exit PEN. supported by CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Bass. I grant ye ; and will put in practice in-
 stantly
 What you shall still admire : 'tis wonderful,
 'Tis supersingular, not to be matched :
 Yet, when I've done't, I've done't ; ye shall all
 thank me ! [Exit.]

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul
 Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,

¹ The melancholy of Penthea is almost as finely drawn to the life as the madness of Ophelia. It is at any rate greatly superior in point of sentiment, though not, in point of language, to the Jailor's Daughter in Shakespeare and Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen. Our author again discovers his fondness for the study of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy in this scene.

As that I have not sense enough to feel it.

Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.

See, uncle! the angry thing¹ returns again:
Shall's welcome him with thunder? We are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorders:
Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortune, chiefly²
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war in hours of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you're to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure³.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour ye.

Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed;
Physicians are called for: 'twere fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.

[*Exeunt* ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
'Take strength from any fuel of the love

¹ *Th' angry thing.*] The old copy reads, "the augury thing."

² *Chiefly, so lately prosperous.*] "The inurement to a roughness in soldiers of your years and fortunes, particularly as the latter were prosperous so lately," &c.

³ *I am a messenger but to her pleasure.*] But has here the force of only. We still would say, "I am but a messenger to her pleasure."

I might address to her : young Ithocles,
 Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant¹
 Of her devotions ; one, to speak him truly,
 In every disposition nobly fashioned.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rivall'd
 Consid'ring th' inequality of the persons ?

Near. I can, Amelus ; for affections, injured
 By tyranny or rigour of compulsion,
 Like tempest-threatened trees, unfirmly rooted,
 Ne'er spring to timely growth : observe, for instance,
 Life-spent Penthea, and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine ?

Near. To be jealous
 In public of what privately I'll further ;
 And, though they shall not know, yet they shall
 find it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Royal Apartment.*

*Enter AMYCLAS, led by HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS ;
 he and is placed in a Chair, followed by ARMOSTES,
 CROOLON, and PROPHILUS.*

Amyc. Our daughter is not near ?

Arm. She is retired, sir,
 Into her gallery.

Amyc. Where's the prince our cousin ?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amyc. All leave us
 Except Armostes and you, Croolon :
 We would be private.

Pro. Health unto your majesty.
 [Exeunt PRO. HEM. and GRON.]

¹ *Lord ascendant.*] This is a metaphor taken from the ascendancy or dominion of different stars at different periods, according to the exploded science of astrology.

Amyc. What? Tecnicus is gone?

Arm. He is to Delphos ;
And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amyc. Unseal it, good Armostes ; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle : out with it ;
Apollo live our patron ! Read, Armostes.

Arm. (reads.)

*The plot¹ in which the vine takes root,
Begins to dry from head to foot ;
The stock, soon with'ring, want of sap
Doth cause to quail² the budding grape :
But from the neighbouring elm a dew
Shall drop and feed the plot anew.*

Amyc. That is the oracle ; what exposition
Makes the philosopher ?

Arm. This brief one only :

(Reads.)

*The plot is Sparta, the dried vine the king ;
The quailing grape his daughter ; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the elm : the rest conceal'd.*

TECNICUS.

Arm. Enough : although the opening of this
riddle

Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest :
But must Calantha quail to that young grape,
Untimely budded ? I could mourn for her,

¹ *The plot,*] viz. the plot of ground.

² *Quail.*] The verb to *quail* is used in the sense of to faint, to sink, and in various similar meanings, and occurs three times in this scene. So in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— Which my false spirits
Quail to remember.”

Her tenderness hath yet deserved no rigour
So to be crost by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir;
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense: I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the dew
Of which befriending elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of
oracles
Is to be then digested, when th' events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd; truth is child of time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so
For weal of this dear nation!—Where is Ithocles?—
Armotes, Crotolon, when this wither'd vine
Of my frail carcase, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service.—
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here.

Enter ITHOCLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS,
EUPHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

Ith. Oh, my royal master!

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my
life's solace,

With your fore-judging fears: there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents¹ in duty: I will shake off

¹ *Consents.*] Consents is used in a great variety of senses in

This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sadness.
Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus ?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning ;
Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe
too.

Our sister looks, methinks mirthful and sprightly ;
As if her chaster fancy could already
Expound the riddle of her gain in loosing
A trifle ; maids know only that they know not.
Pish ! pr'ythee, blush not : 'tis but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for straight,
And so the modest maid is made a wife.
Shrewd business,—is't not, sister ?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth be-
comes thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence ?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present :
If not, at least consenting.—Mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You've built me
To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never !—
May I propose a suit ?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

the old dramatists. Here the meaning seems to be nearly literal.
“ Your consents in duty,” signifies, “ your consenting, or
acting both in consent in the duty you pay to me.” In the very
next page we have the same meaning of the word :

“ _____ I will be present :
If not, at least *consenting*.”

Cal. Pray sir, give me this young man; and no further

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand;
Calantha take thine own; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Takes
very
quiet

Ith. A change, great king, most wished for, 'cause
the same!

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I kept my word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortune's guard, the favour of a prin-
cess,

Rock thee, brave man, in ever crowned plenty²!
You're minion of the time; be thankful for it.—
Ho, here's a swinge in destiny! Apparent³,
The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

[*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations!—Now convey
me

¹ *A change, great king, most wish'd for, cause the same.*—
This is very obscure, but the slight alteration in the text pro-
duces some sense at least. The king had just transferred the ser-
vice of Ithocles from himself to his daughter, whom he represents
as being the same as himself. In answer to which, Ithocles ex-
claims, "That is a most desirable change, or transfer, because
she is exactly the same as you are."

² The old copy reads:

"Rich fortunes guard to favour of a princess," &c.

Which, to the editor at least, is unintelligible. The change of
the monosyllable *to* into *the*, restores a very beautiful couplet to
sense.

³ *Apparent*], i. e. apparently, to all appearance.

Unto my bed-chamber : none on his forehead
Wear a distempered look.

All. The gods preserve ye !

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity !

[*AMYCLAS is led out.—Exeunt all but
ITHOCLES, detained by ORGILUS.*

Org. Shall I be bold my lord ?

Ith. Thou can'st not, Orgilus !—

Call me thine own ; for Prophilus must henceforth
Be all thy sister's : friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most
great lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal ? A subject royal ?

Org. Why not, pray sir ?

The sovereignty of kingdoms in their nonage
Stoop'd to desert, not birth : there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation : you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest ; if I greatly err not
The son of Venus hath bequeathed his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can't be possible ?

Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too ; so forward,
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes, and (hark
ye!)

My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave), as any's
Now at this very instant—but—

Ith. 'Tis granted :

And for a league of privacy between us,

Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret :
The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still ; why not¹ !
I now applaud her wisdom ; when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch ;
Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadis'd a comfort, Orgilus !
It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory
Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on.

Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting
For office, but for service.

Ith. We'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners
In all respects else but the bed.

Org. The bed ?
Forefend² it Jove's own jealousy ! till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together ;
And there our beds are equal, save some monu-
ment

To shew this was the king, and this the subject.—
[*Soft sad Music.*
List, what sad sounds are these ! extremely sad
ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark ! a voice too.

¹ *Still ; why not ?*] Orgilus says, " Still I may say : why not ? Your merit fully entitles you to it." He answers Ithocles throughout this conversation in a strain of bitter irony.

² *Forefend,*] *i. e.* hinder, prevent. The quarto reads " foretends," which was never, I believe, used in the sense required in the text.

A SONG, sung behind the Scene.

*Oh, no more, no more! too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lover's eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now love dies,
Now love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.*

Ith. Oh, my misgiving heart!

Org. A horrid stillness
Succeeds this deathful air. Let's know the reason:
Tread softly; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Chamber of PENTHEA.*

PENTHEA discovered in a chair, veiled; two Servants place two other chairs, one with an engine¹; the maids, CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA, sit down at her feet, mourning.

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

Serv. 'Tis done; that on her right hand.

[*Placing the chairs.*]

¹ This most wonderful chair, if it ever should be introduced on a modern stage, must be furnished with a trap to catch the person who unwarily attempts to rest upon it, and which, before the culprit sits down, is not perceptible. According to our ideas, the contrivance is very ludicrous; but Ford was probably think-

Org. Good : begone.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room !

Org. How fares the lady ?

Phil. Dead !

Chris. Dead !

Phil. Starv'd !

Chris. Starv'd !

Ith. Me miserable !

Org. Tell us

How parted she from life ?

Phil. She called for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs : Christalla touched the lute ;
I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath sealed up these hollow sounds :
“ Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus !”
So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died !

Org. Up ! you are messengers of death : go from
us ; [CHRIS. and PHIL. rise.]

Here's woe enough to court without a prompter.
Away ! And,—hark ye !—till you see us next
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—My lord.—[*To ITHOCLES.*]

[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

Ith. Mine only sister !

Another is not left me.

ing of some horrible instrument of torture, in the contrivance of which our ancestors were not only ingenious, but attempted to be elegant. In a town upon the continent, a machine is still shown, called, *The Virgin*. A female image is seated upon an ascent of three steps. When the criminal ascended the first, one of her hands was raised ; when upon the second, she lifted the other ; and as soon as he reached the third, she clasped her arms, which were provided with a sharp edge like a sword, round his neck, and severed his head from the body. A chair, like the one in the text, is still shown in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this : between us sits
The object of our sorrows ; some few tears
We'll part among us ; I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there ! sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, and is caught in the engine.*]

What means this treachery ?

Org. Caught ; you are caught,
Young master : 'tis thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness. See, I take this veil off :
Survey a beauty withered by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely ?

Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and trained thee hither
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dreamt of kingdoms, did ye ? how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess,
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth ; whilst Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touched upon your thought ! As for my in-
juries,

Alas ! they were beneath your royal pity ;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound
thee.

Behold thy fate : this steel ! [*Draws his sword.*]

Ith. Strike home ! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome.
But pr'ythee faint not ; if the wound close up,
Tent¹ it with double force, and search it deeply.

¹ *Tent it with double force.*] To *tent*, is a technical term in surgery, and denotes the operation of widening a wound, by

Thou look'st¹ that I should whine, and beg compassion,
 As loath to leave the vainness of my glories :
 A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
 To cozen thee of honour ; neither could I,
 With equal trial of unequal fortune,
 By hazard of a duel ; 'twere a bravery
 Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
 On to the execution, and inherit
 A conflict with thy horrors !

Org. By Apollo,
 Thou talk'st a goodly language ! for requital
 I will report thee to thy mistress richly.
 And take this peace along : some few short minutes

Determin'd², my resolves shall quickly follow
 Thy wrathful ghost ; then, if we tug for mastery,
 Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
 Give me thy hand : be healthful in thy parting
 From lost mortality. Thus, thus I free it.

[*Stabs him.*

Ith. Yet, yet I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit :
 I will be gentle even in blood ; to linger
 Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee. Follow
 Safety, with best success : Oh, may it prosper !
 Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds ;
 The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith.
 Thoughts of ambition or delicious banquet,
 With beauty, youth, and love, together perish

means of introducing a substance, which, by the warmth of the body, swells, and of course in the same degree extends the orifice.

¹ *Thou look'st.*] *i. e.* thou look'st for it, thou expectest

² *Determined.*] Often signifies *terminated*.

In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long look'd for peace—now—move—to hea-
ven. [Dies.

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood; hence-
forth welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance.
I'll look the bodies safe¹, till what must follow
Shall be approved².—Sweet twins shine stars for
ever!—

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame,
No monument lasts but a happy name. [Exit.

ACT V.

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

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nur-
sery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of knowledge;
For here in Sparta there's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we're all turn'd madcaps.
'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs;
Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:
To Delphos I have sent too³; if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

¹ *I'll look the bodies safe.*] This is a frequent mode of speech. Orgilus means to say, "I will look that they be safe."

² *Approved,*] Proved, experienced. In a somewhat similar sense, Proteus says, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O, 'tis the curse of love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd."

³ *To Delphos I have sent too.*] In the old quarto: "To Delphos I have sent to," a reading which is not indefensible, as

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever.

Bass. I beseech thee,
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly,
I will not ought to do¹ with thee, of all men.
The doublers of a hare, or in a morning
Salutes from a splay-footed² witch, to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no more,
Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls³,
Are not so boding mischief as thy crossing
My private meditations : shun me, pr'ythee :
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mislike me not.

Bass. Phew ! then we shall be troubled :
Thou wert ordain'd my plague ; Heaven make me
thankful !

And give me patience too, Heaven, I beseech thee !

Org. Accept a league of amity ; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation : I will study

this sort of reduplication was not unusual in old writings. There is a third reading which might be introduced : " To Delphos I have sent *two*." But that introduced into the text is the most natural of the three.

¹ *I will not ought to do.*] I suspect we should read, " I'll not *have* ought to do." The omission of *have* is rather forced.

² *Splay-footed.*] *Goibier* is explained by Cotgrave, " Baker-legg'd, also splay-footed, shaling, ill-favordly treading."

³ The ill-omens here enumerated were considered as of very terrific prognostication, not only in England, but in Germany, and probably with most nations of Europe. The very great popularity of books on magic and astrology was very likely to spread superstitions of this nature over all Europe. The crossing of a hare, and the bleeding at the nose, have not yet lost their ominous reputation with the populace.

Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards ye.

Bass. Hey-day! good words, good words; I must
believe 'em,

And be a coxcomb for my labour.

Org. Use not

So hard a language : your misdoubt is causeless :

For instance, if you promise to put on

A constancy of patience ; such a patience

As chronicle or history ne'er mentioned,

As follows not example, but shall stand

A wonder and a theme for imitation,

The first, the index pointing to a second¹,

I will acquaint ye with an unmatch'd secret,

Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus, 'tis in the power

Of the gods only : yet for satisfaction,

Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,

Unforc'd and naturally free, be resolute² ;

The virgin-bays shall not withstand the light'ning

With a more careless danger, than my constancy

The full of thy relation. Could it move

Distraction in a senseless marble statue,

It should find me a rock. I do expect now

Some truth of unheard moment.

Org.

To your patience

You must add privacy, as strong in silence

As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age
Shall sooner prate.

¹ *The first, the index pointing to a second.*] "If you put on a patience which does not allow of one equal to it, but points, like the index of a clock, to one second to it."

² *Be resolute,*] i. e. *be resolved, or certain.* The bay or laurel tree, according to ancient mythology, had an immunity from the effects of thunder. *Careless danger,* in the next line, is a singularly strained phrase, and this kind of licence our author too often employs.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.

Org. With manly courage
Please then to follow me.

Bass. Where'er; I fear not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Loud Music.—*Enter* EUPHRANEA, led by GRO-
NEAS and HEMOPHIL; PROPHILUS, led by
CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA; NEARCHUS sup-
porting CALANTHA; CROTOLON and AMELUS.
—(*Music ceases.*)

Cal. We miss our servants, Ithocles and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whispered some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher: wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence. As for Bas-
sanes
Delights to him are troublesome. Armostes
Is with the king?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance!
Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the bridegroom
must be
Entrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous,
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance!

[*Music.*—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRA-
NEA, PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRIS-
TALLA with HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA with
GRONEAS.—*They dance the first change ;
during which enter ARMOSTES.*

Arm. (*in a whisper to CAL.*) The king your fa-
ther's dead.

Cal. To the other change !

Arm. Is't possible ?

Another Dance.—*Enter BASSANES.*

Bass. (*in a whisper to CAL.*) Oh ! madam,
Penthea, poor Penthea's starved.

Cal. Beshrew thee !—
Lead to the next !

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

Another Dance.—*Enter ORGILUS.*

Org. Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruel-
ly. [*Aside to CAL.*

Cal. How dull this music sounds ! Strike up
more sprightly :
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck.

The last change.—*Music ceases.*

Cal. So : let us breathe a while. Hath not this
motion
Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks' ?

Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

¹ *On our cheeks.*] • The quarto reads, *on your cheeks.* The next speech of Nearchus shews the necessity of the alteration.

Cal. We all look cheerfully :
And, cousin, 'tis methinks a rare presumption
In any who prefers' our lawful pleasures
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes ; some hollow voice deliver'd to
me
How that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead :
That fatal news was mine ; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd
ye
Your mother's wedding ring, which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange !

Cal. Peace crown his ashes ! We
are queen then.

Near. Long live Calantha, Sparta's sovereign
queen !

All. Long live the queen !

Cal. What whispered Bassanes ?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starved to death.

Cal. She's happy : she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murdered ; rather butchered, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror
Proclaimed his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How ! murder'd ?

Cal. By whose hand ?

Org. By mine ; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge : the reasons

* *Prefers,*] Arraigns. With this meaning the word often occurs in writers of the author's age.

Are just and known : quit him of these, and then
 Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
 Hope or abiliment¹ to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fye, Orgilus !

Euph. Fye, brother !

Cal. You have done it ?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
 Rigour of justice ; but, that done it is,
 Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
 Too sure to be convinc'd. Armestes, rent not
 Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
 Of these calamities : thou' st lost a nephew,
 A niece, and I a wife : continue man still ;
 Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
 Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
 At such a pressure as would sink a soul
 Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors :
 But I have sealed a covenant with sadness,
 And enter'd into bonds without condition
 To stand these tempests calmly. Mark me, nobles :
 I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea !
 Excellent misery !

Cal. We begin our reign
 With a first act of justice : thy confession,
 Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence ;
 But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
 Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
 To thy lost son : Euphranea, take a farewell,
 And both be gone.

Crot. (to ORG.) Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
 In worthy resolution !

¹ *Abiliment,*] The same as *ability*. It should not be confounded with *habiliment*.

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye!
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus. My vengeance
Aimed never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw!
[*Exeunt CROT. PRO. and EUPH.*

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from
him,

With honourable mention : make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best ; there's all our
bounty :

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution
Instant before ye part.

Near. Your will command us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last : vouchsafe
your clemency,
That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference : those that are dead,
Are dead ; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use dispatch, my lords,
We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL. PHIL. and CHRIS.*

Arm. 'Tis strange these tragedies should never
touch on
Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit :
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye ? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice.

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself: no surgeon.

I am well skill'd in letting blood: bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream: here's a skilful instrument,
Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for ye.

It most concerns my art, my care, my credit.
Quick fillet¹ both his arms.

[*The arms of ORGILUS are bared, and pieces
of tape tied round the elbows. He receives
a stick in each arm*².

Org. Gramercy, friendship:

Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand. If a proneness
Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betrayed fame to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not

¹ *Fillet.*] Bind his arms with fillets, or pieces of tape, to stop the return of the blood through the veins.

² Ford, and some other of his contemporaries, too often destroy their most pathetic scenes, by the introduction of machinery, which, to us at least, appears ridiculous. The trap-chair, in which Ithocles is caught, and the present bleeding scene, are of that kind. Both, by the omission of these tricks, might be placed among the most beautiful scenes of the old dramatic age.—Webster, in his *Duchess of Malfy*, has been far more successful, and the scene in which the Duchess is tormented in the dungeon is truly admirable.

The sickness of my fortune ; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bed-rid.

We trifle time in words : thus I shew cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[*Opens a vein in his arm.*

Arm.] Desperate courage.

Org. Honourable infamy.

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose!

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broached ;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues ;
Grasp hard this other stick ; I'll be as nimble.

But pr'ythee, look not pale ; have at ye ! Stretch
out

Thine arm with vigour, and unshook virtue.

[*Opens the vein in the other arm of ORGILUS.*

Good : oh, I envy not a rival, fitted

To conquer in extremities ; this pastime

Appears majestical : some high-tun'd poem

Hereafter shall deliver to posterity

The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.

How is't man ! Droop not yet !

Org. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death ;

My sovereign, as his liegeman ; on my mistress,

As a devoted servant ; and on Ithocles,

As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy :

Nor did I use an engine to entrap

His life, out of a slavish fear to combat

Youth, strength, or cunning, but for that I durst not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,

By which his name might have outfac'd my ven-

geance¹.

¹ Our author here introduces singular ideas of a duel of ancient

times. Orgilus is afraid to trust the goodness of his cause to the

chance of fortune, and therefore does not act up even to the

chivalrous system, which still obtained in our author's age, that

Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire,
 I call to mind the augury ; 'twas perfect :
Revenge proves its own executioner. [p. 299
 When feeble man is bending to his mother,
 The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters.

[Falling.

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature.

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes ; the sun's bright
 splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow.

Welcome thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee.

[Dies.

Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time ; his fu-
 neral urn

Shall be my charge. Remove the bloodless body.

The coronation must require attendance :

That past, my few days can be but one mourning.

[Exeunt with the body.

SCENE III.—A Temple.

*An Altar, covered with white ; two lights of virgin wax
 placed upon it.—Music of Recorders, during
 which enter four, bearing ITHOCLES on a Hearse',*

the goodness of the cause decided the victory. Middleton and Rowley, in their Fair Quarrel, which is a comedy of the very first rank, draw these niceties of honour admirably in a serious manner ; on the other hand, the ridicule thrown upon them in Fletcher's Pilgrim and his Little French Lawyer has never been exceeded.

The old stage direction has been followed here, except in one or two instances where it was too absurd. Thus we find, "Two lights of virgin wax, during which music of recorders,"

in a rich robe, with a Crown on his head; they place him on the one side of the Altar. After him enter CALANTHA in a white robe, and crown-ed; EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CRISTAL-LA in white; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTO-LON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMO-PHIL, and GRONEAS. CALANTHA goes and kneels before the Altar, the Women kneeling be-hind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft Music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are merci-ful.

Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is, to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition?
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanors, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike, and enur'd to practice
Of policy and labour, cannot brook
A feminate authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom¹.

Near.

Royal lady,

Your law is in your will.

&c. And a little farther, the poverty of ancient property-rooms caused the author, or, more probably, the manager at the Black-friars, to direct that Ithocles be brought "on a hearse, or in a chaire."

¹ Had Ford written in the time of Elizabeth, he would not have introduced this speech. Indeed he must either have forgotten the government of the queen, or her abilities must have been in less repute in his times than they are at present.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
By your own judgment both allow'd and lik'd of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height.

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Bass. Alas, great mistress, reason is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravished
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughtered carcasses;
Or daughters, groaning o'er their father's hearses,
And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort'
As musical as their's. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man
But craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos.

Near. Madam!

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the
royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos

Consort.] As has been observed before, this is the ancient
method of spelling concert. On account of the frequent quib-
bles upon it, the orthography should not be modernized,

Armostes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Croton bear sway; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen? Alas! What I!

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal.
The multitudes of high employments could not
But set a peace to private griefs. These gentle-

men, Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your chamber.
I would bestow Christalla on Amelus;
She'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament;
It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus:
He should be, cousin, solemnly invested
In all those honours, titles, and preferments
Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband
Too short a time enjoy'd.

Pro. I am unworthy
To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady!

Near. Madam, what means that word, neglect-
ed husband?

Cal. Forgive me.—Now I turn to thee, thou
shadow

Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest:

[Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antick gesture,
When one news straight came huddling¹ on another,

¹ *Huddling,*] Hurrying, crowding confusedly together.

Of death, and death, and death, still I danc'd forward ;

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,

Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them :

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings ;

Let me die smiling.

Near. 'Tis a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last : crack, crack !—

Argos', now Sparta's king, command the voices

Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song

I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song !

SONG.

All. *Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,*

Can but please

Outward senses, when the mind

Is not troubled¹, or by peace refin'd.

First voice. *Crowns may flourish and decay,*

Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second. *Youth may revel, yet it must*

Lie down in a bed of dust.

Third. *Earthly honours flow and waste,*

Time alone doth change and last.

All. *Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare*

Rest for care ;

Love only reigns in death : though art

Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

[CALANTHA dies.]

¹ *Is not troubled.*] The text of this beautiful dirge is disturbed in the old copy by the following corrupt reading : " Is not

Arm. Look to the queen !

Bass. Her heart is broke indeed.

Oh, royal maid, 'would thou hadst mist this part ;
Yet 'twas a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus, thus said he :

When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeles trunk shall wed the Broken Heart. } p. 299

'Tis here fulfill'd.

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live

Nearchus, king of Sparta !

Near. Her last will

Shall never be digress'd from. Wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—

The counsels of the gods are never known,
Till men can call the effects of them their own '.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

untroubled, or by peace refined," which is directly contrary to the sense of the passage.

' The following observations on the catastrophe of this play will, perhaps, be thought too extravagant, and to betray an unwarrantable enthusiasm for the author. The merit of the tragedy is, however, such, that no encomium on it can be too high, though, in this, as well as in all other plays of our author's, there are numerous faults, which must be deducted in weighing their value. " I do not know in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according to Milton, to " describe high passions and high actions." The fortitude of the Spartan boy, who lets a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died, without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of the dilaceration of spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdom are but of chains and the stake ; a little bodily suffering : these torments

—On the purest spirits prey
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense.

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and in its weak.

nesses! Who would be less weak than Calantha? who can be so strong? The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me to Calvary and the Cross, and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which I dare no more than hint a reference."---*Lumbe's Specimens of Dramatic Authors.*

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fixed
 To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mixed
 With ignorance : those censures may command
 Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
 Let some say, *This was flat* ; some, *Here the scene*
Fell from its height ; another, *That the mean*
Was ill observ'd, in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion ;
 Some few may cry, *'Twas pretty well,* or so,
But ——— and there shrug in silence : yet we know
 Our writer's aim was in the whole address
 Well to deserve of all, but please the best ;
 Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
 The Broken Heart may be piec'd up again.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

THE
LONDON
MAGAZINE
AND
LITERARY
REVIEW
FOR
1843
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN WOODS
STATIONERS' HALL
LONDON
PRINTED BY
JOHN WOODS
STATIONERS' HALL
LONDON

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

THE full title of this play is as follows: "Love's Sacrifice. A tragedie, received generally well, acted by the Queene's Majestie's servants, at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane. London: Printed by J. B. for Hugh Beeston, dwelling next the Castle in Cornhill. 1633." 4to. A curious poem of congratulation, by the excellent dramatic author James Shirley, is prefixed, which will be found among the recommendatory poems at the end of the Introduction.

1877

Received of the Treasurer of the State of New York
the sum of \$100.00 for the year 1877

Given in full for the year 1877

Witness my hand and seal this 1st day of January 1877

John W. Foster
Treasurer of the State of New York

TO

MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,

JOHN FORD OF GRAYE'S INNE, Esq.

THE title of this little worke (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. This inscription to your name is only a faithful deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal

* *My good cousin.*] Old copy—*may* good cousin. The first words of this truly admirable dedication refer to the title of the play. The author says, “ that the argument of his dedication is in sense but a *sacrifice* of his *love* to his kinsman.” Both from this dedication and Shirley’s address to him (*see* *Recommendatory Poems*), there is no doubt that his former plays had been invidiously censured. Ford’s manly indignation at his opponents is well expressed.

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 prescribed judgement, 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 practise, 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 president, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Speakers in this Tragedy.

- PHILLIPPO CARAFFA, *Duke of Pavy* *.
- PAULO BAGLIONE, *Uncle to the Duchess.*
- FERNANDO, *Favourite to the Duke.*
- FERENTES, *a wanton Courtier.*
- ROSEILLI, *a young Nobleman.*
- PETRUCHIO †, } *two Counsellors of State.*
- NIBRASSA, }
- D'AVOLOS, *Secretary to the Duke.*
- MAURUCCIO, *an old Antick* ‡.
- GIACOPO, *Servant to MAURUCCIO.*
- Attendants.*

Women.

- BIANCA, *the Duchess.*
- FIORMONDA, *the Duke's Sister.*

* As Pavia is thus called in the text, I have thought proper also to retain the spelling here.

† This name is continually spelt thus in Shakespeare, Fletcher, and our author. It is nevertheless certain, that we should read *Petruccio*, a common augmentative termination of Italian names. It is derived from Petro, in the same manner as Mauruccio from Mauro.

‡ *Antick.*] A word of nearly the same signification as *fool*.

COLONA, *Daughter to PETRUCHIO.*

JULIA, *Daughter to NIBRASSA.*

MORONA, *an old Lady.*

Scene,—Pavia.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ROSELLI and RODERIGO D'AVOLOS.

Ros. Depart the court ?

D'Av. Such was the duke's command.

Ros. You're secretary to the state and him,
Great in his counsels, wise, and (I think) honest :
Have you, in turning over old records,
Read but one name descended of the house
Of Lesui, in his loyalty remiss ?

D'Av. Never, my lord.

Ros. Why then should I now, now, when glorious
Triumphs in change of pleasures, be wip'd off,
Like to a useless moth, from courtly ease ?
And whither must I go ?

D'Av. You have the open world before you.

Ros. Why, then
'Tis like I'm banished.

D'Av. Not so ; my warrant is only to command
you from the court, within five hours to depart af-
ter notice taken, and not to live within thirty miles
of it, until it be thought meet by his excellence to

call you back. Now, I have warn'd you, my lord, at your peril be it if you disobey : I shall inform the duke of your discontent. [Exit.

Ros. Do, politician, do ! I scent the plot Of this disgrace ; 'tis Fiormonda, she, That glorious widow, whose commanding cheek Ruins my love ; like foolish beasts, thus they Find danger that prey too near the lion's den.

Enter FERNANDO and PETRUCHIO.

Fern. My noble lord, Roseilli !

Ros. Sir, the joy I should have welcom'd you with, is wrapt up In clouds of my disgrace : yet, honour'd sir, Howsoever frowns of great ones cast me down, My service shall pay tribute in my lowness To your uprising virtues.

Fern. Sir, I know You are so well acquainted with your own, You need not flatter mine. Trust me, my lord, I'll be a suitor for you.

Pet. And I'll second My nephew's suit, with importunity.

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 arts¹ ; the nation proud,

¹ 'Tis a climate too hot to nourish arts.] At the time this

And in their pride unsociable ; the court
 More pliable to glorify itself,
 Than do a stranger grace ; if you intend
 To traffick 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 shew 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 belov'd there.

Ros. Yet, methought,
 I heard you and the duchess, two nights since,

play was written, and indeed ever since the reign of Queen Mary, the national hatred was entirely bent against Spain. To this we must attribute this severe, though generally just, character of the nation. When he speaks of their deficiency in arts, Ford was not quite correct. Every one knows, that painting flourished in that country to a high degree at the time ; and as to his own profession as a dramatic author, he forgot " *Monstruo de Naturaleza el gran Lope de Vega*," who had written many hundreds of comedies at that time, as well as the greater Calde-ron, who had already begun to show his amazing genius.

¹ This character of the French is excellently drawn, and proves that, in the present day, they have not degenerated in any degree from the bad and good qualities here attributed to them, excepting in that of horsemanship, their excellence in which accomplishment is again alluded to, towards the end of this act. " The many proofs to shew your skill," probably refer to the numerous tournaments and chivalrous games at the French court.

Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Called—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
Compar'd with you a stranger ; in their habits
They are not more fantastic than uncertain¹ :
In short, their fare, abundance, manhood, beauty,
No nation can disparage but itself.

Ros. My lord, you have much eased me, I resolve,

Fern. And whither are you bent ?

Ros. My lord, for travel,
To speed for England.

Fern. No, my lord, you must not :
I have yet some private conference
To impart unto you for your good. At night
I'll meet you at my lord Petruchio's house,
Till then, be secret.

Ros. Dares my cousin trust me ?

¹ The passion of the English gallants of the time for foreign fashions was the frequent butt of satirists. Bishop Hall, in his Third Book, Satire I. comparing ancient manners with those of his own, censures this folly in these severe terms :

“ — Thou canst maske a garish gauderie,
To suit a fool's far-fetched liverie.
A French head joyn'd to neeke Italian :
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain ;
An Englishman in none, a foole in all,
Many in one, and one in severall.”

Pet. Dare I, my lord ! yes, 'less your fact were
greater
Than a bold woman's spleen.

Ros. The duke's at hand,
And I must hence. My service to your lordships.
[Exit.

Pet. Now, nephew, as I told you, since the duke
Hath held the reins of state in his own hand,
Much altered from the man he was before,
(As if he were transformed in his mind¹.)

* * * * *
To sooth him in his pleasures, amongst whom
Is fond Ferentes ; one whose pride takes pride
In nothing more than to delight his lust ;
And he (with grief I speak it) hath, I fear,
Too much besotted my unhappy daughter,
My poor Colona ; whom, for kindred's sake,
As you are noble, as you honour virtue,
Persuade to love herself : a word from you
May win her more than my intreats² or frowns.

Fern. Uncle, I'll do my best : mean time, pray
tell me,
Whose mediation wrought the marriage
Betwixt the duke and duchess ? who was agent ?

Pet. His roving eye and her enchanting face,
The only dower nature had ordained
T'advance her to her bride-bed. She was daughter

¹ There can be no doubt that a line has here been lost at the press, which must have bore a sense similar to that of the following :

*He has graced a batch of motley sycophants
To sooth him in his pleasures, &c.*

² *Intreats.*] The old copy reads, *intreaties* ; which makes the verse halt miserably. In other dramatists of the age, whose metre is not so regular as that of Ford, such an alteration would have been improper. The word *marriage*, in the next line but one, must be read as a word of three syllables for the same reason.

Unto a gentleman at Milan—no better—
 Preferr'd to serve i'th' Duke of Milan's court :
 Where for her beauty she was greatly famed :
 And passing late from thence to Monaco
 To visit there her uncle, Paul Baghione,
 The abbot, fortune (queen to such blind matches)
 Presents her to the duke's eye, on the way
 As he pursues the deer. In short, my lord,
 He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match-
 ed her,
 No counsel could divert him.

Fern. She is fair ?

Pet. She is ; and, to speak truth, I think right
 noble

In her conditions.

Fern. If when I should choose,
 Beauty and virtue were the fee propos'd,
 I should not pass for parentage^r.

Pet. The duke

Doth come.

Fern. Let's break off talk. If ever, now
 Good angel of my soul protect my truth !

*Enter the DUKE, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, NIBRAS-
 SA, FERENTES, JULIA, and D'AVOLOS.*

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms,
 Whilst I, wrapt in my admiration, view
 Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.—
 Fernando ! oh, thou half myself ! no joy
 Could make my pleasures full without thy pre-
 sence :

I am a monarch in felicity,

^r *I should not pass for parentage,*] *i. e.* I should not attend,
 or pay regard to her descent. Drayton, in his *Quest of Cynthia*,
 employs the word in the same sense :

“ Transform me to what shape you can
 I pass not what it be.”

Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful :
A perfect friend, a wife without compare.

Fern. Sir, if a man so low in rank may hope,
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
To hold a correspondency¹ in friendship
With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
My uttermost ambition is to climb
To those deserts may grace the style² 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.

Fior. Ferentes.

Fer. Madam ?

Fior. You are one loves courtship ;
He had some change of words³ ; 'twere no lost labour
To stuff your table-books⁴ ; the man speaks wisely.

¹ *Correspondency.*] The old copy reads, unmetrically,---correspondence.

² *The style of servant.*] A phrase taken from heraldry, and used for *title*. Falstaff says, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : " Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his *stile*."

³ *Some change of words,*] *i. e.* Some new-coined words. If we do not understand the phrase in this sense, but in that of *repartee*, we must read, " they had some change of words," but with this alteration the concluding words, " the man speaks wisely," do not tally.---*Courtship* in the preceding line means courtly behaviour.

⁴ *To stuff your table-books.*] We have here a ridicule upon the usual practice of gallants to put down sentences of plays, witticisms uttered in company, and new-coined phrases in their

Fer. I am glad your highness is so pleasant.

Duke. Sister.

Fior. My lord and brother?

Duke. You are too silent,

Quicken your sad remembrance¹: though the loss
Of your dead husband be of more account
Than slight neglect², yet 'tis a sin against
The state of princes to exceed a mean³
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 least⁴) 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 advanc'd her.—Madam, could
you?

D'Av. Bitter and shrewd. [*Aside.*]

Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray⁵ my
weakness,

tables or table-books, which were frequently made of small plates of slate, bound together in a minute duodecimo. They were thus enabled again to retail them, and pass them for their own in other companies. In Antonio's Revenge by Marston, Balardo draws out his *writing-tables*, and writes, "Retort and obtuse: good words, very good words."

¹ *Quicken your sad remembrance.*] The *you* in the preceding line must be understood to refer also to the present sentence, which then means, "you quicken or bring to life the sad memory of your loss." Otherwise, if *quicken* be taken in an imperative sense, the duke says directly the reverse to what he evidently intends.

² *Than slight neglect,*] *i. e.* Than to be slightly neglected. The phraseology of Ford is remarkable quaint in the present scene.

³ *A mean.*] A middle degree, moderation.

⁴ *Virtuous at least.*] An invidious reflection on the Duchess, pointed at her low birth, and insinuating that she was not of noble descent.

⁵ *Bewray.*] Discover, betray. See p. 15 of this volume.

To give a resolution¹ on a passion
I never felt nor fear'd.

Nib. A modest answer.

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. Exceeding good; the man will undertake:
Observe it, D'Avolos.

D'Av. I do, lady;
'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 effects,
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 and 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'rt 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,

¹ *To give a resolution.*] Resolution is here used in the sense of declaration, as it was frequently in that of *certainly and satisfaction*. This passage strongly confirms Mr M. Mason's and Ritson's explanation of the passage in *King Lear*, where Gloucester says, "I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution." Edit. 1803, Vol. XVII. p. 341.

My but divided self, what we have done
We are only debtor to heaven for.—On!

Fior. [*aside to D'Av.*] Now take thy time, or
never D'Avolos ;
Prevail, and I will raise thee high in grace.

D'Av. Madam I will omit no art.

[*Exeunt all excepting D'Av. who detains
FERN.*

My honour'd lord Fernando.

Fern. To me, sir ?

D'Av. Let me beseech your lordship to excuse
me in the nobleness of your wisdom, if I exceed
good manners : I am one, my lord, who, in the ad-
miration of your perfect virtues, do so truly honour
and reverence your deserts, that there is not a crea-
ture bears life shall more faithfully study to do you
service in all offices of duty, and vows of due re-
spect.

Fern. Good sir, you bind me to you : is this all ?

D'Av. I do beseech your ear a little, good my
lord ; what I have to speak, concerns your reputa-
tion and best fortune.

Fern. How's that ? my reputation ? lay aside
Superfluous ceremony. Speak ; what is't ?

D'Av. I do repute myself the blessed'st man
alive, that I shall be the first gives your lordship
news of your perpetual comfort.

Fern. As how ?

D'Av. If singular beauty, inimitable virtues,
honour, youth, and absolute goodness be a fortune,
all those are at once offered to your particular choice.

Fern. Without delays, which way !

D'Av. The great and gracious lady, Fiormonda,
loves you, infinitely loves you. But, my lord, as
ever you tendered a servant to your pleasures, let
me not be revealed, that I gave you notice on't.

Fern. Sure you are strangely out of tune, sir.

D'Av. Please but to speak to her; be but courtly ceremonious with her, use once but the language of affection; if I misreport ought besides my knowledge, let me never have place in your good opinion. Oh, these women, my lord, are as brittle metal as your glasses, as smooth, as slippery: their very substance was quicksands; let them look never so demurely, one fillip chokes them.—My lord, she loves you; I know it.—But I beseech your lordship not to discover me; I would not for the world she should know that you know it by me.

Fern. I understand you, and to thank your care
Will study to requite it; and I vow
She never shall have notice of your news
By me, or by my means. And, worthy sir,
Let me alike enjoin you not to speak
A word of that I understand her love;
And as for me, my word shall be your surety,
I'll not as much as give her cause to think
I ever heard it.

D'Av. Nay, my lord, whatsoever I infer, you may break with her in it, if you please; for, rather than silence should hinder you one step to such a fortune, I will expose myself to any rebuke for your sake, my good lord.

Fern. You shall not, indeed, sir, I am still your friend,
And will prove so; for the present I am forced
To attend the duke. Good hours befall ye, I must
leave ye. [Exit.

D'Av. Gone already? 'sfoot! I ha' marr'd all;
this is worse and worse; he's as cold as hemlock¹.

¹ *As cold as hemlock.*] According to the old systems of physic, medicinal plants were divided into cold and hot, according

If her highness knows how I have gone to work, she'll thank me scurvily. A pox of all dull brains! I took the clean contrary course. There is a mystery in this slight carelessness of his; I must sift it, and will find it. Uds me! fool myself out of my wit? Well, I'll choose some fitter opportunity to inveigle him, and, till then, smooth her up that he is a man overjoyed with the report. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter FERENTES and COLONA.

Fer. Madam, by this light I vow myself your servant; only yours, in especially yours. Time, like a turn-coat, may order and disorder the outward fashion of our bodies, but shall never enforce a change on the constancy of my mind. Sweet Colona, fair Colona, young and sprightly lady, do not let me, in the best of my youth, languish in my most earnest affections.

Col. Why should you seek, my lord, to purchase glory
By the disgrace of a silly maid?

Fer. That I confess too: I am every way so unworthy of the first fruits of thy embraces, so far beneath the riches of thy merit, that it can be no honour to thy fame, to rank me in the number of thy servants: yet prove me how true, how firm I will stand to thy pleasure, to thy command;

to their supposed effects on the body. Hemlock was classed among the former division.

¹ *Sprightly,*] *i. e.* Full of spirits, lively, quick. So in the last scene of this tragedy:

————— Sprightly flood,
Run out in rivers.

and, as time shall serve, be ever thine. Now pr'y-thee, dear Colona.

Col. Well, my lord, I have no heart of flint ;

Or if I had, you know by cunning words
How to outwear it.—But—

Fer. But what! do not pity thy own gentleness, lovely Colona. Shall I speak? shall I? say but aye, and our wishes are made up.

Col. How shall I say aye, when my fears say no?

Fer. You will not fail to meet two hours hence, sweet.

Col. No; yes: yes I would have said; how my tongue trips!

Fer. I take that promise, and that double *yes* as an assurance of thy faith. In the grove, good sweet, remember; in any case alone,—d'you mark, love?—not as much as your duchess' little dog.—You'll not forget! two hours hence: think on't and miss not. Till then—

Col. Oh, if you should prove false, and love another!

Fer. Defy me then! I'll be all thine, and a servant only to thee; only to thee! [*Exit COLONA.*]—Very passing good! three honest women in our courts here of Italy, are enough to discredit a whole nation of that sex. He that is not a cuckold or a bastard is a strangely happy man; for a chaste wife, or a mother that never stept awry, are wonders, wonders in Italy. 'Slife! I have got the feat on't, and am every day more active in my trade. 'Tis a sweet sin this slip of mortality, and I tasted enough for one passion of my senses. Here comes more work for me.

Enter JULIA.

And how does mine own Julia? Mew upon this

sadness! What's the matter, you are melancholy!
Whither away, wench?

Jul. 'Tis well, the time has been when your
smooth tongue
Would not have mock'd my griefs; and had I been
More chary¹ of mine honour, you had still
Been lowly as you were.

Fer. Lowly? why I am sure I cannot be much
more lowly than I am to thee; thou bring'st me
on my bare knees, wench, twice in every four-and-
twenty hours, besides half turns instead of bevers².
What must we next do, sweetheart?

Jul. Break vows on your side; I expect no other,
But every day look when some newer choice
May violate your honour and my trust.

Fer. Indeed, forsooth, how shy be that, la³! I
hope I neglect no opportunity to your *nunquam*
satis, to be call'd in question for. Go, thou art as
fretting as an old grogrum⁴; by this hand I love
thee for't; it becomes thee so prettily to be angry.
Well, if thou should'st die, farewell all love with
me for ever! Go, I'll meet thee soon in thy lady's
back-lobby; I will, wench: look for me.

Jul. But shall I be resolved⁵ you will be mine?

¹ *Chary*,] Careful. The word occurs frequently in old writers. For example, in Lilly's *Euphues*, p. 22. "You have made so large profer of your service, and so fayre promises of fidelitie, that were I not over *charie* of mine honestie, you would inveigle me to shake hands with chastitie."

² *Bevers*.] Luncheons before dinner. The word is still used in several parts of the country.

³ *How shy be that, la!*] This is the only sense I could make of the original, which stands thus,—how shey by that la.

⁴ *An old grogrum*.] A prim old lady; so called from the stuff so denominated; evidently a corruption of the French *gros-grain*.

⁵ *Resolved*,] Certain, determined. This meaning is very common in Shakespeare and other dramatic writers, and similar to the sense in which resolution is employed in p. 355.

Fer. All thine: I will reserve my best ability, my heart, my honour only to thee, only to thee. 'Pity of my blood, away! I hear company coming on. Remember, soon I am all thine, I will live perpetually only to thee: away!—[*Exit JULIA.*] 'Sfoot! I wonder about what time of the year I was begot; sure it was when the moon was in conjunction, and all the other planets drunk at a morris-dance; I am haunted above patience; my mind is not as infinite to do, as my occasions are proffered of doing. Chastity! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing; or if there be, 'tis amongst us men, for I have never found it in a woman thoroughly tempted yet. I have a shrewd hard task coming on; but let it pass. Who comes now?

Enter FERNANDO.

My lord, the duke's friend! I will strive to be inward with him.—My noble lord Fernando!

Fern. My lord Ferentes, I would change some words

Of consequence with you; but since I am, For this time busied in more serious thoughts, I'll pick some fitter opportunity.

Fer. I will wait your pleasure, my lord. Good day to your lordship. [*Exit FERENTES.*]

Fern. Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run, That lost to reason, cannot sway the float Of the unruly faction in my blood? The duchess, oh the duchess! in her smiles Are all my joys abstracted. Death to my thoughts! My other plague comes to me.

Enter FIORMONDA and JULIA.

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.—Leave us Julia ! [*Exit JUL.*
Your own proof¹,
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.

¹ Proof,] Experience.

Fern. For you in him, and much for him in you.
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe
In your affects¹ a thing to me most strange,
Which make 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
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.

Fern. Madam?

Fior. 'Tis yours.

Fern. Methought you said, he charg'd you
Not to impart it but to him you lov'd
As dearly as you lov'd him.

¹ *Affects,*] For affections. Numerous instances of the use of the word in this sense may be found in the late edition of Shakespeare, Vol. XIX. p. 284; and in Reed's Old Plays, IV. 16.

Fior. True, I said so.

Fern. Oh, then, far be it my unhallowed hand
With any rude intrusion should unveil
A testament enacted by the dead.

Fior. Why man, that testament is disannulled
And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,
My blood is not yet freezed; 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 liv'd was his:
Hast thou yet pow'r 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, PETRUCHIO, COLONA, and
D'AVOLOS.

Blessed deliverance!

Fior. Prevented? Mischief on this interruption!

Bian. My lord Fernando, you encounter fitly.
I have a suit t'ye.

Fern. 'Tis my duty, madam,
To be commanded.

* *Marquess.*] This word is used for marchioness throughout the play.

Bian. Since my lord, the duke,
Is now dispos'd to mirth, the time serves well
For mediation, that he would be pleas'd
To take the lord Roseilli to his grace.
He is a noble gentleman ; I dare
Engage my credit, loyal to the state ;
And, sister, one that ever strove, methought,
By special service, and obsequious care,
To win respect from you. It were a part
Of gracious favour, if you pleas'd to join
With us, in being suitors to the duke
For his return to court.

Fior. To court ! indeed,
You have some cause to speak. He undertook
Most champion-like to win the prize at tilt,
In honour of your picture : marry did he.
There's not a groom o' th' query¹, could have
matched

The jolly riding man : pray get him back,
I do not need his service, madam, I.

Bian. Not need it, sister ? why, I hope you
think

'Tis no necessity in me to move it,
More than respect of honour.

Fior. Honour ! puh,
Honour is talk'd of more than known by some.

Bian. Sister these words I understand not.

Fern. (*aside.*) Swell not unruly thoughts !—
Madam, the motion you propose, proceeds
From the true touch of goodness ; 'tis a plea
Wherein my tongue and knee shall jointly strive
To beg his highness for Roseilli's cause.
Your judgment rightly speaks him ; there is not
In any court of Christendom, a man
For quality or trust more absolute.

¹ *Query.*] An abbreviation from equerry, in this place signifying the stables.

Fior. How? is't even so? [Aside.

Pet. I shall for ever bless
Your highness, for your gracious kind esteem
Of my disheart'ned kinsman; and to add
Encouragement to what you undertake,
I dare affirm, 'tis no important fault
Hath caus'd the duke's distaste.

Bian. I hope so too.

D'Av. Let your highness, and you all, my lords,
take advice how you motion his excellency on Ro-
seilli's behalf. There is more danger in that man
than is fit to be publickly reported. I could wish
things were otherwise for his own sake: but I'll
assure ye, you will exceedingly alter his excellen-
cy's disposition he is now in, if you but mention
the name of Roseilli to his ear. I am too much
acquainted in the process of his actions.

Bian. If it be so, I am the sorrier, sir.
I am loth to move my lord unto offence;
Yet I'll adventure chiding.

Fern. Oh, had I India's gold, I'd give it all

[Aside.
T' exchange one private word, one minute's breath
With this heart-wounding beauty.

Enter the DUKE, FERENTES, and NIBRASSA.

Duke. Pr'ythee, no more, Ferentes: by the faith
I owe to honour, thou hast made me laugh
Beside my spleen¹. Fernando, thou hast heard
The pleasant humour of Mauruccio's dotage
Discours'd; how in the winter of his age
He is become a lover: thou would'st swear
A morris-dance were but a tragedy
Compar'd to that. Well, we will see the youth.
What counsels hold you now, sirs?

¹ *Thou hast made me laugh beside my spleen.*] Anciently
the spleen was supposed to be the seat of laughter.

Bian. We, my lord,
Were talking of the horsemanship in France
Which, as your friend reports, he thinks exceeds
All other nations?

Duke. How? why, have not we
As gallant riders here?

Fern. None that I know.

Duke. Pish, your affection leads you; I dare
wage
A thousand ducats not a man in France
Outrides Roseilli.

Fior. (aside) I shall quit¹ this wrong.

Bian. I said as much, my lord.

Fern. I have not seen
His practice since my coming back.

Duke. Where is he?
How is't we see him not?

Pet. What's this? what's this?

Fern. I hear he was commanded from the court.

D'Av. Oh! confusion on this villainous occa-
sion! [*Aside.*

Duke. True; but we meant a day or two at most,
Should be his farthest term. Not yet return'd?
Where's D'Avolos?

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. You know our minds,
How comes it thus to pass we miss Roseilli.

D'Av. My lord, in a sudden discontent I hear he
departed towards Benevento; determining, as I am
given to understand, to pass to Seville, minding²
to visit his cousin, Don Pedro de Toledo, in the
Spanish court.

¹ *Quit,*] *i. e.* quite, requite. So Shakespeare, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Well, Angelo, your evil *quits* you well.”

² *Minding,*] Inclining, intending; in which sense it is still
used in the provinces.

Duke. The Spanish court! Now, by the blessed bones
Of good St Francis, let there posts be sent
To call him back, or I will post thy head
Beneath my foot. Ha! you, you know my mind;
Look that you get him back. The Spanish court;
And without our commission!—Say¹!

Pet. Here's fine juggling!

Bian. Good sir, be not so mov'd!

Duke. Fie, fie, Bianca,
'Tis such a gross indignity, I'd rather
Have lost seven years' revenue.—The Spanish
court!— [*Fior. appears disconcerted.*]
How now, what ails our sister?

Fior. On the sudden
I fall a bleeding, 'tis an ominous sign;
Pray heaven it turn to good!—Your highness'
leave. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Look to her! Come Fernando, come Bi-
anca,
Let's strive to overpass this choleric heat.—
Sirrah, see that you trifle not.—[*To D'Av.*] How
we,

Who sway the manage² of authority,
May be abus'd by smooth officious agents!—
But look well to our sister.

[*Exeunt.—PET. and FERN. remain.*]

Pet. Nephew, 'please you
To see your friend to-night!

¹ *Say!*] This word destroys the metre. It might, however, have been superadded by the author in revising the play, not thinking that he sinned against the rules of metre. In this manner, we ought probably to account for similar superfluities in Shakespeare's lines, which are so unnecessarily expunged by modern editors.

² *Manage,*] Management, conduct, administration. So in King John:

“Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must,
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.”

Fern. Yes, uncle, yes.— [*Exit* PET.
Thus, bodies walk unsoul'd¹: mine eyes but fol-
low

My heart entomb'd in yonder goodly shrine :
Life without her, is but death's subtle snares,
And I am but a coffin to my cares. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber of MAURUCCIO'S, with a
Gallery above.*

*Enter MAURUCCIO*², *looking in a glass, trimming
his beard: GIACOPO brushing him.*

Maur. Beard be confin'd to neatness, that no hair
May stover³ up to prick my mistress' lip,
More rude than bristles of a porcupine.—
Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Am I all sweet behind?

¹ *Thus bodies walk unsoul'd.*] A very quaint verb, coined by our author, signifying, "without the soul," which is, wandering after his mistress, an idea much in the style of Petrarch. It was some time before I could discover any meaning in the original, where the word is spelt "vnsold." The quarto reads, in the same line, ungrammatically—follows. But a similar error, in the next line but one, must stand *rythmi gratia*.

² The great family-likeness of Ford's characters has been observed before. In this play we have two very striking resemblances. Mauruccio is another Cuculus, and the identity of Bianca and Calantha will become more and more obvious, as we advance toward the catastrophe of this tragedy.

³ *May, st. ver up.*] "*Stover.*" says Mr Steevens, "in Cambridgeshire and other counties, signifies, hay made of coarse, rank grass, such as even cows will not eat, while it is green." Our author uses it in a singular manner as a verb.

Gia. I have no poulterer's nose ; but your apparel sits about you most debonairly.

Maur. But Giacopo, with what grace do my words proceed out of my mouth ? Have I a moving countenance ? Is there harmony in my voice ? Can'st thou perceive, as it were, a handsomeness of shape in my very breath as it is formed into syllables, Giacopo ?

Enter DUKE, Lords and Ladies above on the Balcony.

Gia. Yes, indeed, sir, I do feel a savour as pleasant as—a glister-pipe,—calamus, or civet.

Duke. Observe him, and be silent.

Maur. Hold thou the glass, Giacopo, and mark me with what exceeding comeliness I could court the lady marquess, if it come to the push.

Duke. Sister, you are his aim.

Fior. A subject fit
To be the stale¹ of laughter.

Bian. That's your music.

Maur. Thus I reverse my pace, and thus stalkingly in courtly gait, I advance, one, two, three.—Good ; I kiss my hand, make my congee, settle my countenance, and thus begin.—Hold up the glass higher, Giacopo !

Gia. Thus high, sir ?

Maur. 'Tis well ; now mark me :

Most excellent Marquèsse, most fair lady,

Let not old age, or hairs that are silver,

Disparage my desire : for it may be

I am than other green youth nimbeler² :

¹ *The stale of laughter,*] The laughing-stock. A parallel passage occurs in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. "He makes me a *stale*, and a laughing-stock."

² *Nimbeler.*] I have ventured to print this word as one of

*Since I am your grace's servant so true,
Great lady, then, love me for my vertùe.*

Oh, Giacopo! Petrarch was a dunce, Dante a jig-maker¹, Sanazar a goose, and Ariosto a puck-fist² to me. I tell thee, Giacopo, I am wrapp'd with fury, and have been for these six nights together drunk with the pure liquor of Helicon.

Gia. I think no less, sir; for you look as wild, and talk as idly, as if you had not slept these nine years.

Duke. What think you of this language, sister?

Fior. Sir,
I think in prince's courts, no age nor greatness
But must admit the fool. In me 'twere folly
To scorn what greater states³ than I have been.

three syllables, as the author undoubtedly meant the pedantic lines of Mauruccio to be perfect in their metre. For the same reason, the terminating words are printed in the quarto with a hyphen between the two syllables, as la-dy, sil-uer, nimb-ler, and ver-tue.

¹ *Jig-maker,*] A maker of ballads. Dante did actually compose some *ballate*, according to the Provençal system of poetry. But Ford does not allude to this circumstance. The ancient Scotch song on the ballad of Bannockburn, preserved by Fabian, and introduced by Marlow into his tragedy of Edward II. beginning,

“Maids of England long may you moorn,
For your lenmons you have lost at Bannockburn;”

is called a jig by that poet. And many old ballads are actually entitled *jigs*, as “A northerne jigg,”—“A merry new jigge,” &c.

² *Puck-fist.*] The same word of derision occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, p. 21.

“_____ This *puck-fist*,
This universal ratter.”

³ *States,*] Persons of high rank. So in Harrington's *Ariosto*,

“The Greek demands her, whither she was going,
And which of these two great *estates* her keeps.”

Bian. O, but you are too general.

Fior. A fool!

I thank your highness; many a woman's wit,
Have' thought themselves much better, was much
worse.

Bian. You still mistake me.

Duke. Silence! note the rest.

Maur. God-'a'-mercy brains! Giacopo, I have
it.

Gia. What, my lord?

Maur. A conceit, Giacopo, and a fine one.—
Down on thy knees, Giacopo, and worship my wit!
Give me both thy ears! Thus it is; I will have
my picture drawn most composituously, in a square
table² of some two foot long, from the crown of the
head to the waste downward; not further.

Gia. Then you'll look like a dwarf, sir, being
cut off by the middle.

Maur. Speak not thou, but wonder at the con-
ceit that follows: In my bosom, on my left side, I
will have a leaf of blood-red crimson velvet (as it
were part of my doublet) open; which being open-
ed, Giacopo,—now mark,—I will have a clear and
most transparent crystal in the heart.—Singular ad-
mirable!—When I have framed this, I will, as some
rare outlandish piece of workmanship, bestow it on
the most fair and illustrious Fiormonda.

Gia. But now, sir, for the conceit.

Maur. Simplicity and ignorance, prate no more!
Blockhead, dost not understand yet? Why, this

¹ *Have thought, &c.*] The phraseology here is quaint and ungrammatical: but the meaning is obvious: "The wit of many women, who have thought themselves much better, was much worse."

² *In a square table.*] A table signifies here, and in many passages of old plays, a picture. In the same manner, the word *tablet* was used for a miniature.

being to her instead of a looking-glass, she shall no oftener powder her hair¹, surfell her cheeks², cleanse her teeth, or conform the hairs of her eye-brows; but having occasion to use this glass, (which for the rareness and richness of it she will hourly do), but she shall as often gaze on my picture, remember me, and behold the excellence of her excellency's beauty, in the prospective and mirror, as it were, in my heart.

Gia. Aye, marry sir, this is something.

All above. Ha, ha; ha! [Exit. FIOR.]

Bian. My sister's gone in anger.

¹ *Powder her hair.*] The fashion of powdering and colouring the hair became very prevalent in the seventeenth century, and was much inveighed against by the Puritans. Thomas Hall, in his "Loathsomnesse of long Haire, with an appendix against painting, spots, naked breasts, &c. London, 1653," gives the following sage opinion on the practice: "It was the devil (say the ancient fathers) who did at first teach lewd women the art of painting and colouring their haire and faces; without doubt the devil was a great assistant to the inventor of it." And again, "Christ says, Matth. v. 36, No man can make one haire white or black; but those by their diabolical art can make black haire white, and white haire black." From these passages, it would seem, that besides the practice of powdering, our ancestors were more expert than the perfumers of the present day are, in the art of dying hair. So again, in Gascoigne's Steele Glas, speaking of the vanity of women:

"But curle their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare with sundry subtile sleights."

² *Surfell.*] I have not met with this word anywhere else. It has occurred to me, whether it may not be a word coined by our author, who, as we have before seen, (p. 285, note 3,) is very quaintly ingenious in that art. *Fell* is often used for skin, and to surfell the cheeks, may have been intended to mean, by spreading paint over the cheeks, to place as it were an artificial overskin upon their natural skin. The conjectured meaning I own appears a very strange one, but perhaps for that very reason the word was coined, and put into the mouth of the conceited Mauruccio. I have, however, no great confidence in this explanation.

Maur. Who's that laughs? Search with thine eyes, Giacopo.

Gia. Oh, my lord, my lord, you have gotten an everlasting fame: the duke's grace, and the duchess' grace, and my lord Fernando's grace, with all the rabble of courtiers, have heard every word.— Look where they stand! Now, you shall be made a count for your wit, and I lord for my counsel.

Duke. Beshrew the chance, we are discovered.

Maur. Pity,—Oh, my wisdom! I must speak to them.—

O! duke most great, and most renowned duchess! Excuse my apprehension, which not much-is; 'Tis love, my lord, that's all the hurt you see, Angelica herself [must] plead for me¹.

Duke. We pardon you, most wise and learned lord,

And that we may all glorify your wit,
Entreat your wisdom's company to-day,
To grace our talk with your [most²] grave discourse:

What says your mighty eloquence?

Maur. Giacopo, help me; his grace has put me out [of] my own bias, and I know not what to answer in form.

Gia. Ud's me: tell him you'll come.

Maur. Yes, I will come, my lord the duke, I will.

¹ [*Must*] *plead for me.*] The word in brackets has been introduced for the same reasons which are mentioned in p. 370, note 2.

² *Most.*] This word is not in the original. The duke is imitating the precise lines of Mauruccio's address to him; and therefore a syllable cannot be spared in this place, no more than in the one to which the foregoing note is attached. In the next speech, the monosyllable *of* was dropped at the press in the *quarto*,

Duke. We take your word, and wish your honour health.

Away then : Come, Bianca, we have found
A salve for melancholy, mirth and ease.

[*Exit the DUKE with the courtiers, excepting BIANCA and FERNANDO.*

Bian. I'll see the jolly lover and his glass
Take leave of one another.

Maur. Are they gone ?

Gia. Oh, my lord, I do now smell news.

Maur. What news, Giacopo.

Gia. The duke has a smackering towards you,
and you shall clap up with his sister the widow
suddenly.

Maur. She is mine, Giacopo, she is mine. Advance the glass, Giacopo, that I may practice as I pass¹, to walk a portly grace like a marquis, to which degree I am now a-climbing.

Thus, do we march to honour's haven of bliss,
To ride in triumph through Persepolis.

[*Exit GIACOPO, going backward with the glass ; MAURUCCIO complimenting.*

² *Advance the glass, Giacopo, that I may practise as I pass.*]
This reminds us strongly of Shakespeare's Richard III. :

“ Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.”

It is the practice of the most valuable of Shakespeare's commentators to adduce similar instances, where that poet's lines are imitated ludicrously by contemporaries, as sneers upon him, particularly from Fletcher, who was certainly very far from intending to cast ridicule on an author, with whom he was not only on good terms, but had been his coadjutor in writing “ The two Noble Kinsmen.” The ludicrous application of popular passages to common occurrences of life is so very natural, that no enmity or envy can thence be inferred. The bitterness of Ben Johnson against his too powerful rival is well ascertained, and the author of a late pamphlet has succeeded ill in his endeavour to overturn traditions and anecdotes so numerous and convincing. But why should we increase Shakespeare's enemies, by an author who was so truly Shakespearian as Fletcher ?

Bian. Now, as I live, here's laughter worth
our presence ;

I will not lose him so.—(*Going.*)

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 chang'd me to a lean anatomy².
Sweet princess of my life——

Bian. Forbear, or I shall——

Fern. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not ireeze
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,
My tears 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 voic'd³ your follies : If you dare

¹ *Worth.*] The old copy, which divides these lines into two, reads *worthy our presence*.

² *Anatomy.*] This word was very commonly used to signify a skeleton.

³ *Voic'd,*] Spoken of, made public, proclaimed.

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 discharg'd
 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.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* ROSELLI.

Rose. Is't possible the duke should be so mov'd !

Pet. 'Tis true ; you have no enemy at court
 But her, for whom you pine so much in love :
 Then master your affections ; I am sorry
 You hug your ruin so.

What say you to the project I proposed ?

Rose. I entertain it, with a greater joy
 Than shame can check.

Enter FERNANDO.

Pet. You're come as I could wish ;
 My cousin is resolv'd.

Fern. Without delay
 Prepare yourself, and meet at court anon,
 Some half hour hence ; and Cupid bless your joy !

Rose. If ever man was bounden to a friend——

Fern. No more ; away. [*Exeunt.*

Love's rage is yet unknown ;

In his—aye me!—too well I feel my own.
 So, now I am alone, now let me think;
 She is the duchess;—say she be: a creature,
 Sew'd up in painted cloth, might so be styl'd;
 That's but a name: she's married too, she is,
 And therefore better might distinguish love:—
 She's young and fair; why, madam, that's the bait
 Invites me more to hope:—she's the duke's wife;
 Who knows not this!—she's bosomed to my friend:
 There, there I am quite lost: will not be won;
 Still worse and worse: abhors to hear me speak;
 Eternal mischief! I must urge no more:
 For were I not beleper'd in my soul,
 Here were enough to quench the flames of hell.
 What then? pish, I must not speak, I'll write.
 Come then, sad secretary to my plaints,
 Plead thou my faith, for words are turn'd to sighs.
 What says this paper?

*[He draws a letter out of his bosom, and reads
 to himself with great agitation.]*

Enter D'AVOLOS with two Pictures.

D'Av. Now is the time. Alone? reading a letter? good; how now? striking his breast? what, in the name of policy, should this mean? tearing his hair? passion; by all the hopes of my life, plain passion. Now I perceive it; if this be not a fit of some violent affection, I am an ass in understanding; why 'tis plain, plainer and plainer: love in the extremest. Oh for the party, who now? the greatness of his spirits is too high cherish'd to be caught with some ordinary stuff, and if it be my lady Fiormonda, I am strangely mistook. Well, that I have fit occasion soon to understand; I have here two pictures, newly drawn, to be sent for a present to the abbot of Monaco, the duchess' uncle, her own and my lady's: I'll observe which of these

may, perhaps, bewray him.—He turns about.—
My noble lord.

Fern. You're welcome, sir ; I thank you.

D'Av. Me, my lord ! for what, my lord ?

Fern. Who's there ? I cry you mercy, D'Avolos,
I took you for another ; pray excuse me ;
What is't you bear there ?

D'Av. No secret, my lord, but may be imparted
to you. A couple of pictures, my good lord.—
Please you see them ?

Fern. I care not much for pictures : but whose
are they ?

D'Av. Th' one is for my lord's sister, the other
is the duchess.

Fern. Ha ! D'Avolos, the duchess's ?

D'Av. Yes, my lord :—sure the word startled
him—Observe that.

Fern. You told me, master secretary, once,
You ow'd me love.

D'Av. Service my honour'd lord, howsoever you
please to term it.

Fern. 'Twere rudeness to be suitor for a sight,
Yet trust me, sir, I'll be all secret.

D'Av. I beseech your lordship ; they are, as I
am, constant to your pleasure.—[*Shews FIORMONDA's picture.*]—This, my lord, is the widow mar-
quess's, as it now newly came from the picture-
drawer's ; the oil yet green ; a sweet picture ; and,
in my judgment, art hath not been a niggard in
striving to equal the life. Michael Angelo himself
needed not blush to own the workmanship.

Fern. A very pretty picture ; but, kind signor,
To whose use is it ?

D'Av. For the duke's, my lord, who determines
to send it with all speed as a present to Paul Bag-
lione, uncle to the duchess, that he may see the

riches of two such lustres as shine in the court of Pavy.

Fern. Pray sir, the other?

D'Av. [*Shews the picture of the Duchess.*]—This, my lord, is for the duchess Bianca, a wond'rous sweet picture, if you well observe with what singularity the artsman hath strove to set forth each limb in exquisitest proportion, not missing a hair.

Fern. A hair?

D'Av. She cannot more formally, or (if it may be lawful to use the word) more really, behold her own symmetry in her glass, than in taking a sensible view of this counterfeit¹. When I first saw it, I verily almost was of a mind that this was her very lip.

Fern. Lip!

D'Av. [*Aside.*] How constantly he dwells upon this portraiture!—Nay, I'll assure your lordship there is no defect of cunning.—His eye is fix'd as if it were incorporated there. [*Aside.*]—Were not the party herself alive to witness that there is a creature compos'd of flesh and blood, as naturally enriched with such harmony of admiral beauty, as is here artificially counterfeit'd, a very curious eye might repute it as an imaginary rapture of some transported conceit, to aim at an impossibility; whose very first gaze is of force almost to persuade a substantial love in a settled heart.

Fern. Love! heart!

D'Av. My honour'd Lord.

Fern. Oh heavens!

D'Av. [*Aside.*] I am confirmed.—What ails your lordship?

¹ *Counterfeit.*] This term was anciently used for resemblance, likeness, portrait. So when Hamlet shows the pictures of his uncle and his father to the queen, he calls them

“The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.”

Fern. You need not praise it, sir, itself is praise. How near had I forgot myself! [*Aside.*]—I thank you.

'Tis such a picture as might well become
The shrine of some fan'd¹ Venus; I am dazzled
With looking on't:—Pray, sir, convey it hence.

D'Av. I am all your servant.—Blessed, blessed discovery!—Please you to command me?

Fern. No, gentle sir.—I'm lost beyond my senses.—D'ye hear, sir, good, where dwells the picture-maker?

D'Av. By the castle's farther drawbridge, near Galiazzo's statue; his name is Alphonso Frinulzio.—Happy above all fate! [*Aside.*]

[*Exit D'AVOLOS.*]

Fern. You say enough, my thanks t'ye.—Were that picture
But rated at my lordship, 'twere too cheap.
I fear I spoke, or did, I know not what;
All sense of providence was in mine eye.

Enter FERENTES, MAURUCCIO, and GIACOPO.

Fer. Youth is three-score years and ten; trust me, my lord Mauruccio, you are now younger in the judgment of those that compare your former age with your latter, by seven-and-twenty years, than you were three years ago. By all my fidelity, 'tis a miracle: the ladies wonder at you.

Maur. Let them wonder; I am wise, as I am courtly.

Gia. The ladies, my lord, call him the green broom of the court, he sweeps all before him; and swear he has a stabbing wit: it is a very glister to laughter.

¹ *Fan'd,*] Enshrined

Mau. Nay, I know I can tickle 'em at my pleasure ; I am stiff and strong, Ferentes.

Gia. [*Aside.*] A radish root is a spear of steel in comparison of I know what.

Fer. The marquess doth love you.

Maur. She doth love me.

Fer. And begins to do you infinite grace, Mauruccio, infinite grace.

Fern. I'll take this time. [*Comes forward.*

Good hour, my lords, to both.

Maur. Right princely Fernando, the best of the Fernandos. By the pith of generation, the man I look for. His highness hath sent to find you out ; he's determined to weather his own proper individual person, for two days space, in my lord Nibrassa's forest,

To hunt the deer, the buck, the roe,

*And eke the barren doe*¹.

Fern. Is his highness preparing to hunt ?

*Maur*². Yes, my lord, and resolved to lie forth for the 'breviating the prolixity of some superfluous transmigration of the sun's double cadence to the western horizon, my most perspicuous good lord.

Fern. Oh, sir, let me beseech you to speak in your own mother tongue.—[*Aside.*] Two days absence ! well.—My lord Mauruccio, I have a suit t'ye.

¹ *To hunt the deer, the buck, the roe, And eke the barren doe.*] Though these two lines are printed in the quarto without being distinguished from the rest of Mauruccio's speech, they are certainly a scrap from an old ballad.

² *Maur.*] This speech is given to Ferentes in the quarto, to whom it does not suit at all. Mauruccio is all along using the hyperbolic language, which seems to have been in the meridian of fashion among the gallants of our author's days. Besides, the whole conversation is carried on between him and Fernando.

Maur. My lord Fernando, I have a suit to you.

Fern. That you will accept from me a very choice token of my love. Will you grant it?

Maur. Will you grant mine?

Fern. What is't?

Maur. Only to know what the suit is you please to prefer to me.

Fern. Why, 'tis, my lord, a fool.

Maur. A fool?

Fern. As very a fool as your lordship is ——— hopeful to see in any time of your life.

Gia. Now, good my lord, part not with the fool on any terms.

Maur. I beseech you, my lord, has the fool qualities?

Fern. Very rare ones: you shall not hear him speak one wise word in a month's converse; passing temperate of diet; for, keep him from meat four-and-twenty hours, and he will fast a whole day and a night together: unless you urge him to swear, there seldom comes an oath from his mouth: and of a fool, my lord, to tell you the plain truth, had he but half as much wit as you, my lord, he would be in short time three quarters as arrant wise as your lordship.

Maur. Giacopo, these are very elements in a creature of little understanding: Oh, that I long to see him!

Enter PETRUCHIO, and ROSELLI *disguised as a Fool.*

Fern. A very harmless idiot; and as you could wish, look where he comes.

Pet. Nephew, here is the thing you sent for.— Come hither fool; come, 'tis a good fool.

Fern. Here, my lord; I freely give you the fool, pray use him well for my sake.

Maur. I take the fool most thankfully at your

hands, my lord.—Hast any qualities, my pretty fool? Wilt dwell with me!

Ros. A, a, a, a, aye!

Fer. I never beheld a more natural creature in my life.

Fern. Uncle, the duke I hear prepares to hunt. Let's in and wait. Farewell, Mauruccio.—

[*Exit FERN. and PET.*

Maur. Beast that I am, not to ask the fool's name! 'Tis no matter; fool is a sufficient title to call the greatest lord in the court by, if he be no wiser than he.

Gia. Oh my lord, what an arrant excellent pretty creature 'tis! come honey, honey, honey, come.

Fer. You are beholding to my lord Fernando for this gift.

Maur. True. Oh, that he could but speak methodically! Canst speak, fool!

Ros. Can speak; De, e, e, e, e—

Fer. 'Tis a present for an emperor. What an excellent instrument were this to purchase a suit, or a monopoly from the duke's ear.

Maur. I have it, I am wise and fortunate. Giacopo, I will leave all conceits, and instead of my picture, offer the lady marquess this mortal man of weak brain.

Gia. My lord, you have most rarely bethought you; for so shall she no oftener see the fool, but she shall remember you better than by a thousand looking-glasses.

Fer. She will most graciously entertain it.

² It was a bold undertaking of our poet's, and which, it must be own'd, he has not executed with his usual skill, to paint a counterfeit fool after Shakespeare's admirable character of Edgar in King Lear. It should, however, be observed, that Roseilli only takes upon himself the character of a mere natural or innocent. Edgar's counterfeit character is of a higher rank.

Maur. I may tell you, Ferentes, there's not a great woman amongst forty, but knows how to make sport with a fool.—Dost know how old thou art, sirrah?

Ros. Dud—a clap cheek for nownie sake, Gaffer. Hee, e, e, e, e.

Fer. Alas, you must ask him no questions, but clap him on the cheek. I understand his language; your fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is:

Enter FIORMONDA, D'AVOLOS, JULIA.

Fior. No more, thou hast in this discovery Exceeded all my favours, D'Avolos.

Is't mistress madam duchess? brave revenge!

D'Av. But had your grace seen the infinite appetite of lust in the piercing adultery of his eye, you would——

Fior. Or change him, or confound him, prompt dissembler!

Is here the bond of his religious vow?

And that, now when the duke is rid abroad,

My gentleman will stay behind, is sick—or so:

D'Av. Not altogether in health; it was the excuse he made.

Maur. Most fit opportunity, her grace comes just i'th' nick. Let me study.

Gia. Lose no time, my lord.

Fer. To her, sir.

Maur. Vouchsafe to stay thy foot, most Cynthian hue,

And from a creature, ever vow'd thy servant,
Accept this gift; most rare, most fine, most new,
The earnest-penny of a love so fervent.

Fior. What means the jolly youth?

Maur. Nothing, sweet princess, but only to present your grace with this sweet-fac'd fool; please you to accept him to make you merry. I'll assure your grace he is a very wholesome fool.

Fior. A fool! you might as well have given yourself.

Whence is he?

Maur. Now, just very now, given me out of special favour, by the lord Fernando, madam.

Fior. By him? Well, I accept him; thank you for't,

And in requital, take that tooth-picker.

'Tis yours.

Maur. A tooth-picker; I kiss your bounty.—No quibble now!—And madam,

*If I grow sick, to make my spirits quicker,
I will revive them with this sweet tooth-picker.*

Fior. Make use on't as you list; here D'Avolos, Take in the fool.

D'Av. Come, sweetheart, wilt along with me?

Ros. U, u, umh,—u, u, umh,—won-not, won-not.—U, u, umh.

Fior. Wilt go with me chick?

Ros. Will go, te e e—go, will go—

Fior. Come, D'Avolos, observe to night. 'Tis late; Or I will win my choice, or curse my fate.

[*Exeunt FIOR. ROS. and D'AV.*

Fer. This was wisely done now. S'foot you purchase a favour from a creature, my lord, the greatest king of the earth would be proud of.

Maur. Giacopo!

Gia. My lord.

Maur. Come behind me, Giacopo; I am big with conceit, and must be delivered of poetry, in the eternal commendation of this gracious tooth-picker. But, first, I hold it a most healthy policy to make a slight supper:

*For meat's the food that must preserve our lives,
And now's the time when mortals whet their knives,
On thresholds, shoe-soles, cart-wheels, &c.*

Away, Giacopo.

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter COLONA with lights, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, JULIA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS; COLONA placeth 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, I care not,

How cunning soe'er he be, to pass an hour,

I'll try your skill, my lord; reach here the chess-board.

D'Av. [*Aside.*] Are you so apt to try his skill, madam duchess? Very good.

Fern. I shall bewray too much my ignorance In striving with your highness; 'tis a game I lose at still, by oversight.

Bian. Well, well,

I fear you not, let's too't.

Fern. You need not, madam'.

D'Av. [*Aside to FIOR.*] Marry needs she not; how gladly will she to't! 'tis a rook to a queen, she heaves a pawn to a knight's place; by'r lady, if all be truly noted, to a duke's place; and that's beside the play, I can tell ye.

[*FERNANDO and the Duchess play.*]

Fior. Madam, I must entreat excuse; I feel

¹ This line is given to Fiormonda in the quarto; it evidently belongs to Fernando.

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.

[*FIORMONDA takes her leave, attended by*

D'AVOLOS and JULIA.

Fior. [To *D'AV.* at the door.] Let 'em have time
enough, and as thou cans't,

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—

[*Exeunt FIOR. COL. JUL. 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:—
What do ye 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, lightened 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 quest, 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.

Enter D'AVOLOS, standing apart, jeering and listening.

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 night's expence,
 Examin'd; but, oh, madam, still I find
 No physic strong to cure a tortur'd mind,
 But freedom from the torture it sustains.

D'Av. Not kissing yet? Still on your knees?
 O for a plump bed and clean sheets, to comfort the
 aching of his shins! we shall have 'em clip anon,
 and lisp kisses; here's ceremony with a vengeance.

Bian. Rise up, we charge you, rise. Look on our
 face. [*He rises.*]

What see you there that may persuade a hope
 Of lawless love? Know, most unworthy man,
 So much we hate the baseness of thy lust,
 As, were none living of thy sex but thee,
 We had much rather prostitute our blood
 To some envenom'd serpent, than admit
 Thy bestial dalliance. Couldst thou dare to speak
 Again, when we forbade? No, wretched thing,

Take this for answer : if thou henceforth open
 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'Av. Now, now, now the game's a-foot ; your
 gray jennet with the white face is curried, forsooth ;
 please your lordship leap up into the saddle, for-
 sooth.—Poor duke, how does thy head ache now ?

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'Av. Aye, marry, the match is made ; clap
 hands and to't, ho !

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.

Enter with Lights.

Bian.

Good night :

Rest in your goodness ; lights there. Sir, good
 night.

[*Exeunt sundry ways.*]

D'Av. So, via——To be cuckold (mercy and
 providence !) is as natural to a married man as to
 eat, sleep, or wear a nightcap. Friends ! I will

rather trust mine arm in the throat of a lion, my purse with a courtezan, my neck with the chance on a dye, or my religion in a synagogue of Jews, than my wife with a friend. Wherein do princes exceed the poorest peasant that ever was yok'd to a sixpenny strumpet, but that the horns of the one are mounted some two inches higher by a choppine¹ than the other? Oh Acteon! the goodliest headed beast of the forest, amongst wild cattle, is a stag; and the goodliest beast amongst tame fools in a corporation is a cuckold.

Enter FIORMONDA.

Fior. Speak D'Avolos, how thrives intelligence?

¹ *Choppine.*] The extraordinary fashion of wearing choppines, or absurdly high heels, has received very full illustration in the notes to Hamlet (Ed. 1803, XVIII. p. 145.), and still more in the late work of Mr Douce (II. 231.), where a representation of a real Venetian choppine is given. That they were actually in use in England, appears from the frequent mention of them in the old dramas, and from a passage in Bulwer's Artificial Changeling. They were probably imported from Venice, where the fashion was perhaps introduced or promoted by the jealousy of the husbands, and where it was carried to a great height of extravagance. Tom Coryate, when speaking of that city, describes a choppine as "a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they wear under the shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some of them I have seen fairly gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pitty this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the citie. There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported eyther by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up

D'Av. Above the prevention of fate, madam. I saw him kneel, make pitiful faces, kiss hands and forefingers; rise, and by this time he is up, up madam. Doubtless the youth aims to be duke, for he is gotten into the duke's seat an hour ago.

Fior. Is't true?

D'Av. Oracle, oracle! siege was laid, parley admitted, composition offered, and the fort entered; there's no interruption. The duke will be at home to-morrow, gentle animal!—What d'ye resolve?

Fior. To stir up tragedies as black as brave; And sending' the lecher panting to his grave.—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Bed-chamber.*

Enter BIANCA, her hair hanging loose, in her night-mantle. She draws a curtain, where FERNANDO is discovered in bed, sleeping. She sets down the candle before the bed, and goes to the bed-side.

Bian. Resolve and do; 'tis done.—What! are those eyes,

Which lately were so overdrown'd in tears,

So easy to take rest? Oh happy man!

How sweetly sleep hath seal'd up sorrows here?

But I will call him.—What, my lord, my lord!

My lord Fernando!

Fern.

Who calls me?

most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Perhaps honest Tom Coryate, who has the credit of having introduced the use of forks into England, may, by this minute description, have given origin, though against his will, to this preposterous fashion also, among his countrywomen, who, however, did not go to such an extravagaut length as those of Venice.

[*Sending.*] So the old copy reads.

Bian. My lord,
Sleeping or waking ?

Fern. Ha ! who is't ?

Bian. 'Tis I :
Have you forgot my voice ? or is your ear
But useful to your eye ?

Fern. Madam, the duchess ?

Bian. She, 'tis she ; sit up !
Sit up and wonder, whiles my sorrows swell :
The nights are short, and I have much to say.

Fern. Is't possible 'tis you ?

Bian. 'Tis possible.
Why do you think I come ?

Fern. Why, to crown joys,
And make me master of my best desires.

Bian. 'Tis true, you guess aright. Sit up and
listen :

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 liv'd, that lov'd like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fern. Oh, madam !

Bian. To witness that I spake is truth,—look
here !

Thus singly I adventure to thy bed,
And do confess my weakness ; if thou tempt'st
My bosom to thy pleasures, I will yield.

Fern. Perpetual happiness !

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,
 Advanc'd me to the titles I possess,
 Not mov'd by counsel, or remov'd 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, here, Fernando,
 Be satisfied, and ruin me.

Fern. What d'ye mean ?

Bian. To give my body up to thy embraces,
 A pleasure that I never wished to thrive in,
 Before this fatal minute : mark me now,
 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. How, madam, how ?

Bian. I will :
 Do what thou wilt, 'tis in thy choice. What say
 ye ?

Fern. Pish, do you come to try me ? Tell me,
 first,
 Will you but grant a kiss ?

Bian. Yes, take it ; that,
 Or what thy heart can wish. I am all thine.

[*FERN.* kisses her.]

Fern. Oh, me !—Come, come : how many wo-
 men, 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 spake, my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I deny'd,
Think me a common and most cunning whore,
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof!—Do as you list.

Fern. I must believe ye, yet I hope anon,
When you are parted from me, you will say
I was a good, cold, easy-spirited man,
Nay, laugh at my simplicity. Say, will ye ?

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 prevailed, and Heaven forbid
that I

Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple ; 'tis enough for me
You'll please to call me servant¹.

Bian. Nay, be thine :

¹ *Servant.*] The singular connection between a mistress and her servant, in the age of our author, has been often described. The latter was a kind of privileged admirer, and was permitted to do some offices for his mistress, which were sometimes of a very menial kind, and for which he received favours and presents of no great consequence, such as the tooth-pick given by Fiormonda to Mauruccio, in a preceding scene. Many married ladies had a long suite of such servants in their train, without detriment to their reputation. The practice was no doubt a remnant of those extraordinary institutions, the courts of love, and indeed of the extravagant adoration paid to women, in the chivalrous age, in general.

Command my power, my bosom ; and I'll write
This love within the tables¹ 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 unfinished 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 spake 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.

[*Exit BIANCA.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter NIBRASSA chafing ; after him JULIA weeping.

Nib. Get from me, strumpet, infamous whore,
leprosy of my blood ! Make thy moan to ballad-
singers and rhymers ; they'll jig out thy wretched-
ness² and abominations to new tunes ; as for me, I

¹ *Tables.*] An allusion to the table-books described in a preceding note to this play.

² *They'll jig out thy wretchedness.*] It has been before observed, that a ballad was also denominated a jig ; which word is here used as a verb.

renounce thee ; thou'rt no daughter of mine, I disclaim the legitimation of thy birth, and curse the hour of thy nativity.

Jul. 'Pray, sir, vouchsafe me hearing.

Nib. With child ! Shame to my grave ! Oh ! whore, wretched beyond utterance or reformation ! What would'st say ?

Jul. Sir, by the honour of my mother's hearse, He has protested marriage, pledg'd his faith ; If vows have any force, I am his wife.

Nib. His faith ? Why, thou fool, thou wickedly credulous fool, can'st thou imagine luxury is observant of religion ? No, no ; it is, with a frequent letcher, as usual to forswear as to swear ; their piety is in making idolatry a worship ; their hearts and their tongues are as different as thou,—thou whore !—and a virgin.

Jul. You are too violent ; his truth will prove His constancy, and so excuse my fault.

Nib. Shameless woman ! this belief will damn thee. How will thy lady marquess justly reprove me, for preferring to her service a monster of so lewd and impudent a life ? Look to't ; if thy smooth devil leave thee to thy infamy, I will never pity thy mortal pangs, never lodge thee under my roof, never own thee for my child ; mercy be my witness !

Enter PETRUCHIO, *leading* COLONA.

Pet. Hide not thy folly by unwise excuse,
Thou art undone, Colona ; no entreaties,
No warning, no persuasion, could put off
The habit of thy dotage on that man
Of much deceit, Ferentes. 'Would thine eyes
Had seen me in my grave, ere I had known
The stain of this thine honour.

Col.

Good, my lord,

Reclaim your incredulity : my fault
 Proceeds from lawful composition
 Of wedlock ; he hath seal'd his oath to mine,
 To be my husband.

Nib. Husband ! Hey-day ! is't even so ? Nay, then we have partners in affliction. If my jolly gallant's long clapper have struck on both sides, all is well. Petruchio, thou art not wise enough to be a 'parator'. Come hither man, come hither ; speak softly. Is thy daughter with child ?

Pet. With child, Nibrassa ?

Nib. Foh ! do not trick me off, I overheard your gabbling. Hark in thine ear, so is mine too.

Pet. Alas, my lord, by whom ?

Nib. Innocent² ! by whom ? What an idle question is that ? One cock hath trod both our hens. Ferentes, Ferentes : who else ? How dost take it ? Methinks thou art wond'rous patient. Why, I am mad, stark mad.

Pet. How like you this, Colona, 'tis too true ? Did not this man protest to be your husband ?

Col. Aye me ! to me he did.

Nib. What else, what else, Petruchio ? And madam, my quondam daughter, I hope he has³ past some huge words of matrimony to you too.

Jul. Alas ! to me he did.

Nib. And how many more, the great Incubus of hell knows best. Petruchio, give me your hand ; mine own daughter in this arm, and yours, Colona, in this. There, there, sit ye down together. Never rise, as you hope to inherit our blessings, till you

¹ 'Parator.] An apparator is "a serjeant, beadle, or sumner ; but most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summon'd in delinquents to a spiritual court."—*Blount's Glossographia*.

² *Innocent,*] *i. e.* fool. See p. 19, note 3.

³ *He has,*] In the old copy--h'ave.

have plotted some brave revenge: Think upon it to purpose, and you shall want no seconds to further it; be secret one to another. Come, Petruccio, let 'em alone; the wenches will demur on't, and, for the process¹, we'll give 'em courage.

Pet. You counsel wisely, I approve, your plot. Think on your shames, and who it was that wrought 'em.

Nib. Aye, aye, aye, leave them alone. To work, wenches, to work! [*Exeunt.*]

Col. We are quite ruin'd.

Jul. True, Colona, Betray'd to infamy, deceiv'd, and mocked, By an unconstant villain. What shall's do? I am with child.

Col. Hey-ho! and so am I. But what shall's do now?

Jul. This: with cunning words. First prove his love; he knows I am with child.

Col. And so he knows I am; I told him on't Last meeting in the lobby, and, in troth, The false deceiver laugh'd.

Jul. Now, by the stars, He did the like to me, and said, 'twas well I was so happ'ly sped.

Col. Those very words He used to me; it fretted me to th' heart; I'll be revenged.

Enter FERENTES and MORONA, an old Lady.

Jul. Peace! here's a noise, methinks. Let's rise; we'll take a time to talk of this.

[*They walk apart.*]

Fer. Will ye? hold! death of my delights, have

¹ *Process.*] Nibrassa is using the language of the law. *Process* generally means *summons*, but seems here to be employed in the sense of *executing the warrant*.

ye lost all sense of shame ! You're best roar about the court, that I have been your woman's-barber, and trimm'd ye, kind Morona.

Mor. Defiance to thy kindness ! Thou'st robb'd me of my good name ; did'st promise to love none but me, me, only me ; swor'st, like an unconscionable villain, to marry me the twelfth day of the month, two months since ; did'st make my bed thine own, mine house thine own, mine all and every thing thine own ; I will exclaim to the world on thee, and beg justice of the duke himself ; villain ! I will.

Fer. Yet again : nay, an if you be in that mood, shut up your fore-shop, I'll be your journeyman no longer. Why, wise madam dry-fist, could your mouldy brain be so addle, to imagine I would marry a stale widow at six-and-forty ? Marry gip, are there not varieties enough of thirteen ? Come, stop your clap-dish¹, or I'll purchase a carting for you : by this light, I have toiled more with this tough carrion hen, than with ten quails, scarce grown into their first feathers.

Mor. O ! treason to all honesty or religion !— Speak, thou perjur'd, damnable, ungracious defiler of women, who shall father my child which thou hast begotten ?

Fer. Why, thee, country-woman² ! Thou'st a

¹ *Clap-dish.*] The clap-dish, or clapper, was a shallow dish with a moveable cover, to make a noise. It was used originally by the lepers, dwelling on the high-roads, to give notice to travellers, and to warn them not to approach to them. To this they were bound by the law. At the same time, it was usual to throw alms into it. At length, it became a common attribute of a particular class of beggars ; and on the continent is still to be met with.

² *Country-woman.*] This seems to have been used as a term of reproach, in the same manner as *northern-man* was, by Chaucer and Shakespeare, for a clown.

larger purse to pay for the nursing. Nay, if you'll needs have the world know how you, reputed a grave, matron-like, motherly madam, kick'd up your heels like a jennet, whose mark is new come into her mouth, e'en do, do. The worst can be said of me is, that I was ill-advis'd, to dig for gold in a coal-pit. Are you answer'd?

Mor. Answer'd?

Jul. [*Coming forward.*] Let's fall amongst 'em.—
Love—how is't, chick? ha?

Col. My dear Ferentes, my betrothed lord.

Fer. Excellent! Oh, for three Barbary stone-horses to top three Flanders mares! Why, how now, wenches? What means this?

Mor. Out upon me! Here's more of his trulls.

Jul. Love, you must go with me.

Col. Good love, let's walk.

Fer. I must rid my hands of 'em, or they'll ride on my shoulders.—By your leave, ladies; here's none but is of common counsel one with another: in short, there are three of ye with child; you tell me by me. All of you I cannot satisfy; nor, indeed, handsomely any of ye. You all hope I should marry you; which, for that it is impossible to be done, I am content to have neither of ye. For your looking big on the matter, keep your own counsels, I'll not bewray ye; but for marriage, heaven bless ye, and me from ye: this is my resolution.

Col. How, not me!

Jul. Not me!

Mor. Not me!

Fer. Nor you, nor you, nor you. And to give you some satisfaction, I'll yield you reasons. You, Colona, had a pretty art in your dalliance; but your fault was, you were too suddenly won. You, madam Morona, could have pleas'd well enough

some three or four-and-thirty years ago, but you are too old. You, Julia, were young enough, but your fault is, you have a scurvy face. Now, every one knowing her proper defect, thank me that I ever vouchsafed you the honour of my bed once in your lives. If you want clouts, all I'll promise, is to rip up an old shirt or two. So, wishing a speedy deliverance to all your burdens, I commend you to your patience. [Exit.

Mor. Excellent!

Jul. Notable!

Col. Unmatched villain.

Jul. Madam, though strangers, yet we understand

Your wrongs do equal ours; which to revenge,
Please but to join with us, and we'll redeem
Our loss of honour, by a brave exploit.

Mor. I embrace your motion, ladies, with gladness, and will strive by any action to rank with you in any danger.

Col. Come gentlewomen, let's together then.
Thrice happy maids that never trusted men¹!

[Exeunt.

¹ This is at best but a very disgusting scene; but its introduction may find some excuse, as the galleries in those days, as well as ours, required some difference of diet from that which was grateful to the better parts of the house. That demanded for the galleries of our days is less gross, but frequently no less disgusting.

SCENE II.—*The State-room in the Palace.*

Enter DUKE, BIANCA supported by FERNANDO, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FERENTES, and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Roseilli will not come then? Will not?
Well;

His pride shall ruin him.—Our letters speak
The duchess' uncle will be here to-morrow.
To-morrow, D'Avolos?

D'Av. To-morrow night, my lord; but not to
make more than one day's abode here: for his ho-
liness has commanded him to be at Rome the tenth
of this month, the conclave of cardinals not being
resolv'd to sit till his coming.

Duke. Your uncle, sweetheart, at his next re-
turn,
Must be saluted cardinal. Ferentes,
Be it your charge to think on some device
To entertain the presence¹ with delight.

Fern. My lord, in honour to the court of Pavy,
I'll join with you, Ferentes, Not long since,
I saw in Brussels, at my being there,
The duke of Brabant welcome the archbishop
Of Mentz with rare conceit, even on a sudden
Perform'd by knights and ladies of his court,

¹ *The presence.*] The quarto reads, *the present*, which conveys no meaning. The presence, frequently denoted the presence or audience-chamber. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Jaques, speaking of his master, who, he says, is a duke, says,

“ His chamber hung with nobles like a *presence*.”

In the text, the nobles and courtiers, assembled in the presence-chamber, are meant.

In nature of an antick¹ ; which methought,
 (For that I ne'er before saw women-anticks)
 Was for the newness strange, and much commend-
 ed.

Bian. Now good, my lord, Fernando, further
 this

In any wise ; it cannot but content.

Fior. If she entreat, 'tis ten to one the man
 Is won before hand. [*Aside.*

Duke. Friend, thou honour'st me :
 But can it be so speedily perform'd.

Fern. I'll undertake it, if the ladies please,
 To exercise in person only that ;
 And we must have a fool, or such a one
 As can with art well act him.

Fior. I shall fit ye ;
 I have a natural.

Fern. Best of all, madam ; (then, nothing wants :
 You must make one, Ferentes.)

Fer. With my best service and dexterity, | my
 lord.

Pet. This falls out happily, Nibrassa. |

Nib. We could not wish it better : Heaven is an
 unbrib'd justice.

Duke. We'll meet our uncle in a solemn grace
 Of zealous presence², as becomes the church :
 See all the choir be ready, D'Avolos.

D'Av. I have already made your highness' plea-
 sure known to them.

Bian. Your lip, my lord !

Fern. Madam.

Bian. Perhaps your teeth have bled, wipe it with
 my handkerchief ; give me, I'll do't myself.—

¹ *In nature of an antick.*] A kind of masque, one or more of
 the characters of which were anticks or fools.

² *Presence.*] In this place, the word is used in another an-
 cient signification, that of state, appearance.

Speak, shall I steal a kiss? Believe me, my lord, I long.

Fern. Not for the world.

Fior. Apparent impudence!

D'Av. [*Half aloud.*] Beshrew my heart, but that's not so good.

Duke. Ha, what's that thou mislik'st, D'Avolos?

D'Av. Nothing, my lord;—but I was hammering a conceit of mine own, which cannot (I find) in so short a time thrive, as a day's practice.

Fior. Well put off, secretary.

Duke. We are too sad; methinks the life of mirth should still be fed where we are; where's Mauruccio?

Fer. An't please your highness, he's of late grown so affectionately inward with my lady marquess's fool, that I presume he is confident there are few wise men worthy of his society, who are not as innocently harmless as that creature. It is almost impossible to separate them, and 'tis a question which of the two is the wiser man.

Duke. 'Would he were here, I have a kind of dulness

Hangs on me since my hunting, that I feel
As 'twere a disposition to be sick,
My head is ever aching.

D'Av. A shrewd ominous token; I like not that neither.

Duke. Again! what is't you like not?

D'Av. I beseech your highness excuse me. I am so busy with this¹ frivolous project, and can bring it to no shape, that it almost confounds my capacity.

Bian. My lord, you were best to try to set a maw²;

¹ *This.*] The old copy—his.

² *Maw.*] This game is mentioned in Dekker's *Bellman of Lon-*

I and your friend, to pass away the time,
Will undertake your highness and your sister.

Duke. The game's too tedious.

Fior. 'Tis a peevish¹ play,
Your knave will heave the queen out, or your king ;
Besides, 'tis all on fortune.

*Enter MAURUCCIO, ROSELLI as a Fool, and
GIACOPO.*

Maur. Bless thee, most excellent duke ; I here present thee as worthy and learned a gentleman, as ever I (and yet I have lived threescore years) convers'd with. (take it from me, I have tried him), and is worthy to be privy-counsellor to the greatest Turk in Christendom ; of a most apparent and deep understanding, slow of speech, but speaks to the purpose. Come forward, sir, and appear before his highness in your own proper elements.

Ros. Will—tye—to da new toate sure la now.

Gia. A very senseless gentleman, and please your highness, one that has a great deal of little wit, as they say.

Maur. Oh, sir, had you heard him as I did, deliver whole histories in the Tangay tongue, you would swear there were not such a linguist breath'd again ; and did I but perfectly understand his language, I would be confident, in less than two hours, to distinguish the meaning of bird, beast, or fish naturally, as I myself speak Italian, my lord.—Well, he has rare qualities.

Duke. Now, pr'ythee, question him, Mauruccio.

Maur. I will, my lord.

don, with those of trump and primero ; and again, with chess, primero, and saunt, in Brewer's comedy of Lingua. It seems to have been played with cards.

¹ *Peevish*] Was often used for foolish.

Tell me, rare scholar, which in thy opinion,
Doth cause the strongest breath—garlick or onion?

Gia. Answer him, brother fool; do, do, speak thy mind chuck, do.

Ros. Have bid seen all da fine knack, and dee naghtye tattle of da knave, dad la have so.

Duke. We understand him not.

Maur. Admirable, I protest, duke; mark, oh! duke, mark! What did I ask him, Giacopo?

Gia. Which caused the strongest breath, garlic or onions, I take it, sir.

Maur. Right, right by Helicon! and his answer is, that a knave has a stronger breath than any of 'em. Wisdom (or I am an ass) in the highest; a direct figure; put it down, Giacopo.

Duke. How happy is that ideot, whose ambition

Is but to eat, and sleep, and shun the rod:
Men that have more of wit, and use it ill,
Are fools in proof.

Bian. True, my lord, there's many
Who think themselves most wise, that are most
fools.

D'Av. Bitter girds¹, if all were known,—but—

Duke. But what? Speak out. Plague on your
muttering!

Grumbling? I hear you, sir, what is't?

D'Av. Nothing, I protest, to your highness, pertinent to any moment.

Duke. Well, sir, remember.—Friend, you promis'd study.

¹ *Girds,*] Sarcasms, gibes. So in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* :

“*Luc.* I thank thee for that *gird*, sweet *Tranio*.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you there?

Petr. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess.”

I am not well in temper ; come Bianca.

Attend our friend, Ferentes.

[*Exeunt all, excepting FERN. ROS.
FER. and MAUR.*]

Fern. Ferentes take Mauruccio in with you,
He must be one in action.

Fer. Come, my lord, I shall entreat your help,

Fern. I'll stay the fool ;

And follow instantly.

Maur. Yes, pray, my lord.

[*Exeunt FER. and MAUR.*]

Fern. How thrive your hopes now, cousin ?

Ros. Are we safe ?

Then let me cast myself beneath thy foot,
True, virtuous lord. Know then, sir, her proud heart
Is only fix'd on you in such extremes
Of violence and passion, that I fear,
Or she'll enjoy you, or she'll ruin you.

Fern. Me, coz ? by all the joys I wish to taste,
She is as far beneath thy thought, as I
In soul above her malice.

Ros. I observ'd

Even now, a kind of dangerous pretence¹
In an unjointed phrase from D'Avolos.
I know not her intent ; but this I know,
He has a working brain, is minister
To all my lady's counsels ; and, my lord,
Pray heaven there have not any thing befallen
Within the knowledge of his subtle art,
To do you mischief.

Fern. Pish ! should he or hell
Affront me in the passage of my fate,
I'd crush them into atomies.

Ros. I do admit you could. Meantime, my lord,

¹ *Pretence,*] Design. It is used in the same manner in King Lear : " — to feel my affection to your honour, and no other pretence of danger."

Be nearest to yourself; what I can learn,
 You shall be soon inform'd of. Here is all
 We fools can catch the wise in; to unknot,
 By privilege of coxcombs¹, what they plot.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

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 figur'd in thy looks.
 On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er
 Thou hop'st to live in grace with us; unfold
 What by thy party-halting of thy speech

¹ *Coxcombs.*] Alluding to the cocks' combs with which the
 caps of fools were often surmounted.

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'd¹ :
 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 in-
 nocent than truth itself.

Duke. By all our wish of loves, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility ! My
 service is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass ;
 in short, my lord, and plain discovery, you are a
 cuckold.

Duke. Keep in the word !—a cuckold ?

D'Av. Fernando is your rival, has stolen your
 duchess's heart, murder'd friendship, horns your
 head, and laughs at your horns.

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 loath to have given the first re-
 port of this more than ridiculous blemish to all pa-
 tience or moderation. But, oh my lord, what
 would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to
 his sovereign ! Yet, good sir, take it as quietly as
 you can. I must needs say 'tis a foul fault, but
 what man is he under the sun, that is free from the

¹ *Unterm'd,*] Without terms, unmeasurable.

career of his destiny? May be she will in time reclaim the errors of her youth: or t'were a great happiness in you, if you could not believe it; that's the surest way, my lord, in my poor counsel.

Duke. The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate!
A cuckold? had my dukedome'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!
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.

D'Av. As for that, 'would it were as good as I
would make it. I can, if you will temper your dis-
tractions, but bring you where you shall see it; no
more.

Duke. See it?

D'Av. Aye, see it, if that be proof sufficient.
I, for my part, will slack no service that may tes-
tify my simplicity¹.

¹ This conversation between the Duke and D'Avolos is no bad imitation of the celebrated one between Othello and Iago. It is no doubt inferior, infinitely inferior, but few poets, either of the seventeenth or eighteenth century have succeeded so well as Ford in imitating a poet who can never be excelled, nor even equalled.

Enter FERNANDO.

Duke. Enough.—What news, Fernando?

Fern. Sir, the abbot
Is now upon arrival ; all your servants
Attend your presence.

Duke. We will give him welcome
As shall befit our love and his respect :
Come, mine own best Fernando, my dear friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

D'Av. Excellent ! now for a horned moon.

[*Sound of music.*]

But I hear the preparation for the entertainment of this great abbot. Let him come and go, that matters nothing to this ; whilst he rides abroad in hope to purchase a purple hat, our duke shall as earnestly heat the pericranium of his noddle, with a yellow hood at home ; I hear 'em coming.

Loud Music.

Enter three or four servants with torches : then the DUKE, FERNANDO, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, at one door. At the the other, two Friars, the ABBOT and attendants. The DUKE and ABBOT meet and salute ; BIANCA and the rest salute, and are saluted ; they rank themselves, and go out ; the choir singing.

D'Av. (going out.) On to your victuals ; some of ye, I know, feed upon wormwood. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter PETRUCHIO and NIBRASSA with napkins,
as from supper.

Pet. The duke's on rising ; are you ready ? ho !

(*Within.*) All ready.

Nib. Then, Petruchio, arm thyself with courage and resolution, and do not shrink from being stay'd on thy own virtue.

Pet. I am resolv'd.—Fresh lights! I hear 'em coming.

Enter servants with lights: then the DUKE, ABBOT, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Right reverend uncle, tho' our minds be scanted

In giving welcome as our hearts would wish,
Yet we will strive to show how much we joy
Your presence, with a courtly shew of mirth.
Please you to sit?

Abbot. Great duke, your worthy honours
To me, shall still have place in my best thanks:
Since you in me so much respect the church,
Thus much I'll promise; at my next return,
His holiness shall grant an indulgence
Both large and general.

Duke. Our humble duty.
Seat you, my lords; now let the maskers enter.

Enter, in an antique fashion, FERENTES, ROSELLI, and MAURUCCIO at several doors; they dance a short time. Suddenly enter to them COLONA, JULIA, and MORONA in odd shapes, and dance; the men gaze at them, are at a stand, and are invited by the women to dance. They dance together sundry changes. At last they close FERENTES in, MAURUCCIO and ROSELLI being shook off, and standing at several ends of the Stage gazing. The women hold hands and dance about FERENTES in divers complimentary offers of courtship; at length they suddenly fall upon him and

*stab him; he falls down, and they run out at several doors*¹. *The music ceases.*

Fer. Uncase me; I am slain in jest. A pox upon your outlandish feminine anticks! pull off my visor; I shall bleed to death, ere I have time to feel where I am hurt. Duke, I am slain. Off with my visor, for heaven's sake off with my visor!

[*They unmask him.*]

Duke. Slain! take this visor off. We are betray'd:

Seize on them! Two are yonder. Hold Ferentes!

Follow the rest! Apparent treachery.

Abbot. Holy St Bennet, what a sight is this!

Enter JULIA, COLONA, and MORONA unmasked; every one having a child in their arms.

Jul. Be not amaz'd, great princes, but vouchsafe

Your audience; we are they have done this deed. Look here, the pledges of this false man's lust, Betray'd in our simplicities: he swore, And pawn'd his truth to marry each of us; Abus'd us all; unable to revenge Our public shames, but by his public fall, Which thus we have contriv'd; nor do we blush

¹ These strange dumb-shows, and wonderful masquerades, of which Ford seems to have been particularly fond, did not appear so extravagant in his days. At the time this play was wrote, the court-masques, of which Ben Johnson has left us such numerous specimens, were still in high repute, and got up in a style of magnificence with which the humble exhibitions at the Globe or Blackfriars could bear no comparison. In order to compensate for their usual want of this splendour, they sometimes, as was probably the case in the present instance, imitated those fashionable exhibitions. The dresses used at court in these masques, were sometimes given to the theatres, and were no doubt very welcome additions to their wardrobe.

To call the glory of this murder ours :
 We did it, and we'll justify the deed :
 For when in sad complaints we claim'd his vows,
 His answer was reproach. Villain, is't true ?

Col. I was too quickly won, you slave.

Mor. I was too old, you dog.

Jul. I (and I never shall forget the wrong)
 I was not fair enough, not fair enough
 For thee, thou monster. Let me cut his gall !

[*She stabs him.*

Not fair enough ! oh scorn ! not fair enough !

Fer. O, O, oh !—

Duke. Forbear, you monstrous women ! do not
 add

Murder to lust. Your lives shall pay this forfeit.

Fer. Pox upon all cod-piece extravagancy ! I am
 pepper'd—oh, oh, oh !—Duke, forgive me ! Had I
 rid any tame beasts, but Barbary wild colts, I had
 not thus been jerk'd out of the saddle. My forfeit
 was in my blood, and my life hath answer'd it.
 Vengeance on all wild whores, I say !—Oh 'tis
 true. Farewell generation of hacknies.—O, oh !

[*Dies.*

Duke. He is dead. To prison with those mon-
 strous strumpets.

Pet. Stay, I'll answer for my daughter.

Nib. And I for mine.—Oh well done, girls !

Fern. I for yon gentlewoman, sir.

Maur. Good, my lord, I am an innocent in the
 business.

Duke. To prison with him ! Bear the body
 hence.

Abbot. Here's fatal sad presages, but 'tis just,
 He dies by murder, that hath liv'd in lust.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.**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.

D'Av. One, my lord, that doth so palpably, so
 apparently make her adulteries a trophy, whiles the
 potting-stick¹ to her unsatiate, and more than goat-
 ish, abomination, jeers at, and flouts your sleep-
 ish, and more than sleepish security.

Fior. What is she, but the sallow-colour'd brat
 Of some unlanded bankrupt, taught to catch
 The easy fancy of young prodigal bloods,
 In springes of her stew-instructed art?
 Here's your most virtuous duchess, your rare piece!

D'Av. More base in the infiniteness of her sen-
 suality than corruption can infect: to clip and in-

¹ *Poting-stick.*] This instrument is also called poking-stick, or merely poker. It was a necessary implement at the time when ruffs were in fashion. According to Stowe they were originally made of wood or bone, for which steel was afterwards substituted. See Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, IX. 350.

veigle your friend too:—oh unsufferable! a friend!
 how of all men are you most unfortunate! to pour
 out your soul into the bosom of such a creature, as
 holds it religion to make your own trust a key to
 open the passage to your own wife's womb, to be
 drunk in the privacies of your bed. Think upon
 that, sir.

Duke. Be gentle in your tortures, e'en for pity;
 For pity's cause I beg it.

Fior. Be a prince!
 Thou hadst better, duke, thou hadst been born a
 peasant.

Now boys will sing thy scandal in the streets,
 Tune ballads to thy infamy, get money
 By making pageants of thee, and invent
 Some strangely-shap'd man-beast, that may for
 horns

Resemble thee, and call it Pavy's duke.

Duke. Endless immortal plague!

D'Av. There's the mischief, sir: in the mean-
 time you shall be sure to have a bastard (of whom
 you did not so much as beget a little toe, a left ear,
 or half the further side of an upper lip) inherit both
 your throne and name; this would kill the soul of
 very patience itself.

Duke. Forbear: the ashey 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 Roderigo, 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 [my] princely blood¹,
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 hatched.

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
wiser;

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 shew, forsooth,
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.

Have you yet eyes, Duke?

Duke. Shrewdly urg'd,—'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.

¹ [*My*] *princely blood.*] The first word has been supplied, as it was necessary for the sense as well as the metre.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to see them exchange kisses, sucking one another's lips ; nay, begetting an heir to the dukedom, or practising more than the very act of adultery itself ? Give but a little way by a feigned absence, and you shall find 'em—I blush to speak doing what ; I am mad to think on't, you are most shamefully, most sinfully, most scornfully cornuted.

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, Roderigo, you, sir, Bear witness that if ever I neglect *[They kneel.* 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—let me die More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt, Laughter, and poverty itself can make me. Let's rise on all sides, friends ; now all's agreed : If the morn serve, some that are safe shall bleed.

Enter FERNANDO, BIANCA, and MORONA.

Bian. My lord the duke.

Duke. Bianca ! ha, how is't ?

How is't, Bianca ? what, Fernando ? come ; Shall's shake hands, sirs ? 'faith, this is kindly done : Here's three as one ; welcome dear wife, sweet friend.

D'Av. I do not like this now ; it shews scurvily to me.

Bian. My lord, we have a suit, your friend and I—

Duke. (*Aside.*) She puts my friend before, most kindly still.

Bian. Must join.

Duke. What, must ?

Bian. My lord !

Duke. Must join, you say.

Bian. That you will please to set Mauruccio At liberty ; this gentlewoman here, Hath, by agreement made betwixt them two, Obtain'd him for her husband : good, my lord, Let me entreat ; I dare engage mine honour He's innocent in any wilful fault.

Duke. Your honour, madam ! now beshrew you for't,

T' engage your honour on so slight a ground : Honour's a precious jewel, I can tell you ; Nay 'tis, Bianca.—Go too, D'Avolos. Bring us Mauruccio hither.

D'Av. I shall, my lord.— [*Exit D'Av.*]

Mor. I humbly thank your grace.

Fern. And, royal sir, since Julia and Colona, Chief actors in Ferentes' tragic end, Were, through their ladies' mediation, Freed by your gracious pardon ; I, in pity, Tendered this widow's friendless misery ; For whose reprove I shall in humblest duty Be ever thankful.

Enter D'AVOLOS with MAURUCCIO in poor rags, and GIACOPO weeping.

Maur. Come you my learned counsel, do not roar ; If I must hang, why then lament therefore ; You may rejoice, and both, no doubt, be great To serve your prince, when I am turn'd worms' meat.

I fear my lands, and all I have, is begg'd¹,
Else, woe is me, why should I be so ragg'd!

D'Av. Come on, sir, the duke stays for you.

Maur. O how my stomach doth begin to puke!
When I do hear that only word, the duke.

Duke. You, sir, look on that woman; are you
pleas'd,

If we remit your body from the jail,
To take her for your wife.

Maur. On that condition, prince, with all my
heart.

Mor. Yes, I warrant your grace he is content.

Duke. Why, foolish man, hast thou so soon for-
got

The public shame of her abused womb?
Her being [a] mother to a bastard's birth?
Or canst thou but imagine she will be
True to thy bed, who to herself was false?

Gia. Foh, sir, do not stand upon that, that's a
matter of nothing, you know.

Maur. Nay, an't shall please your good grace,
and it come to that, I care not; as good men as I
have lien in foul sheets, I am sure; the linen has
not been much the worse for the wearing a little:
I will have her with all my heart.

Duke. And shalt. Fernando, thou shalt have
the grace

To join their hands; put 'em together, friend.

Bian. Yes, do my lord, bring you the bride-
groom hither,

I'll give the bride myself.

D'Av. Here's argument to jealousy, as good as

¹ *My lands and all I have, is begged.*] An allusion to a custom which prevailed in those days, to beg the wardship of an idiot, which, indeed, like that of heirs, was not unfrequently sold. The law for granting the wardship is still in existence, but is become obsolete.

drink to the dropsy : she will share any disgrace with him. I could not wish it better.

Duke. Even so : well, do it.

Fern. Here Mauruccio ;
Long live a happy couple. [*Joins their hands.*]

Duke. 'Tis enough.
Now know our pleasure henceforth : 'tis our will,
If ever thou, Mauruccio, or thy wife,
Be seen within a dozen miles at court,
We will recal our mercy : no entreat
Shall warrant thee a minute of thy life :
We'll have no servile slavery of lust
Shall breathe near us. Dispatch and get ye hence.
Bianca, come with me.—Oh my cleft soul !

[*Exeunt DUKE and BIAN.*]

Maur. How's that ? must I come no more near the court ?

Gia. O pitiful ? not near the court, sir !

D'Av. Not by a dozen miles, indeed sir. Your only course I can advise you, is to pass to Naples, and set up a house of carnality ; there are very fair and frequent suburbs¹, and you need not fear the contagion of any pestilent disease, for the worst is very proper to the place.

¹ *Frequent suburbs.*] Numerous, large, or, perhaps, well frequented. *Frequent* was used in very different senses. So in the following line in Massinger's *Roman Actor*, it means full :

“ The purpose of this *frequent* senate.”

And in the same play it signifies common, currently reported, in this line :

“ 'Tis *frequent* in the city, he hath subdued
The Catti and the Daci.”

The prostitutes in Ford's time seem to have been confined to the suburbs. King James II. made a law, “ That comoun women be put at the *utmost endes of the townes*, quheire least peril of fire is.” In Monsieur Thomas by Fletcher :

—————“ Get a new mistress,
Some *suburb-saint*, that sixpence and some oaths,
Will draw to parley.”

Fern. 'Tis a strange sentence.

Fior. 'Tis, and sudden too,

And not without some mystery.

D'Av. Will you go, sir.

Maur. Not near the court?

Mor. What matter is it, sweet-heart? fear nothing, love; you shall have new change of apparel, good diet, wholesome attendance, and we will live like pigeons, my lord.

Maur. Wilt thou forsake me, Giacopo?

Gia. I forsake ye? No, not as long as I have a whole ear on my head, come what will come.

Fior. Mauruccio, you did once proffer true love To me, but since you are more thrifter sped, For old affection's sake here take this gold, Spend it for my sake. [*Gives him a purse.*]

Fern. Madam, you do nobly;
And that's for me, Mauruccio.

D'Av. Will ye go, sir?

Maur. Yes, I will go, and I humbly thank your lordship and ladyship. Pavy, sweet Pavy, farewell! Come wife, come Giacopo.

Now is the time that we away must lag,
And march in pomp with baggage and with bag.
O poor Mauruccio! what hast thou misdone?
To end thy life when life was new begun.
Adieu to all; for lords and ladies see
My woeful plight, and squires of low degree¹.

D'Av. Away, away, sirs—

[*Exeunt all except FIOR. and FER.*]

Fior. My lord Fernando.

¹ *Squires of low degree.*] This is another instance of the popularity of the romance called, *The Squire of Low Degree*, reprinted in *Ritson's Metrical Romances*. *Fluellen*, in *Shakespeare's Henry V.*, says to *Pistol*: "You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree."

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 on't.

Fern. Not I, in troth.

Fior. Is't possible? What would you say, my
lord,
If he, out of some melancholy spleen,
Edg'd 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;

* *To bosom in his counsels.*] To be inward, intimate with him. A singular use of the word as a verb.

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. Injurious woman, I defy thy lust:
'Tis not your subtle sifting 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,
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. $\leftarrow \times$

[Exit FERN.]

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.]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter D'AVOLOS and JULIA.

D'Av. Julia, mine own—speak softly. What?

¹ *Shall creep.*] We should probably read, "e'er shall creep,"
or else introduce some other monosyllable to make out the line.

$\times \leftarrow$ Be record all my fate, I do detest.

hast thou learn'd out any thing of this pale wid-
geon? Speak soft; what does she say?

Jul. Foh, more than all; there's not an hour
shall pass,

But I shall have intelligence, she swears-

Whole nights.— You know my mind; I hope you'll
give

The gown you promis'd me.

D'Av. Honest Julia, peace; thou'rt a woman
worth a kingdom. Let me never be believed now,
but I think it will be my destiny to be thy husband
at last. What tho' thou have a child,—or perhaps
two?

Jul. Never but one, I swear.

D'Av. Well, one? is that such a matter? I
like thee the better for't: it shews thou hast a good
tenantable and fertile womb, worth twenty of your
barren, dry, bloodless devourers of youth. But
come, I will talk with thee more privately; the
Duke has a journey in hand, and will not be long
absent: see, he is come already.—Let's pass away
easily. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE and BIANCA.

Duke. Troubled! yes, I have cause: O Bianca!
Here was my fate engraven on thy brow,
This smooth, fair, polish'd table; in thy cheeks
Nature summ'd up thy dower: 'twas not wealth,
The miser's god, nor royalty of blood,
Advanc'd thee to my bed; but love, and hope
Of virtue, that might equal those sweet looks:
If then thou should'st betray my trust, thy faith,
To the pollution of a base desire,
Thou wert a wretched woman.

Bian. Speaks your love
Or fear, my lord?

Duke. Both, both; Bianca, know,

The nightly languish of my dull unrest,
 Hath stamp'd a strong opinion ; for, methought—
 Mark what I say—as I in glorious pomp
 Was sitting on my throne, whilst I had hemm'd
 My best belov'd Bianca in mine arms,
 She reach'd my cap of state, and cast it down
 Beneath her foot, and spurn'd it in the dust ;
 While I—oh, 'twas a dream too full of fate !—
 Was stooping down to reach it, on my head,
 Fernando, like a traitor to his vows,
 Clapt, in disgrace, a coronet of horns :
 But by the honour of anointed kings,
 Were both of you hid in a rock of fire,
 Guarded by ministers of flaming hell,
 I have a sword—('tis here)—should make my way
 Through fire, through darkness, death, and all,
 To hew your lust-engendered flesh to shreds,
 Pound you to mortar, cut your throats, and mince
 Your flesh to mites ; I will,—start not,—I will.

Bian. Mercy protect me, will ye murder me ?

Duke. Yes.—Oh ! I cry thee mercy.—How the
 rage

Of my undreamt-of wrongs, made me forget
 All sense of sufferance !—Blame me not, Bianca ;
 One such another dream would quite distract
 Reason and self-humanity : yet tell me,
 Was't not an ominous vision ?

Bian. 'Twas, my lord ;
 Yet but a vision ; for did such a guilt
 Hang on mine honour, 'twere no blame in you
 If you did stab me to the heart.

Duke. The heart ?
 Nay, strumpet, to the soul ; and tear it off
 From life, to damn it in immortal death.

Bian. Alas ! what do you mean, sir ?

Duke. I am mad.—
 Forgive me, good Bianca ; still methinks

I dream, and dream anew. Now, pr'ythee chide me.

Sickness, and these divisions, so distract
My senses, that I take things possible
As if they were: which to remove, I mean
To speed me straight to Lucca, where, perhaps,
Absence and bathing in those healthful springs
May soon recover me; meantime, dear sweet,
Pity my troubled heart; griefs are extreme.
Yet, sweet, when I am gone, think on my dream.—
Who waits without, ho! is provision ready,
To pass to Lucca!

Enter PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, FIORMONDA,
D'AVOLOS, ROSELLI *and* FERNANDO.

Pet. It attends your highness.

Duke. Friend, hold; take here from me this
jewel, this: [*Gives him* BIANCA.

Be she your care till my return from Lucca,
Honest Fernando. Wife, respect my friend.
Let's go: but hear ye, wife, think on my dream.

[*Exeunt all but* Ros. *and* PET.

Pet. Cousin, one word with you: doth not this
cloud

Acquaint you with strange novelties? The duke
Is lately much distemper'd; what he means
By journeying now to Lucca, is to me
A riddle; can you clear my doubt?

Ros. Oh, sir,

My fears exceed my knowledge, yet I note
No less than you infer: all is not well,
'Would 'twere! whosoever thrive, I shall be sure
Never to rise to my unhop'd desires:
But, cousin, I shall tell you more anon;
Meantime, pray send my lord Fernando to me,
I covet much to speak with him.

Enter FERNANDO.

Pet. And see,
He comes himself ; I'll leave you both together.

[*Exit.*

Fern. The Duke is hors'd for Lucca. How now
COZ ;

How prosper you in love ?

Ros. As still I hop'd.—

My lord you are undone.

Fern. Undone ! in what ?

Ros. Lost ; and I fear your life is bought and
sold.

I'll tell you how : late in my lady's chamber,
As I by chance lay slumbering on the mats,
In comes the lady marquess, and with her,
Julia and D'Avolos ; where sitting down,
Not doubting me, " Madam," quoth D'Avolos,
" We have discover'd now the nest of shame."
In short, my lord, (for you already know
As much as they reported), there was told
The circumstance of all your private love
And meetings with the duchess ; when, at last,
False D'Avolos concluded with an oath,
" We'll make," quoth he, " his heart-strings crack
for this."

Fern. Speaking of me ?

Ros. Of you : " Aye," quoth the marquess,
" Were not the duke a baby, he would seek
Swift vengeance ; for he knew it long ago."

Fern. Let him know it ; yet I vow
She is as loyal in her plighted faith,
As is the sun in heaven : but put ease
She were not, and the duke did know she were
not,

This sword lift up, and guided by this arm,

Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends,
And all the earth beside.

Ros. You are too safe
In your destruction.

Fern. Damn him ! he shall feel—
But peace, who comes ?

Enter COLONA.

Col. My lord, the duchess craves a word with
you.

Fern. Where is she ?

Col. In her chamber.

Ros. Here, have a plum for I, e'ee—

Col. Come fool, I'll give thee plums enow ; come
fool.

Fern. Let slaves in mind be servile to their fears,
Our heart is high in-star'd in brighter spheres.

[*Exeunt FERN. and COL.*

Ros. I see him lost already,
If all prevail not, we shall know too late,
No toil can shun the violence of fate. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*BIANCA'S bed-chamber, with a gal-
lery.—Lights.*

*BIANCA is discovered in her night attire, leaning on
a cushion at a table, holding FERNANDO by the
the hand.—Enter above FIORMONDA.*

Fior. Now fly revenge, and wound the lower
earth,
That I, inspher'd above, may cross the race
Of love despis'd, and triumph o'er their graves,
Who scorn the low-bent thralldom of my heart.

Bian. Why should'st thou not be mine? why
 should the laws,
 The iron of laws of ceremony, bar
 Mutual embraces? what's a vow? a vow?
 Can there be sin in unity? could I
 As well dispense with conscience, as renounce
 The outside of my titles, the poor style
 Of duchess, I had rather change my life
 With any waiting-woman in the land,
 To purchase one night's rest with thee, Fernando,
 Than be Caraffa's spouse a thousand years.

Fior. Treason to wedlock! this would make you
 sweat.

Fern. Lady of all, what I am, as before¹,

* * * * *

To survive you, or I will see you first
 Or widowed or buried; if the last,
 By all the comfort I can wish to taste,
 By your fair eyes, that sepulchre that holds
 Your coffin, shall incoffin me alive:
 I sign it with this seal. [Kisses her.

Fior. Ignoble strumpet.

Bian. You shall not swear; take off that oath
 again,

Or thus I will enforce it. [Kisses him.

Fern. Use that force,

And make me perjured; for whilst your lips
 Are made the book, it is a sport to swear,
 And glory to forswear.

Fior. Here's fast and loose;

Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot?

[Exit from above.

¹ *As before.*] As no sense whatever can be made of this, I have no doubt whatever that another line has here been lost, perhaps more.

Whilst they are kissing, enter, in the back-ground, the DUKE and D'AVOLOS, with their swords drawn; FIORMONDA, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, and a guard.

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, 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'rt Pavy's duke, Drest like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd, Yet do not fear thee; tho' the coward-doubt Of what I could have done, hath made thee steal Th' 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. [FERN. is seized.]

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.*
Leave us all;

None stay, not one, shut up the doors.

[*Exeunt all but DUKE, BIAN. and FIOR.*

Fior. Now show thyself my brother, brave Carraffa.

Duke. Woman, stand forth before me:—wretched whore,

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 awak'd.

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? shameless harlot! Rip up the cradle of thy cursed womb, In which the mixture of that traitor's lust Imposthumes for a birth of bastardy. 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.

Bian. I tell ye, if you needs would be resolv'd¹, I held Fernando much the properer man.

Duke. Shameless, intolerable whore!

Bian. What ails you? Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot², A tolerable face, a wearish hand, A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard

¹ *Resolved.*] Satisfied. See p. 39. of this volume.

² *A scrambling foot.*] *Scrambling* is generally used in the same sense as *scrambling*. Here it evidently means awkwardly moving, shuffling. *Wearish* is used by Carew in his Survey of Cornwall for *washy*, *awkward*, *weak*.

As yours, 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,
 Durst 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 fain would 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:
 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, compos'd
 Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
 I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
 Handsome enough you are, and no more;
 But to compare yourself with him, trust me
 You are too much in fault. Shall I advise you?
 Hark in your ear: thank heaven he was so slow,
 As not to wrong your sheets; for as I live,
 The fault was his, not mine.

Fior. Take this; take all!

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, worser than the worst in hell.
 Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;
 I mark you to a syllable: you say,
 The fault was his, not your's; why, virtuous mis-
 tress,

Can you imagine you have so much art
 Which may persuade me, you and your close mark-
 man

Did not a little traffic in my right!

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 often 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
 heart¹

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,

¹ *Art.*] So the quarto reads.

Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
 The sum in gross, of all thy vained follies¹ :
 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 :
 When thou shalt find the catalogue enroll'd
 Of thy misdeeds, there shall be writ in text,
 Thy bastarding the issues of a prince.
 Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering soul,
 And do not hope for life. Would angels sing
 A requiem at my hearse² ! But to dispense
 With my revenge on thee, 'twere all in vain.
 Prepare to die !

Bian. (*opens her breast.*) 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.—

¹ *Vained.*] This is a singular, and perhaps unique phrase, and one for which Ford must probably be arraigned as the coin-er. He seems to employ it in the sense of *vaunted*, as Bianca has just recounted her real and fictitious follies, and prided herself upon them.

² ——— *Would angels sing
 A requiem at my hearse.*] This seems to be merely a figurative way of saying---I would I were dead.

Why should I kill her? She may live and change,
Or—— [Casts away his sword.

Fior. 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 poinard 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 owes¹ it;
No tragedy² 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.

Duke. Good:

I'll slake 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 fate. [Exit.

¹ *Owes,*] Owns, possesses. In this sense the word occurs too frequently to require any parallel passage to prove it.

² *No tragedy,*] No tragic fate.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FERNANDO, NIBRASSA, *and* PETRUCHIO.

Pet. May we give credit to your words, my Lord?
Speak, on your honour.

Fern. Let me die accurst;
If ever, through the progress of my life,
I did as much as reap the benefit
Of any favour from her, save a kiss.
A better woman never blest the earth.

Nib. Beshrew my heart, young lord, but I believe thee: alas, kind lady, 'tis a lordship to a dozen of points, but the jealous madman will in his fury offer her some violence.

Pet. If it be thus, 'twere fit you rather kept
A guard about you for your own defence,
Than to be guarded for security
Of his revenge; he is extremely mov'd.

Nib. Passion of my body, my lord, if 'a come in his odd fits to you, in the case you are, 'a might cut your throat ere you could provide a weapon of defence: nay, rather than it shall be so, hold, take my sword in your hand; 'tis none of sprucest, but 'tis a tough fox¹, will not fail his master: come what will come, take it; I'll answer't, I. In the meantime, Petruchio and I will back to the duchess' lodging. [*Gives FERN. his sword.*]

Pet. Well thought on; and in despite of all his
rage
Rescue the virtuous lady.

¹ *Fox,*] A cant term for a sword. So in Webster's White Devil:

“O, what blade is't?
A Toledo, or an English fox?”

Enter the DUKE, his sword in one hand, and in the other a bloody dagger.

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 villanies.
I see thou'rt 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 lets fall his weapon.]

Here, here's my bosom ; as thou art a duke,
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
Be murther'd, murther me. *[Kneels.]*

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
An 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 unshrin'd
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 atomies¹. I must confess
I have too much abus'd 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.

Nib. and Pet. Now, on our lives, we both be-
lieve him.

Duke. Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my
sword
To justify thy words?

¹ *Atomies.*] The obsolete word for *atoms*. So in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab:

"Drawn with a team of little atomies."

And in Heywood's *Brazen Age* it is used in the same manner as in the text:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more atomies
Than in the summer play before the sun."

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 killed by me!

To her I offer up this remnant of my——

[*Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by*

FERNANDO.

Fern. Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

Pet. Alas, my lord,

This is a wise man's carriage?

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, and holds up his hands, and, after
some time, riseth.*]

'Tis done: come friend, now for her love,

Her love that prais'd 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!

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. The lord abbot of Monaco, sir, is, in his return from Rome, lodg'd last night late in the city, very privately; and hearing the report of your journey, only intends to visit your duchess to-morrow.

Duke. Slave, torture me no more! Note him,
my lords;

If you would choose a devil in the shape
Of man, an arch-arch-devil, there stands one.—
We'll meet our uncle.—Order straight, Petruccio,
Our duchess may be coffin'd: 'tis our will
She forthwith be interr'd with all the speed
And privacy you may, i' th' college-church,
Amongst Caraffa's ancient monuments.
Some three days hence we'll keep her funeral.—
Damn'd villain! bloody villain!—Oh, Bianca!
No counsel from our cruel wills can win us,
But ills once done, we bear our guilt within us.

[*Exeunt all but D'AVOLOS.*

D'Av. Good b'ye. Arch-arch-devil! Why I
am paid; here's bounty for good service. Beshrew
my heart, it is a right princely reward; now must
I say my prayers, that I have lived to so ripe an
age to have my head stricken off. I cannot tell,
it may be my lady Fiormonda will stand on my be-
half to the duke: that's but a single hope; a dis-
grac'd courtier oftener finds enemies to sink him
when he is falling, than friends to relieve him. I
must resolve to stand to the hazard of all brunts
now. Come what may, I will not die like a cow,
and the world shall know it. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment.*

*Enter FIORMONDA, and ROSELLI discovering
himself.*

Ros. Wonder not, madam: here behold the man
Whom your disdain hath metamorphosed.
Thus long have I been clouded in this shape,
Led on by love; and in that love, despair:

If not the sight of our distracted court,
Nor pity of my bondage, can reclaim
The greatness of your scorn, yet let me know
My latest doom from you.

Fior. Strange miracle!
Roseilli, I must honour thee: thy truth,
Like a transparent mirror, represents
My reason with my errors. Noble lord,
That better dost deserve a better fate,
Forgive me; if my heart can entertain
Another thought of love, it shall be thine.

Ros. Blessed, for ever blessed be the words!
In death you have reviv'd me.

Enter D'AVOLOS.

D'Av. Whom have we here? Roseilli, the supposed fool? 'Tis he; nay, then help me a brazen face!—My honourable lord.

Ros. Bear off, blood-thirsty man: come not near me!

D'Av. Madam, I trust the service.—

Fior. Fellow, learn to new live; the way to thrift; For thee, in grace, is a repentant shrift.

Ros. Ill has thy life been, worse will be thy end; Men flesh'd¹ in blood, know seldom to amend.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. His highness commends his love to you, and expects your presence; he is ready to pass to the church, only staying for my lord abbot to associate² him. Withal, his pleasure is, that you, D'Avolos, forbear to rank in this solemnity in the

¹ *Fleshed,*] Cruel, fell, bloody.

² *Associate,*] This word is here used in the sense of to *accompany*; as *else*, a little farther on, is in that of *otherwise*, in the contrary case.

place of secretary ; else to be there as a private man. Pleaseth you to go ?

[*Exeunt all but D'AVOLOS.*

D'Av. As a private man ! what remedy ? This way they must come, and here I will stand to fall amongst 'em in the rear. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Church, with the Tomb in the back of the Scene.—Mournful Music.*

[*A sad sound of soft Music.*

Enter four with Torches, after them two Friars ; then the DUKE in mourning manner ; after him the ABBOT, FIORMONDA, COLONA, JULIA, ROSEILLI, PETRUCHIO, NIBRASSA, and a Guard.—D'AVOLOS following behind.—When the procession approaches the Tomb they all kneel.—The Music ceases.—The DUKE goes to the Tomb, and lays his hand on it.

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 inhears'd 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 ;
Roaring 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,
Slaughtered 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 arises
 FERNANDO in his winding-sheet; only
 his face uncovered; as CARAFFA is go-
 ing in, he 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!——

Whatsoever thou intendest, know this place
 Is pointed out for my inheritance:
 Here lies the monument of all my hopes.
 Had eager lust intrunk'd my conquered soul,
 I had not buried living joys in death.
 Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud,
 To boast thy famous murders: 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 spight of hell')

² *Maugre thy power, or the spight of hell.] Or. has been*

Shall rent¹ 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 cloth'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.—

[*As they go to fetch him out, 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.*]

Abbot. Most desperate end !

Duke. None stir :
 Who steps a foot, steps to his utter ruin.

[*Goes to the tomb.*]

And art thou gone ? Fernando, art thou gone ?
 Thou wert a friend unmatch'd ; rest in thy fame.
 Sister, when I have finished my last days,

substituted for *of*, the reading of the quarto. *Maugre*, as is well known, means in spite of, notwithstanding.

¹ *Rent.*] An old verb, meaning the same as *rend*, *tear*. So in *Macbeth* :

—“ Sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that *rent* the air.”

Lodge me, my wife, and this unequal'd friend,
 All in one monument. Now, to my vows.
 Never let henceforth any passionate tongue
 Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,
 But let each letter in that tragic sound
 Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear:
 Children unborn, and widows, whose lean cheeks
 Are furrowed up by age, shall weep whole nights,
 Repeating but the story of our fates;
 Whilst in the period¹, closing up their tale,
 They must conclude, how for Bianca's love,
 Caraffa in revenge of wrongs to her
 Thus on her altar sacrific'd his life. [*Stabs himself.*]

Abbot. 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? Sprightful² 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, Bianca. [*Dies.*]

Ros. He's dead already, madam.

D'Av. Above hope! here's labour sav'd; I could
 bless the destinies.

Abbot. 'Would I had never seen it.

Fior. Since 'tis thus,
 My Lord Roseilli, in the true requital
 Of your continued love, I here possess

¹ *Period.*] End, conclusion, catastrophe. So in King Richard III.

“ O let me make the *period* to my curse.”

² *Sprightful,*] Lively. See p. 358.

You of the dukedom ; and with it, of me,
In presence of this holy abbot.

Abbot. Lady, then

From my hand take your husband : long enjoy,
[*Joins their hands.*]

Each to each other's comfort and content.

All. Long live Roseilli !

Ros. First, thanks to heaven, next, lady, to your
love ;

Lastly, my lords, to all : and that the entrance
Into this principality may give
Fair hopes of being worthy of our place,
Our first work shall be justice.—D'Avolos,
Stand forth.

D'Av. My gracious lord.

Ros. No, graceless villain,
I am no lord of thine. Guard, take him hence,
Convey him to the prison's top ; in chains
Hang him alive ; whosoever lends a bit
Of bread to feed him, dies. Speak not against it,
I will be deaf to mercy.—Bear him hence.

D'Av. Mercy, new duke ! Here's my comfort,
I make but one in the number of the tragedy of
princes. [*He is led off.*]

Ros. Madam, a second charge is to perform
Your brother's testament ; we'll rear a tomb
To those unhappy lovers, which shall tell
Their fatal loves to all posterity.—
Thus then for you : henceforth I here dismiss
The mutual comforts of our marriage bed ;
Learn to new-live ; my vows unmov'd shall stand :
And since your life hath been so much uneven,
Bethink, in time, to make your peace with heaven.

Fior. Oh me ! is this your love ?

Ros. 'Tis your desert :
Which no persuasion shall remove.

Abbot.

'Tis fit :

Purge frailty with repentance.

Fior.

I embrace it :

Happy too late ; since lust hath made me foul,
Henceforth I'll dress my bride-bed in my soul.

Ros. Please you to walk, lord' Abbot ?

Abbot.

Yes, set on :

No age hath heard, no chronicle can say,
That ever here befel a sadder day.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by Geo. Ramsay & Co.

1811.

John:

Abbot.

I have heard of your repentance.

I embrace it:

since that hath made me free,

let me forthwith dress my bride-bed in my soul.

Now, please you to walk, John Abbot!

Let us set on:

No age shall hold us in chains, can say,

that we are still in bondage.

[Exit]

I

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
JOHN FORD.

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,
BY
HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by George Ramsay & Company,
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH;
AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
WILLIAM MILLER, AND JOHN MURRAY,
LONDON.

1811.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
JOHN FORD

EDITED BY
HENRY WEBBER ESQ

LONDON
PRINTED BY
RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY

1881

1881

1881

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PERKIN WARBECK.

VOL. II.

A

PERKIN WARBECK.

THE entire title of the old quarto of this historical play is the following : " The Chronicle Historie of Perkin Warbeck. A strange truth. Acted (some times) by the Queenes Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drurie-lane. Fide Honor. London, printed by T. P. for Hugh Beeston, and are to be sold at his shop, neere the Castle in Cornehill, 1634." In 1715 it was re-printed in octavo, to serve in the list of antidotes to the rebellion of that year, but was not then acted. In 1745, still greater exertions were made to draw a parallel between the mock Duke of York and the unfortunate Charles Edward. " There are now," says Oldys in his MS. notes to Langbaine, " in December 1745, on occasion of the present rebellion under the Pretender's eldest son, two plays, near finished, on this story of Perkin Warbeck, one by Charles Macklin the player, the other by Mr Joseph Elderton a young attorney ; the former for Drury-Lane, the latter at Covent-Garden, but this play of John Ford's has got the start of them at Goodman's Fields. Macklin's was a silly performance, and was soon dismissed, he being twenty pounds out of pocket by acting it, yet got it printed. Elderton's was not finished before it was too late in the season to act it, and when the rebellion was suppressed in the field, it was thought unreasonable to revive it on the stage. Macklin's was called by the foolish title of King Henry VII., or the Popish Impostor, popery being looked on as no objection in that reign. Elderton's was called, The Pretender." The latter play was never printed, and is not noticed in the Biographia Dramatica. With regard to Macklin's, the author of that work excuses its imperfections by informing us, " that it was the six weeks labour only of an actor, who, even in that short space, was often called from it by his profession ; and that the players, for the sake of dispatch, had it to study act by act, just as it was blotted ; and that the only revisals it received from the brouillon to the press, were at the rehearsals of it."

Ford's play is founded upon the chronicles of the reign of Henry VII., and particularly upon the history of that monarch by the celebrated Lord Bacon, as appears from the beginning of

the following dedication. To the old quarto, five copies of commendatory verses are prefixed, which will be found in the First Volume. The excellence of the piece must have insured it good reception, and the praises of such a man as Dr Donne were certainly not misapplied, though, from the words in the title-page, "acted some times," we cannot infer that it obtained great popularity. The word may, however, be used in the very common sense of *formerly*, and, in this case, the play was probably produced a considerable time before it was printed.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD,

LORD BOLSOVER AND OGLE*.

MY LORD,

OUT of the darkness of a former age, (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen †), I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and in it, a greater danger. In other labours you

* This accomplished nobleman was born in the year 1592, and was early in favour with James I., by whom he was made a knight of the Bath in 1610, and created a peer by the title of Baron Ogle and Viscount Mansfield in 1623. He continued in favour with Charles I., who created him Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and, in 1638, assigned him the office of governor to the Prince of Wales. His exertions in favour of the royal cause during the rebellion are too well known to require any notice in this place. He was created Duke of Newcastle in 1664, and died twelve years after, at the advanced age of 84, loaded with honours. He was not only a patron of playwrights, but also condescended to cultivate the dramatic muse himself, having produced four comedies. But his lady exceeded him in the fertility of her imagination, having left to the world not less than twenty-seven dramatic performances.

† Alluding to the History of King Henry VII. by the great Lord Bacon.

may read actions of antiquity discoursed ; in this abridgement, find the actors themselves discoursing ; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak, as speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge, in expressions of such credit ; commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of time. Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, not often *what*. To your's the addition of that information in both, cannot in any application be observed flattery ; the authority being established by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in writing mine own ; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story, and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion : in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity ; but am only studious that your lordship will please, amongst such as best honour your goodness, to admit into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

PROLOGUE.

STUDIES have, of this nature, been of late
So out of fashion, so unfollowed, that
It is become more justice, to revive
The antic follies of the times, than strive
To countenance wise industry: no want
Of art doth render wit, or lame, or scant,
Or slothful, in the purchase of fresh bays;
But want of truth in them who give the praise
To their self-love, presuming to out-do
The writer, or (for need) the actors too.
But such this author's silence best befits,
Who bids them be in love with their own wits.
From him, to clearer judgments, we can say
He shows a history, couched in a play:
A history of noble mention, known,
Famous, and true: most noble, 'cause our own;
Not forged from Italy, from France, from Spain,
But chronicled at home; as rich in strain
Of brave attempts, as ever fertile rage
In action could beget to grace the stage.
We cannot limit scenes, for the whole land
Itself appeared too narrow to withstand
Competitors for kingdoms: nor is here
Unnecessary mirth forced, to endear
A multitude: on these two rests the fate
Of worthy expectation, truth and state.

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DECLARATION

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Very faint text, possibly a signature or a specific section header.

Additional faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly a footer or concluding remarks.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII., *King of England.*

Lord DAWBENEY.

Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Earl of OXFORD.

Earl of SURREY.

FOX, *Bishop of Durham.*

URSWICK, *Chaplain to the King.*

Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD.

LAMBERT SIMNELL.

HIALAS, *a Spanish Agent.*

JAMES IV., *King of Scotland.*

Earl of HUNTLEY.

Earl of CRAWFORD.

Lord DALYELL.

MARCHMONT, *a Herald.*

PERKIN WARBECK.

STEPHEN FRION, *his Secretary.*

JOHN A-WATER, *Mayor of Cork.*

HERON, *a mercer.*

SKETON, *a tailor.*

ASTLEY, *a scrivener.*

Women.

Lady KATHERINE GORDON, *wife to* PERKIN.
Countess of CRAWFORD.

JANE DOUGLAS, *Lady* KATHERINE'S *maid.*

*Sheriff, Constable, Officers, Serving-men, Masquers,
and Soldiers.*

Scene,—Great Britain.

PERKIN WARBECK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Westminster. The Royal Presence-Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, supported to the Throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY. Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENY in the train.—A Guard.

K. Hen. Still to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frighted with false apparitions
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,
In scorn and laughter to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits: Yet, my lords,
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birth-right; the rent face
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd
people,
Have been by us, as by the best physician,
At once both th'roughly cur'd, and set in safety;

Last

And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
Ourselves is scarce secure.

Dur. The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York ;
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,
Been sacrific'd to an uncivil thirst
Of discord and ambition : this hot vengeance
Of the just powers above, to utter ruin
And desolation, had reign'd on, but that
Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice
In sending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

Daw. Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,
Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,
Edward and Richard, the inheritance
Of a most bloody purchase ; these young princes
Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
Forc'd to a violent grave ; so just is Heaven,
Him hath your majesty, by your own arm,
Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his boar's sty
And struck the black usurper to a carcase :
Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,
Tho' Lancaster doth repossess his right ;
For Edward's daughter is king Henry's queen :
A blessed union, and a lasting blessing
For this poor panting island, if some shreds,
Some useless remnant of the house of York
Grudge not at this content.

Oxf. Margaret of Burgundy
Blows fresh coals of division.

Sur. Painted fires
Without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish¹.

¹ Painted fires, without or heat to scorch, or light to cherish.]

Daw. York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's fate,
Her brother king; the smothering of her nephews
By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature;
Nor Gloster's own confusion, (all decrees
Sacred in heaven) can move this woman-monster,
But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine
Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
Of troubles and seditions.

Oxf. In her age,—
Great sir, observe the wonder,—she grows fruitful,
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren:
Nor are her birth as other mothers' are,
At nine or ten months' end; she has been with
child
Eight or seven years at least; whose twins being
born,

A prodigy in nature, even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,
As soon as known i' th' world, tall striplings, strong
And able to give battle unto kings:
Idols of Yorkish malice.

Dur. And but idols;
A steely hammer crushes them to pieces¹.

K. Hen. Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our service,
Preferr'd by an officious care of duty
From the scullery to a falconer; strange example!
Which shews the difference between noble natures
And the base-born: but for the upstart duke,
The new reviv'd York, Edward's second son,

Fires merely painted, having neither heat to scorch enemies nor light to cherish friends. The old copy is unintelligible in this passage, by reading corruptedly,---Without *to* heat or scorch.

¹ This speech is given to Oxford as well as the former in the original. It may be applied to any of the other lords present. I have given it to the bishop of Durham.

Murder'd long since i' th' Tower; he lives again,
And vows to be your king.

Stan. The throne is fill'd, sir.

K. Hen. True, Stanley; and the lawful heir sits
on it;

A guard of angels, and the holy prayers
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence
Against all force and counsel of intrusion.
But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our great ones, should give countenance and cou-
rage

To trim duke Perkin; will you all confess
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scatter'd
Amongst unthankful men.

Daw. Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors!

K. Hen. Dawbeny, let the guilty
Keep silence; I accuse none, tho' I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom,
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

Stan. Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simnel's party, must command
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,
The earl of Kildare, lord Geraldine,
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,
Bold Martin Swart¹, with Broughton and the rest,
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy),
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
The present times, or any that live in them,

¹ *Martin Swart.*] A celebrated German soldier of fortune in the time of Henry VII. frequently alluded to in old poetry. A play was produced in the seventeenth century, celebrating his actions.

What folly, nay, what madness 'twere to lift
A finger up in all defence but your's,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

K. Hen. Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and
thy heart

Is figur'd on thy tongue; nor think we less
Of any's' here. How closely we have hunted
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our chronicle: first Ireland,
The common stage of novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us, there the Geraldines
And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this colossic statue: Charles of France,
Thence call'd him into his protection;
Dissembled him the lawful heir of England;
Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
Aiming at peace with us, which, being granted
On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again,
T' infect some grosser air: and now we learn
(Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
Sir Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)
They're all retir'd to Flanders, to the dam
That nurs'd this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-
gundy.

But we will hunt him there too, we will hunt him,
Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet.
Tho' the archduke were his buckler.

Sur. She has styl'd him,
"The fair white rose of England."

Daw. Jolly gentleman,
More fit to be a swabber² to the Flemish,
After a drunken surfeit.

¹ *Of any's here.*] Of the heart or affection of any one present. The phraseology is very incorrect.

² *Swabber.*] A sea-term for the boy who sweeps the decks,

Enter URSWICK.

Urs. Gracious sovereign,

'Please you peruse this paper. [*The King reads.*

Dur. The king's countenance

Gathers a sprightly blood.

Daw. Good news; believe it.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear.—Thou hast lodged him?

Urs. Strongly safe, sir.

K. Hen. Enough, is Barly come too?

Urs. No, my lord.

K. Hen. No matter.—Phew! he's but a running weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots;

But more of this anon.—I have bethought me,

My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,

It is our pleasure to remove our court

From Westminster to the Tower: We will lodge

This very night there; give, lord chamberlain,

A present order for it.

Stan. The Tower?—I shall sir.

K. Hen. Come, my true, best, fast friends, these clouds will vanish:

The sun will shine at full: the heavens are clearing.

[*Exeunt.*

the most menial occupation on board. The allusion in the text is too obvious, and too filthy to require further elucidation.

SCENE II.—*Edinburgh.—The royal Palace.—
A Flourish.*

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. You trifle time, sir.

Dal. Oh, my noble lord,

You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill-plac'd mirth.

Hunt. Much mirth, lord Dalyell?

Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant:
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honourable ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,
For a brave mention to posterity.
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter:
Not I, by good Saint Andrew; but this bugbear,
This whoreson tale of honour,—honour, Dalyell!—
So hourly chats and tattles in mine ear,
The piece of royalty that is stitch'd up
In my Kate's blood¹, that 'tis as dangerous

¹ George Gordon, second earl of Huntley, married Jane Stuart, daughter of King James I. Katherine, who, by the consent of the king and parliament of Scotland, married Perkin Warbeck, the pretended Richard, Duke of York, was his eldest daughter. Sir Robert Gordon, in his Genealogy of the House of Sutherland, thus relates her future fortunes: "She went into England with her husband Richard, whom the English histories do call a counterfitt, and whom in all her fortunes she intirlicely loved, adding the vertues of a wyff unto the vertues of her sex, as sayeth the viscount of St Albane, in his historie of King Henrie the Seavinth of England. After her husband's taking out of the sanctuarie at Beaully in the New-Forrest, in England, shoe wes

For thee, young lord, to perch so near an eaglet,
As foolish for my gravity to admit it:
I have spoke all at once.

Dal. Sir, with this truth,
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
For my disorder'd palate, e'er to relish
A wholesome taste again. Alas! I know, sir,
What an unequal distance lies between
Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's fortunes.

She's the king's kinswoman, plac'd near the crown,
A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

Hunt. Right, but a noble subject, put in that
too.

Dal. I could add more; and in the highest line,
Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
A Scottish knight; whose daughter was the mother

To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
That sway the sceptre to this very day.
But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
Of many years have swallow'd up the memory
Of their originals; so pasture-fields,
Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up
And known no more: for stood I in my first
And native greatness, if my princely mistress

brought from St Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, and delyvered to King Henric the Seaventh, who intertayned her honorable, and for her better maintenance, according to her birth and vertue, did assigne vnto her good lands and rents for all the dayes of her lyff. After the death of her husband Richard, shoe marcid Sir Mathie Cradock, (a man of great power at that tyme in Clamorganshyre, in Wales), of the which mariage is descended this William, Earle of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by inheritance from the Cradockes. Lady Katheren Gordon died in Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earle of Pembrok his dwelling-places in that cuntrey. The Englesch histories doe much commend her for her beauty, comliuess, and chastetie."

Vouchsaf'd me not her servant, 'twere as good
I were reduc'd to clownery, to nothing,
As to a throne of wonder.

Hunt. (*apart.*) Now, by Saint Andrew,
A spark of metal! he has a brave fire in him.
I would he had my daughter so I knew't not.
But 't must not be so, must not.—Well, young lord,
This will not do yet; if the girl be headstrong,
And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
And run away with her; dance galliards, do,
And frisk about the world to learn the languages:
'Twill be a thriving trade; you may set up by't.

Dal. With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

Hunt. You're angry.—'Would he would beat
me, I deserve it. [*Aside.*
Dalyell, thy hand, we're friends: follow thy court-
ship;

Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,
She's thine; nay, she is thine; 'tis a fair match,
Free and allowed. I'll only use my tongue,
Without a father's power; use thou thine:
Self do, self have.—No more words; win and wear
her.

Dal. You bless me; I am now too poor in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt. Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,
She comes: to her now, to her, to her!

Enter KATHERINE and JANE.

Kath. The king commands your presence, sir.

Hunt. The gallant—
This, this, this lord, this servant, Kate, of yours
Desires to be your master.

Kath. I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

Dal. Your humblest creature.

Hunt. So, so; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold
hunting,

The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*

Dal. Princely lady,

I am How most unworthy am I to employ

My services, in honour of your virtues,

How hopeless my desires are to enjoy

Your fair opinion, and much more your love;

Are only matters of despair, unless

Your goodness gives large warrant to my boldness,

My feeble-wing'd ambition.

Hunt. (Aside.) This is scurvy.

Kath. My lord, I interrupt you not.

Hunt. (Aside.) Indeed!

Now on my life she'll court him.—Nay, nay, on sir.

Dal. Oft have I tun'd the lesson of my sorrows

To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity;

But all in vain; here had my comforts sunk

And never ris'n again, to tell a story

Of the despairing lover, had not now,

Even now, the earl your father—

Hunt. (Aside.) He means me sure.

Dal. After some fit disputes of your condition,

Your highness and my lowness, giv'n a licence

Which did not more embolden, than encourage

My falt'ring tongue.

Hunt. How! how! how's that?

Embolden! encourage! I encourage ye, d'ye
hear, sir!

A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear, man?

What did I say to you? Come, come, to th' point.

Kath. It shall not need, my lord.

Hunt. Then hear me, Kate!—

Keep you on that hand of her; I on this—

Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,
 Both striving for an interest in thy heart :
 He courts thee for affection, I for duty ;
 He as a servant pleads, but by the privilege
 Of nature, tho' I might command, my care
 Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
 Thou canst but make one choice ; the ties of mar-
 riage

Are tenures, not at will, but during life.
 Consider whose thou art, and who ; a princess,
 A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
 In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
 The king that sits upon the throne is young,
 And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
 On any least occasion, to endanger
 His person ; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident
 Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
 By yielding to a common servile rage
 Of female wantonness, so I am confident
 Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side¹
 Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.
 My lord of Dalzell, young in years, is old
 In honours, but nor eminent in titles
 Or in estate, that may support or add to
 The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
 Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment :
 For, in a word, I give thee freedom ; take it.
 If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch
 Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
 Lead thee to shrink mine honour in oblivion :
 Thou art thine own ; I have done.

Dal. Oh ! you're all oracle,
 The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

¹ *To side thy equals ;*] To match with thy equals. This is a singular use of the verb *to side*, which was originally a technical term at card-playing.

Kath. My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence
 Of your sweet composition, thus commands
 The lowest of obedience: you have granted
 A liberty so large, that I want skill
 To choose without direction of example:
 From which I daily learn, by how much more
 You take off from the roughness of a father,
 By so much more I am engag'd to tender
 The duty of a daughter. For respects
 Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
 I nor admire nor slight them; all my studies
 Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
 To live and die so, that you may not blush
 In any course of mine to own me yours.

Hunt. Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,
 like peace,
 Creating every other hour a jubilee.

Kath. To you my lord of Dalyell, I address
 Some few remaining words: The general fame
 That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,
 Proclaims it clear, but in the best, a president.

Hunt. Good wench, good girl, i' faith.

Kath. For my part (trust me),
 I value mine own worth at higher rate,
 'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it; if the stream
 Of your protested service (as you term it)
 Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,
 It shall be my delight, that worthy love
 Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you
 Richly to wed an honourable name:
 So every virtuous praise, in after ages,
 Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,
 Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
 That glorious issue.

Hunt. Oh, that I were young again!

She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
From reputation.

Kath. To the present motion,
Here's all that I dare answer : when a ripeness
Of more experience, and some use of time,
Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth
Upon exchange of troths¹, I shall desire
No surer credit, of a match with virtue,
Than such as lives in you ; mean time, my hopes
are
Preserv'd secure, in having you a friend.

Dal. You are a blessed lady, and instruct
Ambition not to soar a farther flight,
Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—
My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent
A full extent of bounty to this parley ;
And for it shall command your humblest servant.

Hunt. Enough : we are still friends, and will
continue
A hearty love.—Oh ! Kate, thou art mine own.—
No more : my lord of Crawford.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. From the king
I come, my lord of Huntley, who in counsel
Requires your present aid.

Hunt. Some weighty business ?

Craw. A secretary from the duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,

¹ *Resolves to treat the freedom of my youth,*

Upon exchange of troths.] The phraseology here is extremely involved. The meaning seems to be, "when experience and time give me a resolution to treat for an exchange of the freedom of my youth for mutual truth or betrothing, I shall desire," &c. ; or, in plainer words, "when experience and time shall incline me to give up the freedom of my youth, and give up my truth and faith to another in exchange for his faith," &c.

Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years,
Craves audience from our master ; and 'tis said
The duke himself is following to the court.

Hunt. Duke upon duke ; 'tis well, 'tis well :—
here's bustling

For majesty ; my lord, I will along with you.

Craw. My service, noble lady.

Kath. 'Please you walk, sir ?

Dal. Times have their changes ; sorrow makes
men wise ;

The sun itself must set as well as rise ;

Then, why not I. Fair madam, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Night.*—*The Tower.*—*Lights brought in.*

*Enter DURHAM, SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD, and
URSWICK.—Lights.*

Dur. You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely
King Henry, our great master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty ; you taste
His bounty and his mercy even in this ;
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his closet, he is pleas'd
To admit you to his favour ; do not falter
In your discovery, but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,
So labour to deserve it, by laying open
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

Urs. Remember not the witchcraft, or the magic,
The charms and incantations, which the sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason :
Sir Robert, be your own friend now ; discharge
Your conscience freely ; all of such as love you,
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.

Take heed you do not dally with the king;
He is wise as he is gentle.

Clif. I am miserable
If Henry be not merciful.

Urs. The king comes.

Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. Clifford!

Clif. (Kneels.) Let my weak knees rot to the earth, *on*
If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries,
Before your royal eyes, as to my own *mind*
I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

K. Hen. Clifford, stand up: for instance of thy
safety
I offer thee my hand.

Clif. A sovereign balm
For my bruis'd soul, I kiss it with a greediness.
Sir, you are a just master, but I—

K. Hen. Tell me,
Is every circumstance thou hast set down
With thine own hand, within this paper, true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all
The progress of our enemies' intents
Without corruption?

Clif. True, as I wish heaven;
Or my infected honour white again.

K. Hen. We know all, Clifford, fully, since this
meteor
This airy apparition first discreded
From Tournay into Portugal; and thence
Advanc'd his fiery blaze for adoration
To th' superstitious Irish; since the beard
Of this wild comet, conjur'd into France,
Sparkled in antick flames in Charles his court;
But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in dark-
ness,
Stole into Flanders, flourishing the rags

Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,
Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws :
But tell me, what new course now shapes duke
Perkin ?

Clif. For Ireland, mighty Henry ; so instructed
By Stephen Frion, sometimes ¹ secretary
In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,
But Perkin's tutor now.

K. Hen. A subtle villain
That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham,
Knew well the man.

Dur. French, both in heart and actions.

K. Hen. Some Irish heads work in this mine of
treason ;

Speak them.

Clif. Not any of the best ; your fortune
Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit
Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts
For counsellors : first Heron, a broken mercer,
Then John A-Water, sometimes mayor of Cork,
Sketon a taylor, and a scrivener
Call'd Astley : and whate'er these list ² to treat of,
Perkin must harken to ; but Frion, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him
To fly to Scotland to young James the Fourth ;
And sue for aid to him ; this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.

¹ *Sometimes,*] Formerly. See the Introduction to this play, and further on in this page, where the word occurs in the same sense. In the Merchant of Venice, Bassanes says :

“ In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues ; *sometimes* from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.”

² *List,*] An old word for *choose* ; of too frequent occurrence to require any example of its use.

K. Hen. Still more Frion !
 Pestilent adder ! he will hiss out poison,
 As dang'rous as infectious. We must match 'em.
 Clifford thou hast spoke home, we give thee life :
 But, Clifford, there are people of our own
 Remain behind untold ; who are they, Clifford ?
 Name those, and we are friends, and will to rest :
 'Tis thy last task.

Clif. Oh, sir, here I must break
 A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

K. Hen. Well, well, be brief, be brief.

Clif. The first in rank
 Shall be John Ratcliffe Lord Fitzwater, then
 Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
 With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,
 Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars,
 And Robert Ratcliffe.

K. Hen. Churchmen are turn'd devils.
 These are the principal ?

Clif. One more remains
 Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

K. Hen. Ha, Clifford ! one more ?

Clif. Great sir, do not hear him,
 For when Sir William Stanley, your lord chambe-
 lain,

Shall come into the list, as he is chief,
 I shall lose credit with ye ; yet this lord,
 Last nam'd, is first against you.

K. Hen. Urswick, the light !
 View well my face, sirs : is there blood left in it ?

Dur. You alter strangely, sir.

K. Hen. Alter, lord bishop ?
 Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dreamt he stabb'd me.
 Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
 To think they set their own stains off, by laying
 Aspersion on some nobler than themselves :

Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here¹.
 Thy life again is forfeit ; I recal
 My word of mercy ; for I know thou dar'st
 Repeat the name no more.

Clif. I dare, and once more,
 Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley,
 Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief
 Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

Dur. Most strange !

Urs. Most wicked !

K. Hen. Yet again, once more.

Clif. Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
 And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley ! Who ? Sir Wil-
 liam Stanley,

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
 The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,
 The charge, and the controulment of my person ;
 The keys and secrets of my treasury ;
 The all of all I am ! I am unhappy :
 Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor
 To my own person, yield my sceptre up
 To Edward's sister, and her bastard duke !

Dur. You lose your constant temper.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley !

O do not blame me ; he, 'twas only he
 Who having rescued me in Bosworth field
 From Richard's bloody sword, snatched from his
 head

The kingly crown, and plac'd it first on mine.
 He never fail'd me ; what have I deserv'd
 To lose this good man's heart, or he his own ?

Urs. The night doth waste, this passion ill be-
 comes you :

Provide against your danger.

¹ *Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here,*] *i. e.* Lies are ever attendants upon treason ; as is the case in the present instance.

K. Hen. Let it be so, Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber. 'Tis well we are i' th' Tower. Set a guard on him. Clifford, to bed : you must lodge here to-night ; We'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul Divines strange troubles.

Daw. (within.) Ho ! the king, the king ! I must have entrance.

K. Hen. Dawbeney's voice ; admit him. What new combustions huddle next to keep Our eyes from rest ?—the news ?

Enter DAWBENEY.

Daw. Ten thousand Cornish Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd A-head, led by a blacksmith and a lawyer, They make for London, and to them is join'd Lord Audley. As they march, their number daily Increases ; they are—

K. Hen. Rascals—talk no more ; Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night : And if I cannot sleep, I'll wake :—to bed. When counsels fail, and there's no man to trust, Even then an arm from heaven fights for the just.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Edinburgh.—The Presence-Chamber in the Palace, with a Gallery.*

Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE, JANE, and other ladies.

Countess. Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation

For entertainment of this English prince ;
 The king intends grace more than ordinary ;
 'Twere pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

Kath. Bless the young man! Our nation would
 be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom: My father
 Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
 But that the king must not be cross'd.

Countess. He brings
 A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him ;
 But very modest people, for they strive not
 To fame their names too much ; their godfathers
 May be beholding to them, but their fathers
 Scarce owe them thanks : they are disguised princes,
 Brought up it seems to honest trades : no matter ;
 They will break forth in season.

Jane. Or break out ;
 For most of them are broken by report.

*A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY,
 CRAWFORD, and DALYELL.*

The king.

Kath. Let us observe 'em and be silent.

K. Ja. The right of kings, my lords, extends not
 only

To the safe conservation of their own,
 But also to the aid of such allies
 As change of time and state hath oftentimes
 Hurl'd down from careful¹ crowns, to undergo
 An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes :
 So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur de Lion,
 So Robert Bruce, our royal ancestor,
 Forc'd by the trial of the wrongs they felt,
 Both sought and found supplies from foreign kings
 To repossess their own. Then grudge not, lords,

¹ *Careful.*] Here used in the literal sense, *full of cares.*

A much distressed prince : king Charles of France,
 And Maximilian of Bohemia both,
 Have ratified his credit by their letters.
 Shall we then be distrustful ? No ; compassion
 Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown,
 And we will have it shine there.

Hunt. Do your will, sir.

K. Ja. The young duke is at hand ; Dalyell,
 from us

First greet him, and conduct him on ; then Crawford

shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,
 Present him to our arms. Sound sprightly music,
 Whilst majesty encounters majesty !

Hautboys.—*Exit DALYELL, and re-enter with PERKIN WARBECK, FRION, HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD salutes PERKIN, and afterwards HUNTLEY, who presents him to the King, by whom he is embraced. In the meantime the noblemen slightly salute his followers.*

War. Most high, most mighty king ! that now
 there stands

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
 A subject of the rarest kind of pity
 That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,
 The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,
 Hath made it too apparent : Europe knows,
 And all the western world, what persecution
 Hath rag'd in malice against us, sole heir
 To the great throne of old Plantagenets.
 How, from our nursery, we have been hurried
 Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
 Forc'd to the prison, from the prison haul'd *haul'd*
 By cruel hands to the tormentor's fury ;
 Is register'd already in the volume

Of all mens' tongues, whose true relation draws
 Compassion, melted into weeping eyes,
 And bleeding souls : but our misfortunes since,
 Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,
 Protected in our innocence by Heaven.

Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy,
 Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to
 murder

Paid them their wages of despair and horror ;
 The softness of my childhood smil'd upon
 The roughness of their task, and robb'd them farther
 Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.

Great king, *they* spar'd my life, the butchers spar'd
 it ;

Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
 A truth of my dispatch ; I was convey'd
 With secrecy and speed to Tournay ; foster'd
 By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :
 But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
 Of fear and of disdain ; fear of the tyrant
 Whose power sway'd the throne ; then ; when disdain
 Of living so unknown, in such a servile
 And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
 Of recollecting who I was ; I shook off
 My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
 Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman ;
 Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry
 From Richard's head ; a thing scarce known i' th'
 world.

K. Ja. My lord, it stands not with your counsel
 now

To fly upon invectives ; if you can
 Make this apparent what you have discoursed,
 In every circumstance, we will not study
 An answer, but are ready in your cause.

War. You are a wise and just king, by the powers
 Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids,

To plant me in mine own inheritance :
 To marry these two kingdoms in a love
 Never to be divorc'd, while time is time.
 As for the manner, first of my escape,
 Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
 The means, and persons who were instruments,
 Great sir, 'tis fit I over-pass in silence ;
 Reserving the relation to the secrecy
 Of your own princely care, since it concerns *ear*
 Some great ones living yet, and others dead,
 Whose issue might be question'd. For your bounty,
 Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
 We vow hereafter to demean ourself,
 As if we were your own and natural brother ;
 Omitting no occasion in our person,
 To express a gratitude beyond example.

K. Ja. He must be more than subject who can
 utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.
 Take this for answer, be whate'er thou art,
 Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
 Thy cause and person into my protection.
 Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee ;
 Welcome to James of Scotland. For thy safety,
 Know, such as love thee not, shall never wrong thee.
 Come, we will taste a while our court-delights,
 Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
 To high attempts of honour. On, lead on !
 Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard ye.
 Lead on— [*Exeunt all but the Ladies above.*

Countess. I have not seen a gentleman
 Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage.
 His fortunes move not him.—Madam, you're pas-
 sionate.

Kath. Beshrew me, but his words have touch'd
 me home,

As if his cause concern'd me : I should pity him
If he should prove another than he seems.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. Ladies, the king commands your presence
instantly,
For entertainment of the duke.

Kath. The duke
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd :
It is our duty.

Countess. We will all wait on him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*London.—The Tower.*

A Flourish.—Enter King HENRY, OXFORD, DUR-
HAM, SURREY.

K. Hen. Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain ?

Dur. His treasons
Condemn'd him, sir, which were as clear and mani-
fest,

As foul and dangerous : besides, the guilt
Of his conspiracy prest him so nearly
That it drew from him free confession,
Without an importunity.

K. Hen. Oh, lord bishop,
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
And must not stand in evidence against
Our mercy, and the softness of our nature ;
The rigour and extremity of law
Is sometimes too too bitter, but we carry
A chancery of pity in our bosom.
I hope we may relieve him from the sentence
Of death ; I hope we may.

Dur. You may, you may,
And so persuade your subjects that the title

Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
 Then yours of Lancaster ; so Stanley holds :
 Which if it be not treason in the highest,
 Then we are traitors all, perjur'd, and false,
 Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice
 Of Henry's title ; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,
 With all your other peers of state and church,
 Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven,
 And England's lawful heir.

Oxf. By Vere's old honours,
 I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

Sur. 'Tis a quarrel
 To engage a soul in.

K. Hen. What a coil¹ is here
 To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect !
 Stanley was once my friend, and came in time
 To save my life : yet, to say truth, my lords,
 The man staid long enough t' endanger it ;
 But I could see no more into his heart,
 Than what his outward actions did present ;
 And for them have rewarded him² so fully,
 As that there wanted nothing in our gift
 To gratify his merit, as I thought,
 Unless I should divide my crown with him,
 And give him half ; tho' now I well perceive
 'Twould scarce have serv'd his turn, without the
 whole.

But I am charitable, lords : let justice
 Proceed in execution, whilst I mourn *whiles*
 The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

Dur. Sir, he is coming this way.

K. Hen. If he speak to me
 I could deny him nothing ; to prevent it,

¹ *Coil,*] Bustle, stir.

² *Rewarded 'em.*] So the quarto reads corruptedly.

I must withdraw. 'Pray, lords, commend my fa-
vours

To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for:
That done, it doth concern us to consult
Of other following troubles. [Exeunt.

Oxf. I am glad
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd
The traitor, had he seen him.

Sur. 'Tis a king
Compos'd of gentleness.

Dur. Rare and unheard of.
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the king observes; 'tis fit he should.

Enter STANLEY, led by the Executioner, with URS-
WICK and DAWBENEY.

Stan. May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake
This piece of frailty off?

Daw. You shall; he's sent for.

Stan. I must not see the king?

Dur. From him, sir William,
These lords and I am sent: he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass; but howe'er your body
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasur'd in his bosom.

Oxf. Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

Sur. And I; good angels guard you!

Stan. Oh, the king
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,

Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.
I was as you are once, great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years, but fate and time
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Daw. Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, sir
William,
You so desir'd to speak with. *desire*

Dur. Mark their meeting.

Clif. Sir William Stanley, I am glad your con-
science

Before your end, hath emptied every burden
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,
How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concern'd my truth and the state's safety.

Stan. Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!
Come hither—by this token think on me!

*[Makes a cross on CLIFFORD'S face with
his finger.]*

Clif. This token? What? I am abus'd?

Stan. You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's in-
famy:

Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:
Water shall never wash it off, all eyes
That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written,
A state-informer's character; more ugly,
Stamp't on a noble name, than on a base.
The heavens forgive thee.—'Pray, my lords, no
change

Of words: this man and I have us'd too many.

Clif. Shall I be disgrac'd
Without reply?

Dur. Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.

Stan. Once more,
 To all a long farewell. The best of greatness
 Preserve the king! My next suit is, my lords,
 To be remember'd to my noble brother,
 Derby, my much griev'd brother. Oh, persuade him,
 That I shall stand no blemish to his house,
 In chronicles writ in another age :
 My heart doth bleed for him, and for his sighs.
 Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
 Nor being husband to king Henry's mother,
 The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
 Secure his peace above the state of man.
 I take my leave to travel to my dust :
 Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.
 Come, confessor! On with thy axe, friend, on.

[*He is led off to execution.*]

Clif. Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath
 To be upbraided? Lords, the king shall know it.

Enter King HENRY with a white staff.

K. Hen. The king doth know it sir; the king
 hath heard
 What he or you could say. We have given credit
 To every point of Clifford's information,
 The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head :
 He dies for it: are you pleas'd?

Clif. I pleas'd my lord?

K. Hen. No echoes: for your service we dismiss
 Your more attendance on the court; take ease,
 And live at home. But, as you love your life,
 Stir not from London without leave from us.
 We'll think on your reward. Away!

Clif. I go, sir. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Die all our griefs with Stanley! Take
 this staff
 Of office, Dawbeney; henceforth be our chamber-
 lain.

Daw. I am your humblest servant.

K. Hen. We are follow'd
By enemies at home that will not cease
To seek their own confusion; 'tis most true,
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on
As far as Winchester; but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness, we'll catch them
In their own toils.

Daw. Your army, ~~sir~~ being muster'd,
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number six-and-twenty thousand; men
Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.

K. Hen. We know it, Dawbeney:
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,
Assisted by bold Essex, and the earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first batallia;
Be that your charge.

Oxf. I humbly thank you majesty. ~~your~~

K. Hen. The next division we assign to Daw-
beney:

These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
The last and main ourself commands in person,
As ready to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victory.

Daw. The king is still oraculous.

K. Hen. But, Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee:
For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland late hath entertained
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common
Grace and respect; nay, courts him with rare favours.
The Scot is young and forward, we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle, and secure

The frontiers against an invasion there.
 Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
 As may relieve the bishop, and encounter,
 On all occasions, the death-daring Scots.
 You know your charges all, 'tis now a time
 To execute, not talk; Heaven is our guard still.
 War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Edinburgh.—A Hall in the Royal
 Palace.*

Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.

Craw. 'Tis more than strange; my reason cannot
 answer

Such argument^s of fine imposture, couched
 In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
 Impossibilities, as if appearance
 Could cozen truth itself: this dukeling mushroom
 Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

Dal. He courts the ladies,
 As if his strength of language chain'd attention
 By power of prerogative.

Craw. It madded
 My very soul, to hear our master's motion:
 What surety both of unity and honour
 Must of necessity ensue upon
 A match betwixt some noble of our nation,
 And this brave prince, forsooth?

Dal. 'Twill prove too fatal:
 Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady
 From such a ruin!

Craw. How the counsel-privy
 Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces
 Into a gravity, their trades, good people,

Were never guilty of! The meanest of them
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

Dal. Sure not the hangman's, 'tis bespoke al-
ready
For service of their rogueships.—Silence!

Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.

K. Ja. Do not
Argue against our will; we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have;—
But find it short of duty!

Hunt. Break my heart,
Do, do, king: have my services, my loyalty,
(Heaven knows untainted ever), drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age? when have I wanted *about*
A minute of a peace not to be troubled?
My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam¹, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, tho' mixt with mine,
By marriage of this girl² to a straggler.
Take, take my head, sir; whilst my tongue can
wag
It cannot name him other.

K. Ja. Kings are counterfeit
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists:

¹ *Bedlam.*] See Vol. I. p. 179.

² *Girl.*] This word must be read as one of two syllables in this place. The reader must be reminded of the very frequent custom of dividing words similar to this into two syllables, as he will otherwise be apt to form a very erroneous idea of the versification of old plays. Most of those of Ford, and peculiarly the present tragedy, are written in metre, as regular as any of modern times.

But use your own detraction : 'tis our pleasure
 To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
 The lady Katherine : Instinct of sovereignty
 Designs the honour, though her peevish father
 Usurps our resolution.

Hunt. Oh, 'tis well,
 Exceeding well ! I never was ambitious
 Of using congees to my daughter-queen.
 A queen ! perhaps a quean¹. Forgive me, Dalyell,
 Thou honourable gentleman : none here
 Dare speak one word of comfort.

Dal. Cruel misery !

Craw. The lady, gracious prince, may be hath
 settled

Affection on some former choice.

Dal. Enforcement
 Would prove but tyranny.

Hunt. I thank thee heartily.
 Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
 An interest in the girl : then the king
 May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
 Worthy a free consent ; now he pulls down
 What old desert hath builded.

K. Ja. Cease persuasions :
 I violate no pawns of faiths, intrude not
 On private loves ; that I have play'd the orator
 For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
 Can justify, referring her contents
 To our provision. The Welsh Harry, henceforth,
 Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
 That not the painted idol of his policy,
 Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.
 We are resolv'd.

¹ *A queen, perhaps a queen?*] So the old copy ; but I cannot find any sense in this reading. The alteration of a single letter, and of the pointing, affords a very obvious meaning, and undoubtedly the one intended by the poet.

Hunt. Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will bleed for this!

K. Ja. Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent. No more disputes, he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.

Hunt. Farewel daughter!
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for't!
I and my griefs will dance now.—Look, lords,
look;
Here's hand in hand already.

*Enter WARBECK, leading in Lady KATHERINE;
the Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS,
FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, and
SKETON.*

K. Ja. Peace, old frenzy!—
How like a king he looks! Lords, but observe
The confidence of his aspect. Dross cannot
Cleave to so pure a metal.—Royal youth!
Plantagenet undoubted!

Hunt. (Aside.) Ho, brave youth!
But no Plantagenet, by'r lady yet,
By red rose or by white.

War. An union this way,
Settles possession in a monarchy
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance:
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,
Your heart, fair princess, and the hand of provi-
dence,
Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes.

Kath. Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,
Love owes true service.

War. Shall I!—

² *Ho, brave lady!*] So the quarto reads, no doubt corrupt-
edly, the word *lady* having been caught by the compositor from
the next line.

K. Ja. Cousin, yes,
Enjoy her : from my hand accept your bride,
And may they live at enmity with comfort,
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths.
You are the prince's wife now.

Kath. By your gift, sir.

War. Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

Kath. I miss yet
A father's blessing. Let me find it ;—humbly
Upon my knees I seek it. [*Kneels before HUNT.*

Hunt. I am Huntley,
Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
Nor more nor less ; and, lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to heaven ;
For heaven did give me you. Alas, alas !
What would you have me say ? May all the hap-
piness

My prayers ever sued to, fall upon you,
Preserve you in your virtues.—Pr'ythee, Dalyell,
Come with me ; for I feel thy griefs as full
As mine. Let's steal away, and cry together.

[*Exeunt. HUNT. and DAL.*

Dal. My hopes are in their ruins.

K. Ja. Good, kind Huntley
Is overjoy'd. A fit solemnity
Shall perfect these delights : Crawford attend
Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but the followers of WAR.*

Fri. Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not fol-
low'd

My undertakings with success ? Here's entrance
Into a certainty of hope.

Her. Hopes are but hopes ; I was ever confi-
dent, when I traded in remnants, that my stars had
reserv'd me to the title of a viscount at least : ho-
nour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.

Sket. My brother Heron hath right wisely deli-

ver'd his opinion: for he that threads his needle with the sharp eyes of industry, shall in good time go through-stitch with the new suit of preferment.

Ast. Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother Sketon: for as no indenture but has its counterpaw'n; no *noverint* but his condition or defey-sance; so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any act of parliament to the contrary notwithstanding.

Fri. You are all read in mysteries of state,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
Active in resolution; and 'tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers
You must not miss employment of high nature.

J. a-Wat. If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other mens belief, more than other should rely on mine.

Fri. Pith of experience! those that have borne
office,
Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requires, in point of honour ('pray mistake not),
Some service to our lord; 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves,
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

Sket. The Scots? the motion is defied: I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron¹ of reproach:

¹ *Pressing-iron.*] It must be recollected that Sketon is a tailor, and is speaking his technical language. Oylet-holes, in the next line, are the eyes of needles.

or let my skin be pinch'd full of oylet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

Ast. I will sooner lose both my ears on the pilory of forgery.

Her. Let me live a bankrupt, and die in the lousy hole of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

J. a-Wat. If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is possible, I grant.

Fri. Resolv'd like men of knowledge; at this feast, then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some shew, some masque, or some device,
Prefer^r their duties: now it were uncomely,
That we be found less forward for our prince,
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
A livelier applause. Great emperors
Have, for their recreations, undertook
Such kind of pastimes: as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study; the performance
You all shall share a thanks in; 'twill be grateful.

Her. The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a dancing-school when I was a 'prentice.

Ast. There have been Irish hubbubs², when I have made one too.

¹ *Prefer*;] Here used in the sense of *proffer*. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*: "The short and the long is, our play is preferred;" that is, offered to the duke's option.

² *Irish hubbubs*.] The hubbub, ubooboo, or ceannan of the Irish, was properly their war-cry, when they rushed upon their enemies; but the allusion in the text seems to be to a dance, which took its name from it.

Sket. For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross-caper, turn me off to my trade again.

J. a-Wat. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage¹, which is, as it is construed, either so, or so.

Fri. Still you come home to me; upon occasion I find you relish courtship with discretion: And such are fit for statesmen of your merits. Pray'e wait the prince², and in his ear acquaint him

With this design; I'll follow and direct you.

Oh, the toil [*Exeunt all but FRION.*]

Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!

Muddy-brain'd peasants! Princes feel a misery

Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes

Must yield to such abettors: yet our tide

Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on!

Flow to a full sea! time alone debates

Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. [*Exit.*]

¹ *Carriage,*] Behaviour.

² *Wait the prince,*] *i. e.* Wait upon the prince; according to the phraseology of the age.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Westminster.—The Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, with his gorget¹ on, his sword, plume of feathers, and leading-staff; and URSWICK.

K. Hen. How runs the time of day?

Urs. Past ten, my lord.

K. Hen. A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throw a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Poole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear.

Urs. They are all silent.

K. Hen. From their own battlements, they may
 behold
Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers; we must learn
To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
Ha, Urswick, must we not?

Urs. The pow'rs, who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne, will ever
Rise up in his defence.

K. Hen. Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,

¹ *Gorget.*] Properly, armour for the neck; but here it seems to be used for breast-plate, as the king was not likely to have worn armour for the neck alone. Leading-staff is synonymous with truncheon.

Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
 George Aburgeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
 And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath
 Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow
 Such stiff-neck'd objects, as with weary marches
 Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and
 children,
 To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
 We may continue sovereign. Yet Urswick,
 We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament
 Hath freely been contributed; we must not:
 Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
 The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
 Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,
 Without the food of fit supplies. But Urswick
 I have a charm in secret, that shall loose
 The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is
 bound,
 And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

Urs. Your majesty's a wise king, sent from heaven,

Protector of the just.

K. Hen. Let dinner cheerfully
 Be serv'd in; this day of the week is ours,
 Our day of providence, for Saturday
 Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,
 To yield me rest at night.—[*A Flourish.*] What
 means this warning?
 Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and Attendants.

Daw. Live the king,
 Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

Oxf. The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
 The body hew'd in pieces.

K. Hen. Dawbeney, Oxford,

Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes?

Daw. Briefly thus:
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish
(Your majesty's right trusty liegemen); flew,
Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,
To take the field even at your palace-gates,
And face you in your chamber-royal; arrogance
Improv'd their ignorance; for they supposing,
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,
Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,
When in the dawning I, by your direction,
Strove to get Deptford-Strand-bridge, there I found
Such a resistance, as might shew what strength
Could make. Here arrows hail'd in showers upon
us,

A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.
My lord of Oxford with his fellow peers,
Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other; till, great sir,
(Pardon the oversight), eager of doing
Some memorable act, I was engag'd
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
As sensible of danger: now the fight
Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of
Two thousand rebels, and as many more
Resolv'd to try your mercy, have return'd
A victory with safety.

K. Hen. Have we lost
An equal number with them?

Oxf. In the total
Scarcely four hundred: Audley, Flammock, Jo-
seph,
The ringleaders of this commotion,

Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors,
Wait your determinations.

K. Hen. We must pay
Our thanks where they are only due: Oh, lords!
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls! Let such as are escap'd
Steal to the country back without pursuit:
There's not a drop of blood spill'd, but hath drawn
As much of mine; their swords could have wrought
wonders
On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd
Against their prince, but wounded their own
breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care, our payment
Shall be both sure and fitting your deserts.

Daw. Sir, will you please to see those rebels,
heads

Of this wild monster-multitude?

K. Hen. Dear friend,
My faithful Dawbeney, no: on them our justice
Must frown in terror; I will not vouchsafe
An eye to pity to them: let false Audley
Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
To Tower-hill in his own coat of arms
Painted on paper, with the arms reversed,
Defac'd, and torn; there let him lose his head.
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,
Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd
To pardon, and dismiss from further quest¹.
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

Oxf. I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Urswick.

¹ *Quest,*] Examination, inquisition, as Cole renders it in his Latin Dictionary, 1679.

Urs. My lord?

K. Hen. To Dinham, our high-treasurer,
Say, we command commissions be new granted,
For the collection of our subsidies
Through all the west, and that speedily.
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.

Daw. Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their several duties.

K. Hen. For it, we will throw
A largess¹ free amongst them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet
Remains of like employment; not a man
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects hearts!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Edinburgh.*—*The royal Palace.*

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad
gentleman:
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs², observe the frisks, be enchanted

¹ *Largess.*] Handfuls of money cast among the people, or a donation bestowed on soldiers (Cotgrave); so called from *largesse*, liberality, bounty, *Fr.* which was originally the cry of the heralds at feasts, and subsequently obtained a more extended meaning. The custom of peasants, employed in the harvest, crying out largess, and thus obtaining money from the passers-by, is still usual in Essex, Suffolk, and Kent.

² *To hear the jigs.*] Jigs were anciently not only dances, but

With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,
 Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,
 Like to so many choristers of Bedlam,
 'Trowling' a catch? The feasts, the manly sto-
 machs,
 The healths in usquebaugh, and bonny clabbore²,
 The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China,
 The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
 And all this for king Oberon, and queen Mab;
 Should put a soul into ye. Look ye, good man,
 How youthful I am grown: but by your leave,
 This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
 My daughter; no, by'r lady, 'tis unfit!
 And yet you see how I do bear this change;
 Methinks courageously: then shake off care
 In such a time of jollity.

Dal. Alas, sir,
 How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
 Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present
 To any judging eye, the perfect substance
 Of which mine are but counterfeits.

Hunt. Foh, Dalyell!
 Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
 To this rare bridal feast: let us be merry;

also metrical compositions, generally ballads; e. g. in the pro-
 logue to Fletcher's Fair Maid of the Inn:

"A jig shall be clapt at, and every rhyme
 Praised and applauded by a clamorous chime."

¹ Trowling a catch.] This was a proverbial expression, and
 is used in Shakespeare's Tempest:

"Let us be jocund, let us troll the catch
 You taught me while-ere."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:

"If he read this with patience, I'll trowl ballads."

² Clabbore.] I have not been able to discover what particu-
 lar kind of liquor was thus denominated, never having met with
 the phrase before.

Whilst flattering calms secure us against storms:
 Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
 The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
 In darkness of despair: yet we are safe.

Dal. I wish you could as easily forget
 The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
 Can yield to destiny.

Hunt. Pish! then I see
 Thou dost not know the flexible condition
 Of my apt nature; I can laugh, laugh heartily,
 When the gout cramps my joints; let but the stone
 Stop in my bladder, I am strait a-singing;
 The quartan fever shrinking every limb,
 Sets me a-cap'ring straight; do but betray me,
 And bind me a friend ever. What? I trust
 The losing of a daughter, though I doated
 On every hair that grew to trim her head,
 Admits not any pair like one of these.
 Come, thou'rt deceiv'd in me; give me a blow,
 A sound blow on the face, I'll thank thee for't;
 I love my wrongs; still thou'rt deceiv'd in me.

Dal. Deceiv'd? Oh, noble Huntley, my few
 years
 Have learnt experience of too ripe an age,
 To forfeit fit credulity. Forgive
 My rudeness, I am bold.

Hunt. Forgive me first
 A madness of ambition; by example
 Teach me humility, for patience scorns
 Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
 Incapable of injuries; tho' old,
 I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
 Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds
 With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand
 Defendants 'gainst the rape done on mine honour.
 But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
 With their anointed bodies: for their actions,

They only are accountable to heaven'.
 Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,
 One antidote's reserv'd against the poison
 Of my distractions; 'tis in thee to apply it.

Dal. Name it, oh! name it quickly, sir!

Hunt. A pardon
 For my most foolish slighting thy deserts:
 I have cull'd out this time to beg it. Pr'ythee,
 Be gentle! had I been so, thou hadst own'd
 A happy bride, but now a cast-away,
 And never child of mine more.

Dal. Say not so, sir,
 It is not fault in her.

Hunt. The world would prate
 How she was handsome; young I know she was,
 Tender, and sweet in her obedience;
 But, lost now, what a bankrupt am I made
 Of a full stock of blessings!—Must I hope
 A mercy from thy heart?

Dal. A love, a service,
 A friendship to posterity.

Hunt. Good angels
 Reward thy charity! I have no more
 But prayers left me now.

Dal. I'll lend you mirth, sir,
 If you will be in consort².

¹ This is one of the passages which are very grating to our ears; but the right of kings *de jure divino*, and the laws of non-resistance, were still held in such veneration at the time this play was written, that we must excuse the poet, who merely followed the more general opinion, which was shortly after destined to yield to a theory directly the reverse.

² *Consort.*] Generally a concert of musicians. The text means, "If you will be in the same tune, harmonize with, or join in the harmony of my mind." A similar use of the word occurs in Massinger's *Picture*. Corisca, speaking of Sophia, says,

"She admits no visits;
 Eats little, and her nightly music is
 Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony
 Of feeling griefs, that I, against my nature,
 Am made one of the *consort*."

Hunt. 'Thank ye truly :

I must, yes, yes, I must,—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction. Look not angry.

Dal. Good, noble sir !

Hunt. Oh, hark ! we may be quiet,
The king, and all the others come : a meeting
Of gaudy sights : this day's the last of revels ;
To-morrow sounds of war ; then new exchange ;
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage !

A Flourish.—*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHERINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess; JANE DOUGLAS. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall in among the train.*

K. Ja. Cousin of York, you and your princely
bride,

Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights,
As a new-married couple could forethink ;
Nor has our bounty shorten'd expectation :
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish : yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

War. My royal cousin, in your princely favour,
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words
Would breed suspicion in our state¹ and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,
Whose minister Necessity will perfitte,
Sit on our own throne² ; then our arms laid open

¹ *State,*] Estate, here synonymous with quality. So in King Henry IV. Part II.

“ As you are a king, speak in your state.”

² *When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,
Whose minister Necessity will perfitte,
Sit on our own throne.*—] This is not very clear. I

To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinc-
tion.¹

Then James and Richard, being in effect
One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.

K. Ja. Seat ye.

Are the presenters¹ ready?

Craw. All are ent'ring.

Hunt. Dainty sport toward, Dalzell: sit, come sit,
Sit and be quiet; here are kingly bugs words².

Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks, accordingly habited³; at another, WARBECK's followers, disguised as four Wild Irish in trowses⁴, long-haired, and accordingly habited.—Music.—The Maskers dance.

K. Ja. To all a general thanks!

suppose the passage means, "When we shall sit on our own throne, in the fulness of fate (or good fortune), whose (*i. e.* Fate's) minister Necessity will perfect our good fortune, our having the throne actually in our possession."

¹ *The presenters*;] That is, the actors who are to present the masque, or antick.

² *Kingly bugs words*.] Words of terror, haughty words, assuming the style of royalty, alluding to the speech of the impostor. So in the Spanish tragedy,

"This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where noue but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell."

³ *Accordingly habited*;] That is, in the guise of their country.

⁴ *Wild Irish in trowses*.] These were the wood-kerne of Ireland, of which Spenser, Derrick, and other Elizabethan writers, give us such an unfavourable description. Their trowses, commonly spelt *trossers*, were long pantaloons, exactly fitted to the shape, chequered with various colours, like the tartan of the Highlanders. They wore their hair very long and matted, which they called a glibbe. See the reprint of Derrick's *Image of Ireland*, with the fac-similes of the wooden cuts, in the new edition of Lord Somers's *Tracts*, Vol. I.

War. In the next room
Take your own shapes again; you shall receive
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt the maskers.*]

K. Ja. Enough
Of merriments! Crawford, how far's our army
Upon the march?

Craw. At Hedon-hall, great king;
Twelve thousand, well prepar'd.

K. Ja. Crawford, to-night
Post thither. We, in person, with the prince,
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,
Will be wi' you; speed away!

Craw. I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Ja. Our business grows to head now. Where's
your secretary,
That he attends you not to serve?

War. With Marchmont,
Your herald.

K. Ja. Good: the proclamation's ready;
By that it will appear how the English stand
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort
Your daughter in her husband's absence; fight
With prayers at home for us, who, for your honours,
Must toil in fight abroad.

Hunt. Prayers are the weapons
Which men so near their graves as I, do use.
I've little else to do.

K. Ja. To rest, young beauties!
We must be early stirring; quickly part!
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.
Cousins, good night. [*A flourish.*]

War. Rest to our cousin king.

Kath. Your blessing, sir.

Hunt. Fair blessings on your highness, sure you
need them.

[*Exeunt all but WAR. KATH. and JANE.*]

War. Jane, set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room, this little purse ;
Say we'll deserve their loves.

Jane. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*]

War. Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those
eyes,

Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use
A parting ceremony ; for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace. Swift as the morning
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne¹.

Kath. My lord, I would fain go wi' you ; there's
small fortune
In staying here behind.

War. The churlish brow
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
For ladies' entertainment ; if thou hear'st
A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withall
Shalt hear, how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a king ; and in the close,
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou
fairest,

Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals ; my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph ;
For love and majesty are reconcil'd,
And vow to crown thee empress of the west.

Kath. You have a noble language, sir ; your right
In me is without question, and however

¹ *A careful throne,*] *i. e.* A throne full of cares. See before,
p. 30.

Events of time may shorten my deserts
 In other's pity, yet it shall not stagger
 Or constancy, or duty in a wife.
 You must be king of me; and my poor heart
 Is all I can call mine.

War. But we will live,
 Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
 Of our own blood, to let the counterfeit
 Be known the world's contempt.

Kath. Pray do not use
 That word, it carries fate in't. The first suit
 I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War. Without denial, dearest.

Kath. That hereafter,
 If you return with safety, no adventure
 May sever us in tasting any fortune:
 I ne'er can stay behind again.

War. You're lady
 Of your desires, and shall command your will:
 Yet 'tis too hard a promise.

Kath. What our destinies
 Have rul'd out in their books, we must not search
 But kneel to.

War. Then to fear when hope is fruitless,
 Were to be desperately miserable;
 Which poverty our greatness dare not dream of,
 And much more scorns to stoop to. Some few mi-
 nutes
 Remain yet, let's be thrifty in our hopes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Palace at Westminster.*

Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK.

K. Hen. Your name is Pedro Hialas, a Spaniard?

Hial. Sir, a Castillian born.

K. Hen. King Ferdinand,
 With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,
 Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.
 Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects
 Sincere in their employments ; such I find
 Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
 How joyful I repute the amity,
 With your most fortunate master, who almost
 Comes near a miracle in his success
 Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,
 Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,
 Will imitate his providence, in hope
 Of partage¹ in the use on't ; we repute
 The privacy of his advertisement to us
 By you, intended² an ambassador
 To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
 A policy of love, which well becomes
 His wisdom and your care.

Hial. Your majesty
 Doth understand him rightly.

K. Hen. Else
 Your knowledge can instruct me ; wherein, sir,
 To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,
 Which shall not need ; for I will be as studious
 Of your concealment in our conference,
 As any counsel shall advise.

Hial. Then, sir,
 My chief request is, that on notice given
 At my dispatch in Scotland, you will send
 Some learned man of power and experience
 To join in treaty with me.

K. Hen. I shall do it,
 Being that way well provided by a servant,
 Which may attend you ever.

¹ *Partage.*] Partition, division ; *partage*, Fr.

² *Intended.*] Intended for, sent to be.

Hial. If king James,
By any indirection ¹, should perceive
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

K. Hen. Be not your own herald;
I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hial. Good days
Guard all your princely thoughts.

K. Hen. Urswick, no further
Than the next open gallery attend him.—
A hearty love go with you!

Hial. Your vow'd beadsman ².

[*Exit. URS. and HIAL.*]

K. Hen. King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,
But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent; in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

Enter URSWICK.

What? the Castillian's past away?

Urs. He is,
And undiscover'd; the two hundred marks
Your majesty convey'd, he gently pursed
With a right modest gravity.

K. Hen. What was't
He mutter'd in the earnest of his wisdom?
He spoke not to be heard: 'twas about——

Urs. Warbeck;
“How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runnagate might soon be cag'd,
No great ado withstanding.”

¹ *Indirection.*] Indirect means.

² *Beadsman.*] A beadsman in Catholic countries is one who prays a certain number of prayers for the welfare of another; so called from the beads upon the rosary, by which the prayers are counted.

K. Hen. Nay, nay; something
About my son prince Arthur's match.

Urs. Right, right sir :
He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Katherine,
His daughter, and the prince of Wales your son,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any earl of Warwick liv'd in England,
Except by new creation.

K. Hen. I remember,
'Twas so indeed ; the king his master swore it!

Urs. Directly as he said.

K. Hen. An earl of Warwick !
Provide a messenger for letters instantly
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps,
It comes so slow ; we must have airy spirits ;
Our time requires dispatch.—The earl of Warwick !
Let him be son to Clarence, younger brother
To Edward ; Edward's daughter is, I think,
Mother to our prince Arthur ; get a messenger.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Castle of Norham.*

*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DAL-
YELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER,
SKETON, and Soldiers.*

K. Ja. We trifle time against these castle-walls.
The English prelate will not yield ; once more
Give him a summons ! [Parley.

*Enter on the walls the Bishop of DURHAM, armed,
and a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.*

War. See the jolly clerk
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

K. Ja. Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones
From their foundation.

Dur. Warlike king of Scotland,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforc'd
To lay his book aside, and clap on arms,
Unsuitable to my age, or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds,
You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity;
For whom too? for a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth or name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loos'd from his chains, to set great kings at strife.
What nobleman, what common man of note,
What ordinary subject hath come in,
Since first you footed on our territories,
To only feign a welcome? children laugh at
Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
So great a potentate's abuse, by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment; such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To shew your zeal in a conceited justice.
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's ven-
geance;
But shake that viper off which gnaws your en-
trails!

I, and my fellow-subjects, are resolv'd,
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.

War. O sir, lend

No ear¹ to this seducer of my honour!—
 What shall I call thee, thou grey-bearded scandal,
 That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
 Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-fac'd,
 And eloquent in mischief. Sacred king
 Be deaf to his known malice!

Dur. Rather yield
 Unto those holy motions which inspire
 The sacred heart of an anointed body!
 It is the surest policy in princes,
 To govern well their own, than seek encroachment
 Upon another's right.

Craw. The king is serious,
 Deep in his meditation.

Dal. Lift them up
 To heaven, his better genius!

War. Can you study,
 While such a devil raves? Oh, sir.

K. Ja. Well,—bishop,
 You'll not be drawn to mercy?

Dur. Construe me
 In like case by a subject of your own:
 My resolution's fix'd; king James, be counsell'd,
 A greater fate waits on thee.

[*Exeunt DURHAM and his attendants from
 the walls.*]

K. Ja. Forage through
 The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

War. Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to na-
 ture:

I am most miserable; had I been
 Born what this clergyman would, by defame²,

¹ *Me ear.*] So the old quarto reads corruptedly.

² *Defame,*] Defamation, infamy. The word occurs often, as Mr Steevens observes, in John Bale's *Votaries*, 1550, but there it is properly spelt *defamy*, being derived from the old French word *defamie*.

Baffle belief with, I had never sought
 The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
 Of women, or of infants murder'd; virgins
 Deflowered; old men butcher'd; dwellings fir'd;
 My land depopulated, and my people
 Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation.

Shew more remorse, great king, or I shall never
 Endure to see such havock with dry eyes:
 Spare, spare, my dear, dear England!

K. Ja. You fool your piety
 Ridiculously, careful of an interest
 Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?
 Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,
 When not a petty burges of some town,
 No, not a villager hath yet appear'd,
 In your assistance: that should make you whine,
 And not your country's sufferance¹ as you term it.

Dal. The king is angry.

Craw. And the passionate duke,
 Effeminately dolent².

War. The experience
 In former trials, sir, both of mine own
 Or other princes, cast out of their thrones,
 Have so acquainted me, how misery
 Is destitute of friends, or of relief,
 That I can easily submit to taste
 Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

¹ *Sufferance,*] Here improperly used for *suffering*. In the same sense it occurs again in this play:

—————"I fear no change
 More than thy being partner in my *sufferance*."

² *Dolent.*] A very uncommon word in English, meaning miserable, sorrowful, and, in this place, submitting to reproaches; *dolent*, Fr. *Passionate*, in the preceding line, means given to tears, a sense very frequent in old authors.

Enter FRION.

K. Ja. An humble-minded man.—Now, what intelligence
Speaks master secretary Frion.

Fri. Henry
Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who oppos'd him, in the right
Of this young prince.

K. Ja. His subsidies you mean :
More if you have it.

Fri. Howard earl of Surrey,
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name,
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea, and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.

War. 'Tis false ! they come to side with us.

K. Ja. Retreat !
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.
Yet, duke of York, for such thou say'st thou art,
I'll try thy fortune to the height ; to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat. Once a king will venture
His person to an earl, with condition
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,
And James resolv'd.

War. Oh, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory ; since my cause
Doth interest this fatal quarrel ; valued least,
I am his equal.

K. Ja. I will be the man.
March softly off ; where victory can reap
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp near Ayton, on the Borders.*

Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers, with drums and colours.

Sur. Are all our braving enemies shrunk back ?
 Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,
 Not daring to behold our colours wave
 In spite of this infected air ? Can they
 Look on the strength of Cundrestine defac'd ?
 The glory of Heydon-hall devastated ? that
 Of Edington cast down ! the pile of Fulden
 O'erthrown ! and this, the strongest of their forts,
 Old Ayton-Castle, yielded and demolished ?
 And yet not peep abroad ? The Scots are bold,
 Hardy in battle, but it seems the cause
 They undertake considered, appears
 Unjointed in the frame on't.

Dur. Noble Surrey,
 Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
 His fortune's harbinger ; for when he draws
 His sword to threaten war, his providence
 Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[*A trumpet is sounded.*]

Sur. Rank all in order ! 'tis a herald's sound ;
 Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd station.

Enter MARCHMONT and another herald.

March. From Scotland's awful majesty we come
 Unto the English general.

Sur. To me ?
 Say on.

March. Thus, then: the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,
As in two potent armies, of necessity,
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet com-
passion

Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,
He offers his own royal person; fairly
Proposing these conditions only, that,
If victory conclude our master's right,
The earl shall deliver for his ransom
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths;
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
And silence further arms: so speaks king James.

Sir. So speaks king James; so like a king he
speaks.

Heralds, the English general returns
A sensible devotion from his heart,
His very soul, to this unfellowed grace:
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
How his descent from his great throne, to honour,
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more
Than any sword could do: for which (my loyalty
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick, say,
Is none of mine to part with: in affairs
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,
That dare I freely hazard; and (with pardon
To some unbrib'd vain-glory) if his majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling
So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
Without condition; and for this dear favour,

Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
Hostility, unless provok'd

March. This answer

relate
We shall repeat unpartially.

Dur.

With favour,

Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*]

Sir, you find

By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail
Inclines to willing rest; here's but a prologue,
However confidently utter'd, meant
For some ensuing acts of peace: consider,
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit; and occasion,
Presents itself for honourable treaty,
Which we may make good use of; I will back,
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
Unto king James, with these his heralds; you
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order
Of breathing¹ or proceeding; and king Henry,
Doubt not, will thank the service.

Sur.

To your wisdom,

Lord bishop, I refer it.

Dur.

Be it so then.—

Sur. Heralds, accept this chain, and these few
crowns.

March. Our duty, noble general.

Dur.

In part

Of retribution for such princely love,
My lord the general is pleased to shew
The king your master his sincerest zeal,
By further treaty, by no common man;
I will myself return with you.

Sur.

You oblige

My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop.

March. All happiness attend your lordship!

¹ *Breathing,*] Remaining where we are.

Sur. Come, friends,
And fellow-soldiers ; we, I doubt, shall meet
No enemies, but woods and hills to fight with ;
Then 'twere as good to feed and sleep at home ;
We may be free from danger, not secure.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.—*The Scottish Camp.*

Enter WARBECK and FRION.

War. Frion, oh Frion ! all my hopes of glory
Are at a stand. The Scottish king grows dull,
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent
Hath mix'd discourses with him ; they are private,
I am not call'd to counsel now. Confusion
On all his crafty shrugs ! I feel the fabric
Of my designs are tottering.

Fri. Henry's policies
Stir with too many engines.

War. Let his mines,
Shap'd in the bowels of the earth, blow up
Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
And disavow my blood ; Plantagenets !
I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion !
When I bring into count with my disasters,
My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's,
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mis-
chief

Damn Henry's plots ! I will be England's king,
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report
My fall in the attempt, deserv'd¹ our ancestors !

¹ *Deserv'd our ancestors.*] This is a very quaint phrase for deserving, or worthy, of our ancestors.

Fri. You grow too wild in passion ; if you will
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will
To moderation.

War. What a saucy rudeness
Prompts this distrust ? If ? If I would appear ?
will Appear a prince ? Death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance ! cursed cozenage
Of trust ! You make me mad ; 'twere best, it
seems,

That I should turn impostor to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled !

Fri. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain.

War. Sir, sir, take heed !
Gold, and the promise of promotion, rarely
Fail in temptation.

Fri. Why to me this ?

War. Nothing :
Speak what you will ; we are not sunk so low
But your advice may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken : you were wont
In all extremities to talk of comfort ;
Have you none left now ? I'll not interrupt you.
Good, bear with my distractions ! If king James
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I ?
I pray thee be not angry.

Fri. Sir, I told you
Of letters come from Ireland ; how the Cornish
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue
That with such forces, as you could partake¹,

¹ *As you could partake.*] This may probably mean, " as you
can get for partners in your fortunes."

You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

War. Let me embrace thee, hug thee ! thou'st
reviv'd

My comforts ; if my cousin king will fail,
Our cause will never.—

Enter JOHN A-WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKE-
TON.

Welcome, my tried friends,
You keep your brains awake in our defence.
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,
In which be wondrous secret : I will listen
What else concerns us here : be quick and wary.

[*Exeunt* WARBECK.

Ast. Ah, sweet young prince ! Secretary, my
fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump¹
all in one opinion directly, that if this Scotch gar-
boils² do not fadge to our minds, we will pell-mell
run amongst the Cornish choughs presently, and in
a trice.

Sket. 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore,
cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats,
fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities,
get into the market-place, crown him Richard the
Fourth, and the business is finished.

J. a-Wat. I grant you, quoth I, so far forth as men
may do, no more than men may do ; for it is good
to consider, when consideration may be to the pur-
pose, otherwise still, you shall pardon me : “ little
said is soon amended.”

¹ *Jump,*] *i. e.* Agree. So in King Henry IV. Part I. “ In
some sort it *jumps* with my humour.”

² *Garboils,*] Broils, commotions ; from the old French *gar-
bouil*, explained by Cotgrave hurly-burly, great stir. To *fadge*,
which also occurs in this speech, is to suit, agree with ; and is
used still in some of the provinces.

Fri. Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

Her. We do so; and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

Sket. Pish, pish! 'tis but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

Ast. This is but a cold phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money!

Sket. A man may batten¹ there in a week only, with hot loaves and butter, and a lusty cup of muscadine² and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

J. a-Wat. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome, was to be much wise and busy: I have observed, how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will shew it.

Fri. Resolved like men of judgment! Here to linger
More time, is but to lose it. Cheer the prince,

¹ *Batten,*] Grow fat, as in Marlow's Jew of Malta:

“ Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice-Porridge? That will preserve life, make her round and plump, And *batten* more than you're aware.”

Again, in Shirley's Constant Maid:

“ I cannot *batten* upon commendation
Without my wages.”

² *Muscadine.*] A kind of wine brought from Crete; so called, because it has a flavour of musk. The grapes of the vine have the same taste, and are not unusual in hot-houses.

And haste him on to this ; on this depends,
Fame in success, or glory in our ends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

Hial. France, Spain, and Germany combine a
league

Of amity with England ; nothing wants
For settling peace through Christendom, but love
Between the British monarchs, James, and Henry.

Dur. The English merchants, sir, have been re-
ceived

With general procession into Antwerp ;
The emperor confirms the combination.

Hial. The king of Spain resolves a marriage
For Katherine, his daughter, with prince Arthur.

Dur. France courts this holy contract.

Hial. What can hinder

A quietness in England ?

Dur. But your suffrage¹

To such a silly creature, mighty sir,

As is but in effect an apparition,

A shadow, a mere trifle ?

Hial. To this union

The good of both the church and commonwealth

Invite you.

Dur. To this unity, a mystery

Of providence points out a greater blessing

For both these nations, than our human reason

¹ *But your suffrage.*] Excepting your suffrage, vote, or coun-
tenance bestowed on such a creature. The bishop is continuing
the Spanish ambassador's speech.

Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
 The princess Margaret ; I need not urge,
 What honour, what felicity can follow
 On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings,
 Inleagued by ties of blood ; but sure I am,
 If you, sir, ratify the peace propos'd,
 I dare both motion and effect this marriage
 For weal of both the kingdoms.

K. Ja. Dar'st thou, lord bishop ?

Dur. Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
 Some noble personage to the English court
 By way of embassy.

Hial. Part of the business,
 Shall suit my mediation.

K. Ja. Well ; what Heaven
 Hath pointed out to be, must be ; you two
 Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.
 But herein only will I stand acquitted,
 No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.
 For Warbeck, as you nick¹ him, came to me,
 Commended by the states of Christendom ;
 A prince, tho' in distress ; his fair demeanour,
 Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,
 Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
 The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to fly
 to,

And men the altars of the church ; to us
 He came for refuge. Kings come near in nature
 Unto the gods, in being touch'd with pity.
 Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
 Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
 A general peace ; only I will dismiss him
 From my protection ; throughout my dominions
 In safety, but not ever to return.

Hial. You are a just king.

¹ *Nick,*] For nickname.

Dur. Wise, and herein happy.

K. Ja. Nor will we dally in affairs of weight :
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England
Ambassador from us ; we will throw down
Our weapons ; peace on all sides now. Repair [we]¹
Unto our council ; we will soon be with you.

Hial. Delay shall question no dispatch : Hea-
ven crown it !

[*Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.*]

K. Ja. A league with Ferdinand ! a marriage
With English Margaret ! a free release
From restitution for the late affronts !
Cessation from hostility, and all
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd !
We could not have it better.—Dalyell—

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. Here, sir.

K. Ja. Are Huntley and his daughter sent for ?

Dal. Sent for,

And come, my lord.

K. Ja. Say to the English prince,
We want his company.

Dal. He is at hand, sir.

*Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, FRION,
HERON, SKETON, JOHN-A-WATER, ASTLEY.*

K. Ja. Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenc'd
How much we have engag'd on your behalf :

¹ ————— *Repair*

Unto our council.] So the old copy reads. But the king has been speaking to the ambassadors, and, as he immediately dismisses them, he cannot be supposed to ask them to repair to his council. For this reason, the insertion of the word in brackets was rendered absolutely requisite.

How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
 Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
 How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
 Of party shows, we might in vain repeat.
 But now, obedience to the mother church,
 A father's care upon his country's weal,
 The dignity of state, direct our wisdom,
 To seal an oath of peace through Christendom;
 To which we are sworn already; it is you
 Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
 And find an harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd
 On your arrival, you have met no usage
 Deserves repentance in your being here:
 But yet I must live master of mine own.
 However, what is necessary for you
 At your departure, I am well content
 You be accommodated with; provided
 Delay prove not my enemy.

War.

It shall not,

Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
 Soars higher, than report of ease and sloth
 Can aim at. I acknowledge all your favours
 Boundless and singular; am only wretched
 In words as well as means, to thank the grace
 That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly
 You're lord of, Scotland and duke Richard's heart:
 My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
 Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings.
 And, witness Edward's blood in me, I am
 More loath to part with such a great example
 Of virtue, than all other mere respects.
 But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
 From me, what you have given, this chaste lady,
 Resolved on all extremes.

Kath.

I am your wife,

No human power can or shall divorce
 My faith from duty.

War. Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.

K. Ja. I gave her, cousin,
And must avow the gift; will add withall
A furniture becoming her high birth,
And unsuspected constancy; provide
For your attendance. We will part good friends.

[*Exit King and DALYELL.*]

War. The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.
But what? our cause and courage are our own:
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king,
See how we follow fate as willingly
As malice follows us. You're all resolved
For the west parts of England?

All. Cornwall, Cornwall!

Fri. The inhabitants expect you daily.

War. Cheerfully
Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;
Our time of stay doth seem too long, we must
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

All. A prince, a prince, a prince!

[*Exeunt HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY,
and JOHN A-WATER.*]

War. Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-
ness

With burden of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noble courage now, here were the trial:
But I am perfect, sweet; I fear no change,
More than thy being partner in my sufferance¹.

Kath. My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-
counter

What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane, 'tis fit
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

¹ *Sufferance,*] Suffering. See above, p. 66.

Jane. Never till death will I forsake my mistress,
Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

Kath. Alas, good soul!

Fri. Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy
I will relate your present undertakings;
From her expect on all occasions, welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

War. Go, Frion, go! wise men know how to
sooth

Adversity, not serve it: thou hast waited
Too long on expectation; never yet
Was any nation read of, so besotted
In reason, as to adore the setting sun.
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the duchess,
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,
Are in their expectation to begin
The raising of an empire. If they fail,
Yet the report will never. Farewel, Frion!

[*Exit FRION.*]

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox¹.

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. I come to take my leave; you need not
doubt

My interest in this sometime-child of mine;
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor lost crea-
ture!

Heaven guard thee with much patience; if thou
canst

Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,
As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste, but² in thy grave.

¹ *The Fox.*] A pun upon the name of the crafty Fox, bishop of Durham.

² *Bnt,*] Was very generally used in the sense of *except*.

Accept my tears yet, pr'ythee, they are tokens
Of charity, as well as of affection,

Kath. This is the cruell'st, farewel!

Hunt. Love, young gentleman,
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband;
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss:
It is a father's, not a lover's off'ring.— [*Kisses her.*
Take it, my last.—I am too much a child.

Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish.—Goodness guide
thee! [*Exit HUNTLEY.*

Kath. Most miserable daughter!—Have you
ought

To add, sir, to our sorrows?

Dal. I resolve,
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

War. We will be bosom friends, most noble Dal-
yell;
For I accept this tender of your love
Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—
Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest; time and in-
dustry
Will shew us better days, or end the worst.

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Westminster,*

Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.

Oxf. No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

Daw. Not any
But what king Henry knows himself; I thought
Our armies should have march'd that way; his
mind,
It seems, is alter'd.

Oxf. Victory attends
His standard everywhere.

Daw. Wise princes, Oxford,
Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants,
And barbed horses¹, might as well prevail,
As the most subtile stratagems of war.

Oxf. The Scottish king shew'd more than com-
mon bravery,
In proffer of a combat hand to hand
With Surrey.

Daw. And but shew'd it; northern bloods
Are gallant being fired, but the cold climate,
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth
The glowing flames.

Oxf. Surrey, upon my life,
Would not have shrunk an hair's breath.

Daw. *bread* May he forfeit
The honour of an English name and nature²,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness,
As violent as hunger runs to food.
'Twas an addition, any worthy spirit
Would covet, next to immortality,
Above all joys of life; we all miss'd shares
In that great opportunity.

Enter King HENRY and URSWICK whispering.

Oxf. The king:
See he comes smiling.

¹ *Barbed horses.*] War-horses, with their trappings and armour on. So in King Richard III. :

“ And now, instead of mounting *barbed* steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber.”

² *The honour of an English name and nature.*] I suppose the poet means “ the honour of an English name, and the nature of an Englishman.” The four last words are printed with Italics in the originals.

Daw. Oh, the game runs smooth
On his side then, believe it: cards well shuffled,
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift,
But others must rise losers.

K. Hen. The train takes?

Urs. Most prosperously.

K. Hen. I knew it should not miss.
He fondly angles who will hurl his bait
Into the water, 'cause the fish at first
Plays round about the line, and dares not bite.
Lords, we may reign your king yet. Dawbeney,
Oxford,
Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown?

Daw. A slave.

Oxf. A vagabond.

Urs. A glow-worm.

K. Hen. Now, if Frion,
His practiced politician, wear a brain
Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride
Through all his large dominions; let us meet him,
And tender homage. Ha, sirs! Liegemen ought
To pay their fealty.

Daw. 'Would the rascal were,
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of London,

K. Hen. Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home. I'll wager odds,
Surrey and all his men are either idle,
Or hasting back; they have not work, I doubt,
To keep them busy.

Daw. 'Tis a strange conceit, sir.

K. Hen. Such voluntary favours as our people
In duty aid us with, we never scatter'd
On cobweb parasites, or lavished out
In riot, or a needless hospitality:
No undeserving favourite doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge

Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
 Of every contribution, which provides
 Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
 Is it not rare then, in this toil of state
 Wherein we are embarked, with breach of sleep,
 Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
 Returns nor thanks, nor comfort? Still the West
 Murmur and threaten innovation,
 Whisper our government tyrannical,
 Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
 Of which they are but owners by our gift.
 It must not be.

Oxf. It must not, should not.

Enter a Post.

K. Hen. So then,
 To whom?

Post. This packet to your sacred majesty.

K. Hen. Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Post.*]

Oxf. News from the North, upon my life.

Daw. Wise Henry

Divines aforehand of events: with him
 Attempts and execution are one act.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear; Frion is caught,
 the man

Of cunning is out-reach'd: we must be safe:
 Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move
 To a translation higher yet, I tell thee,
 My Durham owns a brain deserves that see.
 He's nimble in his industry, and mounting:
 Thou hear'st me?

Urs. And conceive your highness fitly.

K. Hen. Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army
 stands

Entire, it were a weakness to admit
 The rust of laziness to eat amongst them:
 Set forward toward Salisbury; the plains.

Are most commodious for their exercise,
 Ourselves will take a muster of them there ;
 And, or disband them with reward, or else
 Dispose as best concerns us.

Daw. Salisbury ?

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

K. Hen. Dear friend—

The charge must be our own ; we would a little
 Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease.
 Shall I entreat your loves ?

Oxf. Command our lives.

K. Hen. You're men know how to do, not to
 forethink.

My bishop is a jewel tried, and perfect ;
 A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters,
 Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter ;
 Urswick, dismiss him not.

Urs. He waits your pleasure.

K. Hen. Perkin a king ! a king !

Urs. My gracious lord.

K. Hen. Thoughts, busied in the sphere of royalty,
 Fix not on creeping worms, without their stings,
 Mere excrements of earth. The use of time
 Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention
 Of ills expected. We're resolved for Salisbury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Coast of Cornwall.*

*A shout within.—Enter WARBECK, DALYELL,
 KATHERINE, and JANE.*

War. After so many storms as wind and seas
 Have threaten'd to our weather-beaten ships,
 At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
 On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only *ingrateful*
 To heaven and us, in yielding sustenance
 To sly usurpers of our throne and right.

These general acclamations, are an omen
 Of happy process to their welcome lord :
 They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings
 Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.
 Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,
 How fares my dearest yet !

Kath. Confirm'd in health ;
 By which I may the better undergo
 The roughest face of change ; but I shall learn
 Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
 For comforts, to this truly noble gentleman,
 (Rare unexampled pattern of a friend ;)
 And my beloved Jane, the willing follower,
 Of all misfortunes.

Dal. Lady, I return
 But barren crops of early protestations,
 Frost-bitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

Jane. I wait but as the shadow to the body,
 For, madam, without you let me be nothing.

War. None talk of sadness, we are on the way
 Which leads to victory : keep cowards' thoughts
 With desperate sullenness ! The lion faints not
 Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force
 Which bars his prey ; and we are lion-hearted,
 Or else no king of beasts. Hark, how they shout,
 [Another shout.
 Triumphant in our cause ! bold confidence
 Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

Enter SKETON.

Sket. Save king Richard the Fourth, save thee
 king of hearts ! The Cornish blades are men of
 mettle ; have proclaimed through Bodnam, and the
 whole country, my sweet prince monarch of Eng-
 land : four thousand tall yeomen', with bow and

† Tall yeomen.] Tall is not used here in the common sense

sword, already vow to live and die at the foot of king Richard.

Enter ASTLEY.

Ast. The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the rendezvous, and nothing wants to victory but courage and resolution. *Sigillatum et datum decimo Septembris, anno regni regis primo, et cætera; confirmatum est.* All's cock-sure.

War. To Exeter, to Exeter, march on :
Commend us to our people ; we in person
Will lend them double spirits, tell them so.

Sket. and Ast. King Richard, king Richard !

[Exeunt.]

War. A thousand blessings guard our lawful arms !

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls !
Pale fear unedge their weapon's sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews ! Such advantage
Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution ; whilst the throats of traitors *whites*
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth ! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is brib'd
By trains to greatness ! Princes are but men,
Distinguished in the fineness of their frailty ;

of high, but in that of *stout* or *bold*, which was also very usual in old writers. Robin Hood, in the old play of the Pinner of Wakefield, says :

“ We be three *tall* yeomen, and thou but one.”

And Bobadil says to Downright, in *Every Man in his Humour* : “ Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me
- - *tall* man,” &c.

Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind ;
 For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
 The dross of mixture. Herein stands the odds,
 Subjects are men ; on earth kings men and gods.
 [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cornwall.*

*Enter KATHERINE and JANE, in riding-suits,
 with one servant.*

Kath. It is decreed ; and we must yield to fate,
 Whose angry justice, tho' it threaten ruin,
 Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
 Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
 Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,
 Forsaken and unfurnished of all hopes,
 But such as wait on misery, I range
 To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
 My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
 To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.
 Sweet Jane, now whither must we ?

Jane. To your ships,
 Dear lady, and turn home.

Kath. Home ! I have none.
 Fly thou to Scotland ; thou hast friends will weep
 For joy to bid thee welcome ; but, oh Jane !
 My Jane, my friends are desperate of comfort,
 As I must be of them ; the common charity,
 Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,
 Is the revenue must support my state.
 As for my native country, since it once

Saw me a princess in the height of greatness
 My birth allow'd me ; here I make a vow,
 Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,
 Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,
 Never to Scotland more will I return.
 Could I be England's queen, a glory, Jane,
 I never fawn'd on, yet the king who gave me,
 Hath sent me with my husband from his presence ;
 Deliver'd us suspected to his nation ;
 Render'd us spectacles to time and pity:
 And is it fit I should return to such
 As only listen after our descent
 From happiness enjoy'd, to misery,
 Expected, tho' uncertain ? Never, never ;
 Alas, why dost thou weep ? and that poor creature
 Wipe his wet cheeks too ? Let me feel alone
 Extremities, who know to give them harbour :
 Nor thou nor he has cause. You may live safely.

Jane. There is no safety whilst your dangers, *whilst*
 madam,

Are every way apparent.

Serv. Pardon, lady ;

I cannot choose but shew my honest heart ;
 You were ever my good lady.

Kath. Oh, dear souls,

Your shares in grief are too too much.

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. I bring,

Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,
 Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

Kath. Not more, my lord, than I can welcome :
 speak it,

The worst, the worst I look for.

Dal. All the Cornish,

At Exeter were by the citizens
 Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,

And other worthy gentlemen of the country.
Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there
Affronted¹ by king Henry's chamberlain ;
The king himself in person, with his army
Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
On all occasions. But the night before
The battles were to join, your husband, privately
Accompanied with some few horse, departed
From out the camp, and posted none knows whither.

Kath. Fled without battle given ?

Dal. Fled, but follow'd

By Dawbeney ; all his party's left to taste
King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded ;
Victorious without bloodshed.

Kath. Oh, my sorrows !

If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

Dal. Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
Of noble courage, lady, but foresight :
For by some secret friend he had intelligence
Of being bought and sold by his base followers.
Worse yet remains untold.

Kath. No, no, it cannot.

Dal. I fear you are betray'd. The Earl of Oxford
Runs hot in your pursuit.

Kath. He shall not need,
We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly
To make the earl our jailor.

Jane. Madam, madam,
They come, they come !

¹ *Affronted.*] Met directly in front, or face to face. As in
Fuinus Troes :

“ Let's then dismiss the legate with a frown,
And draw our forces toward the sea, to join
With the four kings of Kent, and so *affront*
His first arrival.”

Enter OXFORD, with his followers.

Dal. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the law of honour,
Runs on my sword.

Kath. Most noble sir, forbear!
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen?
Whom seek ye?

Oxf. All stand off! With favour, lady,
From Henry, England's king, I would present,
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Kath. We are that princess whom your master
king
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into
His power: let him use tyranny,
We shall not be his subjects.

Oxf. My commission
Extends no further, excellentest lady,
Than to a service; 'tis king Henry's pleasure,
That you, and all that have relation to you,
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness.
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not ought
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,
Or any welcome, other than what suits
Your high condition.

Kath. By what title, sir,
May I acknowledge you?

Oxf. Your servant, lady,
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of.

Kath. Your king is herein royal,
That by a peer so ancient in desert,
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

Oxf. Invites you, princess, not commands.

Kath. Pray use

Your own phrase as you list ; to your protection,
Both I and mine submit.

Oxf. There's in your number
A nobleman whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship ; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

Dal. My name is Dalyell.

Oxf. 'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder, from report ; my lord,
The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace you.

Dal. I must wait on
The princess in her fortunes.

Oxf. Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward ?

Kath. Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with heaven.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Salisbury.*

*Enter King HENRY, SURREY, URSWICK, and a
guard of Soldiers.*

K. Hen. The counterfeit king Perkin is escaped ;
Escape so let him ; he is hedg'd too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale ¹,
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls

¹ *Our English pale.*] By the English pale was generally meant that part of Ireland in which English colonies were planted, and the English language spoken, in opposition to the other parts inhabited by the wild Irish. But, in the text, the whole English dominions seem to be included in the term.

Which guard our land: the seas are rough, and
wider

Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, hence-
forth

Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past,
Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied
Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.

But, Surrey, why, in articling a peace
With James of Scotland, was not restitution
Of losses which our subjects did sustain
By the Scotch inroads, question'd?

Sur. Both demanded

And urg'd, my lord; to which the king replied,
In modest merriment, but smiling earnest,
How that our master Henry was much abler
To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

K. Hen. The young man, I believe, spake honest
truth;

He studies to be wise betimes. Has, Urswick,
Sir Rice ap Thomas, and lord Brook, our steward,
Return'd the Western gentlemen full thanks,
From us, for their tried loyalties?

*Urs*¹. They have:

Which, as if life and health had reign'd amongst
them,

With open hearts they joyfully received.

K. Hen. Young Buckingham is a fair-natur'd
prince,

Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father;
Attended by an hundred knights and squires
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,
Which we must ne'er forget: and Devonshire's
wounds,

Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

¹ This speech is given to Surrey in the quarto, but it evidently

Enter DAWBENEY, *with a guard, leading in* WARBECK, HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, *and* SKETON, *chained.*

Daw. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne!
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy :
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

K. Hen. Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder ; I behold, 'tis true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polished,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands ?

Daw. From sanctuary
At Beweley, near Southampton ; register'd
With these few followers, for persons priviledged.

K. Hen. I must not thank you, sir ; you were to
blame
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :
Dare we be irreligious ?

Daw. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
Without compulsion.

K. Hen. So ? 'twas very well ;
'Twas very, very well.—Turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself, and thy past actions !
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,
A frenzy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipt
To break thy neck !

War. But not my heart ; my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen

belongs to Urswick, who is present, and to whom king Henry
had addressed the question, to which this is the reply.

By death's perpetual winter : if the sun
 Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
 Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
 Lasting and universal ! Sir, remember
 There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
 Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
 For comfort to the duke of Britaine's court.
 Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed
 A tyrant then ; yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
 To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
 When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore
 At Milford Haven.

Daw. Whither speeds his boldness ?
 Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. Hen. Oh, let him range :
 The player's on the stage still ; 'tis his part ;
 He does but act. What follow'd ?

War. Bosworth Field ;
 Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
 A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
 Appear'd at once ; the tale is soon applied :
 Fate which crown'd these attempts when least as-
 sur'd,
 Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

K. Hen. A pretty gallant ! Thus, your aunt of
 Burgundy,
 Your dutchess aunt inform'd her nephew ; so
 The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
 Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
 Till, learnt by heart, 'tis now received for truth.

War. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
 To put a feigned blush on : scorn wears only
 Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
 Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
 The sphere of majesty : in such a court
 Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,

By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd
From zanies¹ to his greatness.

K. Hen. Sirrah, shift
Your antick pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War. I expect
No less, than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety. Let such beg
As feed on alms; but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engagements
To th' bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

K. Hen. So brave!
What a bold knave is this! Which of the rebels
Has been the mayor of Cork?

Daw. This wise formality:
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! [*They kneel.*]

K. Hen. Canst thou hope
A pardon where thy guilt is so apparent?

J. a-Wat. Under your favours, as men are men,
they may err: for I confess, respectively, in taking
great parts, the one side prevailing, the other side
must go down: herein the point is clear, if the pro-
verb hold, that hanging goes by destiny, that it is to
little purpose to say, this thing or that shall be thus
or thus; for, as the fates will have it, so it must
be; and who can help it?

Daw. O blockhead! thou a privy-councillor?
Beg life and cry aloud, "Heaven save king Henry!"

¹ *Zanies,*] Buffoons, mimics, merry-andrews. As in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany."

J. a-Wat. Every man knows what is best, as it happens: for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be not deceived, that kings must be kings, and subjects subjects. But which is which, you shall pardon me for that; whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

K. Hen. We trifle time with follies.

All. Mercy, mercy.

K. Hen. Urswick, command the dukeling and these fellows

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:
With safety let them be convey'd to London.
It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,
Taunts, or abuse be suffer'd to their persons;
They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.
Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition
Hath many years distracted.

War. Noble thoughts
Meet freedom in captivity. The Tower?
Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

K. Hen. No more!

Urs. Come, come, you shall have leisure to be-
think you.

[*Exit. URS. with PERKIN and his followers.*]

K. Hen. Was ever so much impudence in forgery?
The custom sure of being styled a king,
Hath fastened in his thought that he is such.
But we shall teach the lad another language;
'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw. The hangman's physic
Will purge this saucy humour.

K. Hen. Very likely:
Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,
Being not too far provoked.

Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest attire, JANE, and attendants.

Oxf. Great sir, be pleased,
With your accustom'd grace, to entertain
The princess Katherine Gordon.

K. Hen. Oxford, herein
We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.
A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,
As not, on notice given, to have met her
Half way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,
The oversight. Oh fie! you may not kneel:
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
A welcome to your own, for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

Kath. My fortunes and mine honours are weak
champions,
As both are now befriended, sir; however,
Both bow before your clemency.

K. Hen. Our arms
Shall circle them from malice.—A sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable! Here lives majesty
At league with love.

Kath. Oh, sir, I have a husband.

K. Hen. We'll prove your father, husband, friend,
and servant.

Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be careful
A patent presently be drawn, for issuing
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,
During our cousin's life; our queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own court your home,
Our subjects all your servants.

Kath. But my husband?

K. Hen. By all descriptions, you are noble Dal-
yell,
Whose generous truth hath fam'd a rare observance.

We thank you ; 'tis a goodness gives addition
To every title, boasted from your ancestry,
In all most worthy.

Dal. Worthier than your praises,
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

K. Hen. Embrace him lords, whoever calls you
mistress,
Is lifted in our charge¹.—A goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.

Kath. Cruel misery
Of fate ! What rests to hope for ?

K. Hen. Forward, lords,
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London.—The Tower-hill.*

*Enter Constable and Officers ; WARBECK, URS-
WICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL the falconer.—A
great crowd.*

Const. Make room there ! keep off, I require
you ; and none come within twelve foot of his ma-
jesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure. Bring
forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must to this
geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with the
legs, just in the middle hole ; there, that hole. *his*
Keep off, or I'll commit you all ! Shall not a man
in authority be obey'd ? So, so, there ; 'tis as it

¹ *Lifted in our charge.*] A quaint phrase, meaning, I suppose, "so much raised by calling you mistress as to become our charge, to induce us to consider ourselves obliged to take charge of him."

should be : put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I say, keep off.

[WARBECK is put in the stocks.]

Urs. Yet Warbeck clear thy conscience ; thou hast tasted King Henry's mercy liberally ; the law Has forfeited thy life ; an equal jury Have doom'd thee to the gallows. Twice most wickedly,

Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower ; Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft, Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence ; Whose head must pay the price of that attempt ; Poor gentleman ! unhappy in his fate, And ruin'd by thy cunning ! so a mongrel May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess Thy parentage ; for yet the king has mercy.

Simm. You would be Dick the Fourth, very likely !

Your pedigree is publish'd ; you are known For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate, A land-loper¹ : your father was a Jew, Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries. Where's now your kingship ?

War. Baited to my death ! Intolerable cruelty ! I laugh at The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes. Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

Simm. You will not know me who I am ?

Urs. Lambert Simnel, Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar ; But, on submission, not alone received To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

¹ *Land-loper,*] " A vagabond, or a rogue that runs up and down the country."—Blount's Dict.

Simn. I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and ruffled

Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon.
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do :
An earl forsooth ! Whenas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere rascal : yet his majesty,
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect
him !—

Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service ;
And I am now his falconer, live plenteously ;
Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty and favour ; sleep securely :
And is not this, now, better, than to buffet
The hangman's clutches ? or to brave the cordage
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck ?
So, then, the gallant totters : pr'ythee, Perkin,
Let my example lead thee ; be no longer
A counterfeit ; confess and hope for pardon.

War. For pardon ? hold my heart-strings, whilst
contempt

Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language ! Thou poor ver-
min,

How dar'st thou creep so near me ! thou an earl ?
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all thy swing¹ of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhal'd it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance

¹ *As all the swing.*] So the old copy reads. The slight alteration in the text restores the sense, which otherwise is very obscure.

From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy hopes.
 But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine ;
 Thou would'st not change condition to be second
 In England's state, without the crown itself ?
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence :
 But let the world, as all, to whom I am
 This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
 And by tradition fix posterity,
 Without another chronicle than truth,
 How constantly my resolution suffer'd
 A martyrdom of majesty !

Simn. He's past

Recovery ; a Bedlam cannot cure him.

Urs. Away : inform the king of his behaviour.

Simn. Perkin, beware the rope ! the hangman's
 coming.

Urs. If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
 Pity thy soul ! [Exit LAMBERT SIMNEL.

Enter KATHERINE, JANE, DALYELL, and OX-
 FORD.

Jane. Dear lady !

Oxf. Whither will you !

Without respect of shame ?

Kath. Forbear me, sir,

And trouble not the current of my duty !—

Oh my lov'd lord ! can any scorn be yours

In which I have no interest ? Some kind hand

Lend me assistance, that I may partake

Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,

Forgive me : I have staid too long from tend'ring
 Attendance on reproach ; yet bid me welcome.

War. Great miracle of constancy ! my miseries
 Were never bankrupt of their confidence

In worst of afflictions, till, this now, I feel them.

Report, and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,

Might to eternity have stood a pattern
 For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.
 Thou hast outdone belief ; yet may their ruin
 In after marriages, be never pitied,
 To whom thy story shall appear a fable.
 Why would'st thou prove so much unkind to great-
 ness,

To glorify thy vows by such a servitude ?
 I cannot weep ; but trust me, dear, my heart
 Is liberal of passion. Harry Richmond ?
 A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of triumph.

Oxf. Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
 The devil that ranges in your tongue.

Urs. Thus witches
 Possess'd, even their deaths deluded, say,
 They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in egg-
 shells

Over the sea, and rode on fiery dragons ; *rid*
 Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,
 All in a night : the enemy of mankind
 Is powerful, but false ; and falsehood confident.

Oxf. Remember, lady, who you are. Come
 from
 That impudent impostor !

Kath. You abuse us :
 For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,
 Our vows were real then ; the ceremony
 Was not in apparition, but in act.
 Be what these people term thee, I am certain
 Thou art my husband : no divorce in heaven
 Has been sued out between us ; 'tis injustice
 For any earthly power to divide us.
 Or we will live, or let us die together.
 There is a cruel mercy.

War. 'Spite of tyranny
 We reign in our affections, blessed woman !
 Read in my destiny the wrack of honour ;

Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,
 Some miserable happiness : since, herein,
 Even when I fell, I stood enthron'd a monarch
 Of one chaste wife's troth, pure, and uncorrupted.
 Fair angel of perfection, immortality
 Shall raise thy name up to an adoration ;
 Court every rich opinion of true merit,
 And saint it in the kalendar of virtue ;
 When I am turn'd into the self-same dust
 Of which I was first form'd.

Oxf. The lord ambassador,
 Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
 Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
 Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
 Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

Kath. Why art thou angry, Oxford ? I must be
 More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,
 Impute it not unto immodesty,
 That I presume to press you to a legacy,
 Before we part for ever !

War. Let it be then
 My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

Kath. Confirm it with a kiss, pray !

War. Oh ! with that
 I wish to breathe my last : upon thy lips,
 Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
 The testament of honourable vows :
 Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
 This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
 In this world's just applause, not more desertful.

Kath. By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I
 swear
 To die a faithful widow to thy bed :
 Not to be forced or won : oh, never, never !

Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD.

Daw. Free the condemned person ; quickly free him !

What, has he yet confess'd ?

[*WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.*

Urs. Nothing to purpose ;

But still he will be king.

Sur. Prepare your journey

To a new kingdom then.—Unhappy madam,
Wilfully foolish !—See, my lord ambassador,
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.

Hunt. I never 'pointed

Thy marriage, girl ; but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely :
Thy grieves¹ are mine ; I glory in thy constancy :
And must not say I wish that I had miss'd
Some partage² in these trials of a patience.

Kath. You will forgive me, noble sir.

Hunt. Yes, yes :

In every duty of a wife and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband,
(For such you are, sir) I impart a farewell
Of manly pity ; what your life has past through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent ;
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

War. We wear a crown of peace³. Renew thy
age

¹ The *grieves*.] So the old quarto. The emendation is too obvious to need any defence.

² *Partage*.] Partnership.

³ Wee are a crown of peace.] No doubt this reading was corrupted from that in the text.

Most honourable Huntley. Worthy Crawford,
We may embrace. I never thought thee injury.

Craw. Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought. I take my
leave, sir.

War. To you, lord Dalzell,—what? accept a
sigh,

'Tis hearty and in earnest.

Dal. I want utterance,
My silence is my farewell.

Kath. Oh!—oh!—

Jane. Sweet madam,
What do you mean? My lord, your hand.

Dal. Dear lady,
Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.

[*Exeunt DALYELL and JANE, leading out
Lady KATHERINE.*]

*Enter Sheriff and Officers with SKETON, ASTLEY,
HERON, and JOHN A-WATER, with halters about
their necks.*

Oxf. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death!

War. Why, peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings Plantagenets, determines
In this last issue male; Heaven be obeyed!
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Death! pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;

A minute's storm, or not so much ; to tumble
 From bed to bed, be massacred alive
 By some physicians, for a month or two,
 In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
 Might stagger manhood : here, the pain is past
 Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit !
 Spurn coward passion ! so illustrious mention
 Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the prisoners.]

Daw. Away, impostor beyond precedent !
 No chronicle records his fellow.

Hunt. I have
 Not thoughts left ; 'tis sufficient in such cases
 Just laws ought to proceed.

Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

K. Hen. We are resolv'd.
 Your business, noble lords, shall find success,
 Such as your king importunes.

Hunt. You are gracious.

K. Hen. Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to
 die :

In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow
 To see the execution ; and from hence
 We gather this fit use : that public states,
 As our particular bodies, taste most good
 In health, when purged of corrupted blood.

[Exeunt.]

The first part of the book is devoted to the history of the United States from its origin to the present time. It is divided into three volumes. The first volume contains the history of the thirteen original states, the second volume contains the history of the territories, and the third volume contains the history of the United States as a whole. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for use as a text-book in schools and colleges.

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EPILOGUE.

Here has appear'd, though in a several fashion,
The threats of majesty ; the strength of passion ;
Hopes of an empire ; change of fortunes ; all
What can to theatres of greatness fall,
Proving their weak foundations. Who will please,
Amongst such several sights, to censure these
No birth abortive, nor a bastard-brood,
(Shame to a parentage, or fosterhood),
May warrant, by their loves, all just excuses,
And often find a welcome to the muses.

birth

PLATO

... the first of these, though in a general sense
... of nature; the second of
... of an empire; the third of
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THE
FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

THE FAIRER CHEST AND NOBLE

For aught we know, the world is full of
Fairer chests and nobler hearts than these
Which in the eyes of men are held to be
The only ones that merit such a name.
For in the hearts of men, there is a
Fairer chest than any that we see,
Which is the heart of man, the noblest
Which ever was or ever shall be.

FAIRER CHEST AND NOBLE

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

THIS comedy was printed in quarto in the year 1638, with the following title: "The Fancies, Chast and Noble: Presented by the Queenes Majesties Servants, at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane. Fide Honor. London, printed by E. P. for Henry Seile, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Tyger's Head in Fleet Street, over against Saint Dunstan's Church." It has a copy of verses by Edward Greenfield prefixed, for which see the First Volume. There is no enumeration of the Dramatis Personæ. The play has, like most of our author's, never been reprinted, and seems to have attracted very little notice hitherto.

THE BANCING HOUSE AND HOUSE.

This country was first settled in 1638, when the following names are given as the first settlers. The names of the first settlers are given in the following list. The names of the first settlers are given in the following list. The names of the first settlers are given in the following list.

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TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD, THE LORD

RANDAL MACDONNELL,

EARL OF ANTRIM IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND, LORD
VISCOUNT DUNLUCE*.

MY LORD,

PRINCES, and worthy personages of your own eminence, have entertained poems of this nature with a serious welcome. The desert of their authors might transcend mine, not their study of service.

* This nobleman was the son of Sir Randal Macdonell, who, in his youth, joined in Tyrone's rebellion, but subsequently became a loyal subject of King James, and contributed greatly to the civilization of Ireland, for which service he was created successively Viscount Dunluce and Earl of Antrim. He died 18th December 1636. The peer who succeeded him, and to whom the present play is dedicated, was born in 1609. He attended King Charles I. in his expedition against Scotland in 1639; was accused of joining the rebels in Ireland in 1642, but cleared; but subsequently joined them for the benefit of his royal master. He was twice imprisoned by Major-General Monro in Carrickfergus, but escaped both times. In 1643, he was created Marquis of Antrim. Though he made his peace with Cromwell, he assisted Charles II. in his escape, after the battle of Worcester. He died at an advanced age, in the year 1673.

A practice of courtship to greatness hath not hitherto, in me, aimed at any thrift: yet I have ever honoured virtue, as the richest ornament to the noblest titles. Endeavour of being known to your Lordship, by such means, I conceive no ambition; the extent being bounded by humility: so neither can the argument appear ungracious; nor the writer, in that, without allowance. You enjoy, my Lord, the general suffrage, for your freedom of merits: may you likewise please, by this particular presentment, amongst the number of such, as I faithfully honour those merits, to admit, into your noble construction,

JOHN FORD.

PROLOGUE.

THE Fancies! that's our play; in it is shown
Nothing, but what our author knows his own
Without a learned theft; no servant here
To some fair mistress, borrows for his care,
His lock, his belt, his sword, the fancied grace
Of any pretty ribbon; nor, in place
Of charitable friendship, is brought in
A thriving gamester, that doth chance to win
A lusty sum; while the good hand doth ply him,
And fancies this or that, to him sits by him.
His free invention runs but in conceit
Of mere imaginations; there's the height
Of what he writes; which if traduced by some,
'Tis well, he says, he's far enough from home.
For you, for him, for us, then this remains,
Fancy your even opinions, for our pains.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIO, *marquis of Sienna.*

TROYLO SAVELLI, *his nephew.*

LIVIO, *brother to CASTAMELA.*

ROMANELLO, *brother to FLAVIA.*

JULIO DE VARANA, *lord of Camerino, second husband to FLAVIA.*

FABRICIO, *a merchant, FLAVIA's first husband.*

SECCO, *a barber,*

NITIDO, *a page,* } *attendants on the marquis.*

SPADONE,

CAMILLO, } *attendants on JULIO.*

VESPUCCI,

CASTAMELA, *sister to LIVIO.*

FLAVIA, *wife to JULIO.*

MOROSA, *an old court lady.*

CLARELLA,

SILVIA, } *court ladies.*

FLORIA,

Scene,—*Sienna.*

DRAMATIS PERSONA

THE KING OF SWEDEN

THE QUEEN

THE PRINCE OF SWEDEN

THE PRINCESS

THE LORD CHANCELLOR

THE LORDS OF THE PARLIAMENT

THE LORDS OF THE COURT

THE LORDS OF THE CHAMBER

THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY

THE LORDS OF THE EXCHEQUER

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY

THE LORDS OF THE WAR

THE LORDS OF THE NAVY

THE LORDS OF THE ARMY

THE LORDS OF THE AIR

THE LORDS OF THE MARSHES

THE LORDS OF THE WOODS

THE LORDS OF THE FIELDS

THE LORDS OF THE PASTURES

THE LORDS OF THE HILLS

THE LORDS OF THE MOUNTAINS

THE LORDS OF THE VALLEYS

THE LORDS OF THE PLAINS

THE LORDS OF THE COASTS

THE LORDS OF THE ISLANDS

THE
FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter TROYLO-SAVELLI, *and* LIVIO.

Troy. Do, do: Be wilful, desperate! 'tis manly;
Build on your reputation! Such a fortune
May furnish out your tables, trim your liveries,
Enrich your heirs with purchase of a patrimony,
Which shall hold out beyond the waste of riot;
Stick honours on your heraldry, with titles
As swelling, and as numerous as may likely
Grow to a pretty volume. Here's eternity!
All this can reputation, marry, can it;
Indeed, what not?

Liv. Such language from a gentleman
So noble in his quality as you are,
Deserves, in my weak judgment, rather pity
Than a contempt.

Troy. Could'st thou consider, Livio,
The fashion of the times, their study, practice,
Nay, their ambitions, thou would'st soon distin-
guish

Betwixt the abject lowness of a poverty,
 And the applauded triumphs of abundance,
 Though compass'd by the meanest service. Where-
 in

Shall you betray your guilt to common censure,
 Waving the private charge of your opinion,
 By rising up to greatness, or at least
 To plenty, which now buys it?

Liv. Troylo-Savelli

Plays merrily on my wants.

Troy. Troylo-Savelli

Speaks to the friend he loves, to his own Livio.
 Look, pr'ythee, through the great duke's court in
 Florence;

Number his favourites, and then examine
 By what steps some chief officers in state
 Have reached the height they stand in.

Liv. By their merits.

Troy. Right, by their merits: well he merited
 Th' intendments¹ o'er the gallies at Leghorn,
 Made grand collector of the customs there,
 Who led the prince unto his wife's chaste bed,
 And stood himself by, in his night-gown, fearing
 The jest might be discover'd: Was't not hand-
 some?

The lady knows not yet on't.

Liv. Most impossible.

Troy. He merited well to wear a robe of chamlet,
 Who train'd his brother's daughter, scarce a girl,
 Into the arms of Mont-Angentorato;
 Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,
 Was packeted to France, to study courtship²,

¹ *The intendments o'er the gallies,*] The intendance over them; being made intendant over the gallies.

² *Courtship.*] Here used for the manners and behaviour of a court. In the same sense it occurs in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

Under, forsooth, a colour of employment;
Employment, yea of honour.

Liv. You're well read

In mysteries of state.

Troy. Here, in Sienna,

Bold Julio de Varana, lord of Camerine,

Held it no blemish to his blood and greatness,

From a plain merchant, with a thousand ducats,

To buy his wife, nay, justify the purchase;

Procur'd it by a dispensation

From Rome, allow'd and warranted: 'twas thought

By his physicians, that she was a creature

Agreed best with the cure of the disease,

His present new infirmity then labour'd in.

Yet these are things in prospect of the world,

Advanced, employ'd, and eminent.

Liv. At best,

'Tis but a goodly pandarism.

Troy. Shrewd business:

Thou child in thrift, thou fool of honesty,

Is't a disparagement for gentlemen,

For friends of lower rank, to do the offices

Of necessary kindness, without fee,

For one another, courtesies of course,

Mirths of society; when petty mushrooms,

Transplanted from their dunghills, spread on moun-

tains,

And pass for cedars by their servile flatteries

On great mens' vices? Pandar! thou'rt deceived,

The word includes preferment; 'tis a title

Of dignity, I could add somewhat more else.

Liv. Add any thing of reason.

Troy. Castamela,

Thy beauteous sister, like a precious tissue,

“What she wanted
In *courtship*, was, I hope, supplied in civil
And modest entertainment.”

Not shaped into a garment fit for wearing;
 Wants the adornments of the workman's cunning
 To set the richness of the piece at view,
 Though in herself all wonder. Come, I'll tell thee:
 A way there may be—know, I love thee, Livio—
 To fix this jewel in a ring of gold,
 Yet lodge it in a cabinet of ivory,
 White, pure, unspotted ivory: put case,
 Livio himself shall keep the key on't?

Liv. Oh, sir,
 Create me what you please of yours; do this,
 You are another nature.

Enter OCTAVIO and NITIDO.

Troy. Be then pliable¹
 To my first rules of your advancement.—See
 Octavio, my good uncle, the great marquis
 Of our Sienna, comes, as we could wish,
 In private.—Noble sir!

Oct. My bosom's secretary,
 My dearest, best lov'd nephew.

Troy. We have been thirsty²
 In our pursuit.—Sir, here's a gentleman
 Desertful of your knowledge, and as covetous
 Of entertainment from it. You shall honour
 Your judgment, to entrust him to your favours;
 His merits will commend it.

Oct. Gladly welcome:
 Your own worth is a herald to proclaim it.
 For taste of your preferment, we admit you
 The chief provisor of our horse.

Liv. Your bounty
 Styles me your ever servant.

¹ *Be then pliable.*] These words are unnecessarily repeated in the quarto.

² *Thirsty,*] *i. e.* eager.

Troy. He's our own ;
Surely, nay most persuadedly.—My thanks, sir',

* * * * *

Owes to this just engagement.

Oct. Slack no time
To enter on your fortunes.—Thou art careful,
My Troylo, in the study of a duty.

His name is Livio? [*Apart to TROYLO.*

Liv. Livio, my good lord.

Oct. Again, you're welcome to us.—Be as
speedy, [*Apart to TROYLO.*

Dear nephew, as thou'rt constant.—Men of parts,
Fit parts and sound, are rarely to be met with,
But being met with, therefore to be cherish'd
With love and with suppurtance. While I stand,
Livio can no way fall.—Yet, once more welcome.

[*Exeunt OCT. and NIT.*

Troy. An honourable liberality,
Timely dispos'd, without delay or question,
Commands a gratitude. Is not this better
Than waiting three or four months at livery,
With cup and knee unto this chair of state,
And to their painted arras, for a need²
From goodman-usher, or the formal secretary ;
Especially the juggler with the purse,
That pays some shares? In all, a younger brother,
Sometimes an elder, not well trimm'd i' th' head-
piece,

¹ *My thanks, sir,*

Owes to this just engagement.] As there is no possibility
of extracting sense out of the last line, we must conclude that a
previous one must have been lost, perhaps of the following im-
port:

“ My thanks, sir,
For all the noble honours which my friend
Owes to this just engagement.”

² *A need,*] Seems here to be used for a thing required or ask-
ed in a petition.

May spend what his friend left in expectation,
 Of being turn'd out of service for attendance,
 Or marry a waiting-woman, and be damn'd for't
 To open laughter, and (what's worse¹) old beggary.
 What thinks my Livio, of this rise at first?
 Is't not miraculous?

Liv. It seems the bargain
 Was driv'n before between you.

Troy. 'Twas, and nothing
 Could void it, but the peevish resolution
 Of your dissent from goodness, as you call it;
 A thin, a thread-bare honesty, a virtue
 Without a living to't.

Liv. I must resolve
 To turn my sister whore? Speak a home-word
 For my old bachelor?—Lord, so? is't not so?
 A trifle in respect of present means;
 Here's all.

Troy. Be yet more confident; the slavery
 Of such an abject office shall not tempt
 The freedom of my spirit: stand ingenious
 To thine own fate², and we shall practise wisely
 Without the charge of scandal.

Liv. May it prove so! [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *What's worth.*] So the quarto reads.

² *Stand ingenious*

To thine own fate.] Ingenious and ingenuous were continually confounded in old writings, but the exact meaning of neither the one nor the other strictly applies in the text, where *ingenious* seems to stand for *true, faithful*.

SCENE II.—*The Street.*

Enter SECCO, sprinkling his hat and face with a casting bottle, and carrying a little looking-glass at his girdle¹; setting his countenance.

Sec. Admirable! Incomparably admirable! To be the minion, the darling, the delight of love; 'tis a very tickling to the marrow, a kissing i'th' blood, a bosoming the extacy, the rapture of virginity, soul and paradise of perfection,—ah!—pity of generation, Secco, there are no more such men.

Enter SPADONE.

Spa. Oyes! if any man, woman, or beast, have

¹ The fashion of wearing looking-glasses at the girdle was very universal among the gallants and ladies at the time. Mr Gifford hopes that the former wore them in their pockets, and not ostentatiously at their girdle, as the latter did; but, from the text, it seems that men were as open-faced in their coxcombray as the ladies. Gascoigne, in his *Steel-Glas*, which was written in 1576, already alludes to the fashion:

“ I see, and sigh, bycause it makes me sadde,
That penishe pryde doth all the world possesse,
And enery wight will haue a *looking-glasse*
To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not.”

Nor did the absurdity of the affectation escape being lashed by Bishop Hall in his *Biting Satires*, Book IV. Sat. vi. :

—“ Comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For Cænis' distaffe to exchange their lance,
And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their *pocket-glass*.”

From the last line it would appear, that the ladies, at the time when these satires were written, had not yet the effrontery to expose this token of affectation to public view. As to the *casting-bottles*, mentioned in the text, they were nothing more than bottles of perfumed liquors. Both the fashions are mentioned together in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*: “ Where is your page? call for your *casting-bottle*, and place your *mirror in your hat*.”

found, stolen, or taken up a fine, very fine, male barber, of the age of above or under eighteen, more or less—

Sec. Spadone, hold, what's the noise ?

Spa. Umph ! pay the cryer. I have been almost lost myself in seeking you : here's a letter from—

Sec. Whom, whom, my dear Spadone ? whom !

Spa. Soft and fair ! an you be so brief, I'll return it whence it came, or look out a new owner.—O-yes !

Sec. Low, low : what dost mean ? is't from the glory of beauty, Morosa, the fairest fair ? be gentle to me ; here's a ducate : speak low, pr'ythee !

Spa. Give me one, and take t'other : 'tis from the party. Golden news, believe it.

Sec. Honest Spadone ! Divine Morosa ! [*Reads.*

Spa. [*Aside.*] Fairest fair, quoth'a ? So is an old rotten coddled mungrel, parcel bawd, parcel midwife : all the marks are quite out of her mouth ; not the stump of a tooth left in her head, to mumble the curd of a posset.—Signior, 'tis as I told you ! all's right ?

Sec. Right, just as thou told'st me ; all's right.

Spa. To a very hair, *signior mio*.

Sec. For which, sirrah, Spadone ! I will make thee a man ; a man, dost hear ? I say a man.

Spa. Thou'rt a prick-ear'd foist¹, a cittern-headed gew-gaw, a knack, a snipper-snapper ! Twit me

¹ *Thou'rt a prick-eared foist.*] Prick-eared means, with ears erect, and the application of the term to a fool is explained by the following passage of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* : " There were newly come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the streetes, *with their ears upright.*" A *foist*, according to Decker's *Belman of London*, was a cant term for a pick-pocket. *Cittern-headed* has been already fully explained in a note in the *Lover's Melancholy*, (Vol. I. p. 141.) A *knack* is still a Scotch word for a taunt, a gibe, a trick ; but I have not met with it as a term of reproach in any other place.

with the decrements of my pendants? Though I am made a gelding, and, like a tame buck, have lost my dowsets,—more a monster than a cuckold with his horns seen,—yet I scorn to be jeered by any checker-approved barbarian¹ of ye all. Make me a man! I defy thee.

Sec. How now, fellow! how now! roaring ripe indeed!

Spa. Indeed! Thou'rt worse: a dry shaver, a copper-bason suds-monger.

Sec. Nay, nay; by my mistress' fair eyes, I meant no such thing.

Spa. Eyes in thy belly! the reverend madam shall know how I have been used. I will blow my nose in thy casting-bottle, break the teeth of thy combs, poison thy camphire-balls, slice out thy towels with thine own razor, be-tallow thy tweezes, and urine in thy bason. Make me a man!

Sec. Hold! take another ducat: as I love new clothes—

Spa. Or cast old ones.

Sec. Yes, or cast old ones; I intended no injury.

Spa. Good, we are piec'd again. Reputation, signior, is precious.

Sec. I know, it is.

Spa. Old sores would not be rubbed.

Sec. For me, never.

Spa. The lady guardianness, the mother of the Fancies², is resolved to draw with you in the wholesome [yoke] of matrimony, suddenly.

¹ *By any checker, approved barbarian.*] So the quarto reads; but a hyphen seems absolutely necessary between the words checker and approved. The term then denotes one who has the approbation of the ale-houses, which, as is well known, are still frequently distinguished by checkers painted on the windows.

² *Mother of the Fancies,*] Mother of loves. Fancy is used for

Sec. She writes as much : and, Spadone, when we are married—

Spa. You will to bed no doubt.

Sec. We will revel in such variety of delights,—

Spa. Do miracles, and get babies.

Sec. Live so sumptuously,—

Spa. In feather and old furs.

Sec. Feed so deliciously,—

Spa. On pap and bull-beef.

Sec. Enjoy the sweets of our years,—

Spa. Eighteen and threescore with advantage¹.

Sec. Tumble and wallow in abundance,—

Spa. The pure crystal puddle of pleasures.

Sec. That all the world should wonder.

Spa. A pox on them that envy ye !

Sec. How do the beauties, my dainty knave, live, wish, think, and dream ? Sirrah, ha !

Spa. Fumble, one with another, on the gambos of imagination between their legs : eat they do, and sleep, game, laugh, and lie down, as beauties ought to do : there's all.

Sec. Commend me to my choicest, and tell her, the minute of her appointment shall be waited on. Say to her, she shall find me a man at all points.

Enter NITIDO.

Spa. Why, there's another quarrel, man : once more, in spite of my nose,—

love in innumerable passages of Shakespeare, of which the following, from a beautiful song in the Merchant of Venice, may suffice :

“ Tell me, where is fancy bred? . . .
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.”

¹ *With advantage,*] *i. e.* With something more.

Nit. Away, Secco, away! my lord calls: a' has a loose hair started from his fellows: a clip of your art is commanded.

Sec. I fly, Nitido. Spadone, remember me.

[*Exit.*

Nit. Trudging between an old moil, and a young calf, my nimble intelligencer? What? thou fatten'st apace on, capon, still.

Spa. Yes, crimp; 'tis a gallant life to be an old lord's pimp whiskin¹: but, beware of the porter's lodge, for carrying tales out of the school.

Nit. What a terrible sight to a libb'd² breech is a sow-gelder!

Spa. Not so terrible as a cross-tree that never grows, to a wag-halter³ page.

Nit. Good! witty rascal, thou'rt a satire, I protest: but that the nymphs need not fear the evidence of thy mortality, go put on a clean bib, and spin amongst the nuns; sing'em a bawdy song. All the children thou get'st, shall be christened in wassel-bowls⁴, and turned into a college of men-midwives. Farewell, night-mare!

Spa. Very, very well: if I die in thy debt for

¹ *Pimp whiskin.*] I do not perfectly understand the particular meaning of the last word. Cotgrave explains *singlement*, "a sayling, or cutting the sea by sayling; also, a *whiskng*, lashing, jerking, scutching." The word occurs again, and is applied to the same person in the fourth act of this comedy.

² *Libb'd,*] A northern idiom for gelded, still usual in Scotland.

³ *Wag-halter.*] Cotgrave explains *baboin*, "a trifling, busie, or craftie knave; a *crack-rope*, *wag-halter*, unhappie rogue, retchlesse villaine." Another of these terms is used in the next speech but one.

⁴ *Wassel-bowls.*] It was formerly usual in villages to carry about from one house to another a wassel-bowl, on particular feasting days, such as new-year's eve and twelfth-night. The derivation of the word has been so often explained, that every reader may be supposed to be acquainted with it.

this, crack-rope, let me be buried in a coal-sack.
I'll fit ye, ape's-face ! look for't.

Nit. [Sings.] *And still the urchin would, but
could not do.*

Spa. Mark the end on't, and laugh at last.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*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 ev'ry 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 vir-
tues,

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 guilt 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. Want of love,

'Tis rarely cherish'd with the love of want.
I'll not be your undoing.

Rom. Sure some dotage
Of living stately, richly, lend a cunning
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness
Chang'd 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 guarded lackey,
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,
Are pretty toys to please my mistress wanton:
So is a fiddle too, 'twill make it dance,
Or else be sick and whine.

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.

*Enter LIVIO, fresh suited*¹.

Liv. Sister, look ye,
How by a new creation of my tailor's,
I've shook off old mortality ; the rags
Of home-spun gentry—pr'ythee, sister, mark it—
Are cast by, and I now appear in fashion
Unto men, am received²,—observe me sister,
The consequence concerns you.

Cast. True, good brother,
For my well-doing must consist in yours.

Liv. Here's Romanello, a fine temper'd gallant,
Of decent carriage, of indifferent means ;
Considering that his sister, new hoist up,
From a lost merchant's warehouse, to the titles
Of a great lord's bed, may supply his wants ;
Not sunk in his acquaintance ; for a scholar
Able enough, and one who may subsist
Without the help of friends, provided always,
He fly not upon wedlock without certainty
Of an advancement : else a bachelor
May thrive by observation on a little,
As single life's no burden ; but to draw
In yokes is chargeable, and will require
A double maintenance : why, I can live
Without a wife, and purchase.

Rom. Is't a mystery,

¹ *Fresh suited,*] Apparelled, or dressed in new clothes. Cordelia says to Kent, in the last act of King Lear :

“ Be better *suit*ed :

These weeds are memories of those worse hours ;
I pr'ythee put them off.”

² And *received.*] This is the reading of the old quarto ; but as very little sense can be extracted from it, the slight alteration in the text seems to be absolutely indispensable.

You've lately found out Livio, or a cunning
Conceal'd till now, for wonder?

Liv. Pish! believe it,

Endeavours and an active brain are better
Than patrimonies left by parents.—Prove it.—
One thrives by cheating; shallow fools and un-
thrifths,

Are game knaves only fly at: then a fellow
Presumes on his haire, and that his back can toil,
For fodder from the city.—Lies.—Another,
Reputed valiant, lives by the sword, and takes up
Quarrels, or braves them, as the novice likes,
To gild his reputation¹;—Most improbable.—
A world of desperate undertakings, possibly,
Procures some hungry meals, some tavern surfeits,
Some frippery² to hide nakedness: perhaps
The scambling³ half a ducat now and then
To roar and noise it with the tattling hostess,
For a week's lodging: these are pretty shifts,
Souls bankrupt of their royalty submit to.
Give me a man, whose practice and experience,

¹ Bravadoes, like the one described in the text, are often introduced as characters into old plays, particularly those of Ben Jonson, and seem to have formed a particular class in the community of blackguards. Every one is acquainted with that admirable character, Captain Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*; and the scene in *Shirley's Gamester*, where Hazard allows himself to be beaten by Barnacle's nephew, thereby to give the latter a reputation of valour, will explain the latter part of the description in the text.

² *Frippery*.] In this instance, an old suit of clothes. A *frippery* was properly a shop where old clothes were sold. So in *Wit without Money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“As if I were a running *frippery*.”

³ *Scambling*.] Generally the same as scrambling. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“*Scambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander.”

Conceives not barely the philosopher's stone,
But indeed has it ; one whose wit's his Indies.
The poor is most ridiculous.

Rom. You're pleasant
In new discoveries of fortune ; use them
With moderation, Livio.

Cast. Such wild language
Was wont to be a stranger to your custom ;
However, brother, you are pleas'd to vent it,
I hope, for recreation.

Liv. Name and honour :
What are they ? a mere sound without supportance,
A begging chastity, youth, beauty, handsomeness,
Discourse ; behaviour which might charm attention,
And curse the gazer's eyes into amazement ;
Are nature's common bounties : so are diamonds
Uncut, so flowers unworn, so silk-worms' webs
Unwrought, gold unrefin'd. Then all those glories
Are of esteem, when us'd and set at price :
There's no dark sense in this.

Rom. I understand not
The drift on't, nor how meant, nor yet to whom.

Cast. 'Pray, brother, be more plain.

Liv. First, Romanello,
This for your satisfaction : if you waste
More hours in courtship to this maid, my sister,
Weighing her competency with your own,
You go about to build without foundation :
So that care will prove void.

Rom. A sure acquittance,
If I must be discharged.

Liv. Next, Castamela,
To thee, my own lov'd sister, let me say,
I have not been so bountiful in shewing
To fame the treasure which this age hath open'd,
As thy true value merits.

Cast. You are merry.

Liv. My jealousy of thy fresh blooming years,
 Prompted a fear of husbanding too charily¹
 Thy growth to such perfection, as no flattery
 Of art can perish² now.

Cast. Here's talk in riddles :
 Brother, the exposition ?

Liv. I'll no longer
 Chamber thy freedom ; we have been already
 Thrifty enough in our low fortunes ; henceforth
 Command thy liberty, with that thy pleasures.

Rom. I'st come to this ?

Cast. You're wond'rous full of courtesy.

Liv. Ladies of birth and quality are suitors
 For being known t'ye ; I have promised, sister,
 They shall partake your company.

Cast. What, ladies ?
 Where ? when ? how ? who ?

Liv. A day, a week, a month,
 Sported amongst such beauties, is a gain
 On time ; they're young, wise, noble, fair, and
 chaste.

Cast. Chaste ?

Liv. Castamela, chaste ; I would not hazard
 My hopes, my joys of thee, on dangerous trial.
 Yet if, as it may chance, a neat cloth'd merriment
 Pass without blush, in tattling to the words,
 Fall not too broad, 'tis but a pastime smil'd at
 Amongst yourselves in counsel, but beware
 Of being overheard.

Cast. This is pretty.

Rom. I doubt I know not what, yet must be si-
 lent. [*Apart.*

¹ *Charily,*] *i. e.* cautiously.

² *Perish.*] This verb is frequently used actively. For in-
 stance, in the *Maid's Tragedy* :

—————“ Let not my sins
 Perish your noble youth.”

Enter TROYLO, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, and
NITIDO.

Liv. They come as soon as spoke of.—Sweetest
fair ones,

My sister cannot but conceive this honour
Particular in your respects. Dear sir,
You grace us in your favours.

Troy. Virtuous lady.

Flo. We are your servants.

Clar. Your sure friends.

Sil. Society

May fix us in a league.

Cast. All fitly welcome.

I find not reason, gentle ladies, whereon
To cast this debt of mine; but my acknowledge-
ment

Shall study to pay thankfulness.

Troy. Sweet beauty,

Your brother hath indeed been too much churl
In this concealment from us all, who love him,
Of such desir'd a presence.

Sil. Please to enrich us

With your wish'd amity.

Flo. Our coach attends;

We cannot be deny'd.

Clar. Command it, Nitido.

Nit. Ladies, I shall: now for a lusty harvest!

'Twill prove a cheap year, should these barns be
fill'd once. [Exit.

Cast. Brother, one word in private.

Liv. Phew! anon

I shall instruct at large.—We are prepared
And easily entreated; 'tis good manners
Not to be troublesome.

Troy. Thou'rt perfect, Livio.

Cast. Whether—but, he's my brother.

Troy. Fair, your arm;
I am your usher, lady.

Cast. As you please, sir.

Liv. I wait you to your coach. Some two hours
hence

I shall return again. [*Exeunt.*

Rom. Troylo-Savelli,
Next heir unto the marquis! and the page too,
The marquis's own page! Livio transform'd
Into a sudden bravery¹, and alter'd
In nature, or I dream! Amongst the ladies,
I not remember I have seen one face.
There's cunning in these changes: I am resolute,
Or to pursue the trick on't, or lose labour.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in JULIA'S House.*

*Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO, and
VESPUCCI.*

Flav. Not yet return'd?

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!

¹ *Bravery,*] Gallant attire, finery of dress. As in the *Unnatural Combat of Massinger*:

“ I am studying now
Where I shall hide myself, till the rumour of
My wealth and *bravery* vanish.”

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 travel.

Flav. Trimly spoken.
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,
As other creatures of Heav'n's making are,
(The more the pity!) bless us! how we waited
For the huge play-day, when the pageants flutter'd
About the city¹; for we then were certain,
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 th' honours now
Are thrust upon me; but we bear the burthen,
Were't twice as much as 'tis. The next great
feast,

¹ *On the huge play-day when the pageants flutter'd
About the city.*] Those tasteless exhibitions, the pageants
performed at the inauguration of the lord-mayors of London,
were in full glory about the time this play was produced. They
were put together by the city poet of the time, an office which
expired with the renowned Elkanah Settle. "They generally
consisted," says the compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, "of
personifications of industry, commerce, the city of London, the
Thames, and beings of the like kind, intermixed with heathen
gods and goddesses, and seem to have afforded great delight to the
rude and uncultivated understandings for whose entertainment
they were intended." About Ford's time, they were produced
by some poets who deserved better employment, such as Web-
ster, Middleton, and Heywood.

We'll grace the city-wives, (poor souls!) and see
How they'll behave themselves before our presence.
You two shall wait upon 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. Fie! methinks
I have an excellent humour to be pettish,
A little toysome; 'tis a pretty sign
Of breeding: is't not, sirs? I could, indeed, la,
Long for some strange good things now.

Cam. Such news, madam,
Would overjoy my lord, your husband.

Ves. Cause
Bonfires and bell-rings.

Flav. I must be with child, then,
An't be but for the public jollity;
Or lose my longings, which were mighty pity.

Cam. Sweet fates forbid it!

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Noblest lady—

Ves. Rudeness!

Keep off, or I shall—Sawcy groom, learn manners!
Go swab amongst your goblins.

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.—[*Delivers the petition.*]—

Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol¹
Stares on his sometime wife! sure, he imagines
To be a cuckold by consent, is purchase
Of approbation in a state.

Ves. Good reason.

The gain repriev'd him from bankrupt's statute,
And fil'd him in the charter of his freedom.

“She had seen the fellow!” Did'st 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 strange: oh! 'tis a precious
trinket.

Was ever puppet so slipt up?

Cam. The tale
Of Venus' cat, man, chang'd into a woman,
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

Ves. A' stands
Just like Acteon in the painted cloth².

Cam. No more.

Flav. Friend, we have read, and weigh'd
the sum

Of what your scrivener, [by] which³ 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've 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,

¹ *Wittol,*] One that knows, and bears with, or winks at his wife's dishonesty.—Cotgrave.

² *Painted cloth.*] The same as tapestry, which was the most fashionable manner of adorning the walls in those days.

³ [*By*] *which.*] The word in brackets is omitted in the original.

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 ye not asham'd yet of yourself ?

Fab. Great lady,

Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

Cam. [*Aside to VES.*] So, so,
 This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci ?

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.*]

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.
 These 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 betrayed 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 ev'n 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 bosoms they possess

Without controul, begets a self-unworthiness ;
 For which fear, or, what is worst, desire
 Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour
 To pandar 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-contract unto another, falsely,
 To justify a separation. Wherein
 Could I offend to be believ'd thy strumpet,
 In best sense an adult'ress ! so conceiv'd
 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 cun-
 ning

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 carriage².

Fab. You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd
 Than grossly to be talked with.

¹ *Or,*] So the quarto reads.

² *This antick carriage.*] The foolish, foppish behaviour,
 which she was forced to put on, in order to please her old hus-
 band Julio.

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 goodness.

Flav. You may prosper
In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.
Besides, you are a scholar bred, however
You interrupted study with commèrce.
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.

Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Camillo! who is near? Vespucci!

Jul. What?
Our lady's cast familiar?

Flav. Oh, my stomach
Wambles, at sight of—sick, sick, I am sick—
I faint at heart—kiss me, nay pr'ythee quickly,
Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while
from me.

And this companion¹ too—beshrew him!

Jul. Dearest,
Thou art my health, my blessing. Turn the bank-
rupt
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?

¹ *This companion,*] *i. e.* fellow.

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.

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' coun-
try,

Where we may hear no more of him.

Jul. Thy will
Shall stand a law, my Flavia.

Flav. You have been
In private with our fellow peers now. Sha' not we
Know how the business stands ? Sure, in some
country,
Ladies are privy-counsellors, I warrant ye :
Are they not, think ye ? there the land is, doubt-
less,

Most politickly govern'd ; all the women
Wear swords and breeches, I have heard most cer-
tainly
Such sights are excellent.

Jul. Thou'rt a matchless pleasure :
No life is sweet without thee ; in my heart
Reign empress, and be styl'd thy Julio's sovereign,
My only precious dear.

Flav. We'll prove no less t'ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter* TROYLO *and* LIVIO.

Troy. Sea-sick ashore still! thou could'st rarely
'scape

A calenture in a long voyage, Livio,
Who in a short one, and at home, art subject
To such faint stomach qualms: no cordials comfort,
The business of thy thoughts, for aught I see:
What ails thee, man? be merry, hang up jealousies!

Liv. Who, I? I jealous? no, no, here's no cause
In this place; 'tis a nunnery, a retirement
For meditation; all the difference extant
But puzzles only bare belief, not grounds it.
Rich services in place! soft and fair lodgings,
Varieties of recreations, exercise
Of music in all changes, neat attendance,
Princely, nay royal furniture of garments,
Satiety of gardens, orchards, waterworks,
Pictures so ravishing that ranging eyes,
Might dwell upon a dotage of conceit,
Without a single wish for livelier substance!
The great world, in a little world of fancy,
Is here abstracted: no temptation proffer'd
But such as fools and mad folks can invite to;
And yet——

Troy. And yet your reason cannot answer
Th' objections of your fears, which argue danger.

Liv. Danger? dishonour, Troylo: were my sister
In safety from those charms, I must confess
I could live here for ever.

Troy. But you could not,
I can assure you; for't 'twere then scarce possible
A door might open t'you, hardly a loop-hole.

Liv. My presence then is usher to her ruin,
And loss of her, the fruit of my preferment?

Troy. Briefly partake a secret; but be sure
To lodge it in the inmost of thy bosom,
Where memory may not find it for discovery;
By our firm truth of friendship, I require thee.

Liv. By our firm truth of friendship, I subscribe
To just conditions.

Troy. Our great uncle-marquis,
Disabled from his cradle, by an impotence
In nature first; that impotence since seconded
And render'd more infirm, by a fatal breach
Receiv'd in fight against the Turkish gallies,
Is made incapable of any faculty
Of active manhood, more than what affections
Proper unto his sex, must else distinguish:
So that no helps of art can warrant life,
Should he transcend the bounds his weakness limits.

Liv. On: I attend with eagerness.

Troy. 'Tis strange
Such natural defects at no time check
A full and free sufficiency of spirit,
Which flows, both in so clear and fix'd a strength,
That to confirm belief, it seems, where nature
Is in the body lame, she is supplied
In fine proportion of the mind. A word
Concludes all: to a man his enemy,
He is a dangerous threat'ning; but to women,
However pleasurable, no way cunning
To shew abilities of friendship, other
Than what his outward senses can delight in,
Or charge and bounty court with.

Liv. Good, good—Troylo,
Oh, that I had a lusty faith to credit it,
Though none of all this wonder should be possible.

Troy. As I love honour, and an honest name,
I faulter not, my Livio, in one syllable.

Liv. News admirable! 'tis, 'tis so.—Pish, I know it,

Yet he has a kind heart of his own to girls,
Young, handsome girls; yes, yes, so he may:
'Tis granted:—he would now and then be piddling,
And play the wanton, like a fly that dallies
About a candle's flame; then scorch his wings,
Drop down, and creep away, ha!

Troy. Hardly that too;
To look upon fresh beauties, to discourse
In an unblushing merriment of words,
To hear them play or sing, and see them dance;
To pass the time in pretty amorous questions,
Read a chaste verse of love, or prattle riddles,
Is th' height of his temptations.

Liv. Send him joy on't.

Troy. His choices are not of the courtly train,
Nor city's practice; but the country's innocence;
Such as are gentle born, not meanly; such,
To whom both gawdiness and ape-like fashions
Are monstrous; such as cleanliness and decency,
Prompt to a virtuous envy; such as study
A knowledge of no danger, but themselves.

Liv. Well, I have liv'd in ignorance. The an-
cients,

Who chatted of the golden age, feign'd trifles.
Had they dreamt this, they would have truth'd it
heaven;

I mean an earthly heaven, less it is not.

Troy. Yet is this bachelor-miracle not free
From the epidemical headache.

Liv. The yellows?

Troy. Huge jealous fits; admitting none to enter
But me, his page and barber, with an eunuch,
And an old guardianness. It is a favour
Not common, that the license of your visits
To your own sister, now and then, is wink'd at.

Liv. But why are you his instrument? his nephew!

'Tis ominous in nature.

Troy. Not in policy: Being his heir, I may take truce a little, With mine own fortunes.

Liv. Knowing how things stand too.

Troy. At certain seasons, as the humour takes him,

A set of music are permitted peaceably, To cheer their solitariness, provided They're strangers, not acquainted near the city: But never the same twice, pardon him that; Nor must their stay exceed an hour, or two At farthest, as at this wise wedding; wherefore His barber is the master to instruct The lasses both in song and dance, by him Train'd up in either quality.

Liv. A caution Happily studied.

Troy. Farther to prevent Suspicion, he has married his young barber To the old matron, and withal is pleased, Report should mutter him a mighty man For th' game, to take off all suspicion Of insufficiency; and this strict company He calls his Bower of Fancies.

Liv. Yes, and properly, Since all his recreations are in fancy. I'm infinitely taken.—Sister? marry, 'Would I had sisters in a plenty, Troylo, So to bestow them all and turn them fancies. Fancies? why 'tis a pretty name, methinks.

Troy. Something remains, which in conclusion shortly, [A Song behind the scenes. Shall take thee fuller.—Hark, the wedding jollity!

With a bride-cake on my life, to grace the nuptials!
Perhaps the ladies will turn songsters.

Liv. Silence!

Enter SECCO *and* MOROSA, *with* CASTAMELA,
FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, SPADONE, *and*
Musicians.

Sec. Passing neat and exquisite, I protest, fair creatures. These honours to our solemnity are liberal and uncommon; my spouse and myself, with our posterity, shall prostitute our services to your bounties.—Shall's not duckling?

Mor. Yes, honeysuckle; and do as much for them one day, if things stand right as they should stand. Bill, pigeon, do; thou'st be my cat-a-mountain, and I thy sweet-briar, honey. We'll lead you to kind examples, pretty ones, believe it; and you shall find us, one in one, whilst hearts do last.

Sec. Ever mine own, and ever.

Spa. Well said, old touch-hole.

Liv. All happiness, all joy!

Troy. A plenteous issue;

A fruitful womb.—Thou hast a blessing, Secco.

Mor. Indeed, he has, sir, if ye know all, as I conceive you know enough, if not the whole: for you have, I may say, tried me to the quick, through and through, and most of my carriage, from time to time.

Spa. 'Twould wind-break a moil¹, or a ringed mare, to vie burthens with her. [*Aside.*]

Mor. What's that you mumble, gelding, shey?

Spa. Nothing, forsooth, but that you're a bouncing couple well met, and 'twere pity to part you, though you hung together in a smoky chimney.

¹ *Moil.*] An old word for a mule, frequently occurring in these plays.—See Vol. I. p. 301. Further on, Secco bestows the same term as a reproach upon his wife.

Mor. 'Twere e'en pity, indeed, Spadone: nay, thou'st a foolish loving nature of thine own, and wishest well to plain dealings, o' my conscience.

Spa. Thank your brideship—your bawdship.

[*Aside.*

Flo. Our sister is not merry.

Clar. Sadness cannot
Become a bridal harmony.

Sil. At a wedding
Free spirits are requir'd.

Troy. You should dispense
With serious thoughts now, lady.

Mor. Well said, gentlefolks.

Liv. Fie, Castamela, fie!

All. A dance, a dance!

Troy. By any means, the day is not complete else.

Cast. Indeed, I'll be excus'd.

Troy. By no means, lady.

Sec. We all are suitors.

Cast. With your pardons, spare me ;
For this time grant me licence to look on.

*Mor*¹. Command your pleasures, lady.—Every
one hand

Your partner :—nay, Spadone must make one ;
These merriments are free.

Spa. With all my heart, I'm sure I am not the
heaviest in the company. Strike up for the honour
of the bride and bridegroom. [*A Dance.*

Troy. So, so, here's art in motion : On all parts,
You have bestirr'd you nimbly.

Mor. I could dance now,
E'en till I dropt again ; but want of practice
Denies the scope of breath, or so : yet, sirrah,

¹ *Mor.*] This speech is printed as part of Castamela's in the old copy, the impropriety of which is so very evident, that no defence of the alteration can be required.

My cat-a-mountain, do not I trip quickly,
And with a grace too, sirrah?

Sec. Light as a feather.

Spa. Sure you are not without a stick of liquo-
rice in your pocket, forsooth? You have, I be-
lieve, stout lungs of your own; you swim about so
roundly without rubs. 'Tis a tickling sight to be
young still.

Enter NITIDO.

Nit. Madam Morosa.

Mor. Child?

Nit. To you in secret.

Spa. That ear-wig scatters the troop now; I'll
go near to fit 'em.

Liv. My lord, upon my life—

Troy. Then we must sever.

Mor. Ladies and gentlemen, your ears.

Spa. Oh, 'twas ever a wanton monkey—he will
wriggle into a starting-hole so cleanly.—An it had
been on my wedding-day,—I know what I know.

Sec. Say'st so, Spadone?

Spa. Nothing, nothing; I prate sometimes be-
side the purpose.—Whoreson, lecherous weazle!

Sec. Look, look, look, how officious the little
knave is!—but—

Spa. Why, there's the business; buts on one's
forehead are but scurvy buts.

Mor. Spadone, discharge the fiddlers instantly.

Spa. Yes, I know my postures.—Oh monstrous
buts! [Exit.

Mor. Attend within, sweeting.—Your pardons
gentlemen. To your recreations, dear virgins!
Page, have a care.

Nit. My duty, reverend madam.

Troy. Livio, away!—Sweet beauties—

Cast. Brother.

Liv. Suddenly¹

I shall return.—Now for a round temptation. [*Aside.*

Mor. One gentle word in private with your ladyship ;

I shall not hold you long.

[*Exeunt severally, MOR. stays CAST.*

Cast. What means this huddle

Of flying several ways thus ? Who has frightened them ?

They live not at devotion here, or pension ?

Pray quit me of distrust.

Mor. May it please your goodness,
You'll find him even in every point as honourable,
As flesh and blood can vouch him.

Cast. Ha ! him ? whom ?

What him ?

Mor. He will not press beyond his bounds.
He will but chat and toy, and feel your—

Cast. Guard me

A powerful genius ! feel—

Mor. Your hands to kiss them,
Your fair, pure, white hands. What strange business is it ?

These melting twins of ivory, but softer
Than down of turtles, shall but feed the appetite—

Cast. A rape upon my ears.

Mor. The appetite
Of his poor ravish'd eye ; should he swell higher
In his desires, and soar upon ambition
Of rising in humility, by degrees ;
Perhaps he might crave leave to clap—

Cast. Fond² woman,

In thy grave sinful.

¹ *Suddenly,*] Quickly, hastily.

² *Fond,*] Foolish. In the north the word is still used in this

Mor. Clap or pat the dimples,
Where love's tomb stands erected on your cheeks.
Else pardon those slight exercises, pretty one :
His lordship is as harmless a weak implement,
As e'er young lady trembled under.

Cast. Lordship !
Stead me my modest anger ! 'tis belike then,
Religious matron, some great man's prison,
Where virgins' honours suffer martyrdom,
And you are their tormentor ; let's lay down
Our ruin'd names to the insulter's mercy !
Let's sport and smile on scandal—rare calamity,
What hast thou toil'd me in !—You named his
lordship,
Some gallant youth, and fiery ?

Mor. No, no, 'deed la !
A very grave, stale bachelor, my dainty one ;
There's the conceit : he's none of your hot rovers,
Who ruffle at first dash, and so disfigure
Your dresses, and your sets of blush at once.
He's wise in years, and of a temperate warmth ;
Mighty in means and power, and withal liberal :
A wanton in his wishes, but else, farther,
He cannot—'cause—he cannot—

Cast. Cannot ? pr'ythee
Be plainer ; I begin to like thee strangely ;
What cannot ?

Mor. You urge timely, and to purpose :
He cannot do,—the truth is truth,—do any thing,
As one should say, that's any thing ; put case—
I do but put the case, forsooth,—he find ye.—

Cast. My stars I thank ye, for being ignorant,
Of what this old-in-mischief can intend.—
And so we might be merry, bravely merry ?

sense. Lilly says in *Euphues* and his *England*, " He that is young thinketh the old man *fond*, and the olde knoweth the young man to be a foole."

Mor. You hit it—what else.—She is cunning
 [*Aside.*]—Look ye,
 Pray lend your hand, forsooth.

Cast. Why, pr'ythee, take it.

Mor. You have a delicate moist palm—umph—
 can ye
 Relish that tickle? there.

Cast. And laugh, if need were.

Mor. And laugh? why now you have it; what
 hurt pray
 Perceive ye? there's all, all; go to, you want tu-
 toring,
 Are an apt scholar; I'll neglect no pains
 For your instruction.

Cast. Do not.—But his lordship,
 What may his lordship be?

Mor. No worse man
 Than marquis of Sienna, the great master
 Of this small family; your brother¹ found him
 A bounteous benefactor, has advanced him
 The gentleman o'th' horse; in a short time
 He means to visit you himself in person,
 As kind, as loving an old man!

Cast. We'll meet him
 With a full flame of welcome. Is't the marquis?
 No worse?

Mor. No worse I can assure your ladyship;
 The only free maintainer of the Fancies.

Cast. Fancies? how mean ye that?

Mor. The pretty souls
 Who are companions in the house; all daughters
 To honest virtuous parents, and right worshipful;
 A kind of chaste collapsed ladies.

Cast. Chaste too,
 And yet collapsed?

¹ *Master,*] So the old copy reads erroneously. The compo-
 sitor no doubt caught the word from the preceding line.

Mor. Only in their fortunes.

Cast. Sure, I must be a Fancy in the number.

Mor. A Fancy principal, I hope you'll fashion
Your entertainment, when the marquis courts you,
As that I may stand blameless.

Cast. Free suspicion¹.

My brother's raiser?

Mor. Merely.

Cast. My supporter?

Mor. Undoubtedly.

Cast. An old man and a lover?

Mor. True, there's the music, the content, the
harmony.

Cast. And I myself a Fancy?

Mor. You are pregnant².

Cast. The chance is thrown; I now am fortune's
minion;

I will be bold and resolute.

Mor. Blessing on thee! [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Free suspicion,*] *i. e.* Free your mind from suspicion; a singular phrase; but similar liberties are frequently taken in old plays, peculiarly in those of Ford.

² *You are pregnant.*] You are cunning, quick, ready at guessing. From the following passage in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, it appears to have been a newly coined word in his time, or at least one of those quaint phrases which gallants put down in their tablets, to show their fashionable learning in some future conversation:

Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew. Odours, *pregnant*, and vouchsafed:—I'll get them all three ready.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Street.**Enter ROMANELLO.*

Rom. Prosper me now my fate; some better genius,

Than such a one as waits on troubled passions,
 Direct my courses to a noble issue!
 My thoughts have wander'd in a labyrinth,
 But if the clue I have laid hold on fail not,
 I shall tread out the toil of these dark paths,
 In spite of politic reaches. I am furnish'd
 In mine own hopes by her unlucky fortunes,
 Whose fame is ruin'd. Flavia, my lost sister!
 Lost to report by her unworthy husband,
 Though heightened by a greatness, in whose mix-
 tures,
 I hate to claim a part.

Enter NITIDO.

Oh welcome, welcome,
 Dear boy! thou keep'st time with my expectations
 As justly as the promise of my bounties
 Shall reckon with thy service.

Nit. I have fashion'd
 The means of your admittance.

Rom. Precious Nitido!

Nit. More, 'have bethought me of a shape, a
 quaint one,
 You may appear in, safe and unsuspected.

Rom. Thou'rt an ingenious boy.

Nit. Beyond all this;
 Have so contriv'd the feat, that, at first sight,

Troylo himself shall court your entertainment ;
Nay, force you to vouchsafe it.

Rom. Thou hast done
All counsel, and all cunning.

Nit. True, I have, sir,
Fadg'd¹ nimibly in my practises : but surely,
There are some certain clogs, some roguish staggers,
Some—what shall I call 'em ?—in the business.

Rom. Nitido,
What, faint now ? dear heart, bear up : what stag-
gers ?

What clogs ? let me remove them.

Nit. Am I honest
In this discovery ?

Rom. Honest ? pish, is that all ?
By this rich purse, and by the twenty ducats
Which line it, I will answer for thy honesty
Against all Italy, and prove it perfect.
Besides, remember I am bound to secrecy.
Thou'lt not betray thyself ?

Nit. All fears are clear'd then ;
But if—

Rom. If what ? out with't.

Nit. If we're discover'd,
You'll answer, I am honest still ?

Rom. Do'st doubt it ?

Nit. Not much ; I have your purse in pawn for it.
Now to the shape : and know², the wit in Florence,
Who, in the great duke's court, buffoons his com-
pliment,

According to the change of meats in season,
At every free lord's table—

¹ *Fadged,*] *Proceeded, succeeded.* A very common word in the old dramatists.

² *And know the wits in Florence.*] I strongly suspect the author wrote,—*You know the wit in Florence.*

Rom. Or free meetings
In taverns; there he sits at the upper end,
And eats, and prates, he cares not how nor what :
The very quake of fashions, the very he that
Wears a stiletto on his chin ¹.

Nit. You have him.
Like such a thing must you appear, and study,
Amongst the ladies, in a formal foppery,
To vent some curiosity of language,
Above their apprehensions, or your own,
Indeed beyond sense; you are the more *the person* :
Now amorous, then scurvy, sometimes bawdy ;
The same man still, but evermore fantastical,
As being the suppositor ² to laughter ;
It hath sav'd charge in physic.

Rom. When occasion
Offers itself,—for where it does or not,
I will be bold to take it,—I may turn
To some one in the company ; and changing
My method, talk of state, and rail against
Th' employment of the time, mislike the carriage ³
Of places, and mislike that men of parts,
Of merit, such as myself am, are not

¹ *A stiletto on his chin.*] The stiletto beard was a very fashionable appendage to the chin of a courtier. So in a ballad quoted by Mr Malone from a ballad in *Le Prince d'Amour* :

“ The steeletto beard,
O, it makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath ;
For he that doth place
A dagger in his face,
What wears he in his sheath.”

² *The suppositor.*] A metaphor taken from physic: “ A suppositarie, made of honey and salt boyled into the consistence of paste, and fashioned somewhat like a finger.”—*Cotgrave*.

³ *The carriage of places.*] Carriage is used in such a variety of senses by old authors, that it is sometimes difficult to discover its precise meaning in a particular passage. Here it seems to stand for application, or bestowing of places.

Thrust into public action : 'twill set off
A privilege I challenge from opinion,
With a more lively current.

Nit. On my modesty,
You are some kin to him.—Signior Prugnioli !
Signior Mushrumpo !
Leap but into his antick garb¹, and trust me
You'll fit it to a thought.

Rom. The time ?

Nit. As suddenly
As you can be transform'd ;—for the event,
'Tis pregnant.

Rom. Yet my pretty knave, thou hast not
Discover'd where fair Castamela lives ;
Nor how, nor amongst whom.

Nit. Pish, yet more queries² ?
Till your own eyes inform, be silent ; else
Take back your earnest. What ? turn woman ? fie !
Be idle and inquisitive ?

Rom. No more.
I shall be speedily provided ; ask for
A note at mine own lodging. [*Exit.*

Nit. I'll not fail you,
Assuredly, I will not fail you, signior,
My fine inamorato. Twenty ducats ?
They're half his quarter's income. Love, oh love,
What a pure madness art thou ! I shall fit him,
Fit, quit, and split him too.—Most bounteous sir.

Enter TROYLO.

Troy. Boy, thou art quick and trusty,
Be withal close and silent, and thy pains
Shall meet a liberal addition.

Nit. Though, sir,
I'm but a child, yet you shall find me——

¹ *Antick garb,*] *i. e.* quaint, uncommon dress.

² *Pish, it more queries ?*] So the old quarto reads.

Troy. Man
In the contrivements, I will speak for thee.
Well he does relish the disguise!

Nit. Most greedily;
Swallows it with a liquorish delight;
Will instantly be shaped in't, instantly.
And, on my conscience, sir, the supposition
Strengthened by supposition, will transform him
Into the beast itself he does resemble.

Troy. Spend that and look for more, boy.
[Gives money.]

Nit. Sir, it needs not:
I have already twenty ducats pursed
In a gay case: 'las, sir! to you, my service
Is but my duty.

Troy. Modesty in pages
Shows not a virtue, boy, when it exceeds
Good manners. Where must we meet?

Nit. Sir, at's lodging,
Or near about: he will make haste, believe it.

Troy. Wait th' opportunity, and give me notice.
I shall attend.

Nit. If I miss my part, hang me! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*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 altered ;
 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. “ Poor soul !”
 Quoth she, the *she*, “ why hang thy looks like bell-
 ropes

Out of the wheels ?” Thou, flinging down thy eyes
 Low at her feet, reply'st, “ Because, oh sovereign !
 The great bell of my heart is crack'd, and never
 Can ring in tune again, till't be new cast
 By one only skilful foundress.” Hereat
 She turned aside, wink'd, thou stood'st still, and
 star'dst ;

I did observe it : be plain, what hope ?

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 ha !
 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, pr'ythee, let's be sociable ;
 I do confess, I think the goody-madam
 May possibly be compass'd : I resolve, too,
 To put in for a share, come what can come on't.

Vesp. A pretty toy 'tis. Since thou'rt open
 breasted,
 Camillo, I presume she is [a] wanton,
 And therefore mean to give the sowse whenever
 I find the game on wing.

Cam. Let us consider :
She's but a merchant's leavings.

Vesp. Hatch'd i'th' country,
And fledg'd i'th' city.

Cam. 'Tis a common custom
'Mongst friends,—they are not friends else—chief-
ly gallants,

To trade by turns in such like frail commodities :
The one is but reversioner to t'other.

Vesp. Why, 'tis the fashion, man.

Cam. Most free and proper ;
One surgeon, one apothecary.

Vesp. 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 ser-
vant.
Are we agreed ?

Cam. Most readily. On th' 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 taverns,
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
How 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?

Jul. 'Tis more, 'tis heavenly.

Vesp. [*Aside to CAM.*] 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,
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;

Aye, 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. Pr'ythee, sweetest,

Hark in your ear.—Beshrew't, the brim of your hat
Struck in mine eyes.—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

[Exit 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 us'd but homely,
But I am 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 attempted
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, pr'ythee,
You sha'nt be angry : 'las, I know, poor gentleman !
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 can'st wish.

Flav. And, in requital,
Believe I shall say something that may settle
A constancy of peace for which thou'lt thank me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter SECCO and SPADONE.

Sec. The rarest fellow, Spadone! so full of gambols; he talks so humorously—does he not?—so carelessly; oh, rich¹! o' my hope of posterity! I could be in love with him.

Spa. His tongue trouls² like a mill-clack; he towzes the ladies' sisters, as a tumbling dog does young rabbits. Hey here, dab there. Your Madonna, he has a catch at her too; there's a trick in the business,—I am a dunce else,—I say, a shrewd one.

Sec. Jump with me³; I smell a trick too, if I could tell what.

Spa. Who brought him in? that would be known.

Sec. That did signior Troylo; I saw the page part at the door. Some trick still: go to, wife, I must and I will have an eye to this gear⁴.

Spa. A plain case; roguery, brokage and roguery, or call me bulchin⁵. Fancies, quoth a'? rather

¹ *Oh, rich!*] I am unable to explain this exclamation, and suspect some corruption.

² *His tongue trouls.*] So in Perkin Warbeck,

“ Like to so many choristers in Bedlam
Trowling a catch.”

See the note on that passage, p. 53. of this volume.

³ *Jump with me,*] *i. e.* exactly what I think. It was a very common phrase in our author's days, and is still used in some of the remote parts of England.

⁴ *Gear,*] *i. e.* business. This was a colloquial expression of frequent occurrence, and used in a very indeterminate manner. *For this gear,* was nearly employed in the same manner as *for the nonce*; *e. g.* in the *Merchant of Venice*: “ If fortune be a woman, she's a good wench *for this gear.*”

⁵ *Bulchin,*] Seems to have been a *young male calf*, as Mr Reed

frenzies. We shall all roar shortly; turn madcaps; lie open to what comes first: I may stand to't.—That boy page is a naughty boy page. Let me feel your forehead: ha, oh, hum,—yes,—there,—there again. I'm sorry for ye; a hand-saw cannot cure ye. Monstrous and apparent!

Sec. What! what! what! what! what, Spadone?

Spa. What, what, what, what! nothing but velvet tips¹; you are of the first head yet. Have a good heart, man; a cuckold, though he be a beast, wears invisible horns; else we might know a city-bull from a country-calf.—Villainous boy, still!

Sec. My razor shall be my weapon, my razor.

Spa. Why, he's not come to the honour of a beard yet; he needs no shaving.

Sec. I will trim him and tram him.

Spa. Nay, she may do well enough for one.

Sec. One! ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand; do beyond arithmetic, Spadone! I speak it with some passion, I am a notorious cuckold.

Spa. Gross and ridiculous!—Look ye! point blank I dare not swear that this same mountebanking new-come foist², is at least a procurer in the business, if not a pretender himself: but I think what I think.

Sec. Hee, Troylo, Livio, the page, that hole-creeping page, all horn me, sirrah. I'll forgive thee from my heart. Dost not thou drive a trade too in my bottom!

Spa. A likely matter! 'Las, I'm metamorphosed, I: be patient, you'll mar all else.

conjectures. So in Dekker's *Satiromatrix*: “Dost roar, *bulchin*, dost roar?”

¹ *Velvet tips.*] In allusion to the down or velvet upon the first sprouting horns of a young deer.

² *Foist.*] Cotgrave explains *menteur*, “A lyer, fibber, foister, fabler, cogger, leasing-mungar, false limmer.”

Within. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sec. Now, now, now, now the game's rampant, rampant.

Spa. Leave your wild figaries, and learn to be a tame antick, or I'll observe no longer.

Within. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Enter TROYLO, CASTAMELA, FLORIA, CLARELLA, SILVIA, MOROSA, and ROMANELLO, like a courtly Mountebank.

Sil. You are extremely busy, signior.

Flo. Courtly,

Without a fellow!

Clar. Have a stabbing wit.

Cast. But are you always, when you press on ladies

Of mild and easy nature, so much satire,
So tart and keen as we do taste you now?

It argues a lean brain.

Rom. Gip to your beauties!

You would be fair, forsooth; you would be monsters;

Fair women are such; monsters to be seen
Are rare, and so are they.

Troy. Bear with him, ladies.

Mor. He is a foul-mouth'd man.

Sec. Whore, bitch-fox, treedle, fa la la la!

Mor. How's that, my cat-a-mountain?

Spa. Hold her there, boy.

Clar. Were you e'er in love, fine signior!

Rom. Yes, for sport's sake;

But soon forgot it. He that rides a gallop
Is quickly weary. I esteem of love
As of a man in some huge place; it puzzles
Reason, distracts the freedom of the soul;
Renders a wise man fool, and a fool wise
In's own conceit, not else; it yields effects

Of pleasure, travail ; bitter, sweet ; war, peace ;
Thornes, roses ; prayers, curses ; longings, surfeits,
Despair, and then a rope. Oh, my trim lover !
Yes, I have loved a score at once.

Spa. Out stallion ! as I am a man and no man,
the baboon lies, I dare swear, abominably.

Sec. Inhumanly,—keep your bow close, vixen.

[*Pinches Mor.*]

Mor. Beshrew your fingers, if you be in earnest :
You pinch too hard, go to ; I'll pare your nails for't.

Spa. She means your horns, there's a bob for you.

Clar. Spruce signior, if a man may love so many,
Why may not a fair lady have like privilege
Of several servants ?

Troy. Answer that ; the reason
Holds the same weight.

Mor. Marry, and so it does,
Though he would spit his gall out.

Spa. Mark that, Secco.

Sil. D'ye pump for a reply ?

Rom. The learned differ
In that point ; grand and famous scholars often
Have argued *pro* and *con*, and left it doubtful ;
Volumes have been writ on't. If then great clerks
Suspend their resolutions, 'tis a modesty
For me to silence mine.

Flo. Dull and phlegmatick !

Clar. Yet women sure, in such a case, are ever
More secret than men are.

Sil. Yea, and talk less.

Rom. That is a truth much fabled, never found.
You secret, when your dresses blab your vanities ?
Carnation for your points ? there's a gross babblers ;
Tawney ! hey ho ! the pretty heart is wounded.
A knot of willow ribbons ? she's forsaken.
Another rides the cock-horse, green and azure,
Wince and cry wee-hee, like a colt unbroken :

But desperate black puts them in mind of fish-days;
 When Lent spurs on devotion, there's a famine:
 Yet love and judgment may help all this pudder¹.
 Where are they? not in females?

Flo. In all sorts
 Of men, no doubt.

Sil. Else they were sots to choose.

Clar. To swear and flatter, sometimes lie, for
 profit.

Rom. Not so, forsooth. Should love and judg-
 ment meet,

The old, the fool, the ugly, and deform'd,
 Could never be beloved: for example,
 Behold these two, this madam and this shaver.

Mor. I do defy thee; am I old or ugly?

Sec. Tricks, knacks, devices! Now it trouls about.

Rom. Troul let it, stripping; thou hast yet firm
 footing,

And need'st not fear the cuckold's livery.
 There's good philosophy for't: take this for comfort;
 No horned beasts have teeth in either gums:
 But thou art tooth'd on both sides, tho' she fail in't.

Mor. He is not jealous, sirrah.

Rom. That's his fortune,
 Women indeed more jealous are than men;
 But men have more cause.

Spa. There he rubb'd your forehead,
 'Twas a tough blow.

Sec. It smarts.

Mor. Pox on him! let him
 Put's fingers into any gums of mine;
 He shall find I have teeth about me, sound ones.

Sec. You are a scurvy fellow, and I am made a

¹ *Pudder.*] This was the ancient manner of spelling pother.
 As in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

—"fallen out with their meat and kept a pudder."

cokes¹, an ass; and this same filthy crone's a flirt.
 [Sings.] *Whoop, do me no harm good woman.* [Exit.

Spa. Now, now he's in; I must not leave him
 so. [Exit.

Troy. Morosa, what means this?

Mor. I know not, I;

He pinched me, called me names, most filthy names.
 Will ye part hence, sir? I will set ye packing.

[Exit.

Clar. You were indeed too broad, too violent.

Flo. Here's nothing meant but mirth.

Sil. The gentleman
 Hath been a little pleasant.

Clar. Somewhat bitter.

Against our sex.

Cast. For which I promise him,

He ne'er proves choice of mine.

Rom. Not I your choice?

Troy. So she protested, signior.

Rom. Indeed?

Enter MOROSA.

Clar. Why, you are mov'd, sir.

Mor. Hence! there enters

A civiller companion for fair ladies,
 Than such a sloven.

Rom. Beauties,—

Troy. Time prevents us,

Love and sweet thoughts accompany this presence.

[Exeunt TROY. and ROM.

Enter OCTAVIO, SECCO, LIVIO, and NITIDO.

Oct. (Whispering to SECCO.) Enough! slip off,
 and on your life be secret.

¹ *A cokes,*] i. e. "A sot, gull, dolt, ass."—*Cotgrave in voce* Jobelin. The words, "Whoop me no harm good woman," are probably a scrap of an old song.

A lovely day, young creatures. To you Floria ;
 [Exit SECCO.]

To you Clarella, Silvia, to all, service:

But who is this fair stranger?

Liv. Castamela,

My sister, noble lord.

Oct. Let ignorance

Of what you were plead my neglect of manners,

And this soft touch excuse it. You've enrich'd

This little family, most excellent virgin,

With th' honour of your company.

Cast. I find them

Worthily graceful, sir.

Liv. [Apart.] Are ye so taken?

Oct. Here are no public sights nor courtly visi-
 tants,

Which youth and active blood might stray in
 thought for:

The companies are few, the pleasures single,

And rarely to be brook'd, perhaps, by any,

Not perfectly acquainted with this custom:

Are they not, lovely one?

Liv. Sir, I dare answer

My sister's resolution. Free converse

Amongst so many of her sex, so virtuous,

She ever hath preferr'd before the surquedry¹

Of protestation, or the vainer giddiness

Of popular attendants. [Music.]

Cast. Well play'd, brother.

Oct. The meaning of this music?

Mor. Please your lordship,

It is the ladies' hour for exercise

In song and dance.

¹ *Surquedry.*] An old word from the French, used by Chau-
 cer, for pride, overweening conceit, presumption.

Oct. I dare not be the author
Of trauanting the time then, neither will I.

Mor. Walk on, dear ladies.

Oct. 'Tis a task of pleasure.

Liv. (To *CAST.*) Be now my sister, stand a trial
bravely. [Exeunt.

Mor. Remember my instructions, or— [Exit.

Oct. (Detaining *CAST.*) With pardon,
You are not of the number, I presume, yet,
To be enjoin'd to hours. If you please,
We for a little while may sit as judges
Of their proficiencie; pray, vouchsafe the favour.

Cast. I am, sir, in a place to be commanded,
As now the present urgeth.

Oct. No compulsion.—
That were too hard a word.—Where you are sove-
reign,

Your yea and nay is law. I have a suit t'ye.

Cast. For what, sir?

Oct. For your love.

Cast. To whom? I am not
So weary of th' authority I hold
Over mine own contents¹ in sleeps and wakings;
That I'd resign my liberty to any
Who should controul it.

Oct. Neither I intend so;
Grant me an entertainment².

Cast. Of what nature?

Oct. To acknowledge me your creature.

Cast. Oh, my lord,

¹ *Contents.*] This word is used in the same sense in Shake-
speare's *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ —Though my heart's *content* firm love doth bear
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.”

² *Grant me an entertainment,*] *i. e.* admit me in the number
of your servants or lovers. To entertain soldiers was formerly
a phrase for enlisting them.

You are too wise in years, too full of counsel,
For my green inexperience.

Oct. Love, dear maid,
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty to desire to be belov'd.
I am not free from passion, though the current
Of a more lively heat runs slowly through me ;
My heart is gentle, and believe, fresh girl,
Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast 'em,
That bounty can withhold ; this academy
Of silent pleasures is maintain'd, but only
To such a constant use.

Cast. You have belike then
A patent for concealing virgins ; otherwise
Make plainer your intentions.

Oct. To be pleasant
In practice of some outward senses only ;
No more.

Cast. No, worse you dare not to imagine,
Where such an awful innocency, as mine is,
Out-faces every wickedness, your dotage
Has lull'd you in. I scent your cruel mercies,
Your fact'ress hath been tamp'ring for my misery ;
Your old temptation ; your she-devil. Bear with
A language which this place, and none but this,
hath

Infected my tongue with. The time will come, too,
When he (unhappy man!) whom your advance-
ment,

Hath ruin'd by being spaniel to your fortunes,
Will curse he train'd me hither.—Livio,
I must not call him brother, this one act
Hath rent him off the ancestry he sprung from.

Oct. The proffer of a noble courtesy
Is check'd it seems.

Cast. A courtesy? a bondage :

You are a great man vicious, much more vicious,
 Because you hold a seeming league with charity
 Of pestilent nature, keeping hospitality
 For sensualists in your own sepulchre,
 Even by your life-time ; yet are dead already.

Oct. How's this ! come, be more mild.

Cast. You chide me soberly,
 Then, sir, I tune my voice to other music ;
 You are an eminent statist¹, be a father
 To such unfriended virgins, as your bounty
 Hath drawn into a scandal ; you are powerful
 In means ; a bachelor, freed from the jealousies
 Of wants : convert this privacy of maintenance
 Into your own court : let this, as you call it,
 Your acadèmy, have a residence there ;
 And there survey your charity yourself :
 That when you shall bestow on worthy husbands
 With fitting portions, such as you know worthy,
 You may yield to the present age example,
 And to posterity a glorious chronicle ;
 There were a work of piety : the other is
 A scorn upon your tombstone ; where the reader
 Will but expound, that when you liv'd you pan-
 der'd

Your own purse and your fame. I am too bold, sir,
 Some anger and some pity hath directed
 A wand'ring trouble.

Oct. Be not known what passages
 The time hath lent, for once I can bear with you.

Cast. I'll countenance the hazard of suspicion,
 And be your guest a while.

Oct. Be—but hereafter—
 I know not what.—Livio !

¹ *Statist,*] An ancient term for a statesman. So in *Marmion*
 Antiquary : “ Is it [your behaviour] adorned with that even
 mixture of fluency and grace, as are required both in a *statist*
 and a courtier ? ”

Enter LIVIO and MOROSA.

Liv. My lord?

Cast. Indeed, sir,

I cannot part wi' ye yet.

Oct. Well, then, thou shalt not,
My precious Castamela.—Thou hast a sister,
A perfect sister, Livio.

Mor. All is link'd here¹:
Good soul, indeed!

Liv. I'd speak with you anon.

Cast. It may be so.

Oct. Come, fair one.

Liv. Oh, I am cheated!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the same.*

Enter LIVIO and CASTAMELA.

Liv. Pr'ythee, be serious.

Cast. Pr'ythee, interrupt not
The paradise of my becharming thoughts,
Which mount my knowledge to the sphere I move
in,

Above this useless tattle.

Liv. Tattle, sister?

D'ye know to whom you talk this?

Cast. To the gentleman
Of my lord's horse, new-stept into the office:
'Tis a good place, sir, if you can be thankrul.

¹ *All is inck'd here.]* So the old copy reads.

Demean your carriage¹ in it so, that negligence,
Or pride of your preferment, oversway not
The grace you hold in his esteem. Such fortunes
Drop not down every day; observe the favour
That rais'd you to this fortune.

Liv. Thou mistak'st sure
What person thou hold'st speech with.

Cast. Strange and idle.

Liv. Is't possible? why, you are turned a mis-
tress,

A mistress of the trim²: beshrew me, lady,
You keep a stately port; but it becomes you not.
Our father's daughter, if I err not rarely,
Delighted in a softer, humbler sweetness;
Not in a hey-de-gay³ of scurvy gallantry.
You do not brave it like a thing o' th' fashion;
You ape the humour faintly.

Cast. "Love, dear maid,
Is but desire of beauty, and 'tis proper
For beauty, to desire to be belov'd."

Liv. Fine sport! You mind not me; will you
yet hear me, madam?

Cast. "Thou shalt not wish for any full addition,
Which may adorn thy rarities to boast them,
That bounty can withhold."—I know I shall not.

Liv. And so you clapt the bargain; the conceit
on't

Tickles your contemplation. 'Tis come out now:

¹ *Carriage,*] *i. e.* behaviour, conduct.

² *A mistress of the trim.*] A female coxcomb of easy virtue.
So in the Lover's Melancholy:

"Not like a lady of the trim, new crept
Out of the shell of sluttish sweat and labour,
Into the glittering pomp of ease and wantonness."

³ *Hey-de-gay.*] A curious word, probably varied by our au-
thor from hey-day, which he uses in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, for
height, extremity. See Vol. I. p. 77.

A woman's tongue, I see, some time or other,
Will prove her traitor. This was all I sifted,
And here have found thee wretched.

Cast. We shall flourish,
Feed high henceforth, man, and no more be strait-
ened

Within the limits of an empty patience ;
Nor tire our feeble eyes with gazing only
On greatness, which enjoys the swing of pleasures :
But be ourselves the object of their envy,
To whom a service would have seem'd ambition.
It was thy cunning, Livio ; I applaud it :
Fear nothing ; I'll be thrifty in thy projects.
Want ? misery ? May all such want as think on't !
Our footing shall be firm.

Liv. You are much witty.
Why, Castamela, this to me ? You counterfeit
Most palpably. I am too well acquainted
With thy condition, sister. If the marquis
Hath utter'd one unchaste, one wanton syllable,
Provoking thy contempt ; not all the flatteries
Of his assurance to our hopes of rising
Can, or shall, slave our souls.

Cast. Indeed not so, sir ;
You are beside the point, most gentle signor :
I'll be no more your ward, no longer chambered,
Nor mew'd¹ up to the lure of your devotion ;
Trust me, I must not, will not, dare not ; surely
I cannot, for my promise past, and sufferance
Of former trials hath too strongly arm'd me :
You may take this for answer.

¹ *Nor mew'd up to the lure of your devotion.*] A metaphor taken from hawking. The mew is the place of confinement for hawks. The lure was fabricated of leather and feather, which, when cast up, bore some resemblance to a bird. The young hawks are trained and fed upon this machine, and so much accustomed to the *lure*, as not to forsake it.

Liv. In such earnest?
Hath goodness left thee quite? Fool, thou art
wand'ring

In dangerous fogs, which will corrupt the purity
Of every noble virtue dwelt within thee.

Come home again, home, Castamela, sister,
Home to thine own simplicity; and rather
Than yield thy memory up to the witchcraft
Of an abused confidence, be courted
For Romanello.

Cast. Romanello!

Liv. Scorn'st thou
The name? thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd,
rebels

To all that's honest; that's to truth and honour.

Cast. So, sir, and in good time.

Liv. Thou art fallen suddenly
Into a plurisy¹ of faithless impudence;
A whorish itch infects thy blood, a leprosy
Of raging lust; and thou art mad to prostitute
The glory of thy virgin-dower basely
For common sale. This foulness must be purged,
Or thy disease will rankle to a pestilence,
Which can even taint the very air about thee:
But I shall study physic.

Cast. Learn good manners:
I take it you are saucy.

Liv. Saucy? Strumpet
In thy desires! 'tis in my pow'r to cut off
The twist thy life is spun by.

Cast. Phew! you rave now:

¹ *Plurisy*,] *i. e.* superabundance. The word must not be confounded with the disease called pleurisy, though, in some passages in old plays, a quibble between the two seems to be intended.

But if you have not perish'd¹ all your reason,
 Know I will use my freedom. You, forsooth,
 For change of fresh apparel, and the pocketting
 Of some well-looking ducats, were contented,
 Passingly pleased—yes, marry were you; mark
 it,—

T' expose me to the danger now you rail at.
 Brought me, nay forced me, hither, without ques-
 tion

Of what might follow : here you find the issue;
 And I distrust not but it was th' appointment
 Of some succeeding fate that more concern'd me
 Than widowed virginity.

Liv. You are a gallant;
 One of my old lord's fancies. Peevish girl²,
 Was't ever heard that youth could doat on sick-
 ness,

A grey beard, wrinkled face, a dried-up marrow,
 A toothless head, a—? This is but a merriment,
 Merely but trial. Romanello loves thee,
 Has not abundance, true; yet cannot want.
 Return with me, and I will leave these fortunes,
 Good maid, of gentle nature.

Cast. By my hopes,
 I never placed affection on that gentleman,
 Tho' he deserv'd well; I have told him often
 My resolution.

Liv. Will you hence, and trust to
 My care of settling you a peace?

¹ *Perished.*] It has been before observed in the notes to this play, that this verb is often used actively for *destroying*.

² *Peevish,*] *i. e.* foolish. This passage supports Mr Gifford's dissent from the opinion of Malone, that *peevish* in the following speech of Mrs Quickly, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is one of the dame's blunders for *precise*: "His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevish* that way."

Cast. No, surely,
Such treaty may break off.
Liv. Off be it broken ;
I'll do what thou shalt rue.
Cast. You cannot, Livio.
Liv. So confident ? Young mistress mine, I'll
do't. [*Exit.*

Enter TROYLO.

Troy. Incomparable maid !

Cast. You have been counsellor
To a strange dialogue.

Troy. If there be constancy
In protestation of a virtuous nature,
You are secure, as the effects shall witness.

Cast. Be noble : I am credulous ; my language
Hath prejudiced my heart. I and my brother
Ne'er parted at such distance : yet, I glory
In the fair race he runs ; but fear the violence
Of his disorder.

Troy. Little time shall quit him.

[*They retire.*

Enter SECCO, leading NITIDO in a garter with one
hand, a rod in his other ; followed by MOROSA,
SILVIA, FLORIA, CLARELLA ; SPADONE be-
hind, laughing.

Sec. The young whelp is mad ; I must slice the
worm out of his breech¹. I have noosed his neck
in the collar ; and I will once turn dog-leech.

¹ *The young whelp is mad ; I must slice the worm out of his breech.*] An allusion to the vulgar error, which obtains even at this day, that a young dog may be prevented from running mad, by cutting away from under his tongue what is called the worm. *Dog-leech*, in this speech, is the same as dog-doctor, and has already occurred in the *Lover's Melancholy*, Vol. I. p. 186.

Stand from about me, or you'll find me terrible and furious.

Nit. Ladies! Good ladies! Dear madam, Morosa!

Flo. Honest Secco!

Sil. What was the cause? What has he done to thee?

Clar. Why dost thou fright us so, and art so peremptory

Where we are present, fellow?

Mor. Honey bird, spouse, cat-a-mountain! Ah, the child, the pretty poor child, the sweet-faced child!

Spa. That very word halts the earwig.

Sec. Off I say, or I shall lay bare all the naked truth to your faces! His fore-parts have been so lusty, and his posteriors must do penance for't. Untruss, whiskin¹, untruss! Away, burs! Out mare-hag, moyl! Avaunt! thy turn comes next. Avaunt! thy turn comes next. Avaunt! the horns of my rage are advanced. Hence, or I shall gore ye!

Spa. Lash him soundly; let the little ape show tricks.

Nit. Help, or I shall be throttled!

Mor. Yes, I will help thee, pretty heart! If my tongue cannot prevail, my nails shall. Barbarous-minded man, let go, or I shall use my talons.

[*They fight.*

Spa. Well played dog! Well played bear! Sa, sa, sa; to't, to't.

Sec. Fury, whore, bawd! My wife and the devil!

Mor. Toss-pot², stinkard, pander, my husband, and a rascal!

¹ *Whiskin.*] See p. 131. of this play.

² *Toss-pot.*] This was a usual term for a drunkard, in our author's days. The etymology is very obvious.

Spa. Scold, coxcomb, baggage, cuckold!

Crabbed age and youth¹
Cannot jump together ;
One is like good luck,
T'other like foul weather.

Troy. (*Comes forward.*) Let us fall in now.—
 What uncivil rudeness
 Dares offer a disturbance to this company!
 Peace and delights dwell here, not brawls and out-
 rage.

Sirrah, be sure you show some reasons why
 You so forgot your duty : quickly show it,
 Or I shall tame your choler. What's the ground
 on't!

Spa. Humph, how's that! How's that! is he
 there with a wannion²? Then do I begin to
 dwindle.—Oh, oh, the fit! the fit! the fit's upon
 me now, now, now, now!

Sec. It shall out. First then, know all Christian
 people, Jews, and infidels, hes and shes, by these
 presents, that I am a beast; see what I say, I say
 a very beast.

Troy. 'Tis granted.

Sec. Go to, then; a horned beast; a goodly, tall,

¹ *Crabbed age and youth, &c.*] These four lines are bur-
 lesqued, evidently without any intention of sneering at the match-
 less poet, from a ditty of Shakespeare's, in the *Passionate Pil-
 grim*, beginning thus:

“Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care:
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,” &c.

Jump, in the second line, is the same as agree, as has been ob-
 served before.

² *With a wannion.*] A common phrase in old writings; but
 the particular meaning of the last word has never been explained.

horn'd beast ; in pure verity, a cuckold. Nay, I will tickle their trangdidos.

Mor. Ah, thou base fellow ! Would'st thou confess it an it were so ? but 'tis not so ; and thou liest, and loudly.

Troy. Patience, Morosa !—You are, you say, a cuckold ?

Sec. I'll justify my words ; I scorn to eat them. This sucking ferret hath been wrigling in my old coney-burrow.

Mor. The boy, the babe, the infant ! I spit at thee.

Cast. Fie, Secco, fie.

Sec. Appear, Spadone ! My proofs are pregnant¹ and gross : truth is the truth : I must and I will be divorced. Speak, Spadone, and exalt thy voice.

Spa. Who ? I speak ! Alas, I cannot speak ! I !

Nit. As I hope to live to be a man—

Sec. Damn the prick of thy weason-pipe² !—Where but two lie in a bed, you must be—bodkin, bitch-baby—must ye ?—Spadone, am I a cuckold, or no cuckold ?

Spa. Why, you know I [am] an ignorant, unable trifle in such business ; an oaf, a simple alcatote, an innocent³.

Sec. Nay, nay, nay, no matter for that : this ramkin hath tupp'd my old rotten carrion-mutton.

Mor. Rotten in thy maw, thy guts and garbage !

¹ *Pregnant,*] *i. e.* full of weight, of matter.

² *Weason-pipe.*] The weason is the gullet, and weason-pipe is used in the same manner as windpipe.

³ *A simple alcatote, an innocent.*] The latter of these terms has been already explained to mean a fool. With the former I have never met before, but suspect that it is the same with, or a corruption from *alcatraz*, which is a Spanish and Portuguese term for a species of sea-fowl, similar to a sea-gull.

Sec. Spadone, speak aloud what I am.

Spa. I do not know.

Sec. What hast thou seen them doing together?
doing?

Spa. Nothing.

Mor. Are thy mad brains in thy mazer! now,
thou jealous bedlam?

Sec. Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me as
much?

Spa. Never.

Sec. Hoy-day! Ladies and signor, I am abused; they are agreed to scorn, jeer, and run me out of my wits. By consent, this gelded hobet-a-hoy is a corrupted pandar, this page a milk-livered dildoe, my wife a whore confessed, and I myself a cuckold arrant.

Spa. Truly, Secco, for the ancient good woman I dare swear point-blank; and the boy, surely, I ever said, was to any man's thinking, a very chrisome² in the thing you wot. That's my opinion clearly.

Clar. What a wise goose-cap hast thou showed thyself!

Sec. Here in my forehead it sticks, and stick it shall. Law I will have; I will never more tumble

¹ *Mazer.*] A word which is still used occasionally for the face. It occurs in Dekker's *Honest Whore*: "Break but his pate or so, only his *mazer*, because I'll have his head in a cloth as well as mine."

² *A very chrisome.*] This term, which occurs in Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* has given occasion to a great number of notes by the different annotators, but never received a complete illustration till the appearance of Mr Douce's *Illustrations*, to which the reader is referred. It may, however, be observed here, that *chrisome* was originally the white cloth in which children were baptized, and came eventually to be used as a mock-term for a child, as in the text. So in Middleton's *Your Five Gallants*: "It would kill his heart i' faith; he'd away like a chry-som."

in sheets with thee; I will father no misbegotten of thine: the court shall trounce thee, the city cashier thee, diseases devour thee, and the spittal confound thee. [Exit.

Cast. The man has dreamed himself into a lunacy.

Sil. Alas, poor Nitido!

Nit. Truly, I am innocent.

Mor. Marry art thou; so thou art. The world says, how virtuously I have carried my good name in every part about me these threescore years and odd; and at last to slip with a child! There are men, men enough, tough and lusty, I hope, if one would give their mind to the iniquity of the flesh; but this is the life I ha' led with him a while; since when a' lies by me as cold as a dry stone.

Troy. This only, ladies, is a fit of novelty; All will be reconciled.—I doubt, Spadone, Here is your hand in this, howe'er denied.

Spa. Faithfully, in truth, forsooth—

Troy. Well, well enough.—Morosa, be less troubled;

This little jarr is argument of love;

It will prove lasting.—Beauties, I attend ye.

[*Exeunt all but SPA. and NIT.*

Spa. Youngling! a word, youngling: have not you 'scaped the lash handsomely? Thank me for't.

Nit. I fear thy roguery, and I shall find it.

Spa. Is't possible? Give me thy little fist; we are friends. Have a care henceforth; remember this whilst you live:

And still the urchin would, but could not do.

Pretty knave, and so forth. Come, truce on all hands.

Nit. Beshrew your fool's head; this was jest in earnest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—ROMANELLO'S Lodgings.

Enter ROMANELLO.

Rom. I will converse with beasts: there is in
mankind
No sound society, but in woman—bless me!—
Nor faith nor reason. I may justly wonder
What trust was in my mother.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A caroche, sir,
Stands at the gate.

Rom. Stand let it still, and freeze there.
Make sure the locks.

Serv. Too late; you are prevented.

*Enter FLAVIA, with CAMILLO and VESPUCCI,
who walk apart.*

Flav. Brother, I come—

Rom. Unlook'd-for;—I but sojourn
Myself; I keep nor house nor entertainments
French cooks compos'd¹, 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?

¹ *Entertainments French cooks composed,*] i. e. which were composed by French cooks. The omission renders the sentence very harsh.

Ves. What's this, Camillo ?

Cam. Not the strain in ordinary¹.

Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourses.—How-
ever,

You are a woman.

Flav. Pensive and unfortunate,
Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen
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 patient² :
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 tang³
Of sense, Vespucci.

Ves. Listen, and observe.

Rom. Are not you, pray ye—nay, we'll be con-
tented,
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 ordered ?

Flav. His wife 'tis known I am ; and in that
title

¹ *Not the strain in ordinary.*] The word occurs in a similar manner in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs Page says: "Unless he know some *strain* in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury."

² *A patient.*] Probably patient was used by the author in this place for a patient, obedient wife; certainly the expression is a very strange one, and perhaps a whole line has been lost.

³ *Tang.*] We still use the colloquial word *twang* in the sense which the text seems to require.

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
fashioned

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

Pursued his contract with the man—oh, pardon,
If I presume 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 assum'd

A dulness of simplicity; till afterwards
Lost to my city-freedom, and now entered
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 wakened
 Intransc'd 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; I have shook off
 My thralldom, lady, and have made discoveries
 Of famous novels¹; but of those hereafter.
 Thus we seal love; you shall know all and wonder.

¹ *Novels.*] Cotgrave explains *nouvelle*, “a novell, news, tidings, an unexpected message, a strange report, a discourse, or tale, unheard of before.”

Enter LIVIO.

Liv. Health and his heart's desire to Romanello!
My welcome I bring with me. Noblest lady,
Excuse an ignorance of your fair presence;
This may be bold intrusion.

Flav. Not by me, sir.

Rom. You are not frequent here¹, as I remember;

But since you bring your welcome with you, Livio,
Be bold to use it: to the point.

Liv. This lady,
With both these gentlemen, in happy hour
May be partakers of the long-liv'd amity,
Our souls must link in.

Rom. So, belike the marquis
Stores some new grace, some special close employ-
ment,

For whom your kind commends by deputation
Please think on to oblige, and Livio's charity
Descends on Romanello liberally,
Above my means to thank.

Liv. Sienna sometimes
Has been informed how gladly there did pass
A treaty of chaste loves with Castamela;
From this good heart, it was in me an error—
Wilful and causeless, 'tis confest,—that hindered
Such honourable prosecution,
Even and equal; better thoughts consider,
How much I wrong'd the gentle course which led
ye
To vows of true affection, us of friendship.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Sits the wind there, boy?—Leav-
ing formal circumstance,
Proceed; you dally yet.

¹ *You are not frequent here,*] *i. e.* "you do not so often frequent the house;" a common use of the word in old writings.

Liv. Then, without plea,
 For countenancing what has been injurious
 On my part, I am come to tender really
 My sister a lov'd wife t' ye; freely take her,
 Right honest man, and as ye live together,
 May your increase of years prove but one spring,
 One lasting flourishing youth! She is your own;
 My hands shall perfect what's requir'd to cere-
 mony.

Flav. Brother, this day was meant a holiday,
 For feast on every side.

Rom. The new-turn'd courtier
 Proffers most frankly; but withal leaves out
 A due consideration of the narrowness
 Our short estate is bounded in. Some politics
 As they rise up, like Livio, to perfection,
 In their own competencies, gather also
 Grave supplement of providence and wisdom:
 Yet he abates in this.—You use a triumph
 In your advantages; it smells of state:
 We know you are no fool.

Flav. 'Sooth, I believe him.

Cam. Else 'twere imposture.

Ves. Folly, rank and senseless.

Liv. Enjoin an oath at large.

Rom. Since you mean earnest,
 Receive in satisfaction; I'm resolv'd
 For single life. There was a time,—*was*, Livio,—
 When indiscretion blinded forecast in me;
 But recollection, with your rules of thriftiness,
 Prevail'd against all passion.

Liv. You'd be courted:
 Courtship's the child of coyness, Romanello,
 And for the rules, 'tis possible to name them.

Rom. "A single life's no burthen; but to draw
 In yokes is chargeable, and doth require
 A double maintenance:" Livio's very words;

For he can live without a wife and purchase¹:
By'r lady so you do, sir; send you joy on't;
These rules you see are possible, and answer'd.

Liv. Full answer was late made to this already;
My sister's only thine.

Rom. Where lives the creature
Your pity stoops to pin upon your servant?
Not in a nunn'ry for a year's probation?
Fie on such coldness! There are Bowers of Fancies,
Ravish'd from troops of fairy nymphs, and virgins,
Cull'd from the downy breasts of queens their mo-
thers,

In the Titanian empire, far from mortals.
But these are tales; 'troth, I have quite abandoned
All loving humour.

Liv. Here is scorn in riddles.

Rom. Were there another marquis in Sienna,
More potent than the same who is vicegerent
To the great duke of Florence, our grand master;
Were the great duke himself here, and would lift up
My head to fellow-pomp amongst his nobles,
By falsehood to the honour of a sister,
Urging me instrument in his seraglio,
I'd tear the wardrobe of an outside from him,
Rather than live a pandar to his bribery.

Liv. So would the *he* you talk to, Romanello,
Without a noise that's singular².

Rom. She's a countess,
Flavia, she; but she has an earl her husband,
Tho' far from our procurement.

¹ *Purchase.*] This word is here evidently used for inheritance, estate, property.

² *Without a noise that's singular.*] It is difficult to conceive what our author meant by this strange phrase. The only conjecture I can form is—"With no common noise or uproar."

Liv. Castamela

Is refus'd then.

Rom. Never design'd my choice ;
You know, and I know, Livio,—more, I tell thee,—
A noble honesty ought to give allowance,
When reason intercedes : by all that's manly,
I range not in derision, but compassion.

Liv. Intelligence flies swiftly.

Rom. Pretty swiftly ;
We have compar'd the copy with th' original,
And find no disagreement.

Liv. So my sister
Can be no wife for Romanello ?

Rom. No, no,
One no, once more and ever.—This your courtesy
Foil'd me a second¹. Sir, you brought a welcome ;
You must not part without it ; scan with pity
My plainness ; I intend nor gall nor quarrel.

Liv. Far be't from me to press a blame, great
lady ;
I kiss your noble hands ;—and to these gentlemen
Present a civil parting. Romanello,
By the next foot-post thou wilt hear some news
Of alteration : if I send, come to me.

Rom. Questionless, yea.

Liv. My thanks may quit² the favour.
[*Exit.*

Flav. Brother, his intercourse of conference,
Appears at once perplex'd, but withal sensible.

Rom. Doubts easily resolv'd : upon your virtues
The whole foundation of my peace is grounded.

¹ ————*This your courtesy*
Foil'd me a second,] *i. e.* The nature of your courtesy has
prevented me from offering another act of courtesy to you, by
accepting your's.

² *Quit,*] Quite, requite.

I'll guard you to your home. Lost in one comfort,
Here I have found another.

Flav. Goodness prosper it.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter OCTAVIO, TROYLO, SECCO, and NITIDO.

Oct. No more of these complaints and clamours!

Have we

Nor enemies abroad, nor waking sycophants,
Who, peering thro' our actions, wait occasion
By which they watch to lay advantage open
To vulgar descant; but amongst ourselves,
Some, whom we call our own, must practise scan-
dal

(Out of a liberty of ease and fulness)

Against our honour? We shall quickly order
Strange reformation, sirs, and you will find it.

Troy. When servants' servants, slaves, once re-
lish license

Of good opinion from a noble nature,
They take upon them boldness to abuse
Such interest, and lord it o'er their fellows,
As if they were exempt from that condition.

Oct. He is unfit to manage public matters,
Who knows not how to rule at home his household.
You must be jealous, puppy, of a boy too;
Raise uproars, bandy' noise, amongst young mai-
dens;

¹ *Bandy.*] A common expression in old plays, taken from tennis. For instance, in Marlow's *Edward II.*:

Keep revels in your madness, use authority
Of giving punishment ; a fool must fool ye ;
And this all but pastime, as you think it ?

Nit. With your good lordship's favour, since,
Spadone

Confess'd it was a gullery put on Secco,
For some revenge meant me.

Troy. He vow'd it truth
Before the ladies in my hearing.

Oct. Sirrah,

I'll turn you to your shop again and trinkets,
Your suds and pan of small-coal : take your damsel,
The grand old rag of beauty, your death's head ;
Try then what custom reverence¹ can trade in ;
Fiddle, and play your pranks amongst your neigh-
bours,

That all the town may roar ye : now ye simper,
And look like a shav'd skull.

Nit. This comes of prating.

Sec. I am, my lord, a worm : pray, my lord,
tread on me ;

I will not turn again. 'Las, I shall never venture
To hang my pole out ! On my knees, I beg it,
My bare knees, I will down unto my wife,
And do what she will have me, all I can do ;
Nay more, if she will have it, ask forgiveness,
Be an obedient husband ; never cross her,
Unless sometimes in kindness.—Signor Troylo,
Speak one sweet word ; I'll swear 'twas in my mad-
ness,

I said I knew not what, and that no creature
Was brought by you amongst the ladies ; Nitido,
I'll forswear't he too².

" I'll *bandy* with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston."

¹ *Reverence.*] This word seems here to be used for *old age*.

² *I'll forswear't he too.*] This very quaint and inaccurate sen-

Oct. Wait a while our pleasure;
You shall know more anon.

Sec. Remember me now.

[*Exeunt SEC. and NIT.*]

Oct. Troylo, thou art my brother's son, and
nearest

In blood to me; thou hast been next in counsels.
Those ties of nature (if thou canst consider
How much they do engage) work by instinct,
In every worthy or ignoble mention
Which can concern me.

Troy. Sir, they have and shall
As long as I bear life.

Oct. Henceforth the stewardship.
My carefulness, for the honour of our family,
Has undertook, must yield the world account,
And make clear reckonings; yet we stand suspected
In our even courses.

Troy. But when time shall wonder
How much it was mistaken in the issue
Of honourable and secure contrivements,
Your wisdom, crown'd with laurels of a justice
Deserving approbation, will quite foil
The ignorance of popular opinion.

Oct. Report is merry with my feats; my dot-
age,
Undoubtedly, the vulgar voice doth carol it.

Troy. True, sir; but Romanello's late admission
Warrants that giddy confidence of rumour
Without all contradiction; now 'tis oracle,
And so receiv'd: I am confirm'd¹ the lady
By this time proves his scorn as well as laughter.

tence seems to mean, "I'll swear that not even he (Nitido) has not been amongst the ladies, by which I shall forswear myself."

¹ *I am confirmed,*] *i. e.* I am convinced.

Oct. And we with her his table-talk.—She stands
not
In any firm affection to him ?

Troy. None, sir,
More than her wonted nobleness afforded
Out of a civil custom.

Oct. We are resolute.
In our determination, meaning quickly
To cause these clouds fly off; the ordering of it,
Nephew, is thine.

Troy. Your care and love commands me.

Enter LIVIO.

Liv. I come, my lord, a suitor.

Oct. Honest Livio,
Perfectly honest, really; no fallacies,
No flaws are in thy truth: I shall promote thee
To place more eminent.

Troy. Livio deserves it.

Oct. What suit? Speak boldly.

Liv. Pray discharge my office,
My mastership; 'twere better live a yeoman,
And live with men, than over-eye your horses¹,
Whilst I myself am ridden like a jade.

Oct. Such breath sounds but ill manners: know,
young man,
Old as we are, our soul retains a fire
Active and quick in motion, which shall equal
The daring'st boy's ambition of true manhood
That wears a pride to brave us.

Troy. He's my friend, sir.

Oct. You are weary of our service, and may
leave it.

We can court no man's duty.

Liv. Without passion,
My lord, d'ye think your nephew here, your Troylo,

¹ *Houses.*] So the old copy.

Parts in your spirit as freely as your blood!
'Tis no rude question.

Oct. Had you known his mother
You might have sworn her honest. Let him justify

Himself not base born : for thy sister's sake,
I do conceive the like of thee ; be wiser,
But prate to me no more thus.—[*To TROYLO.*]

If the gallant
Resolve on my attendance, ere he leave me,
Acquaint him with the present service, nephew,
I mean to employ him in. [Exit.

Troy. Fie, Livio, wherefore
Turn'd wild upon the sudden ?

Liv. Pretty gentleman,
How modestly you move your doubts ! how tamely !

Ask Romanello ; he hath, without leave,
Survey'd your Bowers of Fancies, hath discovered
The mystery of those pure nuns ; those chaste ones,
Untouch'd, forsooth ; the holy acadèmy ;
Hath found a mother's daughter there of mine too,
And one who call'd my father, father ; talks on't,
Ruffles¹ in mirth on't ; baffled to my face
The glory of her greatness by it.

Troy. Truly ?

Liv. Death to my sufferance ! Canst thou hear
this misery,
And answer it with a " truly ? " 'Twas thy wickedness,
False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,

¹ *Ruffles.*] To ruffle was to swagger, to be turbulent or noisy. The term *ruffler*, which signified a cheating bully, was certainly derived from the verb, and not the original of it, as Stevens supposes.

That, her to ruin¹; she was once an innocent,
 As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
 Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
 As is that canopy, when mists and vapours
 Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence.

Troy. Says he so, Livio?

Liv. Yes, an't like your nobleness;
 He truly does so say. Your breach of friendship
 With me, must borrow courage from your uncle,
 Whilst your sword talks an answer; there's no re-
 medy,

I will have satisfaction, though thy life
 Come short of such demand.

Troy. Then satisfaction,
 Much worthier than your sword can force, you
 shall have,
 Yet mine shall keep the peace. I can be angry,
 And brave aloud in my reply; but honour
 Schools me to fitter grounds: this, as a gentleman,
 I promise ere the minutes of the night
 Warn us to rest; such satisfaction,—hear me,
 And credit it—as more you cannot wish for,
 So much not think of.

Liv. Not? The time is short:
 Before our sleeping hour, you vow?

Troy. I do,
 Before we ought to sleep.

Liv. So I intend too;
 On confidence of which, what left the marquis
 In charge for me? I'll do't.

¹ ———'Twas thy wickedness,
 False as thine own heart, tempted my credulity,
 That, her to ruin.] The last hemistich is very obscurely
 expressed, but the following is undoubtedly the sense intended
 by the author: "Thy wickedness made me credulous, and my
 credulity tempted her to ruin."

Troy. Invite count Julio,
His lady, and her brother, with their company,
To my lord's court at supper.

Liv. Easy business :
And then ?

Troy. And then, soon after, the performance
Of my past vow waits on ye ; but be certain
You bring them with ye.

Liv. Yet your servant.

Troy. Nearer : (my friend ; you'll find no less.

Liv. 'Tis strange : is't possible ?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another in the same.*

Enter CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLORIA, and
SILVIA.

Cast. You have discours'd to me a lovely story ;
My heart doth dance to th' music : 'twere a sin
Should I in any tittle stand distrustful,
Where such a people, such as you are, innocent
Even by the patent of your years and language,
Inform a truth. O, talk it o'er again !
Ye are, ye say, three daughters of one mother,
That mother only sister to the marquis,
Whose charge hath, since her death, being left a wi-
dow,
Here in this place preferr'd' your education ?
Is't so ?

Clar. It is even so ; and howsoever
Report may wander loosely in some scandal

* *Preferred.*] This verb seems to be used here, as in the following passage of Othello, for advanced : " So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall have to prefer them."

Against our privacies, yet we have wanted
 No graceful means fit for our births and qualities,
 To train us up into a virtuous knowledge
 Of what, and who we ought to be.

Flo. Our uncle
 Hath often told us, how it more concern'd him,
 Before he show'd us to the world, to render
 Our youths and our demeanours in each action
 Approv'd by his experience, than too early
 Adventure on the follies of the age,
 By prone temptations fatal.

Sil. In good deed, la,
 We mean no harm.

Cast. Deceit must want a shelter
 Under a roof that's covering to souls
 So white as breathe¹ beneath it, such as these are:
 My happiness shares largely in this blessing,
 And I must thank direction of the providence
 Which led me hither.

Clar. Aptly have you styl'd it
 A providence, for ever² in chaste loves
 Such majesty hath power. Our kinsman, Troylo,
 Was herein his own factor; he will prove,—
 Believe him, lady,—every way as constant,
 As noble; we can bail him from the cruelty
 Of misconstruction.

Flo. You will find his tongue
 But a just secretary to his heart.

Cast. The guardianness, dear creatures, now and
 then,
 It seems, makes bold to talk.

Clar. She has waited on us
 From all our cradles; will prate sometimes oddly,

¹ *Breathe.*] The old copy reads, breaths. The author in this place forgot the impropriety of applying the word *breathing* to souls.

² *Ever,*] *i. e.* always.

However, means but sport. I am unwilling
 Our household should break up, but must obey
 His wisdom, under whose command we live:
 Sever our companies I'm sure we shall not;
 Yet, 'tis a pretty life this, and a quiet.

Enter MOROSA, and SECCO, with his apron on, carrying a bason of water, scissars, comb, towels, razor, &c.

Sec. Chuck, duckling, honey, mouse, monkey, all and every thing! I am thine ever and only; will never offend again, as I hope to shave clean, and get honour by it. Heartily I ask forgiveness; be gracious to thine own flesh and bone, and kiss me home.

Mor. Look you provoke us no more; for this time you shall find mercy. Was't that hedgehog set thy brains a-crowing? Be quit with him, but do not hurt the great male baby.

Sec. Enough: I am wise, and will be merry.—Haste, beauties; the caroches will sudden¹ receive ye. A night of pleasure is toward: pray for good husbands a-piece, that may trim you featly, dainty ones, and let me alone to trim them.

Mor. Loving hearts, be quick as soon as ye can, time runs apace; what you must do, do nimbly, and give your minds to't. Young bloods stand fumbling? Fie, away; be ready for shame beforehand! Hisband, stand to thy tackling, hisband, like a man of mettle.—Go, go, go.

[Exit MOROSA, with the ladies.]

Sec. Will ye come away, loiterers? Shall I wait all day? Am I at livery d'ye think?

¹ *Sudden.*] Sudden stands here for suddenly, quickly.

*Enter SPADONE, ready to be trimmed, and
NITIDO.*

Spa. Here, and ready. What a mouthing thou keepest! I have but scoured my hands, and curried my head to save time. Honest Secco! Neat Secco! Precious barbarian, now thou lookest like a worshipful tooth-drawer. 'Would I might see thee on horseback, in the pomp, once.

Sec. A chair, a chair! Quick, quick!

Nit. Here's a chair, a chair-politic, my fine boy: sit thee down in triumph, and rise one of the nine worthies! Thou'lt be a sweet youth anon, sirrah.

Spa. (*Sits down.*) So: to work with a grace now. I cannot but highly be in love with the fashion of gentry, which is never complete till the snip snap of dexterity hath mowed off the excrements of slovenry.

Sec. Very commodiously delivered, I protest.

Nit. Nay, the thing under your fingers is a whelp of the wits, I can assure you.

Spa. I a whelp of the wits? No, no, I cannot bark impudently and ignorantly enough. Oh, an a man of this art had now and then sovereignty over fair ladies, you would tickle their upper and their lower lips; you'd so smouch and belaver their chops?

Sec. We light on some offices for ladies too, as occasion serves.

Nit. Yes; frizzle or powder their hair, plain their eye-brows, set a nap on their cheeks¹, keeps secrets, and tell news: that's all.

¹ *Set a nap on their cheeks.*] I cannot decide to what species of the barbet's occupation these words allude. Perhaps a nap was similar to the cupping-glass, and might be used to bring colour into ladies' cheeks.

Sec. Wink fast with both your eyes : the ingredients to the composition of this ball, are most odorous camphire, pure soap of Venice, oil of sweet almonds, with the spirit of alum ; they will search and smart shrewdly, if you keep not the shop windows of your head close.

[Covers his eyes with a cloth.

Spa. News ! well remembered ; that's part of your trade too.—Pr'ythee do not rub so roughly. And how goes the tattle o' th' town ? what novelties stirring ? ha ?

Sec. Strange, and scarce to be credited. A gelding was lately seen to leap an old mare ; and an old man of one hundred and twelve stood in a white sheet for getting a wench of fifteen with child, here, hard by. Most admissible and portentous !

Spa. I'll never believe it ; 'tis impossible.

Nit. Most certain ; some doctor-farriers are of opinion that the mare may cast a foal, which the master of their hall concludes, in spite of all jockies and their familiars, will carry every race before him, without spur or switch.

Spa. Oh rare ! a man might venture ten or twenty to one safely then, and ne'er be in danger of the cheat. This water, methinks, is none of the sweetest. Camphire and soap of Venice, say ye ?

Sec. With a little *Græcum album* for mundification.

Nit. *Græcum album* is a kind of white perfumed powder, which plain country people, I believe, call dog-musk.

Spa. Dog-musk ! pox o' the dog-musk !—What ? Dost mean to bleach my nose, thou giv'st such twitches to't ? Set me at liberty as soon as thou canst, gentle Secco.

Sec. Only pare off a little superfluous down from your chin, and all's done.

Spa. Pish, no matter for that ; dispatch, I entreat thee.

Nit. Have patience, man : 'tis for his credit to be neat.

Spa. What's that so cold at my throat, and scrubs so hard ?

Sec. A kind of steel instrument, y-cleped a razor ; a sharp tool and a keen : it has a certain virtue of cutting a throat, if a man please to give his mind to't.—Hold up your muzzle, signor. When did you talk bawdily to my wife last ? Tell me for your own good, signor, I advise you.

Spa. I talk bawdily to thy wife ? Hang bawdry ! Good now, mind thy business, lest thy hand slip.

Nit. Give him kind words ; you were best, for a toy that I know.

Sec. Confess, or I shall mar your grace in whiffing tobacco, or squirting sweet wines down your gullet. You have been offering to play the gelding we told ye of, I suppose. Speak truth !—Move the semicircle of your countenance to my left hand, file.—Out with the truth ! Would you have had a leap ?

Nit. Spadone, thou art in a lamentable pickle. Have a good heart, and pray if thou canst : I pity thee.

Spa. I protest and vow, friend Secco, I know no leaps, I.

Sec. Lecherously goatish, and an eunuch ? This cut, and then—

Spa. Confound thee, thy leaps and thy cuts ! I am no eunuch, you finical ass ; I am no eunuch ; but at all points as well provided as any he in Italy, and that thy wife could have told thee. This your conspiracy, to thrust my head into a brazen tub of kitchen-lee, hood-wink mine eyes in mud-soap,

and then offer to cut my throat in the dark, like a coward? I may live to be revenged on both of ye.

Nit. O scurvy! thou art angry! Feel, man, whether thy weason¹ be not cracked first.

Sec. You must fiddle my brains into a jealousy, rub my temples with saffron, and burnish my forehead with the juice of yellows? Have I fitted you now, sir!

Enter MOROSA.

Spa. All's whole yet, I hope.

Mor. Yes, sirrah, all is whole yet: but if ever thou dost speak treason against my sweeting and me once more, thou'lt find a roquey bargain on't. Dear, this was handled like one of spirit and discretion. Nitido has paged it trimly too. No wording, but make ready and attend at court.

Sec. Now we know thou art a man, we forget what hath past, and are fellows and friends again.

Nit. Wipe your face clean, and take heed of a razor.

Spa. The fear put me into a sweat; I cannot help it. I am glad I have my throat mine own, and must laugh for company, or be laughed at.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter LIVIO and TROYLO.

Liv. You find, sir, I have proved a ready servant, And brought th' expected guests: amidst these feastings, These costly entertainments, you must pardon

¹ *Weason,*] *i. e.* Gullet. See above, p. 186.

My incivility that here sequesters
 Your ears from choice of music or discourse,
 To a less pleasant parley. Night draws on,
 And quickly will grow old ; it were unmanly
 For any gentleman who loves his honour,
 To put it on the rack : here is small comfort
 Of such a satisfaction as was promised,
 Though certainly it must be had. Pray tell me,
 What can appear about me to be us'd thus ?
 My soul is free from injuries.

Troy. My tongue
 From serious untruths : I never wrong'd you,
 Love you too well to mean it now.

Liv. Not wrong'd me ?
 Bless'd Heaven ! this is the bandy¹ of a patience
 Beyond all sufferance.

Troy. If your own acknowledgment
 Quit me not fairly, ere the hours of rest
 Shall shut our eyes up, say, I made a forfeit
 Of what no length of years can once redeem.

Liv. Fine whirls in tame imagination ! On, sir ;
 It is scarce mannerly at such a season,
 Such a solemnity (the place and presence
 Consider'd) with delights to mix combustions.

Troy. Prepare for free contents, and give 'em
 welcome.

A Flourish.—*Enter* OCTAVIO, JULIO, FLAVIA,
 ROMANELLO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Oct. I dare not study words, or hold a compli-
 ment
 For this particular, this special favour.

¹ *The bandy of a patience.*] It has been before observed, that this is a technical term at tennis. It occurs as a substantive in a similar manner in Dekker's *Satiromatrix*, "Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience."

Jul. Your bounty and your love, my love, must
justly
Engage a thankfulness,

Flav. Indeed,
Varieties of entertainment here
Have so exceeded all account of plenty,
That you have left, great sir, no rarities
Except an equal welcome, which may purchase
Opinion of a common hospitality.

Oct. But for this grace, madam, I will lay open
Before your judgments, which I know can rate
them,

A cabinet of jewels, rich and lively,
The world can show none goodlier; those I prize
Dear as my life.—Nephew.

Troy. Sir, I obey you. [Exit.]

Flav. Jewels, my lord?

Oct. No stranger's eye e'er view'd them,
Unless your brother Romanello haply
Was woo'd unto a sight for his improvement;
No more.

Rom. Not I, I do protest: I hope, sir,
You cannot think I am a lapidary:
I skill in jewels!

Oct. 'Tis a proper quality
For any gentleman; your other friends,
May be, are not so coy.

Jul. Who? they? they know not
A topaze from an opal.

Cam. We are ignorant
In gems which are not common.

Vesp. But his lordship
Is pleased, it seems, to try our ignorance.
For passage of the time, till they are brought,
Pray look upon a letter lately sent me.
Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read

A novelty; 'tis written from Bononie'.
 Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,
 Is entered into orders, and receiv'd
 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 in-
 juries
 Thy former life expos'd thee too.

Liv. [*Aside.*] Turn capuchin!
 He! whilst I stand a cypher, and fill up
 Only an useless sum to be laid out
 In an unthrifty lewdness, that must buy
 Both name and riot. Oh, my fickle destiny!

Rom. 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!—

My only lov'd lord, all your fears are henceforth
 Confined unto a sweet and happy penance.

Enter TROYLO, CASTAMELA, CLARELLA, FLO-
 RIA, SILVIA, and MOROSA.

Oct. Behold, I keep my word: these are the
 jewels
 Deserve a treasury; I can be prodigal
 Amongst my friends; examine well their lustre,
 Does it not sparkle? Wherefore dwells your si-
 lence
 In such amazement?

¹ *Bononie.*] The city of Bologna in Italy, from its Latin name.

Liv. [*Aside.*] Patience, keep within me,
Leap not yet rudely into scorn of auger!

Flav. Beauties incomparable!

Oct. Romanello,
I have been only steward to your pleasures;
You lov'd this lady once; what say you now to
her?

Cast. I must not court you, sir.

Rom. By no means, fair one;
Enjoy your life of greatness. Sure the spring
Is past, the Bower of Fancies is quite wither'd,
And offered like a lottery to be drawn;
I dare not venture for a blank, excuse me.—
Exquisite jewels!

Liv. Hark ye, Troylo.

Troy. Spare me.

Oct. You then renounce all right in Castamela?
Say, Romanello.

Rom. Gladly.

Troy. Then I must not.

Thus I embrace mine own, my wife: confirm it.
And when I fail¹, my dearest, to deserve thee,
Comforts and life shall fail me.

Cast. Like vow I,

For my part.

Troy. Livio, now my brother, justly
I have given satisfaction.

Cast. Oh, excuse

Our secrecy: I have been—

Liv. Much more worthy

A better sister², he a better friend
Than my dull brains could fashion.

Rom. Am I cozened?

¹ Thus *when I fail.*] So the quarto reads. The compositor most probably caught the first word from the preceding line.

² *Brother.*] This is the corrupt reading of the quarto. *etc*

Oct. You are not, Romanello: we examined
 On what conditions your affections fix'd,
 And found them merely courtship; but my nephew
 Lov'd with a faith resolv'd, and us'd his policy
 To draw the lady into this society,
 More freely to discover his sincerity;
 Even without Livio's knowledge, thus succeeded,
 And prosper'd: he's my heir, and she deserv'd him.

Jul. Storm not at what is past.

Flav. A fate as happy
 May crown you with a full content.

Oct. Whatever
 Report hath talk'd of me abroad, and these,
 Know they are all my nieces, are the daughters
 To my dead only sister; this their guardianship
 Since they first saw the world: indeed, my mis-
 tresses
 They are, I have none other; how brought up
 Their qualities may speak. Now, Romanello,
 And gentlemen, for such I know ye all,
 Portions they shall not want, both fit and worthy;
 Nor will I look on fortune; if you like,
 Court them and win them, here is free access,
 In mine own court henceforth: Only for thee,
 Livio, I wish Clarella were allotted.

Liv. Most noble lord, I am struck silent.

Flav. Brother,
 Here's noble choice.

Rom. Frenzy, how didst thou seize me?

Clar. We knew you, sir, in Pragnio's posture.

Flo. Were merry at the sight.

Sil. And gave you welcome.

Mor. Indeed, forsooth, and so we did, an't like
 you.

Oct. Enough, enough.—Now, to shut up the
 night,
 Some menial servants of mine own are ready

For to present a merriment; they intend
According to th' occasion of the meeting,
In several shapes to show how love o'ersways
All men of several conditions, soldier,
Gentry, fool, scholar, merchant-man, and clown:
A harmless recreation.—Take your places.

Enter SPADONE, SECCO, NITIDO, and other Maskers, and dance.

Your duties are perform'd. Henceforth, Spadone,
Cast off thy borrow'd title. Nephew Troylo,
His mother gave thee suck; esteem him honestly.
Lights for the lodgings! 'tis high time for rest.—
Great men may be mistook when they mean best.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MOROSA, CLARELLA, CASTAMELA,
and FLAVIA.

Mor. A while suspected, gentlemen, I look
For no new law, being quitted by the book.

Clar. Our harmless pleasures, free, in every sort,
Actions of scandal; may they free report.

Cast. Distrust is base, presumption urgeth wrongs,
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.

Flav. Fancy and judgment are a play's full matter;
If we have err'd in one, right you the latter.

LIBRARY

Presented by MRS. CAROLINE C. ASTOR
and FRANK

What a noble sentiment, gentlemen, I look
to see no new law, being written by the book.
Our own business pleasure, first in every sort,
Actions of scandal; may they free report.
Our District is base, presumption with wrongs,
But noble thoughts must prompt as noble tongues.
What money and judgment are a day's full matter,
If we have erred in our right, you the better.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

THE LADY'S TRIAL

The first of these is the...
The second is the...
The third is the...
The fourth is the...
The fifth is the...
The sixth is the...
The seventh is the...
The eighth is the...
The ninth is the...
The tenth is the...
The eleventh is the...
The twelfth is the...
The thirteenth is the...
The fourteenth is the...
The fifteenth is the...
The sixteenth is the...
The seventeenth is the...
The eighteenth is the...
The nineteenth is the...
The twentieth is the...
The twenty-first is the...
The twenty-second is the...
The twenty-third is the...
The twenty-fourth is the...
The twenty-fifth is the...
The twenty-sixth is the...
The twenty-seventh is the...
The twenty-eighth is the...
The twenty-ninth is the...
The thirtieth is the...
The thirty-first is the...
The thirty-second is the...
The thirty-third is the...
The thirty-fourth is the...
The thirty-fifth is the...
The thirty-sixth is the...
The thirty-seventh is the...
The thirty-eighth is the...
The thirty-ninth is the...
The fortieth is the...
The forty-first is the...
The forty-second is the...
The forty-third is the...
The forty-fourth is the...
The forty-fifth is the...
The forty-sixth is the...
The forty-seventh is the...
The forty-eighth is the...
The forty-ninth is the...
The fiftieth is the...

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

THIS play, the last of those of our author which we are in possession of, was printed in quarto, with the following title:—
“The Ladies Triall. Acted by both their Majesties servants, at the Private-house in Drury-Lane. *Fide Honor.* London, Printed by E. G. for Henry Shephard, and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-Lane, at the signe of the Bible, between Sargants Inne and Fleet-Street, near the King's-head Taverne, 1639.”
Notwithstanding its very considerable merit, it has suffered hitherto complete neglect, never having been reprinted nor revived.

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Now depending its very considerable merit, it has suffered in these complete neglect, scarce having been reprinted nor revised.

TO

MY DESERVINGLY HONOURED,

JOHN WYRLEY, ESQUIRE,

AND TO THE VIRTUOUS AND RIGHT WORTHY GENTLEWOMAN,

MRS MARY WYRLEY,

HIS WIFE, THIS SERVICE.

THE inequality of retribution turns to a pity, when there is not ability sufficient for acknowledgment. Your equal respects may yet admit the readiness of endeavour, though the very hazard in it betray my defect. I have enjoyed freely acquaintance with the sweetness of your dispositions, and can justly account, from the nobleness of them, an evident distinction betwixt friendship and friends. The latter (according to the practice of compliment) are usually met with, and often without search: The other, many have searched for, I have found. For which, though I partake a benefit of the fortune, yet to you, most equal pair, must remain the honour of that bounty. In presenting this issue of some less serious hours to your tuition, I appeal from the severity of censure to the mercy of your judgments; and shall rate it at a higher value than when it was mine own, if you

only allow it the favour of adoption. Thus, as your happiness in the fruition of each other's love proceeds to a constancy, so the truth of mine shall appear less unshaken, as you shall please to continue in your good opinions

JOHN FORD.

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]

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 to see.

Wit, wit's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shewn,
Is rather censur'd, 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 he so have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MR BIRD*.

* Whether Theophilus Bird was the author of this Prologue, or whether he spoke it at the first appearance of the comedy, cannot be decided. His name is subjoined in a similar manner to the Prologue prefixed to the Witch of Edmonton; and, in conjunction with Pennycuick, he published the Sun's Darling, both in this volume. He was one of the players who, surviving

the downfall of monarchy, and, at the same time, the destruction of dramatic representation, were forced, by editing the plays they had till then retained in manuscript, to obtain that livelihood which they could no longer find on the stage. Bird is mentioned as a celebrated player at the Cock-pit along with Perkins, Bowyer, Sumner, Allen, and Robins, in Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699. He also published, in conjunction with several other comedians, the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which appeared in 1647.

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible, appearing to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. It contains several lines of text, possibly including names and dates, but cannot be transcribed accurately.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, *a noble Genoese.*

ADURNI, *a young lord.*

AURELIO, *friend to AURIA.*

MALFATO, *a discontented lover.*

TRELCATIO, } *citizens of Genoa.*

MARTINO, }

PIERO, } *dependents on ADURNI.*

FUTELLI, }

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.

DRAMATIC PERSONS

ALEXANDER, a noble General.
 ANTONIO, a young Jew.
 ARISTO, a young Jew.
 BALTHAZAR, a young Jew.
 CALISTO, a young Jew.
 CASSIUS, a young Jew.
 CLEOPATRA, a young Jew.
 DORCAS, a young Jew.
 EUPHRASIA, a young Jew.
 FERDINAND, a young Jew.
 GONZALEZ, a young Jew.
 HENRIETTA, a young Jew.
 ISABELLA, a young Jew.
 JACOB, a young Jew.
 JOSEPH, a young Jew.
 LEONARD, a young Jew.
 MARY, a young Jew.
 NICHOLAS, a young Jew.
 OLIVIA, a young Jew.
 PETER, a young Jew.
 RICHARD, a young Jew.
 SARAH, a young Jew.
 THOMAS, a young Jew.
 VICTORIA, a young Jew.
 WALTER, a young Jew.
 YVONNE, a young Jew.

The Scene—Greece.

Printed and Sold by J. B. G. & Co. Stationers, No. 10, St. Paul's Church-yard, London.
 1795.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

ACT I.

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

Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at several 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't¹.

Fut. I am no foot-post,
No pedlar of Avisos, no monopolist
Of forg'd Corantos, monger of gazettes.

Piero. Monger of courtezans, fine Futelli :
In certain kind a merchant of the staple
For wares of use and trade ; a taker-up,
Rather indeed a knocker-down ; the word

¹ *Unvamp't.*] I have not met with this singular word. To *vamp* is to cover an old thing with a new part, and the word in the text, therefore, signifies uncovered, disclosed. Perhaps we should read...*unvamp't*, *i. e.* disclose it.

Will carry either sense. But in pure earnest,
How trowls the common noise!

Fut. Auria, who lately,
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,
Tir'd with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting
To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service
Of the great duke of Florence.

Piero. Does not carry
His pretty thing along?

Fut. Leaves her to buffet
Land-pirates here at home.

Piero. That's thou and I,
Futelli, sirrah, and Piero.—Blockhead!
To run from such an armful of pleasures
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.

Enter ADURNI, AURIA, and FULGOSO.

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

[Fulgoso.] The entrance of this gallant is not noticed in the quarto, but as he makes a speech immediately after, the insertion was necessary.

Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.

Piero. I present ye
My service for a farewell.

Fut. Let few words
Excuse all arts of compliment.

Ful. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd, (for there's the short and long on't,)
Call me your shadow's hinch-boy¹.

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, FUTELLI, and
FULGOSO.*]

Aur. So leave the wintered 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 TRELCATIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprentic'd heart; thou bring'st, Spinella,
A welcome in a farewell, souls and bodies

¹ *Hinch-boy.*] This word is generally spelt *hench-boy*, and is of very common occurrence in old plays. Henchmen were originally a kind of pages of honour at the court, but their order was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. Afterwards the term came to be applied to any domestic servant. The word was probably derived from the Teutonic and Saxon word *hengst*, a stallion, as Sir William Spelman observes, having served originally on horseback. The latest use of the term for a particular kind of servants, was amongst the Scottish Highlanders, where the henchman of a chieftain was his first and favourite servant. See the Notes to Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, p. 331.

Are severed 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 wrack 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
 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 Spinnella.
 But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech
 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 ye. [*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.

* *And then to take the wrack of our divisions.*] This is very obscure, but the intended meaning is probably to recal to our minds the rack or torment which we endured during the time of our being separated.

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 shew my duty,
And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from ye,
At your command, and not as 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.

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 others' tongues
 May not intrude a guilt, tho' undeserved.
 Admit of visits as of physic forc'd,
 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 hand, some value² ;
 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, nor how upon thy lips
 Thy husband at his parting seal'd³ this kiss.—
 No more.

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,

² *Holla to report.*] *Holla* is a term of horsemanship, and is generally used for restraining and stopping the horse. Here it evidently means exactly the reverse, as it stands for---incitement, urging on.

² *Some widowed neglect of hand, some value.*] If a line has not been lost after this, which I strongly suspect, the text must mean,---some value a degree of neglect towards their husbands in women who have been left by them alone, or in a state of widowhood.

³ *Stald.*] So the quarto reads. The corruption is obvious.

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 sorted¹ me in your resolves,
Companion of your fortunes.

Aur. So the wrongs
I should have ventur'd on against thy fate
Must have denied all pardon: Not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why before
This present instant I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy counsels², know,
My wants do drive me hence.

Aurel. Wants? So you said,
And 'twas not friendly spoken.

Aur. Hear me further.

Aurel. Auria, take heed³ 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, in forsaking³
To talk your wants.—Fie!

¹ *Sorted.*] Amongst the various significations of the verb *to sort* that which best suits the text is,---to choose or select.

² *The counsels.*] So the quarto corruptedly reads.

³ ——— *thou art near*

Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking

The holy land of friendship, in forsaking

To talk your wants. Fie!] This may mean, “in forsaking or omitting to mention or talk before of your wants to your friend;” and as this meaning, though not clearly expressed, is not a bad one, the text has not been disturbed. But as the only old edition of this play is remarkably incorrect, I strongly suspect that either a line has been entirely lost, or that the last words, “in forsaking,” the second time of their occurrence, are corrupt, and were caught from the preceding line by the composi-

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 longer¹, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

Aurel. Umph!

Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided my superior², 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 shew,
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffered.

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

tor. I prefer, however, the former supposition. The omitted one might perhaps have run thus:

————— in forsaking
The confidence you placed within your friend,
To talk your wants! Fie!

¹ ——— that bids me live in Genoa

[But six months longer.] This is the corrupt reading of the quarto. The omission of a single letter in the text restores the sense completely. Lower down another correction was necessary, the quarto reading,---Your show, nor certainty, &c.

² Where I have sided my superior,] *i. e.* "Where I have equalled or matched (in state or expence) my superior in rank."

By trial of extremes ; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame¹.

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 th' 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'd² by nature

In purest red and white ; or, at the best,

For that his mistress owes³ an excellence

Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,

Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why ;

Whose virtues are her only dower, else⁴

* * * * *

¹ ————*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 perished fame.] The meaning

of this somewhat involved sentence is : " She, though she never could claim a right in prosperity, (or, in other words, never knew prosperity) was never tempted (to dishonour) by the trial of extremities or misfortunes ; which, to a youthful and beautiful lady, are baits to lead her to dishonour, and the loss of her reputation."

² *Limb'd.*] This word, as corrected in the text, means painted.

³ *Owes,*] *i. e.* Owns, possesses.

⁴ ————*Else*

In either kind.] As there is no sense which can be extracted

In either kind, ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves :
For otherwise—But herein I am idle¹,
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.
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 uttered, 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 so².

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,

from these words as referring to the context of Aurelio's speech, there can be little doubt that either a violent corruption, or the omission of one or more lines has taken place in the quarto : the purport of which is however difficult to conceive.

¹ *Idle.*] Foolish, weak.

² *She be like to prove so.*] These words may either mean,--- She is likely to prove a widow, or else, She is likely to prove worthy ; but the former is more probably the intended meaning.

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, pr'ythee,
 Friends we are, and will embrace ; but let's not
 speak
 Another word.

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

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

Enter ADURNI and FUTELLI.—A Letter.

Adur. With her own hand ?

Fut. She never us'd, my lord,
 A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
 O'erlooked 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 in-
 stant,

" 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 fed ye liberally ?

Fut. Twenty ducats

She forc'd 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, 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 prefer'd to fortune, such as nature
 Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
 Genoa, for ought I know, hath wond'rous few,
 Not two to boast of.”

Adur. Here began her itch.

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

Adur. Well urg'd.

Fut. She smil'd, and said, it might be so, and
 yet—

There stopp'd: then I clos'd 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 rov'd 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 accomplish'd
 of men, Malfato with this love a service.*
 Kind superscription ! Pr'ythee, 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.

A wanton mistress is a common sewer,
 Must never project labours in my brain'.—

¹ *A wanton mistress is a common sewer,*

Much never project labours in my brain.] So the quarto reads. The variation in the text restores some degree of sense to these lines, which are at best very obscure. The next line stands thus in the old edition—

Your friend here's now the gemini of wit.

Adurni evidently means to call Piero and Futelli the gemini, or twins of wit, which suggests the pointing in the text.

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 care
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 pregnant¹.

Piero. Fie!
Play on your creature!

Fut. 'Shall be your's.

Piero. Nay, good.

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——

¹ *Pregnant,*] *i. e.* able, ready. In the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapmans, the Governor calls Argus, "A good pregnant fellow, i' faith."

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 caroach 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, fit-
ter——

Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Than people Christian : yet herself——

Piero. Herself
Walks evermore a-foot, and not knows 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 entered 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.

¹ *Are for the power.*] It is difficult to conceive the meaning of these words, which are no doubt corrupt. The alteration adopted in the text is likely enough to have been the original. The two dependents relate that Amoretta may be brought to be contented with six horses, but thinks four should only draw poor people; and as for two, they are not sufficient for any creatures of Heaven's making.

Adur. Trelcatio's daughter?

Fut. Has refused suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for¹ 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 cashiered, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;
And him have we beleaguered to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grande of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

Fut. For rival unto whom we have enrag'd
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman out of a sutler's hut,
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolv'd² him
He is descended from Pantagruel,
Of famous memory, by the father's side,
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga,
Who, troubled long-time with a strangury,
Vented at last salt-water so abundantly,
As drown'd the land 'twixt Sirixia and Vere,
Where steeples' tops are only seen; he casts
Beyond the moon, and will be greater yet
In spite of Don.

Adur. You must abuse the maid
Beyond amends.

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

¹ For that,] Because, by reason that.

² Resolved,] i. e. satisfied, convinced.

Adur.

No secrets of such use!

Piero and Fut. Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Lodgings of MALFATO.*

Enter AURELIO and MALFATO.

Aurel. A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,
Receiv'd 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 FUELLI, with a letter.

Fut.

Under favour,

Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave

Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

[*Me secrets of such use.*] So the quarto. I am not certain
of having hit upon the proper emendation.

Mal. To me!—Your mind.

Fut. This letter will inform ye.

Mal. Letter! how's this? what's here? [*Reads.*

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
Thy pandarism upon thy forehead.—There,
Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions; tell this lord,
He ventur'd 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 whore.

She who sent this temptation, was wife
To his abused servant; and divorc'd
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 promis'd,
 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 ought I learn,
 The latter is as noble as the first,
 I'm 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 masked
 In colourable privacy, is fam'd
 The lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.
 Am I a husband picked out for a strumpet,
 For a cast suit of bawdery? 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 us'd? In colder blood,
 I do confess nobility requires
 Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,
 By action first acquir'd, 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.*]

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 the 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 "Aye, 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 portion,—
 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 imagination
 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.

Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado doublet
 With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio,¹
 Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
 Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,
 The duchess Infantazgo rolled our arm in.

Fut. Aye, this is brave indeed.

Guz. Our cloak, whose cape is
 Larded with pearls, which the Indian lackies
 Presented to our countryman De Cortez,
 For ransom of his life, rated in value

¹ *Quellio.*] A corruption of the Spanish word *cuello*, a collar. *Mockado* was a favourite stuff in our author's time.

At thirteen thousand pistolets, the guerdon¹
 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 brave²!

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, (which is most probable
 As that apparel³) 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, tho' 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?

¹ *Guerdon,*] Reward. The word *Pearls*, three lines above, must be read as a dissyllable.

² *Brave.*] Gallant, gorgeous, in reference to the attire Guzman is describing.

³ *As that apparel.*] I strongly suspect the omission of two hemistichs after these words. The text may however mean, "which is most probable, at least to the full as likely as the existence of the apparel Guzman had been speaking of."

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 empress,
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 her-
ring

And garlick constantly ?

Guz. Yes we will feast—

Fut. Enough, she's taken, and will love you now,
As well in buff, as your imagin'd bravery,
Your dainty ten-times drest buff, with this language,
Bold man of arms, shalt win upon her¹, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
Pearl-larded caps 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 rul'd, 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 designed me out an instrument
In such an high employment.

¹ Shall win upon her.] The slight alteration in the text was essential in order to restore the sense of the passage.

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

Enter FULGOSO and PIERO, and walk on one side of the stage.

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

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

Ful. Bare threescore ducats,
Thirty a-piece, we need not care who know it.
She played, I went her half, walked by, and whistled—

After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [*Whistles.*
As no such thing had ever been as it were,
Altho' 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. [*Whistles.*

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.

¹ *Fortunes as I know not what.*] It was necessary here to make another variation.

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. Did you do this to her? dare you to vaunt
Your triumph, we being present? um, ha, um.

[FULGOSO whistles the Spanish Pavin¹.

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, no; 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 noble²;" better still—

Habs-nabs³, good wink and choose; if one must
have her,

¹ *The Spanish pavin.*] See Vol. I. p. 19.

² *One noble.*] A quibble upon the coin so called.

³ *Hab-nab.*] Generally spelt hob-nob, but the phrase, which signifies, "let it happen or [not, it is all one," occurs in the same manner in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

—————"I put it
Ev'n to your worships 'bitrement, *hab-nab.*"

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'd¹.

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

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa²?
 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 least 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;

¹ *No man can beat I'me, ime resolved.*] So the old copy reads. *Resolved*, as has been before observed, means convinced, satisfied.

² *Speaks thy weapon*

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa.] The two first of these towns were celebrated for the excellent sword-blades manufactured there. Only a very common and coarse kind were produced at Pisa. So in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country*:

—————"I'll show you
 The difference between your Spanish rapier
 And your pure Pisa."

It must be recollected that pure is here used ironically.

I know what's what, I know on which side
My bread is buttered.

Guz. Buttered! Dutch again:

You come not with the 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 shew himself before her, without cross
Of interruption, one of th' other: he
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.

Enter ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and
CASTANNA.

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

Piero. My lord we wait ye.

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 nam'd a lord.

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

Ful. Gulls or Moguls,
Tag, rag, or other, hoger-mogen, vanden,
Skip-jacks, or chouses¹. Whoo! the brace are
flincht,

The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, Don.

Why, what are we?

Guz. The valiant will stand to't.

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;

¹ *Chouses.*] Fools, persons easily cheated. The word occurs in *Hudibras*, and is still usual in the cant language. *Hoger-mogen*, and *vanden* (properly *hogen-mogen*, and *van-der*) were commonly used for ludicrously denoting a Dutchman.

Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy ; had she liv'd
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 mankind², my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and reprove a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits
Vomit 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,
In love, and married, married (hark ye !) whom ?
A trencher-waiter : shrewd preferment ! but
Your childhood then excused that fault : for so
Footmen have run away with lusty heirs,
And stable-grooms reach'd to some fair one's cham-
bers.

Lev. Pray let not me be bandied³, 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 infancy : in colour
Of disagreement you must be divorc'd,
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons ;
On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,

¹ *The vanities of your life.]* So the quarto reads erroneously.

² *Mankind.]* See Vol. I. p. 172. *Quit*, in the same line, stands for quite, requite.

³ *Banded.]* Skinner explains the verb *to bandy*, *totis ciribus se opponere*.

Provided you, my care, nay, justified
 Your alteration, joy'd to entertain
 Such visitants of worth and rank as tendered
 Civil respects; but then, even then—

Lev. What then?
 Sweet uncle do not spare me.

Mart. I, more shame
 To fear my hospitality was bawd,
 And (name it so) to your unchaste desires,
 Than you to hear and know it.

Lev. Whose whore 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; a' wriggles in
 To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension;
 But you know none of this: you are grown a ta-
 vern-talk,

Matter 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, suppos'd
 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-living niece,
 Without oppression; bade me tell her too,
 She was a kind young soul, and might in time
 Be sued to buy 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 harry¹ my contents
Unto a desperate ruin. Oh dear goodness !
There is a right for wrongs.

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,

¹ *Harry.*] To *harry* is explained by Minshew, "to turmoil, to vex." So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the latter says,

———"I repent me much,
That so I *harry'd* him."

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

Mart. No more.

Enter TRELATIO with a 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 a' has firked¹
And mumbled the roguy Turks.

Mart. Why would you know
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, Trelcatio,
Causes of joy or grief, do seldom happen
Without companions near.—Thy resolutions
Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt MART. and TREL.*

Lev. 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 turned to hatred, threatens mischief.

[*Exit.*

¹ *Firked.*] Amongst the numerous significations of this word
in old writings, that which best suits the text is *beaten*.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in ADURNI'S House.*

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and CAS-
TANNA.

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 crownths¹,

Great crownths o'th' 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 thight

Of printhethes ith a fine thight.

Cast. Good, let us find her.

Piero. Sweet ladies this way; see the doors sure.

Fut. Doubt not. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ADURNI and SPINELLA.—*A Song within.*

Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,

Whilst the spring of nature lasteth;

¹ *Ha' they crownths.*] From the lispings of the conceited Amoretta, it would seem as if that accomplishment had been as fashionable in Ford's times as it is in ours.

*Love and melting thoughts attend 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 air¹.

She is cruel that denies it,

Bounty best appears in granting,

Stealth of sport as soon supplies it,

Whilst the dues of love are wanting,

Here's the sweet exchange of bliss,

When each whisper proves a kiss.

In the game are felt no pains,

For in all the loser gains.

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 stead²
Of costly colours ; henceforth cast off far,

¹ *Lose not opportunity for air.*] The latter word must, in the present instance, signify *haughty, affectation of virtue.*

² *— to apparel folly in the stead*
Of costly colours.] The word *stead* is probably a corruption ; but no alteration has been made, as it may be a substantive, formed according to the licentious use of language in the times of our author, from the verb *to bestead*, *i. e.* to profit, to advantage.

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,
Un-earth 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 husband,
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, delivered 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.*]

Enter AURELIO, CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTE-
LI, and PIERO.

Aurel. Keep back ye close contrivers of false plea-
sures,
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. Whilst 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 injur'd 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 seduc'd, 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 new, 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 pr'ythee,

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 fellows 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 al-

ready,

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 th' encounter, like a gentleman,

And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the House of MARTINO, with a Balcony.*

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!
Wench is your trull, your blowze¹, your dowdie;
but,

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 turn 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,
And now and then too, when the fit's come on 'em,
Will prove themselves but flirts, and tirliry-pufkins.

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.*

¹ *Blowze.*] A vulgar term for a ruddy country girl. The term *tirliry-pufkins*, which occurs lower down, was probably a cant word for strumpets at the time. It may have been formed from *puffin*, a kind of water-fowl.

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 desir'd
Than amorous songs of poets, softly tun'd.

Ful. Heyday! what's this?

Guz. Oh! but those other parts,
All——

Ful. All!—Hold there, I bar play under board,
My part yet lies therein; you never saw
The things you wire-draw thus.

Guz. I have dreamt
Of every part about her, can lay open
Her several inches, as exactly—mark it—
As if I had took measure with a compass,
A rule, or yard, from head to foot.

Ful. Oh, rare!
And all this in a dream?

Guz. A very dream.

Ful. My waking brother soldier is turn'd
Into a sleeping carpenter or taylor,
Which goes for half a man.—What's he? bear up!

Enter BENATZI, *as an outlaw.* LEVIDOLCHE
above, appearing on the balcony.

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: one tear dropp'd from their harlot's eyes breeds earthquakes in their bones.

Ful. Bless us! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,
His eyes like copper-basons; a' 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 fripperies¹. Brave man at arms, go turn pandar, do; stalk for a mess of warm broth. Damnable! honourable cuts are 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 politickly 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 pink².

¹ *Rot in fripperies.*] I suspect we should read *riot*. A frippery is a word derived from the French, and signifies an old clothes-shop. In Massinger's *City Madam*, Goldwire, at the approach of Luke, dressed out "with garters, fans, and roses," exclaims,

"Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shews like a walking frippery."

² *This fellow's a shrewd fellow at a pink.*] It is difficult to guess at the precise meaning of this expression. Pink is used in the sense of supremely excellent, but that cannot apply here. For that reason, I strongly suspect we should read *punk*, though the text has not been disturbed, as it frequently happens that a

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 fin'd 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.

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 practis'd 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

word has been found unnecessarily altered by the discovery of some other meaning suiting the text, and unknown to the editor who introduced such alteration.

¹ *Pash'd.*] An obsolete word, which frequently occurs in old writings, signifying crushed to pieces by a violent blow. *Pashing* has already occurred in the *Lover's Melancholy*, Vol. I. p. 125.

land-rats gnaw'd me to the bones; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up; offered 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.

Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

Lev. Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use it,

[*Throws a purse.*

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

[*Exit.*

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

Humph, 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. Hast any money in it, honest blade?

A bots on empty purses¹.

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 croutch to thee [*kneels*], vow my services, my blood, my sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess², and liberality.—A French tailor—neat;—

¹ A bots on empty purses.] The bots are a kind of worms that breed in horses. Mr Malone observes, that "this common execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent."

² Largess.] See page 51 of this volume.

Persian cook—dainty!—Greek wines—rich;—
Flanders' mares—stately;—Spanish sallads,—poi-
gnant;—Venetian wanton,—ravishing;—English
bawd—unmatchable.—Sirs, I am fitted.

Ful. All these thy followers? miserable pigmies!
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 sneak up. Pish, I scorn to flinch
man.

Guz. Forsake not fair advancement; money,
certes,
Will fleet and drop off, like a cozening friend;
Who holds it, holds a slippery eel by th' tail,
Unless he gripe it fast: be rul'd by counsel.

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 re-
ceiv'd with great solemnity at the city council-
house; the streets are already throng'd with look-
ers 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. — [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCATIO, AURELIO, PIERO, FUTELLI, *with followers and spectators.*

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 noble cause,
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
The duke of Florence hath too highly priz'd
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 style
now),
Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,
Amongst their general acts, have registered
The great-duke's letters, witness of your merit,
To stand in characters upon record.

Aur. Load upon load: let not my want of mo-
desty
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 goodness.

Above temptation, more to be ador'd
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. [*Exit.*]

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

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,
Prais'd, courted, flatter'd! Sure this bulk of mine,
'Tails in the size a tympany of greatness',
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.

¹ ——— sure this bulk of mine

[*Tayles in the size a tympany of greatness.*] Bulk here, as in innumerable passages of old plays, means *body*. The verb *tail*, in the second line, is used in so singular a manner, that we might suspect it to be a misprint for *swells*, if the incorrect phraseology of Ford and his contemporaries did not make it probable that *tail* might be abbreviated from *entail*, to transmit, to have the effect, &c.

How surely dost thou malice¹ 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,
 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 crowd to me. Hark! my
 triumphs

Are echo'd under every roof, the air
 Is straitened 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 sister's thread,
 Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
 I had a kingdom once, but am depos'd
 From all that royalty of blest content,
 By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

Aurel. Glories in public view, but add to misery,
 Which travails 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,
 Lodg'd in the grave, I am not yet at home:

¹ *How surely dost thou malice these extremes.*] *Malice* is a verb in this place, and is used as such by Spenser, in the sense of regarding with ill-will. *Extremes*, in the text, refers to the extreme honours which had been so liberally bestowed upon Auria.

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 outcast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not liv'd divided thus; I could have begg'd
For both, for't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.

Aurel. This is not
Patience requir'd 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 'em.

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 profan'd
That shrine of chastity and innocence,
With one unhallowed word, would have exil'd
The freedom of such favour into scorn.
Had any he alive then ventured there,
With foul construction, I had stampt 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 a fame too.

Aur. Not uncivilly,
 Though violently, friend.

Aurel. Wherefore, then, think ye,
 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 exchange'd
 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
 A wrong, '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:
 Give back that holy signature of friendship,
 Cancell'd, defac'd, pluck'd off, or I shall urge,
 Accounts scor'd on the tally of my vengeance,
 Without all former compliments.

Aurel. D'you imagine

ok
 Aurel's
 Melancholy

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 th' 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 the bawd,
 Which shuffled them together, Opportunity,
 Have fast'ned 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 wand'ring 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 magistrates,
 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.*

Aurel. Roar louder;
The noise affrights not me: threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue-man.—Now must follow,
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 discoursing¹ 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

¹ *Discoursing.*] Thinking, reasoning; an old sense of the word.

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 shew that they are such
With those of their own rank; and that was all
My sister can be charg'd 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 us'd most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits; not very kind
To me myself; she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desir'd 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 out?

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, as before.

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 nam'd.

Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute, by
the sunshine of your benevolent grace, liberality,
and hospitable compassion, most magnificent beau-
ty. 'Have long since lain bed-rid in the ashes of
the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath
rak'd 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.
What country claims your birth?

Ben. None; I was born at sea, as my mother
was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cag-
liari, toward Afric, 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. You seem the issue, then, of honest parents.

Ben. Reputed no less. Many children oftentimes inherit their lands, who peradventure never begot them. My mother's husband was a very old man at my birth, but no man is too old to father his wife's child. Your servant, I am sure, I will ever prove myself entirely.

Lev. Dare you be secret?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. And sudden?

Ben. Yes.

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. 'A shall bleed.

Lev. Malfato contemn'd my proffered love.

Ben. Yoke 'em 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; tho' I blush to say it,
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,

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 refus'd
By him I nam'd 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. Can'st 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 con-
stant

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 called ?

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.

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 wrack and ruin of my injur'd 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
Follow'd 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 flattered, 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 stor'd with; fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawful conquest;
Propos'd each difficulty in pursuit
Of what his vain supposal styl'd 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 lov'd, and lov'd, and wish'd, and wish'd,
Eftsoon¹ 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 remained not ought
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
His reason then,—now,—then, could not reduce
The violence of passion, tho' he vow'd
Never to unlock that secret, scarce to her
Herself, Spinella; and withal resolv'd

¹ *Eftsoon.*] An obsolete word, signifying---soon afterwards. This is one of the latest instances of its use.

Not to come near her presence, but to avoid
All opportunities, however proffered.

Spin. An understanding dull'd by th' infelicity
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
In pregnant novelty; my ears receive
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
Are fastened 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 advantage, urg'd
By fatal and enjoy'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,
Tho' your late strangeness hath bred marvel in us.
But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?
Am I not welcome to you ?

Spin. Lives Auria safe ?
Oh, pr'ythee do not hear me call him husband,
Before thou can'st 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 ill and hastes to be delivered ;
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 shews himself desertful of his happiness.

Cast. Methinks the news should cause some motion, sister.

You are not well.

Mal. Not well?

Spi. I am unworthy.

Mal. Of whom? what? why?

Spin. Go, cousin. Come, Castanna. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the House of TREL-
CATIO.—Night.*

Enter TREL CATIO, 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, signior.

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 'em be admir'd that love foul linen ;
I'll run a new course.

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

Fut. Hush man ; one suitor comes.

Piero. The t'other follows.

Fut. Be not so loud—

Enter AMORETTA.—Music below.

Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips.
Mithtreth, in thooth, for thooth, will lithpe it to uth!

Amor. Dentlemen, then ye ith thith muthicke
youth, or can ye tell what great manths 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.

Fut. No, sweet madam,
Your lips are destin'd to a better use,
Or else the proverb fails of lisping maids.

Amor. Kithing you mean, pay, come behind
with your mockths then,
My lipthes will therve the one to kith the other.
How now, whath neckth?

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 ne'er an eye to see.
Pithee, pithee, leths come in,
Oue thall all oua favous win,*

*Dently, dently, we thall passe ;
None kitheth like the lithping lasse.*

Piero. What call ye this ? a song ?

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

Fut. A very country-catch.—Doubtless, some prince

Belike, hath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.

Amor. Thinke ye tho, thignior ?

It muth be then thome unknowne obthcure pinth,
That thuns the light.

Piero. Perhaps the prince of darkness.

Amor. Of darkneth ? what ith he ?

Fut. A courtier matchless ;
A' woos and wins more beauties to his love
Than all the kings on earth.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Whea thandth hith court pey—

Fut. This gentleman approaching, I presume,
Has more relation to his court than I,
And comes in time t'inform ye.

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 : Fulgoso, she's thine
own.

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 compos'd 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. Do't, 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.

Amor. Thith thingth thome jethter ;
Thure he belongth unto the printh of darkneth.

Piero. Yes, and I'll tell you what his office is :
His prince delights himself exceedingly
In birds of divers kinds ; this gentleman
Is keeper and instructor of his black-birds ;
He took his skill first from his father's carter.

Amor. Tith wonderful to thee by what thrange
meanes

Thome men are rais'd to plathes.

Ful. I do hear you,
And thank you heartily for your good wills,
In setting forth my parts ; but what I live on,
Is simple trade of money from my lands.
Hang sharks ! I am no shifter.

Amor. Ith pothible ?

Enter GUZMAN.

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, [*Kneels.*
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 thorme
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 ; she has
survey'd

Your outwards and your inwards, through the rents
And wounds of your apparel.

Guz. She is politic.

My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscur'd.

Amor. I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.

Guz. [*Aside.*] My words
Are music to her.

Amor. The muthicke and the thong
You thent me by thith whitling thing, your man.

Ful.] This speech is erroneously given to Futelli in the
quarto.

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

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. Have I with this one rapier—

Piero. He has no other.

Guz. Pass'd through a field of pikes, whose heads
I lopt

As easily as the bloody-minded youth
Lopt off the poppy heads?

Ful. The puppet heads.

Guz. Have I—have I—have I?

Ful. Thou liest, thou hast not,

And I'll maintain't.

Guz. Have I—but let that pass,
For tho' my famous acts were damn'd to silence,
Yet my descent shall crown me thy superior.

Amor. That I would llisten to.

Guz. List and wonder.

My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,
Styl'd *Dis vir di Gonzado*¹.

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 mock it.

Guz. My grandsire by the mother's side a conde,
Conde Escrivano.

Fut. A crop-ear'd scrivener.

¹ *Dis? vir di Gonzado.*] So the quarto reads. The corruption is so violent, that I have not been able to discover the Spanish word intended. Argozil, which occurs a few lines afterwards, is a corruption of *alguazil*, a beadle or catchpole. Further on, the erroneous readings of the quarto have been corrected, as *Haio, Piccaco, &c.*

Guz. Whose son, my mother's father, was a marquis,

Hijo di puto.

Piero. That's the son of a whore.

Guz. And my renowned sire, don Picaro,—

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

Guz. *Hijo di una pravada*—

Piero. A' goes on,

Son of a branded bitch.—High-spirited 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.—

I from a king derive my pedigree,

King Oberon by name, from whom my father,

The mighty and couragious Mountibanco,

Was lineally descended; and my mother

(In right of whose blood, I must ever honour¹

The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

Fut. He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

Ful. Her father was grave² Hans Van Herne, the son

¹ ——— my mother

(In right of whose blood, I must ever honour

The lower Germany) was a harlekine.] This passage certainly leads us to suppose, that this species of buffoon was imported directly from the north of Germany, and that the character was not confined to the male sex. The *Hans-wurst* of the German theatre, who completely answers to the Harlequin, is a character of very long standing. It may, however, be possible, that some celebrated female performer in that line, who was notorious at the time this play was produced, is alluded to in the text. In the next line the quarto reads—*He* blow up.

² *Grave*,] *i. e.* Count; from the Dutch and German.

Of Hogen Mogen, dat de droates did sneighen
Of veirteen hundred Spaniards in one neict.

Guz. Oh, diablo!

Ful. Ten thousand devils, nor diabolos,
Shall fright me from my pedigree.—My uncle,
Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snorten-
fert,

And yongster Brogen-foh, with fourscore hargu-
bush¹,

Manag'd by well lin'd butter-boxes, took
A thousand Spanish jobber-nowles by surprise,
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 advis'd, 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. Noblemen
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 shew
Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,
You both should take a competence of kicks.

Fut. and Piero. Thus and thus. Away you brace
of stinkards. [Kicks them.]

Ful. Pheugh! as it were.—

¹ *Hargubush.*] A kind of gun, similar to our carabine.

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

Ful. Pheugh!

Piero. Away,
But stay below.

Fut. 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.

[*Exeunt FULG. and GUZ.*

Enter TRELCAIO.

Fut. Yet more? Begone! Are not these precious
sutors—

Trel. What tumults fright the house?

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

Piero. Mere haggards, buzzards, kites^r.

Amor. I thorne thuch trumpe,—and [I] will
thape my luffe,

Henthforth ath thall my father betht direct me.

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

^r ——— *A brace of castrels,*

That flattered, sir, about this lovely game,

Your daughter; but they durst not give the souze,

And so took hedge. - - -

[*Mee haggards, buzzards, kites.*] In this passage the metaphors of which are entirely taken from the fashionable sport of falconry, it was necessary to correct the words *flattered* and *mee*, evident corruptions of *fluttered* and *mere*. Haggards are hawks unreclaimed; castrels, buzzards, and kites are amongst the least valuable of that species of birds. A hawk is said to give the souse when he descends rapidly upon his prey. The phrase *to take hedge* explains itself.

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

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

Fut. We are your servants.
 [Exeunt.]

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, and AURELIO.

Aur. You're welcome; be assur'd 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 engag'd
 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 severity 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 thy 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 hard'ned, 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
Possess'd thee with, again before my face,
Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
Adurni trespass in, and thou conceiv'st,
Against Spinella ; why 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 spleen¹

¹ *The eagerness of spleen.*] Perhaps we should read, *The spleen of a suspicious rage.*

Of a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
Enforc'd 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 sovereign-

ty,
Sets bounds to rebel-bloods, and check ; 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 beseem
Their lips who practice 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, 'less unattempted ;
And, for because the liberty of courtship
Flies from the wanton, on the her comes next,
Meeting oft-times too many soon seduc'd,
Conclude, all may be won by gifts, by service,
Or compliments of vows : and with this file
I stood in rank ; conquest secur'd 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 Spinellà'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, us'd 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,
 Talk'd in much fury, parted ; when as soon
 The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

Aur. What follow'd ?

Adur. My commission on mine error,
 In execution whereof I have prov'd
 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
 Th' 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. (*Coming forward.*) 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 ye
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.—

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.*]

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 a
bawdy-house,
An hospital for pandars? Oh, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thyself
A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen,

* *And she trowls on her ragged customer.*] A metaphor
taken from angling.

Strangers, or home-spun yeomen, foot-posts, pages,
Roarers¹, or hangmen? hey-day! set up shop,
And then cry a market open; to't, and welcome.

Lev. This is my husband.

Mart. Husband!

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

Mart. Husband, and married her!

Lev. Indeed, 'tis truth.

Mart. A proper joining! Give ye joy, great mis-
tress;

Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they.

What jointure is assur'd, pray! some three thou-
sand

A-year in oaths and vermin! fair preferment!

Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,

Patch'd up for copesmate² to my niece's daughter!

Lev. Sir, for my mother's name forbear this an-
ger;

If I have yok'd 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 for³. Let the wars rattle about your

¹ *Roarers.*] On the subject of roarers, or roaring boys, see a note on the Sun's Darling, in this volume.

² *Copesmate.*] An old word, used in Spenser's Mother Hubbard's Tale, for companion, friend: here it seems rather to signify mate or husband.

³ *A soldier is in peace a mockery, a very town-bull for laugh-*

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! I do believe Thou'rt lowsy; that's a pretty sign I grant: A villainous poor banditti rather; one Can man a quean¹; and cant, and pick a pocket, Pad² for a cloak, or hat, and, in the dark, Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat. A soldier! yes, 'a looks as if 'a 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 interested³ my possession of thy bed, nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do I mean. Kiss me quick and resolute. So adieu, signior.

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, and 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.

ter: unthrifts and landed babies, are prey-curmudgeons, lay their baits for.] That is, Who lay their baits for them, (the soldiers.) This is the only sense I can extract from this passage, which is very inaccurately worded.

¹ *Can man a quean.]* To man whores was a very usual phrase in old authors, and signified, to attend upon them. For instance, in the Scornful Lady, by Beaumont and Fletcher, "Why, I'll purse; if that fail me, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores."

² *Pad.]* A cant expression for robbing on foot.

³ *I have not interested,] i. e.* I have not claimed my interest in. The word, spelt in the same manner, is used by Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

Lev. With pardon,
Let me retain 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,
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
Shews 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 intermediate ; 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!
In habit here like strangers, we shall wait,
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,
Let us return, 'tis paltry.

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

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

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

Aur. Malfato!

Mal. Auria!

Aur. Cousin, 'would mine arms,

* *Cast.*] This speech is unappropriated in the quarto.

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 shew. 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.

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 posterity;
 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 carriage¹,
 Are expert in the nick on't: we shall study

¹ Carriage,] Conduct, behaviour.

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,
Requir'd, 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 cankered 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 elo-
quence

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 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

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 conceiv'd. But disproportion

In years, amongst the married, is a reason

For change of pleasures ; whereto I reply,

Our union was not forc'd, '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; womens faults
 Subject to punishments, and mens applauded,
 Prescribe no laws in force.

Aurel. Are ye so nimble?

Mal. A soul sublim'd from dross by competition,
 Such as is mighty Auria's fam'd, descends
 From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,
 Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery.
 Skirmish of words hath with your wife lewdly rang'd,
 Adulterating the honour of your bed.
 Hold [not¹] 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,

¹ *Not.]* This word is accidentally omitted in the quarto. The context is so obscure, that I strongly suspect the omission of a line in this speech; the quarto being superlatively incorrect.

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 assum'd 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 welcom'd and forethought; 'would you could
please
To say the like.

Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest:
It rectifies all crooks, [all] vain surmises;
I pr'ythee 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 fix'd on issue
Of my desires. Italians use not dalliance,
But execution : herein I degenerated
From custom of our nation ; for the virtues
Of my Spinella rooted in my soul.
The common form of matrimonial compliments[†]
Short-liv'd are as their pleasures. 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 overbusy curiosity.

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

Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have
grounded

[†] Yet common form of matrimonial compliments.

Short liv'd, as are their pleasures.] So the quarto. I much suspect some omission to have taken place. The alterations in the text, however, restore some degree of sense, which the original is entirely destitute of. *Yet*, at the head of the first line might easily have been caught by the eye of the compositor from the second line : a kind of corruption well known to all who have had any transactions with the press. *The* might have been written with the common abbreviation *y^e*, in the manuscript.

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.

Enter BENATZI, *his sword drawn*, LEVIDOLCHE
and MARTINO *following*.

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 ; 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 prov'd 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 remarried.—
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,
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.

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.

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.

Amor. Yeth, in sooth thee will.

Trel. Futelli

Hath wean'd her from this pain.

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 believ'd
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

Fut. You are in all unfellowed.

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'd¹; fight you abroad,
And we'll be game, whilst you fight, at home.
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do't;
But for my martial brother Don, pr'ythee make him—
A what-d'ye call't?—a setting dog, a centinel:
I'll mend his weekly pay.

Guz. He shall deserve it.

Vouchsafe employment honourable.

¹ *Deboshed.*] This was the ancient way of spelling this word.
So in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:

—“saucy fellows,
Deboshed and daily drunkards.”

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.

EPILOGUE.

THE court's on rising ; 'tis too late
To wish the lady in her fate
Of trial now more fortunate.
A verdict in the jury's breast,
Will be giv'n up anon at least,
Till then 'tis fit we hope the best.
Else if there can be any stay,
Next sitting without more delay,
We will expect a gentle day.

INDEX

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the foregoing chapters, in the order in which they are mentioned in the text. The names are given in full, and the page on which they are first mentioned is indicated by a small number in parentheses. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and the page numbers are given in ascending order.

THE END OF THE INDEX

THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE.



BY JOHN FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

THE Masque is the joint production of two authors, certainly not of equal merit, but, in their day, of nearly equal popularity. It would be in vain to assign the different scenes to the two different poets who produced them; and the usual practice of editors, in these joint performances, of assigning the best parts to the author whose works they are editing, and the worst to his colleague, is too invidious not to deserve reprehension. Decker, besides some very valuable pamphlets, wrote a considerable number of plays, and in several others assisted Massinger, Rowley, Middleton, Webster, &c. The comedies of *Old Fortunatus*, *The Honest Whore*, and *Satiromastrix*, or the *Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, an answer to an attack from Ben Jonson, have very considerable merit. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says that this veteran play-wright was "full three-score years old in 1638," and that "he was in King's Bench prison between 1613 and 1616, and how much longer I know not."

The following is the full title of the present Drama: "The Sun's-Darling: A Moral Masque: As it hath been often presented by their Majesties servants, at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, with great applause. Written by John Foard and Tho. Decker, Gent. [Then a wood-cut illustrative of the subject.] London, printed by T. Bell, for Andrew Penneycuicke, Anno Dom. 1657. 4to." This masque was first presented in March 1623-4, a fact ascertained by Mr Malone, which fixes the rank it holds in the chronological order of our author's productions. A metrical commendation by J. Tatham is prefixed, which will be found in the first volume.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TITCHFIELD, &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 favour* of the court; but since hath languished 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

* *Fervor.*] So the quarto reads.

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' 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 BIRD².

ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE³.

² *Prefer.*] This verb was often used for offer, or proffer.

² See p. 225 of this volume.

³ Andrew Penneycuicke, as well as Bird, was a performer of reputation. His line of acting was principally confined to female characters.

READER,

It is not here intended to present thee with the perfect analogy betwixt the world and man*, which was made for man; nor their co-existence, the world determining † with man: this, I presume, hath been by others treated on: but, drawing the curtain of this moral, you shall find him in his progression as followeth:

The First Season,

Presents him in the twilight of his age,
Not pot-gun-proof ‡, and yet he'll have his page:
This small knight-errant will encounter things
Above his perch, and like the partridge springs.

The Second Season:

Folly, his squire, the lady Humour brings,
Who in his ear far sweeter novels sings.
He follows them; forsakes the April queen,
And now the noon-tide of his age is seen.

The Third Season.

As soon, as nerv'd with strength, he becomes weak,
Folly and Humour do § his reason break;

* *World and man.*] In this age allegory was considered the most perfect qualification of poetry; every poem of reputation was supposed to contain a continued strain of mysterious significations. The most terrestrial, and therefore one of the most delightful of poets, Ariosto, was construed to have written with an apparent levity, but with a deep and profound meaning, which, of course, the commentators took great pains to demonstrate. The "analogy betwixt the world and man," or Macrocosmus and Microcosmus, was particularly a favourite subject, and furnished subjects for several poetical pieces, such as Sir John Davies's *Microcosmus*, the *Moral Masque*, of the same name, by Thomas Nabbes, and the present drama, which, we must confess, is, in point of poetical merit, far surpassed by the performance last mentioned.

† *Determining.*] This word is frequently employed by the old writers for terminating.

‡ *Not pot-gun proof.*] A pot-gun is a favourite plaything among boys, consisting of a hollow cane or reed. It is employed reproachfully in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, Act III. sc. 3.

"I saw a Dutchman break his pate once
For calling him *pot-gun*; he made his head
Have a bore like a musket."

§ *Do.*] The old copy reads ungrammatically *doth*, and in the next line *hurries*.

Hurry him from his noontide to his even ;
From summer to his autumn he is driven.

The Fourth Season.

And now the winter, or his nonage, takes him ;
The sad remembrance of his errors wakes him ;
Folly and Humour fain he'd cast away,
But they will never leave him till he's clay.
Thus man as clay descends, ascends in spirit ;
Dust goes to dust ; the soul unto its merit.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHŒBUS, *the Sun.*
 RAYBRIGHT, *the Sun's Darling.*
 Lady SPRING.
 YOUTH,
 DELIGHT, } *her attendants.*
 HEALTH, }
 SUMMER.
 PLENTY.
 POMONA.
 CUPID.
 FORTUNE.
 AUTUMN.
 BACCHANALIAN.
 BOUNTY.
 WINTER.
 CONCEIT.
 DETRACTION.
 TIME.
 PRIEST *of the Sun.*
 HUMOUR.
 FOLLY.
 A Soldier.
 A Spaniard.

An Italian Dancer.

A French Tailor.

A Forester.

ÆOLUS.

Maskers.

Three Clowns.

THE SUN'S DARLING.

ACT I.

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

Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.

Priest. Let your tunes, you sweet voic'd spheres
o'ertake him :
Charm his fancies, ope his ears ; now awake him !
[*Music*'].

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure :
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,*

* *Music.*] The old copy has (apparently a continuation of the speech, though at a little distance from it) *begin*. This was no doubt a direction to the musicians to strike up, and, therefore, a correspondent stage-direction has been introduced in this edition.

*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 past them:
 Wake now, awake! see and taste them!*
 [RAYBRIGHT wakes.]

Ray. 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 enthron'd 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.
 The times are better to me; there's no taste
 Left on the palate of my discontent
 To catch at empty hopes, whose only blessedness
 Depends on being miserable.

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 battlements
 Of sparkling stars, unless he be¹ in spirit

¹ *Unless he be.*] Old copy---unless *I* be. It may here be observed, that this play is by far the most incorrectly printed amongst those of our author, even far more so than *The Lady's Trial*. For this reason, very obvious corrections of single words have not been always noticed.

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 baited¹ with my fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An age together. 'Tis besides as comfortable
To die upon th' 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.
A pedlar's heir, turn'd gallant, follows fashion²,
Can, by a cross-legg'd tailor, be transform'd
Into a jack-a-napes of passing bravery³.
'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 parakeetoes are as pretty
To play withal, tho' not indeed so gentle.
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel; but the Indies
Where it grows is hard to be discover'd. 'Troth,
sir!
I care for no long travels with lost labour.

¹ *Baited.*] Baiting is explained by Latham, to signify, in the language of falconry, "when a hawk fluttereth with her wings, either from the perch or the man's fist, striving, as it were, to flie away or get libertie." This is of course chiefly the case before the hawk flies at the prey; and to this the allusion in the text seems to refer. "I'd not be baited with my fears of losing them;" or, I would not be pursued by the fear of losing the honours, to be their creature for "an age together."

² *Follows.*] I suspect we should read "*following* fashion." This speech is not appropriated in the quarto.

³ *Bravery.*] Gorgeous apparel, finery.

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 ¹,
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping.

Priest. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections, sway your judgment ;
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 ² been sent out into strange lands,
Seen courts of foreign kings ; by them been grac'd,
To bring home such neglect ?

Ray. I have reason for it.

Priest. Pray, shew 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.

¹ *To those of this,*] Old copy---these. The language of this drama is sometimes singularly involved. It is uncertain whether we should attribute this to the obscurity which certainly often occurs in the writings of Ford, to the inferior genius of his colleague Dekker, or the blunders of the editors, Theophilus Bird and Andrew Pennycuicke. Raybright seems here to exclaim against the offer of the Sun to gratify all his present longings, by which his thinking on futurity would be prevented.

² *Have you, &c.*] The interjection *Fie!* repeated before these words, would render the line metrical.

Ray. Very likely! when, pray?
The world the whilst shall be beholding to him
For a long night; new-married men will curse,
Though their brides tickle for't. Oh! candle and
lanthorn
Will grow to an excessive rate i' th' city.

Priest. These are but flashes of a brain disorder-
ed.

Contain your flood of spleen in seemly bounds;
Your eyes shall be your witness.

Ray. He may come.

*Enter TIME with a whip, whipping FOLLY in mean
attire before him.*

Time. Hence, hence thou shame of nature, man-
kind'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? baw waw! Do thy
worst, I defy thee! [*Sings.*

*I will roar and squander,
Cozen and be drunk too;
I will maintain my pandar,
Keep my horse and punk too;
Brawl and scuffle,
Shift and shuffle,
Swagger in my potmeals:
Damn-me's rank with;
Do mad prank with
Roaring boys and oatmeals¹.*

¹ *Roaring boys and oatmeals.*] The Roarers seem in these times to have been as celebrated as the Mohocks in those of the Spectator. The latter were probably no other than a continuation of similar riotous associations, which, under various names, continued to terrify the quiet citizens, and furnish the glaziers

*Pox 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,
 Tho' I die in totters¹.*

with employment. Ben Jonson introduces in his admirable comedy of Bartholomew Fair, *Val Cutting, a roarer*; and this terrible appellation occurs in several dramas of those days. Thus, in Massinger's *Renegado*, Gazet exclaims, when witnessing the destruction of his master's ware, by Donusa:

“A lady turn *roarer*, and break glasses!”

Again, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*: “They say your *roaring boyes* eat seldom, and that makes them so valiant,” A. II. sc. 1. But the best information on the subject is contained in Middleton and Rowley's comedy, *A Faire Quarrel*, A. II.: “To the roaring school? pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise; I shall never attain it neither.—*Trim*. Well; you must learn to roare here in London, you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantrie else. *Chaw*. How long has roaring been an exercise?” &c. The fourth act opens with a roaring school, to which I refer the curious reader. We have there the true language and behaviour of a roarer. The former is not unlike that put into the mouth of the literary bugbear Dr Johnson, by Campbell, in his *Lexiphanes*. The latter consisted of bullying and buffeting persons in the street; two roarers quarrelling in incomprehensible language, and, finally, adjourning to a wine-cellar to make up their dispute over a bottle.—The *outmeals*, which are mentioned in the same line in the text, were probably similar to the *roaring-boys*; but I have not been so fortunate as to discover any other reference to their exploits, excepting the following title of an old pamphlet alludes to one of their order, “A Quest of Enquirie by Women to know, Whether the Tripe-wife were trimmed by Doll yea or no. Gathered by Oliver *Oat-meale*. London, &c. 1595,” 4to. See the *British Bibliographer*, I. 34.

¹ *Totters*.] Old copy reads *cotters*. I am unable to discover any passage in support of the ancient reading. *Tatters* is evidently the meaning intended; and as to the present alteration

And what think you of this, you old doating, moth-eaten, bearded rascal? -As I am Folly by the mother's side, and a true-bred gentleman, I will sing thee to death, if thou vex me. Cannot a man of fashion, for his pleasure, put on, now and then, his working-day robes of humility, but he must presently be subject to a beadle's rod of correction? 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 fools¹. Pitiful time! pitiful time!

Time. Out fool! 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 hast mis-spent thy hours, lavish fool,

Like the circuit of thy life, in ceaseless riots:
It is not therefore fit, that thou should'st 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 shews her horns, except the Consistory Court; and there she need not appear, cuckolds carry such sharp stilettos in their foreheads. I'll live here and laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre² thy scurvy and abominable hatred.

into *totters*, greater adulterations of words have been made in sacrifice to rhyme, in ancient as well as in modern times:

¹ *Cap and knee.*] Both capping (taking off the cap) and kneeling, were salutations required by superiors. Of the former an instance occurs in *Othello*:

"————— Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him."

² *Maugre,*] In spite of.

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.*

Fol. Farewell 1538¹! I might have said five thousand, but the other's long enough o' conscience, to be honest-condition'd. Pox on him! It's a notable railing whipper of a plain Time-whipper.

Priest. You heard the charge he left.

Fol. Ay, ay, a' may give a charge; a' has been a petty court-holder ever since he was a minute old; he took you for a foreman of a jury.

Ray. Pray, sir, what are you?

Fol. No matter what; what are you?

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, whoring, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, foisting², lying, cogging³, canting, *et cætera*. Will you have any more?

¹ *Farewell 1538!*] I suspect we should read 1638. The masque, as has been said above, was produced in March 1623-4; but that 1638 is the year mentioned in the text, as referring to the then present year, is easily accounted for, by supposing that the players altered the number, according to each period of representation. As there is no doubt that this play was printed from their copies, the alteration may thus easily be accounted for, and 1638 may have been the last year of its performance.

² *Foisting.*] *Foisting* is explained by Cotgrave's Continuator, to signify, *menterie*, *sornette*; lying, jesting, &c. In Dekker's *Belman*, a *foist* is described as a cant-word for a pick-pocket, and as such is employed in his and Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, or *Moll Cut-purse*. As Dekker probably wrote the

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. [*Music of Recorders*].

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

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

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

present scene, he undoubtedly uses the word in the latter signification.

³ *Cogging,*] Playing with false dice; also flattery, lying, &c. Here used in the former sense, in which it occurs also in *Love's Labours Lost*:

"Since you can *cog*, I'll play no more with you."

Again, in the sense of lying, in Vlpian Fulwell's *First Part of the Eighth Liberal Science*, entitled, *Ars Adulandi, The Arte of Flat-terie*. Lond. 1597, 4.: "Lo, here is *Cretensis cum Cretense*, a *cogginge* knaue with a lying varlett well met: he with his *Hemhaltry*, and you with your *Hemphaltry*, I trust anon will make a good medley."—And in the same: "There stood afar off, a simple sot named V. F. [Vlpian Fulwell], and when hee saw how Mercury was faouored for his *cogging*, perswaded himself that he by speakinge the trueth should be right well regarded."

¹ *Recorders.*] "Lord Bacon, in his *Natural History*, Cent. iii. sect. 221, speaks of *recorders* and flutes at the same time, and says, that the recorder hath a less bore, and a greater, above and below; and elsewhere, Cent. ii. sect. 187, he speaks of it as having six holes, in which respect it answers to the *Tibia minor* of Mersennus. From all which particulars, it should seem that the flute and the recorder were different instruments, and that the latter, in propriety of speech, was no other than the flageolet." *Hawkins's Hist. of Music*, Vol. IV. p. 479. See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, Vol. II. p. 248.

The Sun appears above.

Fol. Oh, brave!

Priest. Stand!

SONG.

*Glorious and bright! lo, here we bend
Before thy throne, trembling, attend
Thy sacred pleasures: be pleas'd then
To show'r thy comforts down, that men
May freely taste in life's extremes
The influence of thy powerful dreams.*

Ray. Let not my fate too swiftly run,
Till thou acknowledge me thy son.
Oh! there's no joy even from the womb
Of frailty, till we be called home.

Fol. Now, am I an arrant rascal, and cannot
speak one word for myself, if I were hanged.

Sun. Raybright!

Priest. It calls you: answer!

Ray. Lord and Father!

Sun. We know thy cares; appear to give release:
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
To grant whate'er thou say'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^t every season in his kind,
Can bless a mortal with.

^t *Which.*] Old copy, *with.* The alteration is so indispen-
sably necessary, that no defence of it can be required.

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 conveyed,
 And entertain'd there by that lovely maid;
 All the varieties the Spring can shew,
 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 a while our
 sphere

To greet the world.—Ha! there does now appear^{*}
 A circle in this round, of beams that shine
 As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
 No, let them shine out still, for these are they,
 By whose sweet favours, when our warmths decay,
 Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
 Our active motions, which in summer flourish,
 By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves:
 Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,
 Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content!
 Meanwhile [the] recreations we present,
 Shall strive to please.—I have the foremost tract:
 Each Season else begins and ends an Act. [*Exit.*]

* This is one of the common-place compliments to the King, so essential in masques, which were expressly written for the court.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of Spring.*

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

Spring. Welcome the mother of the year, the
Spring¹:
That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,
For Age still waits upon her; that Spring, the
nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wan-
ton;
Physician to the sick, strength to the sound;
By whom all things above and under-ground²
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 amaz'd me first; but now mine
ears
Feel your tongue's charms, 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,

¹ This speech is most absurdly pointed in the old copy. In the first line, Spring bids Raybright welcome her as the mother of the year.

² *Under-ground.*] Old copy, Under-round.

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. Thou¹, 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 them², and when
Their colours fade, braver³ 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 Hea-
ven,
For that's Health's library; th' other on the Earth,

¹ *Thou.*] This speech is found in the following manner in the old quarto, and will convey some idea how full of corruptions that copy is:

“Thou to buy, whose state?

Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth wait,” &c.

Both these lines are still deficient in one syllable.

² *Them.*] Old copy, then.

³ *Braver.*] Old copy, brave.

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 blust'ring 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.—Cuckow.
Ha, ha, hark, hark! the cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcome in the spring.
Brave prick-song¹! who is't now we hear?
'Tis the lark's silver leer-a-leer.
Chirrup the sparrow flies away:
For he fell to't ere break of day. [Cuckoo
Ha, ha, hark, hark! the cuckows sing
Cuckow, to welcome in the Spring².*

¹ *Prick-song.*] A song regulated by notes. Hence, the common expression, to *prick notes*, instead of *to write* them. *Prick-song* was opposed to *plain-song*, the former being written or *pricked* down, and the latter resting more in the will of the singer, being, in fact, a species of extempore music. So in *Microcosmus*, by Nabbes;

“ I would have all lovers begin and end their *prick-song* with Lachrymæ.”
See Reed's note upon this passage (*Old Plays*, Vol. IX. p. 132), and Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, Vol. II. p. 243.

² This song was inserted in Blount's edition of Lily's *Alexan-*

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

Ray. Wond'rous; such ne'er were seen.

Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes! one de-
light

Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

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

To thine own times in repercussive sounds.

[*Exit.—An echo of Cornets.*]

Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee. Plea-
sures, change:

Thou, as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

Re-enter DELIGHT.

Del. A company of rural fellows, fac'd'

der and Campaspe, which was not published till 1632. It does not occur in the first edition of that play, printed in 1584, nor in the second, with the date 1591. The Sun's Darling, as before observed, was presented in 1623, nine years before Blount's Collection of the Court Comedies appeared; so that it is at least doubtful who was the author of this beautiful ditty. Very possibly, neither our authors, nor Lily, wrote it, as it may have been introduced into both their dramas as a popular song. The variations, as it stands in Alexander and Campaspe, are so beautiful, that the whole is here subjoined, distinguishing the differences by italics:

"What bird so sings, yet so does wail?

O, 'tis the *ravish'd* nightingale.

Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu she cryes,

And still her woes at midnight rise.

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

None but the lark so shrill and clear;

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,

The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,

Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;

Hark, how the jolly cuckoes sing,

Cuckoe to welcome in the spring,

Cuckoe to welcome in the spring."

Fac'd,] Attired. Perhaps from the *facings* of garments,

Like lovers of your laws, beg to be grac'd
Before your highness, to present their sport.

Spring. What is't?

Del. A morris¹.

Spring. Give them our court!—

Stay! these dull birds may make thee stop thine
ear.

Take thou my lightning! none but laurel² 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 prince's 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.

Ray. Fear it not, lady;
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid
To blow me hence, I move not.

which were generally turned up with different colours. So in
King Henry IV.

“ To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour.”

And in the Interlude of Nature :

“ His hose shall be freshly garded
With colours two or three.”

¹ The curious subject of Morris-dancers has received such ample illustrations in the late valuable publication of Mr Douce, that I need only refer my readers to his work, and to the variorum editions of Shakespeare. The best representation of them is on an ancient picture in the possession of Lord Fitzwilliam, an engraving of which is introduced in my friend Mr Maurice's elegant descriptive poem, entitled Richmond Hill. The same figures are copied on a larger scale in Mr Douce's Illustrations.

² *Laurel.*] It is well known, that, according to the ancient mythology, an exemption from the powers of lightning was granted to the laurel-tree.

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

A Morris 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, and bid the rosy-fingered
May¹

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

[*Exit with attendants.*]

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, know her
not :

What kind of creature is she ?

Fol. Creature ! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek
as jelly, white as blanched almonds ; no mercer's
wife ever handled yard with a prettier-breath, sweet
as a monkey's ; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes
of diamond, foot and leg as——

Ray. And what's thy name ?

Fol. 'Tis but a folly to tell it ; my name is Folly.

Ray. Humour and Folly ! To my listening ear
Thy lady's praises often have been sung ;
The trumpet, sounding forth her graceful beauties,
Kindles high flames within me to behold her.

¹ Another *morris-dance* is announced here in the old copy, of which there is no indication in the text.

Fol. She's as hot as you for your heart.

Ray. This lady, called the Spring, is an odd trifle.

Fol. A green-sickness thing. I came by the way of a hobby-horse letter-of-attorney, sent by my lady as a spy to you. Spring! a hot lady, a few fields and gardens lass! Can you feed upon sallads and tansies? eat like an ass upon grass every day at my lady's? Comes to you now a goose, now a woodcock; nothing but fowl; fowl pies, platters all covered with fowl, and is not fowl very good fare?

Ray. Yea, marry is't, sir; the fowl being kept clean¹.

My admiration wastes itself in longings
To see this rare piece: I'll see her; what are kings,
Were not their pleasures varied? Shall not mine,
then?

Should day last ever, 'twould be loath'd as night.
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.

The way? I'll to her.

Fol. The way is windy and narrow: for, look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if another answer it, she comes.

Ray. Be quick then!

[*FOLLY* blows his cornet, and is answered from without.]

Enter HUMOUR, a Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian dancer, a French tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes upon?

Fol. This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

¹ *Fowl.*] A quibble, and, in truth, a miserable quibble, upon the substantive *fowl* and the adjective *foul*. A few speeches lower down, another still more silly occurs between winding and windy.

Hum. A bedfellow for a fairy !

Ray. Admir'd perfection !

You set my praises to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach them.

Hum. My heart-strings shall then,
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge ;
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee: 'tis not the Spring,
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glances¹ at her, and for sending
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.

Fol. What bird ?

Sol. A ringtail.

Hum. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to
mine,
My mine of treasures, which no hand shall rifle
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.
Invent some other tires² ! Music !—Stay, none !—

Fol. Heyday !

Hum. New gowns, fresh fashions ! I'm not brave³
enough

To make thee wonder at me.

¹ *Glances,*] Old copy,---glames.

² *Tires,*] Attires, dresses, vestments. So in Bishop Corbet's
sarcastic verses on Mistress Mallet :

“ Whether her witte, formé, talke, smile, *tire* I name,
Each is a stock of tyranny and shame.”

³ *Brave,*] Well-dressed, gorgeously habited.

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 bauble¹.

Ray. I am wrapt.

Fol. In your mother's smock.

Ray. I'm 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
pike² : a tailor.

Tail. Wee, mounsieur ; hey nimbla upon de
cross caper ; me take a de measure of de body
from de top a' de noddle to de heel and great toe ;
oh 'stish de fine ! dis coller is cut out in anger
scurvy. Oh, dis beeshes pincha de bum ; me put
one French yard into de toder hose.

Fol. No French yards : they want a yard at least.

Ray. Shall I be brave then ?

¹ *Being in fool's paradise, he must not lose his bauble.*] Folly in this play personates the fool, and carries the bauble of course. Fool's paradise is the same with the celebrated land Cockaigne, the *Cuccagna* of the Italians : a fiction which seems to have prevailed amongst almost all nations of Europe.

² *Spanish pike.*] I cannot discover the force of this allusion, except it be to the thinness of the tailor's legs.

Hum. Golden as the sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smirkly¹?

Fol. A flounder in a frying-pan, still skipping ; 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 'em of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer, his name——

Dan. Signor Lavolta, messer mio ; me tesha all de bella corantoes, gagliardas, piamettas, capeoret-tas, amorettas, dolce dolce, to declamante do bona robas de Toscana².

² *Smirkly,*] The old copy reads, *smickly.*

³ Corantos and galliards were favourite dances at the time this play was written. So were probably the less known *amoretta's*, *piametta's*, &c. *Capeoretta* should probably be spelt *capretta*, as the dance no doubt derived the name from *capretta*, *It.* a kid. The following is the description Sir John Davies gives of the galliard, the most popular of these dances :

“ But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
A swift and wand'ring dance she did invent,
With passages uncertain to and fro,
Yet with a certain answer and consent
To the quick music of the instrument.
Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet.

A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herself is fiery and divine :
Oft doth she make her body upward fine ;
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.”

The name of this dance, like the word *jigg*, seems to have been transferred from a dance to a ballad. Thus an old ballad is entitled, “ The Western *Jigg*, or a Trenchmore *Galliard*.” The poem above quoted gives the following account of the co-ranto :

“ What shall I name those current traverses
That on a triple dactyl foot do run
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
Which with best order can all orders shun :

Ray. I ne'er shall be so nimble.

Fol. Yes, if you pour quicksilver into your shin-bones, as he does.

Ray. This now ?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard.

Span. A confeccionador, which in your tongue is, a comfitmaker, of Toledo. I can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways.

Fol. And the throat has but one in all ; oh, Toledo !

Span. In conserves, candies, marmalades, sin-

For everywhere he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change."

And of the Lavolta, which is used here for the name of the dancer :

" Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves with strict embracements round,
And still their feet an anapest do sound :
An anapest is all their music-song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

* *Toledo.*] From these passages it would appear that Spain, and more particularly Toledo, at that time, furnished the most celebrated pastry-cooks, which have since been chiefly imported from France. The *berengena's* of Toledo are a kind of pumpions. The nature of conserves, candies, marmalades, and ly-mons is still well known. *Orijones* are peaches dried and preserved with sugar. *Sinkado* is probably corrupted from *sinca-dilla*, a kind of mushroom. For *ponadoes* we should perhaps read *pomados*, which may have been a sort of apples preserved. *Aranxues muria* was probably some confection fabricated at *Aranjuez*. *Bergamom* was most likely a preserve of bergamot-pears. *Marablane* is perhaps a corruption of *marchpane*, a confection composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and flour, and a very popular desert on the tables of our ancestors. Malaga potatoes were probably a particular species of potatoes, dressed by the confectioner in a particular manner. That these artisans had them under their charge, appears from Gerard's Herbal : " Potatoes may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may

kadoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamom, aranxues muria, lymons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more.

Fol. Now 'tis ten millions; a Spaniard can multiply.

Span. I am your servidor.

Ray. My palate pleas'd 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.

Hum. No more of this! Dances! Awake the music! O yes! music!

Ray. No more of this! the sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come then; let thou and I rise up in arms;

The field embraces, kisses our alarms.

Fol. A Dancer and a tailor? yet stand still! Strike up. [*Music.—A Dance.*]

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!

worke and frame many comfortable conserves and restorative sweet-meats." Also, in Marston's Satires, 1599:

"——— camphire and lettice chaste,
Are now cashier'd—now Sophi'ringoes eate;
Candi'd potatoes are Athenians' meate."

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. Which I for one bubble can't add a sea to?

Fol. And shew him a hobby-horse in my likeness.

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 the antarctic pole:

What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose

I'll give thee freely; not a lark, that calls

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*² *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*³ *shall reach*
thee.

¹ *Can,*] Old copy, *cannot.*

² *Live with me.*] The author was probably thinking of Marlow's beautiful song:

"Live with me and be my love," &c.

³ *Her man.*] This is a singular allusion to the popular superstition of the Man in the Moon, which has pervaded all ages.

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.

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, but¹ books of fancy's writing.

Del. Not far off stands the Hypocrenian 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 muse !

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 your² 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.*

¹ *But.*] This word had formerly, besides its usual meaning, that of *except*.

² *Your.*] The quarto reads, "call me *their* empress," which does not afford any sense.

Health. Leave her! take this, and travel! tell
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 [in¹] manly pastimes; snatch from Time
His glass, and let the golden sands run forth
As thou shalt jogg² 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 o'er the world, and not grow
old, nor be sick. A lie³! 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-mor-
rows blown up to him under his window, by drums
and trumpets⁴, than his whole voyage: besides he
run mad upon't.

¹ *In.*] *In*, which the metre renders necessary, is left out in the original.

² *Jogg,*] *i. e.* shake.

³ *Lie.*] The examples given by the fool are formed by quibbling on the word *lie*.

⁴ "It is the usual practice of the waits, or nocturnal minstrels in the North of England, after playing a tune or two, to cry, 'Good morrow, maister such a one, good morrow, dame,' adding the hour and state of the weather." *Ritson's Note on Othello*, Act III. sc. 1. Barclay translates a passage in Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, relating to this custom of serenading, thus:

"The furies fearful, sprong of the floudes of hell,
Bereth these vagabondes in their mindes, so

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

I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace;
Whither thyself, waving a crystal wand¹,
Shall 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 middle 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,—

Ray. I'll hear no more;
Thus 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!

That by no meane can they abide ne dwell
Within their houses, but out they nede must go;
More wildly wandring then either bucke or doe,
Some with their harpes, another with ther lute,
Another with his bagpipe, or a foolishe flute.

Then measure they their songes of melody,
Before the doores of their lemman deare;
Howling with their foolishe songe and cry,
So that their lemman may their great folly heare:
And till the *jordan* make them stand areare,
Caste on their head, or till the stones flee,
'They not depart, but coneyt there still to be.'

¹ *Waving a crystal wand.*] The old copy reads here, "waving a cristal stream," which is absolute nonsense. The wand of magicians, by which palaces are reared in an instant, are well known to the readers of romance.

Health. That bird, that in her nest sleeps out the
spring,
May fly in summer but with sickly wing.

[*Exeunt* HEALTH and YOUTH.]

Ray. I owe thee for this pill, doctor.

Hum. The Spring will die sure.

Ray. Let her!

Hum. If she does,

Folly here is a kind of a foolish poet,
And he shall write her epitaph.

Ray. Against the morning
See it then writ, and I'll reward thee for it.

Fol. It shall not need.

Ray. 'Tis like it shall not need ;
This is your Folly.

Hum. He shall be ever yours.

Fol. I hope ever to be mine own folly. He's
one of our fellows.

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.

Hum. Each do his office to this man, your lord :
For though Delight, and Youth, and Health should
leave him,

This ivory-gated palace shall receive him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*On the confines of Spring and Summer.**Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.*

Ray. Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated
of thee!

Thou had'st 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.

Fol. I ha' done, my lord: my muse has pump'd
hard for an epitaph upon the late departed Spring,
and here her lines spring up.

Ray. Read.

Fol. Read? so I will; please you to reach me
your high ears. [*Reads.*

*Here lies the blithe Spring,
Who first taught birds to sing;
Yet in April herself fell a crying:
Then May growing hot,
A sweating sickness she got,
And the first of June lay a dying.*

*Yet no month can say,
But her merry daughter May
Stuck her coffin with flowers great plenty :
The cuckow sung in verse
An epitaph o'er her hearse,
But assure you the lines were not dainty.*

Ray. No more are thine, thou idiot : hast thou none

To poison with thy nasty jigs¹ but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder ?
Out of my sight !

Fol. I am not in't ; if I were, you'd see but scurvily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Yes, bald² one, beastly base one ; block, away !

Vex me not fool ; turn out a' doors your roarer,
French tailor, and that Spanish gingerbread,
And your Italian skipper ; then, sir, yourself !

Fol. Myself ! Carbonado me, bastinado me, strappado⁴ me, 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 daily given to me, if I would

¹ *Jigs.*] The original reads *iggs*. A *jig*, in the times of our author, as has been mentioned before, signified not only a dance, but frequently a ballad, generally of the ludicrous kind.

² *Bald.*] Alluding to the shaved crown of the fool. Old copy, ---ball'd.

³ *Block.*] The old copy has *blockish*.

⁴ *Strappado.*] The punishment of the strappado is mentioned in several old writers. Thus, in Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* :

————— " A flesh'd ruffian,
That hath so often taken the *strappado*,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler."

take 'em, some not far off know. Tailor gone,
Spanish fig gone, all gone, but I——

Enter HUMOUR.

Hum. My waiters coited¹ off by you, you flea
them!

Whence come these thunderbolts? What furies
haunt you?

Ray. You.

Fol. She!

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Baw-waw.

Ray. I shall grow old, diseas'd, 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 wond'rous good;
By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, and torn
From the embracements of the noblest creature.

Hum. Your Spring?

Ray. Yes, she, even she, only the Spring.
One morning, spent with her, was worth ten nights
With ten of the prime beauties of the world:
She was unhappy ne'er, but in two sons,
March, a rude roaring fool,——

Fol. And April, a whining puppy.

Hum. But May was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Fol. Indeed May was a sweet creature, and yet
a great raiser of maypoles.

Hum. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises!

Thou art a common creature.

¹ *Coited off.*] *Coit* was anciently one of the methods of spelling *quoit*, which signified to *throw*. Thus, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*:

“ One o'th' woodyard that can *quoit* the sledge.”

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 Humour¹!"

Fol. A vintner spoke those very words, last night, to a company of roaring boys, that would not pay their reckoning.

Ray. How many bastards hast thou?

Hum. None.

Ray. 'Tis a lie.

Fol. Squire! Worshipful master Folly.

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 cares 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. Oh! but their wives have tickling humours.

Hum. Yet done!

¹ *Humour.*] To judge from the comedies of the age, particularly those of Ben Jonson, the affectation of extravagant humours must have been carried to a great height. We should be careful not to accuse that author of painting the portraits of his comical characters with attributes which we might think the product of his unrestrained fancy, but which probably did not exceed those really affected by these humourists. The travelling humour of Puntarvolo, the profane humour of Carlo Buffone, and the affectations of the two city-coxcombs, Clove and Orange, had probably, as well as the yellow stockings of Malvolio, their prototypes in those days. Of a nature nearly allied to these humours, were the affected vapours, of which Ben Jonson gives us an admirable specimen in the *Game of Vapours*, which he introduces into his comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, Act IV. sc. 4.

Be judg'd by this game of vapours.

Fol. Humour, madam ! if all are your bastards that are given to humour you, you have a company of as arrant rascals to your children as ever went to th' gallows : a collier being drunk jostled a knight into the kennel, and cried, 'Twas his humour ; the knight broke his coxcomb¹, 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,
And lie with her, 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.

Fol. Are you so ? kiss on : I'll be kissed somewhere, I warrant.

Ray. I will not leave my Folly for a world.

Fol. Nor I you for ten.

Ray. Nor thee, my love, for worlds pil'd upon
worlds.

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 jawsand².

Ray. As merry as the cuckows of the spring.

¹ *Coxcomb.*] Coxcombs originally denoted, "cappes with cockes feathers, or a hat with a neck and heade of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon." (Minsheu's Dict. 1627.) Subsequently it was used not unfrequently, as in the present instance, for the head.

² *Jawsand.*] The quarto reads, no doubt corruptedly, *jawsand*. *Jawsand* is certainly the proper reading, and may be deduced from the French *joyusement*, joyfully, merrily, or from *jouissant*, enjoying.

Fol. Again!

Ray. How, lady, lies the way?

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 consort¹; and I, 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 it our motion
Puts us into² this heat, or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth?

Hum. This shews her court
Is not far off you covet so to see:
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

¹ *Consort* is the ancient mode of spelling *concert*. It occurs in both senses in the *Jovial Crew*, by Brome. In the edition of that play in Dodsley's *Old Plays* by Reed, the spelling is improperly altered, and thus the quibble on *consort* and *concert* obscured. See Vol. X. p. 342.

² *Into.*] The old copy reads unmetrically *in*.

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 a while,
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'th' temple of the Spring ;
But here attain such cunning, that when the winds
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antick gambols
Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such charms,
They'll all stand still to listen.

Ray. Excellent.

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia¹, and
drop like a cobnut of Africa.

Enter a Forester.

Fores. Back ! whither go you ?

Fol. Oyes² ! this way.

¹ *Asia.*] This is one of the numerous allusions to the following ranting passage in the *Tamerlane* of Marlow, a play which, for a long time, continued one of the principal butts at which the ridicule of dramatic authors was levelled :

“ Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia,
What can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great *Tamburlaine*?”

² *Oyes* !] This corruption of the French imperative *oyez*, is still used in law courts. This speech in the old copy is made part of the Forester's first ; but as the following is also given to him, this must necessarily belong to another, and it suits best for Folly.

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.*]

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 ?

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
 To attend upon ' you, and spend all my hours
 In care of him.—

[*Recorders.*]

The SUN *appears.*

Sum. Obey your charge !—Oh, thou builder

[*Kneels.*]

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.

Sun Rise ! Is Raybright come yet ?

¹ *Upon.*] The quarto reads, *on.* To help the metre the first syllable has been introduced.

Del. Not yet.

Enter PLENTY.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him,
And lavish thou thy treasure.

Plen. Our princely cousin,
Raybright, your darling; and the world's delight
Is come.

Sun. Who with him¹?

Plen. A goddess in a woman,
Attended by a prating saucy fellow,
Call'd Folly.

Sun. They'll confound him; but he shall run².
Go and receive him. [*Exit* PLENTY.]

Sun. Your sparkling eyes and his arrival draws
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.

Sun. I will. Ho, Æolus!
Unlock the jail, and lend a wind or two
To fan my girl the Summer.

Enter ÆOLUS.

Æol. I will.

Sun. No roarers.

Æol. No.

Sun. Quickly.

Æol. Fly you slaves! Summer sweats; cool her.
[*Hoboys.—The SUN takes its seat above*³.

¹ *Him,*] Old copy,---*them*.

² *Run.*] I suspect the omission of some such words,---he shall run *the course him pleases best*. But as *he shall run* may refer to Plenty, the text has not been disturbed.

³ This stage-direction evidently indicates that the sun was real.

Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY,
Country-fellows, and Wenches.

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 holla :
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids shall trip it round,
For joy thus our wenches 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.*

ly personated by one of the masquers, and not merely represent-
ed in the sky.

*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 sousing¹ kills with a grace ;
 Now the deer falls ; hark ! how they ring².
 [The SUN by degrees is clouded.*

Sum. Leave off: the Sun is angry, and has drawn
 A cloud before his face.

Health. 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. [To SUMMER.

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

¹ *Sousing.*] A hawk is said to souse when he drops down on his prey.

² This song, which has a considerable share of merit, is extracted, as well as others of our author's, amongst those which Mr Beloe has collected out of old plays, in the second volume of his *Anecdotes of Literature*. I take this opportunity to enter a protest against a singular practice of Mr Gifford in his valuable edition of *Massinger*. With a very few exceptions, all the songs which occur in the works of that author are omitted in their places, and placed at the end of the play. The probability of their not being the production of the author, surely does not warrant their omission as long as such probability does not amount to a proof. Whatever degree of demerit they may have, they must stand or fall with the rest of the drama.

You boast your great name : for that name I hate
you,

Because you kill'd my mother, and my nurse.

Plen. Kill'd he my grandmother ? Plenty will
never

Hold you by th' hand again.

Sum. You have free leave

To thrust your arm into our treasury,

As deep as I myself : Plenty shall wait

Still at your elbow ; all my sports are yours,

Attendants yours, my state and glory's yours :

But these shall be as sunbeams from a glass

Reflected on you, not to give you heat.

To doat on a smooth face, my spirit's too great.

[*Exit.—Flourish.*

Ray. Divinest !

Hum. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll go after, for I must and will have
a fling at one of her plumb-trees.

Ray. I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

Hum. This [is] that *Altezza*,
That Rhodian wonder gaz'd at by the Sun !

I fear'd thine eyes should have beheld a face,

The moon has not a clearer : this ! a dowdy.

Fol. An ouzle ; this a queen-apple or a crab she
gave you ?

Hum. She bids you share her treasure ; but who
keeps it ?

Fol. She points to trees, great-with-child with
fruit, but when delivered, grapes hang in ropes ;
but no drawing, not a drop of wine : whole ears of
corn lay their ears together for bread, but the devil
a bit I can touch.

Hum. Be rul'd by me once more ; leave her !

Ray. In scorn,
As she does me.

Fol. Scorn ! If I be not deceived I ha' seen

Summer go up and down with hot codlings¹; and that little baggage, her daughter Plenty, crying six bunches of raddish for a penny.

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.

Enter PLENTY.

Plen. Where is this prince? My mother, for the Indies,

Must not have you part².

Ray. Must not?

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 th' 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:

¹ *Hot codlings.*] Mr Steevens observes, in a note of Twelfth Night, Act I. sc. 5, that a *codling* anciently meant an immature apple, and the present passage plainly supports his assertion, as none but immature apples could have been had in summer. Their popularity may have been owing to a fancy similar to that which produced the frequent use of stewed prunes. See Shakespeare, Reed's edit. Vol. IX. p. 361.

² *Part.*] Did the regularity of the metre in every case authorise a departure from the text, we might read, "Must not have you *depart*."

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 light, he¹ 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. Love scorn'd
 Of no triumph more then love can boast².

[*Exit with HUMOUR and FOLLY.*]

Plen. This strumpet³ will confound him.

Sum. She has me deluded.

Recorders play.—*The SUN appears, with CUPID
 and FORTUNE.*

Sun. Is Raybright gone !

¹ *He,*] Old copy reads *she.* As the Sun is here said to obtain light from the eyes of Summer, this trifling alteration is absolutely essential to the sense.

² *Boast.*] Though the sense does not require any addition to this line, the rugged metre seems to suggest some alteration, such as : " Of no one triumph," &c. The construction of the passage is as follows : " If love be scorned, love can then no more boast of any triumphs."

³ *Strumpet,*] Old copy,---strump.

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.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Court of AUTUMN.*

Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, and FORTUNE.

Ray. Your entertainments¹, 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 feasts² 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 delicacies³, which the wanton sense

¹ *Entertainments,*] Old copy, entertainment.

² *Feasts,*] Old copy, feast.

³ *Delicates.*] Were the metre of sufficient consequence to license the introduction of words not to be found in the original, we might read, "All delicate cates." The last syllable of the former, from its similarity to the latter, was very liable to be overlooked by the compositor.

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 ; th' 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's eyes¹.

For. *Be a merchant, I will freight thee
With all store, that time is bought for.*

Cupid. *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.*

¹ *Cupid's eyes.*] That is, he shall give judgment to Fortune,
and to Cupid his eyes.

Cupid. *Chastity, if thou smile on her,
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.*

For. *Be a warrior, conquest ever
Shall triumphantly renown thee.*

Cupid. *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 pow'r has bound me.*

Cupid. *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 HUMOUR and FOLLY unobserved.

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 complies.

Fol. Upon my life he means to turn costermong-
er¹, and is projecting how to forestal the market ;
I shall cry pippins rarely.

Ray. Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied,
And the desires [of] my sensual appetite,
Were only fed with barren expectations
To what I now am filled with.

¹ *Costermonger.*] Mr Steevens observes, in answer to a superficial remark by Johnson, that " a *costermonger* is a *costard-monger*, a dealer in apples called by that name, because they are shaped like a *costard*, *i. e.* man's head." Henry, IV. Part II. Act. I. Sc. 5.

Fol. Yes, we are filled and must be emptied ; these wind-fruits have distended my guts into a lenten pudding, there's no fat in them ; my belly swells, but my sides fall away. A month of such diet would make me a living anatomy¹.

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.*]

Ray. How fares my loved Humour ?

Hum. A little stirr'd ; no matter, I'll be merry : Call for some music!—Dó not : I'll be melancholy.

Fol. A sullen humour, and common in a dicer that has lost all his money.

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.

Fol. And unlace your petticoat.

Hum. Saucy, how now ?—'Tis well you have some sweetheart, Some new fresh sweetheart ; I'm a goodly fool To be thus play'd on, staled and foil'd.

Pom. Why, madam ! We can be courteous without stain of honour : 'Tis not the raging of a lustful blood That we desire to tame with satisfaction ; Nor have his masculine graces in our breast

¹ *Anatomy.*] A skeleton is frequently termed an anatomy in the old plays.

Kindled a wanton fire : our bounty gives him
A welcome free, but chaste and honourable.

Hum. Nay, 'tis all one ; I have a tender heart.
Come, come, let's drink !

Fol. A humour in fashion with gallants, and
brought out of the Low Countries.

Hum. Fie ! there's no music in thee ; let us
sing.

Fol. Here's Humour in the right trim ; a few
more such toys would have made the little world
of man run mad, as the puritan that sold his con-
science for a maypole.

[*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' injunc-
tion

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^r their rich juice : a hundred grains,

^r *Expressing,*] For pressing out. The masque throughout
abounds with school-pedantry, and unluckily the speeches of
the " bounteous housekeeper, free Autumn," particularly

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 novelties.
 This is a day of rest, and we, the whilst,
 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. E'en what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exeunt HUM. and POM.—A Flourish.*

Aut. Raybright, a health to Phœbus!
 [Drinks.]

These are the Pæans, which we sing to him;
 And yet we wear no bays¹; our cups are only
 Crown'd with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!
 [Drinks.]

swarm with that species of ornament, which, from the patronage of James for pedantry of every kind, was thought peculiarly necessary in masques played at his court.

¹ *And yet we wear no bays.*] The old copy reads, "And ye wear no bays;" the context, as well as the metre, absolutely call for a correction, and the omission of the following letters in italics, "*yet we,*" is such as was very likely to occur at an inaccurate press. It has been before observed, that this masque is by far the most incorrectly printed of our author's works, and

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Aut. Now, one other health
To our grand patron, call'd Goodfellowship;
Whose livery all our people hereabout
Are clad in¹. [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. Hey-hoes²? A god of winds: There's at
least four-and-twenty of them imprisoned in my
belly; if I sigh not forth some of them, the rest will
break out at the back-door; and how sweet the
music of their roaring will be, let an Irishman
judge.

Ray. He is a songster too.

Fol. A very foolish one: my music's natural,
and came by inheritance; 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! He that loves sorrow
Lengthens not a day, nor can buy to-morrow:*

hence arise corrections as numerous as perhaps in all his other
plays together.

¹ *Clad in.*] Old copy, corruptly, *call'd in.*

² *Hey-hoes?*] Folly puns upon the similarity of sound be-
tween the invocation to Bacchus, with hey-hoes or sighs.

*Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.*

Merrily, merrily, merrily, Oh, ho!

Play it off stily: we may not part so.

Chor. Merrily, &c.

[They drink.

*Wine is a charm, it heats the blood too,
Cowards it will arm, if the wine be good too,
Quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
Scorns to submit to the watch or constable.*

Merrily, &c.

*Pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Brothers of a rout, our brains will flow quicker;*

Empty the cask; score up, we care not;

Fill all the pots again, drink on and spare not.

Merrily, &c.

Now, have I more air than ten musicians; besides 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.

Fol. I am for you in that too; 'twill jog down the lees of these rouses¹ into a freer passage; but take heed of sure footing, 'tis a slippery season: many men fall by rising, and many women are raised by falling.

[They dance.

Aut. How likes our friend this pastime?

Ray.

Above utterance.

Oh, how have I in ignorance and dulness, 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

¹ *Rouse.*] A large dose of liquor. See the notes on *Hamlet*, Act I.; and particularly Dr Jamieson's Dictionary, *in voce*.

The folly of my days in vain expence
 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 round¹ ;
 You have your liberty.

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's
 sweats,

Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
 The crop of bread, ripening the fruits for food,
 Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities

Feed² on them : I alone, in every land,
 Traffic my useful merchandize ; gold and jewels,
 Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
 Mortgag'd 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

¹ *Devise a round.*] That is, "devise a health to pass round."

² *Feed.*] Old copy, *feeds.*

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. [Exit AUTUMN.

Sure, I am not well.

Fol. Surely I am half-drunk, or monstrously mis-
taken. 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.

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 ex-
tremes,

When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equal measure ;—

Hum. Ha ! in contemplation ?

Fol. Troubling himself with this windy-guts,
this belly-aching Autumn, this Apple-John-Kent,
and warden of Fruiterers' hall.

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.

Fol. Madam, let but a green-sickness-chamber-
 maid be thoroughly steeled, if she get not a better
 colour in one month, I'll be forfeited to Autumn
 for ever, and fruit-eat my flesh into a consumption.

Hum. Come, Raybright; whatsoe'er 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, snipe¹,
 plover, larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

Hum. Mistery² 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.

¹ *Snipe.*] Old copy, snite.

² *Mistery.*] This word, in the ancient writings, frequently
 signified craft, or art.

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.

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 me¹ :
'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.

Fol. And when the hair falls off, I have heard a
poet say, 'tis no good sign of a sound body.

Ray. Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh de-
lights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter²] 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 ;
And since we have notice that some barbarous spirits

¹ *Read me.*] The context does not allow of the ancient sig-
nification of the verb, to rede, *i. e.* to counsel, or advice. The
present verb, to read, seems rather to be used metaphorically,
and to imply the same as the common phrase of reading the fea-
tures of a person, or the face being an index of the mind.

² *Winter.*] The ancient copy omits this season, but both the
metre and the sense require the insertion. The propriety of the
alteration is rendered obvious, by the line almost immediately
following :

“ An emblem of four provinces we sway.”

Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They'll not desist, we'll force our way by swords.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The WINTER'S Court.*

Enter three Clowns.

Clown 1. Hear you the news, neighbour?

Clown 2. Yes, to my grief, neighbour: they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we're like to have a fine time on't, neighbours.

Clown 3. Our wives and daughters are; for they are sure to get by the bargain: though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with barn¹ for't. Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but ere I'll suffer it, I'll pluck a crow² with some of 'em.

Clown 1. 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men, rather than live like beasts.

Clown 2. Aye, like horn-beasts, neighbour; they may talk, and call us rebels, but a fig for that, 'tis

¹ *Though our barn be emptied, they will be sure to be with barn for't.*] The present quibble hardly requires or deserves an explanation. The word *barn*, or *bairn*, is still used in the North of England, and in Scotland, for a *child*.

² *Pluck a crow.*] The same proverbial expression occurs in Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*:

“ A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.”

not a fart matter: let's be true amongst ourselves,
and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.)

Enter WINTER.

Win. What sullen murmurings¹ does your gall
bring forth?

Will you prov't true, no good comes from the
north²?

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;
In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise
The attributes of merciful and wise:
Whose laws are so impartial, 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 affect:
That, as the sun, does unto all dispense
Heat, light, nay life, from his full influence:

¹ *What sullen murmurings.*] The old copy reads, "What such murmurings," which, not being consistent with metre and reason, the proposed alteration is rendered necessary, and is not very far from the trace of the letters.

² *No good comes from the North.*] The northern parts of England seem not to have been in great repute in the ancient times. In Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, Costard, the clown, says: "I will not fight with a pole, like a *Northern man*."

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 sublime height, into the depth of
 hell'.

Clown 1. The devil a' can as soon; we fear no
 colours; 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.

Clown 2. 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-
 ed first.

Win. A most fair pretence
 To found rebellion upon conscience.
 Dull, stubborn fools! whose perverse judgments
 still
 Are govern'd by the malice of your will,
 Not by indifferent reason, which to you
 Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew
 Does on the parched earth: it wets, but does not
 give
 Moisture enough to make the plants to live.
 Things void of soul! Can you conceive, that he,

¹ This speech is evidently one of those more adapted to please the court than to contribute to the conduct of the fable. The compliments are not much suited to the volatile prince Ray-bright; but the masque who pronounced them knew, probably, well how to address them to the royal personage whom they were intended for.

Whose every thought's an act of piety,
 Who's all religious, furnish'd with all good
 That ever was comprised 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^r!

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. Save you, gentlemen! 'Tis very cold; you
 live in frost; you've Winter still about you.

Clown 2. 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 cour-
 tiers, when they come hither, have not warm young
 wenches, good wines, and fires, to heat their bloods,
 'twill freeze [them] into an apoplexy. Farewell,
 frost! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me; I'm all ice,
 I fear, already. [Exit.

Clown 1. 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.

Clown 3. Some shall have but a sour welcome of
 it, if my crabtree-cudgel hold here.

Win. 'Tis, I see,
 Not in my power to alter destiny.
 You're mad in your rebellious minds: but hear

^r We have, in this speech, the opinion of our loyal authors respecting the disaffected on account of religion, who already began to be turbulent at the time this drama was written. The expressions are so strong, that we must wonder how they could be permitted in a publication of the year 1657, printed in London.

What I presage, with understanding clear;
 As your black thoughts are misty; take from me
 This, as a true and certain augury:
 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 chang'd 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 consum'd; 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.
 Bright son of Phœbus, welcome! I begin
 To feel the ice fall from my crisled skin;
 For at your beams the waggoner might thaw
 His chariot, axled with Riphæan snow;
 Nay, the slow moving North-star, having felt
 Your temperate heat, his icicles would melt.

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 have I this strange welcome? Reverend Win-
 I'm come to be your guest; your bounteous, free
 Condition does assure [me.¹], I shall have
 A welcome entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir! I am 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 chaces 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, to you², 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 inonument,
 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;
 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.

Boun. Sir, you can speak well; if your tongue
 deliver
 The message of your heart, without some cunning

¹ *Assure me.*] The pronoun *me*, which the metre absolutely requires, and which greatly improves the sense also, is not found in the old copy.

² *To you,*] Old copy reads...*tho' you.*

Of restraint, we may hope to enjoy
The lasting riches of your presence hence,
Without distrust or change.

Ray. Winter's sweet bride,
All conquering Bounty, queen of hearts, life's glory,
Nature's perfection; whom all love, all serve;
To whom Fortune, even in extreme 's a slave;
When I fall from my duty to thy goodness,
(Then) let me be rank'd as nothing.

Boun. Come, you flatter me.

Ray. I flatter you? Why, madam, you are
Bounty;
Sole daughter to the royal throne of peace.

Hum. He minds not me now.

Ray. Bounty's self,
For you, he is no soldier dares not fight,
No scholar he, that dares not plead your merits,
Or study your best sweetness; should the Sun,
Eclips'd for many years, forbear to shine
Upon the bosom of our naked pastures,
Yet, where you are, the glories of your smiles
Would warm the barren grounds, arm heartless mi-
sery,
And cherish desolation. 'Deed I honour you,
And, as all others ought to do, I serve you.

Hum. Are these the rare sights, these the pro-
mis'd compliments?

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 subtile 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.—*Enter CONCEIT and DETRACTION.*

Con. *Wit and pleasure, soft attention
Grace the sports of our invention.*

Detr. *Conceit, peace! for Detraction
Hath already drawn a faction
Shall deride thee.*

Con. *Antick¹, leave me;
For in labouring to bereave me
Of a scholar's praise, thy dotage
Shall be hissed at.*

Detr. *Here's a hot age,
When such petty penmen covet
Fame by folly. On! I'll prove it
Scurvy by thy part, and try thee
By thine own wit.*

Con. *I defy thee;
Here are nobler judges; wit
Cannot suffer where they sit.*

Detr. Pr'ythee, foolish Conceit, leave off thy set speeches, and come to the conceit itself in plain language. What goodly thing is't, in the name of laughter?

¹ *Antick.*] The common sense of this word in the dramatic productions of the time of our author is a *fool*; and this meaning was no doubt derived from the fool, vice, or antick of the old moralities, for the fool and the vice are certainly personages, if not identical one with another, at least of a very similar tendency, notwithstanding Mr Ritson's assertion to the contrary.

Con. Detraction, do thy worst. Conceit appears,
 In honour of the Sun, their fellow-friend,
 Before thy censure: know then, that the spheres
 Have for a while resign'd their orbs, and lend
 Their seats to the four Elements, who join'd
 With the four known complexions, have atoned
 A noble league, and severally put on
 Material bodies; here amongst them none
 Observes a difference: Earth and Air alike
 Are sprightly active; Fire and Water seek
 No glory of pre-eminence; Phlegm and Blood,
 Choler and Melancholy, who have stood
 In contrarieties, now meet for pleasure
 To entertain Time in a courtly measure:

Detr. Impossible and improper: first, to personate insensible creatures, and next, to compound quite opposite humours! Fie, fie, fie! it's abominable.

Con. Fond ignorance! how darest thou vainly scan
 Impossibility; what reigns in man
 Without disorder, wisely mix'd by nature,
 To fashion and preserve so high a creature?

Have atoned,] *Have reconciled* them. This is one of the numerous passages which support the very singular, but, notwithstanding, very probable etymology of this word, given in the following note of Mr Henley on Othello, Act IV. Sc. 1. "This expression is formed by the coalescence of the words *at one*, the verb to *set*, or some equivalent being omitted. Thus in the Acts: 'he showed himself to them as they strove, and would have set them *at one* again.' And in *The Bee-Hive of the Romish Church*: 'through which God is *made at one* with us, and hath forgiven us our sins.'" The mystical correspondence of the four seasons, the four elements, and the four complexions, was a source of great delight to our ancestors, and one of them is scarce mentioned without an allusion to the others. In the poems of Anne Broadstreet, in the title-page called "The Tenth Muse sprung up in America," there are poems entitled the Four Humours, Four Seasons, and Four Monarchies.---Philips's Theatr. Poet.

Enter the Anti-Masquers, representing the Four Elements, and the Four Complexions, on a raised platform.

Detr. Sweet sir, when shall our mortal eyes behold this new piece of wonder? We must gaze on the stars for it, doubtless.

The Masquers discovered.

Con. See, thus the clouds fly off, and run in chase, When the Sun's bounty lends peculiar grace.

Detr. Fine, i'faith; pretty, and in good earnest: but, sirrah scholar, will they come down too?

Con. Behold them well! the foremost represents Air, the most sportive of the elements.

Det. A nimble rascal! I warrant him some alderman's son; wonderous giddy and light-headed; one that blew his patrimony away in feather and tobacco¹.

¹ *Feather and tobacco.*] Feathers were an article of luxury very popular in our author's days, not only with players, but also with the whole race of gallants. Tobacco seems to have been, at the time of its introduction, considered as absolutely necessary for the completion of a perfect beau. This rage or humour is admirably ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the comedy of *Every Man out of his Humour*. From the following advertisement of Shift, it must have been attended with far greater expense than our present smokers are subject to: "If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman,----- whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertain the most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most exquisite perfume; then to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption thereof; as also the rare corollary of the Cuban ebolition, euripus and whiff,-----may it please him, but (by a note of hand) to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance with tobacco and pipes of the best sort shall be ministered." In the sequel the same

Con. The next near him is Fire.

Detr. A choleric gentleman: I should know him; a younger brother and a great spender, but seldom or never carries any money about him: he was begot when the sign was in Taurus, for a' roars like a bull, but is indeed a bell-weather.

Con. The third in rank is Water.

Detr. A phlegmatick cold piece of stuff. His father, methinks, should be one of the dunce-table¹, and one that never drank strong beer in's life, but at festival times; and then he caught the heart-burning a whole vacation and half a term after.

Con. The fourth is Earth.

Detr. A shrewd plotting-pated fellow, and a great lover of news. I guess at the rest: Blood is placed near air, Choler near Fire, Phlegm and Water are sworn brothers, and so are Earth and Melancholy.

Con. Fair nymph of Harmony, be it thy task To sing them down, and rank them in a mask.

SONG.

See the elements conspire:

Nimble Air does court the Earth,

Water does commix with fire,

To give our prince's pleasure birth.

Each delight, each joy, each sweet

In one composition meet:

All the seasons of the year;

Winter does invoke the Spring,

Summer does in pride appear,

Autumn forth its fruits doth bring,

affectation is ridiculed in the conversation of Fastidius Brisk with Saviolina, which is frequently interrupted by his *whiffs* of tobacco.

¹ *Dunce-table.*] An inferior table provided in some colleges for scholars who deserve such an appellation.

*And with emulation pay
Their tribute to this holy-day ;
In which the Darling of the Sun is come,
To make this place a new Elysium.
[The Masquers come down, dance, and exeunt.*

Win. How do these pleasures please ?

Hum. Pleasures !

Boun. Live here,
And be my lord's friend ; and thy sports shall vary
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 pleas'd but to afford
Me give you my true figure : do not scorn
My age ; nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,
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 direct me thither ?

Win. I can direct and point you out a path,

Hum. But where's your 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—

The SUN appears above.—Recorders playing.

Oh ! what strange light appears !
 The Sun is up, sure !

Sun. Wanton Darling, look,
 And worship with amazement.

*Ray*¹. Oh, 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 his pedi-
 gree

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 whorish sweetheart, idle Humour ;

¹ *Ray.*] This speech, in the old copy, is not appropriated,
 and appears thus : “ Oes, gracious lord.”

His Reason' 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 !
 Men hath a double guard, if time can win him,
 Heaven's power above him, his own peace within
 him. [Exeunt.

Or,] Old copy of.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.



BY ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

Faint, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON

BY HOWLIE BARKER FORD

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON
BY HOWLIE BARKER FORD

There was one William Rowley was part of the Prince's company of comedians in 1612 to 1616. See the office-books of the Lord Chamberlain, treasurer of the company in those years, in Dr Rawlinson's possession. It has been observed upon very slight grounds however, whether the Rowley mentioned by Meres was one and the same with the poet who wrote the *Witch of Edmonton*.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

This tragedy, which is founded upon the history of an unfortunate old woman, who was condemned and executed for witchcraft in the year 1622, was not published till 1658, when it appeared in quarto, with the following title: "The Witch of Edmonton. A known True Story. Composed into a Tragi-Comedy by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c. Acted by the Prince's Servants often, at the Cock-pit in Drury-Lane, once at Court, with singular applause. Never printed till now. London, printed by J. Cottrel for Edward Blackmore, at the Angel in Paul's Church-yard." A curious wooden cut is placed on the title-page. To the right an old woman is portrayed, with the following words on a label out of her mouth, "Sanctabecetur nomen tuum," and over her head, "Mother Sawyer;" to the left a black dog uttering these words, which are also on a label, "Ho, haue I found thee cursing." Below, the clown Cuddy Banks in the water, crying out, "Help, help, I am drownd," and his name over his head.

This performance, which, on many accounts, is a very singular one, was probably produced while the remembrance of the superstitious trial which gave rise to it was yet fresh in the remembrance of the audience, and appears to have been the produce of a very extensive partnership of dramatic talents. Some conjectures respecting the part which Ford took in the composition have been already hazarded in the Introduction; and some account of Dekker, another copartner, has been given in the preliminary observations prefixed to *The Sun's Darling*. William Rowley, who stands at the head of the trio (for as to the number and names of the poets included in the *et cætera*, we cannot form any conjecture) was a player and a poet of considerable reputation. Oldys thus notices him in his MS. notes on Langbaine: "Maister Rowley was once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, says Meres in his second part of *Wit's Commonwealth*, 12. 1598, p. 283, where he mentions him among the best writers of come-

dies in those days. There was one William Rowley was head of the Prince's company of comedians in 1613 to 1616. See the office-books of the Lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers in those years, in Dr Rawlinson's possession." It has been doubted, upon very slight grounds however, whether the Rowley mentioned by Meres was one and the same with the poet we are speaking of. Many authors of those days continued their poetical career fully as long. His comedy, entitled *The Match at Midnight*, has very considerable merit, and he had a share in one of the best comedies produced by the third class of dramatic authors in those days, *The Fair Quarrel*, which he wrote in conjunction with Thomas Middleton. The beautiful play of *The Parliament of Love*, which has been lately printed in Mr Gifford's edition of Massinger, was, in the manuscript of it destroyed by the servant of Mr Warburton, attributed to him, which makes it probable that he had at least some share in the composition. The date of his death is entirely unknown.

PROLOGUE.

THE town of Edmonton hath lent the stage
 A devil and a witch *, both in an age.
 To make comparisons it were uncivil,
 Between so even a pair, a witch and devil :
 But as the year doth with his plenty bring,
 As well a latter as a former spring,
 So hath this witch enjoy'd the first ; and reason
 Presumes she may partake the other season :
 In acts deserving name, the proverb says,
 " Once good and ever ;" why not so in plays ?
 Why not in this, since, gentlemen, we flatter
 No expectation ? here is mirth and matter.

Mr BIRD †.

* This is an allusion to the very popular play of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, reprinted by Dodsley, and founded on the history of one Peter Fabel, who lived in the reign of Henry VII. and was reputed a conjurer.

† See p. 225 of this volume.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PHYSIOLOGY

The town of Hamilton has long been
 a level and a wide one, but in the
 various comparisons it was made
 between a good one and a bad one
 and the one both with his plant
 as well a factor as a factor
 which the with enjoy'd the first; and reason
 because she may make the other season;
 in its character, name, the proper
 it is good and even; why not so in days?
 Why not in this, since gentleness, we better
 the expectation; here is a kind of matter.
 Mr. H.

a... to the very... of the...
 and... on the... of one...
 and was... a...

a... of...
 and...

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Old THORNEY, a gentleman.

Old CARTER, a rich yeoman.

Old BANKS, a countryman.

W. MAGO,

W. HAMLUC*, } two countrymen.

Three other countrymen.

WARBECK,

SOMERTON, } suitors to CARTER's daughters.

FRANK, THORNEY's son.

Young CUDDY BANKS, the clown.

Four Morris-dancers.

Old RATCLIFFE.

SAWGUT, an old fiddler.

POLDAVIS, a barber's boy.

Justice.

Constable.

Officers.

Serving-men.

A Spirit.

A Familiar, in the shape of a dog.

* W. Mago and W. Hamluc were probably the names of two inferior actors, who personated two of the countrymen.

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 whole Argument is this distich :

Forc'd marriage, murder ; murder blood requires ;

Reproach, revenge ; revenge, hell's help desires.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Edmonton.*—*A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.*

Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE, with child.

Frank. Come, wench; why here's a business soon dispatch'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 dad 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 then ever sundered; 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 wronged 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 assur'd:
 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. Pr'ythee 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 oft'ner:
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 used 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 practice,
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 WINNIFREDE.*]

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, if the nimble devil That wantoned in your blood, rebell'd against All rules of honest duty, you might, sir, Have found out some more fitting place than here, To have built a stews in. All the country whispers How shamefully thou hast undone a maid, Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage¹, Till thy prevailing perjuries entic'd 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

¹ *Carriage,*] i. e. Conduct.

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. Tho' my poor fortune
 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 em-
 ploy
 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, 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 tho' 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 [your¹] 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't ?
 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 purpos'd
 To marry Winnifrede ; on which he threatened
 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 assur'd.

Sir Ar. But what is that to quit
 My knowledge of the marriage ?

Frank. Why, you were not
 A witness to it.

¹ *Your.*] This word is casually omitted in the quarto.

Sir Ar. I conceive : and then
His land confirmed, thou wilt acquaint him
thoroughly
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-fac'd guest.

Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.

Win. I have heard the news ; all now is safe.
The worst is past.

Sir Ar. Thy lip, wench ! I must bid
Farewell, for fashion's sake ; but I will visit thee
Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried :
Ha ! was't not, Win ?

Win. Then were my happiness,
That I in heart repent I did not bring him
The dower of virginity. Sir, forgive me ;
I have been much to blame. Had not my laun-
dress

Given way to your immoderate waste of virtue,
You had not with such eagerness pursued
The error of your goodness.

Sir Ar. Dear, dear Win,
I hug this art of thine ; it shews how cleanly
Thou canst beguile in case occasion serve

To practise ; it becomes thee. Now we share
 Free scope enough, without controul or fear,
 To interchange our pleasures ; we will surfeit
 In our embraces, wench. Come, 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're 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 perfum'd with sighs
 For former deeds of love : may I be curs'd
 Even in my prayers, when I vouchsafe
 To see or hear you ! I will change my life,
 From a loose whore to a repentant wife.

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 hallowed to the purity
 Of holy marriage. I have said enough:
 You may believe me.

Sir Ar. Get you to your nunnery,
 Then freeze in your 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. Pox on 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, go thy ways: as changeable a bag-
 gage

As ever cozened knight. I'm glad I'm 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.—*A Room in CARTER'S House.*

(Enter Old THORNEY and Old 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 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? Altho' it need not as 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 give no security. Bonds and bills are but tarriers 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, tho' 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 anatomy¹.—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? have they any mind to a loose gown and a strait shoe? Win 'em and wear 'em. They shall choose for themselves by my consent.

War. You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hearest

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—

¹ *Anatomy,*] A skeleton.

Sus. Good sir, no swearing : yea and nay with
us
Prevails 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 'em 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, pr'y-
thee,
Be thou resolv'd¹ 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 do deserve.

Som. Which is,
As worthily in loving thee sincerely,
As thou art worthy to be so belov'd.

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

¹ Resolved,] Convinced, satisfied.

he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, master Thorney; one of the country roaring-lads¹: we have such as well as the city, and as arrant rake-hells as they are, though not so nimble at their prizes of wit. Sue knows the rascal to an hair's-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 by Westham in 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'll 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.

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?

Sus. Neither

Am I a property for you to use

As stale² to your fond wanton loose discourse.

Pray, sir, be civil.

¹ *Roaring-lads.*] See p. 333 of this volume.

² *Stale.*] This word seems to be used here in the same sense as in the following lines of Shakespeare:

War. Wilt be angry, wasp?

Car. God-a mercy, Sue. She'll firk' him on my life, if he fumble with her.

Enter FRANK.

Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed. Your father expected your coming. How does the right worshiptul knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, 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. (*Saluting them.*) Virtuous mistress Susan. Kind mistress Katherine. Gentlemen, to both Good time o' th' day.

Som. The like to you.

War. (*Aside.*) '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. Pr'ythee, friend, no more.

Car. Gentlemen all, there's within a slight dinner ready, if you please to taste of it. Master Thor-

"I stand dishonour'd to have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common *stale*."

¹ *Firk,*] Chastise, beat. In the same sense it occurs in Barry's Ram-Alley:

—"nay, I will *firk*
My silly novice, as he was never *firk'd*
Since midwives bound his noddle."

ney, 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 encumbered:
Nor have I any clew 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 enforc'd
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,
For¹ that I find no disposition in me
To undergo the burthen of that care
That marriage brings with it; yet to secure
And settle the continuance of your credit,

¹ For.] This word was frequently, as in the present case, used in the sense of *because*.

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. (*Aside.*) 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.

Frank. With your license, 'tis not charitable ;
I'm sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'erswayed with credulous conceit

Of mere impossibilities. But fathers
Are privileg'd 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,
Which travellers, day and night,
After a toilsome lodging, leave at pleasure?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of creation's work, my soul?
Oh, I have liv'd too long!

Thor. Thou hast, dissembler:
Dar'st thou persevere 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. (*Aside.*) 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.—There you read
What may confirm you².

Thor. Yes, and wonder at it.
Forgive me, Frank. Credulity abus'd me.

¹ *Quick,*] Alive.

² *Confirm,*] *i. e.* Convince.

My tears express my joy : and I am sorry
I injur'd 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.

Enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.

Car. Why, master Thorney, d'you mean to talk
out your dinner ? The company attends your com-
ing. 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 ?

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. Get me a brace of boys at a
burthen, Frank. The nurse shall not stand thee
in a pennyworth of milk. Reach her home and
spare her not. 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 pleas'd, 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 receiv'd
before your wedding-shoes can be pulled on. Bless-
ing on you both!

Frank. (*Aside.*) No man can hide his shame
from Heaven that views him;
In vain he flies, whose destiny pursues him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

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 mens 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 cattle¹, doth bewitch their corn,

¹ Forespeaks *their cattle.*] To forespeak is used in the sense
of predicting and of forbidding; but of that required in the text,

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?

Banks. I do, witch, I do: and worse I would,
 knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou
 upon my ground.

Saw. Gathering a few rotten sticks to warm me.

Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quick-
 ly; I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else!

Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat, miser! there
 they be.

'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.*]

Saw. Dost strike me slave, curmudgeon! Now
 thy bones ache,

Thy joints cramp, and convulsions stretch and
 crack

Thy sinews!

Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that.
 [*Beats her and exit.*]

Saw. Strike! do, and withered may that hand
 and arm

Whose blows have lam'd 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?

I cannot produce another instance. It evidently means to be-
 witch in some way or other.

What spells, what charms or invocations,
May the thing call'd familiar be purchas'd?

Enter CUDDY BANKS, with four of his companions.

*Cud*¹. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping for the pipe: remember that, and forget not five leash² of new bells.

1. *Comp.* Double bells: Crooked-Lane, ye shall have 'em straight 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. *Comp.* All trebles? not a mean³?

Cud. Not one. The morris is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

¹ The present scene, and those which occur farther on in this play in consequence of it, give one of the best and most complete illustrations of the morris-dance, which has excited so much disquisition amongst antiquarians, by whom this curious play seems, however, to have been almost entirely overlooked. In Mr Douce's late Dissertation on the Ancient English Morris-dance, it is only once quoted, and that in illustration of the present passage from the text. Respecting the bells worn by morris-dancers, I take the liberty to transcribe from Mr Douce: "The number of bells round each leg of the morris-dancers, amounted from twenty to forty. They had various appellations, as the fore-bell, the second bell, the treble, the base, and the double bell. Sometimes they used trebles only; but these refinements were of later times;"—referring to the present scene in *The Witch of Edmonton*.

² *Five leash,*] That is, five times three.

³ *Not a mean?*] A mean in music is the tenor. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

————— Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a *mean* to fill your song.

Jul. The *mean* is drown'd with your unruly *base*."

Cuddy Banks, in his ensuing speech, quibbles in the same manner on the musical term *base*.

3. *Comp.* What? not a counter?

Cud. By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chace men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the morris, little or no labour will serve.

2. *Comp.* If you that be minded to follow your leader, know me, (an ancient honour belonging to our house), for a fore-horse, team, and fore-gallant in a morris¹, my father's stable is not unfurnish'd.

3. *Comp.* 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 ye. When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane. No more. Use your best skill. Your morris will suffer an eclipse.

1. *Comp.* An eclipse?

Cud. A strange one.

2. *Comp.* Strange!

Cud. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! The whole body of your morris will be darkened.—There be of us—but 'tis no matter: forget the hobby-horse!

1. *Comp.* Cuddy Banks, have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield Chace 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. *Comp.* Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for our neglect.

¹ *For a fore-horse, team, and fore-gallant in a morris.*] I have not met with any mention of these characters in the morris-dance. Probably new fashions were introduced into that game, as well as in other things, which require variations to keep up their popularity.

2. *Comp.* The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3. *Comp.* The caparisons new painted.

4. *Comp.* The tail repair'd.

1. *Comp.* The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned o'er.

1. *Comp.* Kind,—

2. *Comp.* Honest,—

3. *Comp.* Loving, ingenious—

4. *Comp.* Affable, Cuddy.

Cud. To shew I am not flint, but affable, as you say, very well stuff, 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 on him.—But uds me, mother Sawyer!

1. *Comp.* The old witch of Edmonton.—If our mirth be not cross'd—

2. *Comp.* 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 a riding knit: and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What would'st thou?

1. *Comp.* The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2. *Comp.* And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3. *Comp.* Away!

4. *Comp.* With the witch!

All. Away with the witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt making strange postures.*]

Saw. Still vex'd? still tortur'd? 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 pow'r, good or
bad,

Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
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 Spirit in the shape of a black Dog*¹.

Dog. Ho ! have I found thee cursing ? Now
thou art

Mine own.

¹ *Enter a Spirit in the shape of a black Dog.*] This was a favourite disguise of the devil, in his intercourse with witches. Elizabeth Southern, *alias* Demdike, one of the Lancashire witches, who were so notorious in the reign of James I. and whose popularity is still remaining in the usual compliment paid to the women of that county, confessed that, "upon a Sabbath-day in the morning, this exanimate having a little child upon her knee, and she being in a slumber, the sayd spirit appeared to her in the likenes of a browne dogg, forcing himself to her knee, to get blood under her left arm : and she being without any apparell, saving her smocke, the said devill did get blood under her left arm." Again, in the evidence of Jennet Device against her brother, she confesses, that "there appeared unto him, in the exanimate's mother's house, a black dogge, which her said brother called Dandy."---*The Wonderful Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster, 1613, apud Somers's Tracts, 1810, III.*

Saw. Thine! what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often
Importun'd to appear to thee, the devil.

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,

p. 101, 110. It is difficult to conceive how the actor, who personated the infernal black dog, was disguised. The part must certainly have been given to a boy: but it must have required the full belief in witchcraft among the spectators, to have beheld the scene without laughter. The following quotation, however, makes it not improbable, that the fictitious dog was not forced to go upon four legs, but that he was allowed to employ his usual erect manner of walking. In the evidence given against Jennet Bierley, Grace Sowerbutts, a girl of fourteen years, says, "that upon Saturday, being the fourth of Aprill, shee, this examine going towards Salmesbury bote, to meete her mother coming from Preston, shee saw this Jennet Bierley, who met this examine at a place called the Two Brigges, first in her owne shape, and afterwards in the likenesse of a black dogge with two legges," ut supra, p. 126.

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.
Did'st 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.

[*He sucks her arm.—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 wronged thee: he lam'd thee, call'd
thee witch.

Saw. The same: first upon him I'll be reveng'd.

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 wonnot.

Saw. I cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!

Saw. Dost laugh?

Why wilt not kill him.

Dog. Fool! because I cannot.
Tho' we have power, know, 'tis circumscrib'd,
And tied in limits: tho' he be curs'd to thee,
Yet of himself he's loving to the world,

² *When,*] So the quarto reads.

And charitable to the poor. Now men, that,
As he, love goodness, tho' in smallest measure,
Live without compass of our reach. His cattle
And corn I'll kill and mildew: but his life,
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing), I have no pow'r 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 would'st spoil or kill,
Turn thy back against the sun¹,
And mumble this short orison:*

*"If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum."²*

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 ex-
pert scholar;

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,
As well as the best of 'em.—But who comes here?

¹ *Turn thy back against the sun.*] The practice of turning towards the rising sun, and of erecting the altar at the east-end of the church, was, it seems, exactly reversed when the prayer was addressed to the devil.

² The corrupt Latin, which occurs in this play, has not been altered, as it may have been purposely put in the mouth of the devil and of an ignorant old woman.

Enter CUDDY BANKS.

The son of my worst foe. "To death pursue 'em,
Et sanctabicaretur nomen tuum."

Cud. What's that she mumbles? the devil's pater-noster? '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,
And sanctabicaretur 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 tho' 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 another¹.

Saw. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,
As your kind father doth?

Cud. My father? I am asham'd to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaister; [*gives money*] and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

Saw. You seem a good young man, and—[*aside*]
I must dissemble,

¹ Ka me one good turn, I'll-----kob you another.]. Do me one good turn, and I will return it with another. The proverb is the same as ka me, ka thee, which occurs in Eastward-Hoe, in Barry's Ram-Alley, and in Massinger's City Madam.

The better to accomplish my revenge,—
But for this silver, what would'st thou 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.

Saw. I understand thee not. Be plain, my son.

Cud. As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate
Carter?

Saw. The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of
her?

Cud. That same party has bewitch'd me.

Saw. Bewitch'd thee?

Cud. Bewitch'd me, *hiscæ auribus*. I saw a little
devil fly out of her eye like a burbolt, 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.

Saw. We shall have sport. [*aside.*]—Thou art in
love with her?

Cud. Up to the very hilts, mother.

Saw. And thou would'st have me make her love
thee too?

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 per-
suaded so too.

Saw. It is enough. What art can do, be sure of.
Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hearest
Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground; the Dog ap-
pears, 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, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talons on my haunches—'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?

Saw. 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?

Saw. 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 an eaglet else¹. [*Exit.*

Saw. A ball well bandied: now the set's half won²:

The father's wrongs 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.

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.

¹ *I'll go near to make at eaglet else.*] So the old copy reads. I do not perfectly understand the correction in the text; but the general sense is very easy, and deserves no explanation.

² *A ball well bandied: now the set's half won.*] A metaphor from tennis.

War. Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her¹.

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.

War. And that confidence is a wind, that has blown many a married man ashore at cuckold's haven², I can tell you: I wish your's more prosperous though.

Car. Whate'er you wish, I'll master my promise to him.

War. Yes, as you did to me.

Car. No more of that if you love me. But for the more assurance, the next offer'd occasion shall consummate the marriage: and that once seal'd——

Som. Leave the manage of the rest to my care.

¹ —— he has most reason to wear her.

War. Love in this kind admits to reason no wear her.] Even with the slight and obvious correction in the text, the sense of Warbeck's rejoinder is very obscure, and perhaps corrupt.

² Cuckold's haven.] See Slitgut's soliloquy at the opening of the fourth act of Eastward-Hoe....Reed's Old Plays, Vol. IV. p. 256.

Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.

But see the bridegroom and bride comes: the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted both to one sheath.

War. But the sheath might have been better fitted, if somebody had their due. But——

Car. No harsh language, if thou lovest me.— Frank Thorney has done——

War. No more than I, or thou, or any man, things so standing, would have attempted.

Som. 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, Till new elected, thy old scorn deride'. [*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 constancy

¹ *Till now elected, thy old scorn deride.*] The correction in the text seems necessary to preserve the antithesis, but the meaning is at best very obscure.

Cannot endure this change for nothing. I've observ'd

Strange variations in you.

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 thee fully¹: you may trust
My breast as safely as your own.

Frank. With what?

You half amaze me; pr'ythee—

Sus. Come, you shall not,
Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking
The least dislike that grieves you. I'm 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're 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. Pr'ythee, love,
If I have been immodest or too bold,

¹ *Give me the fully.*] Another slight variation from this, which is the reading of the quarto, was required here. The text, though somewhat stiff, is the language of the age.

Speak't in a frown ; if peevishly too nice,
Shew't in a smile. Thy liking is a 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-day¹.
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 pr'ythee :
Thou'rt 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 dip-
ped

In thy chaste breast ; in the other lies
Blushing Adonis scarfed 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, pr'ythee dear, maintain no more dispute,
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be
mute.

Sus. Come, come : these golden strings of flat-
tery

Shall not tie up my speech, sir ; I must know
The ground of your disturbance.

Frank.

Then look here ;

¹ *Passionate as an April-day.*] *Passionate* is not used here in the usual sense of the word, but signifies *subject to grief, disposed to weep*. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* :

— — — — — “Thou art *passionate*,
Hast been brought up with girls.”

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 poisoned 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 approv'd in palmetry,
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.

Sus. Yet why should this
Raise mutiny within you? Such presages
Proves 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. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee 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,
 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 preappointed 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 then ?

Sus. Till he and you be friends.
Was this your cunning?—and then flam me off¹
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede?
You're not so kind indeed as I imagin'd.

Frank. And you more fond by far than I expected:

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 will not. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Field.*

Enter CUDDY BANKS and his Companions.

1. *Comp.* Nay, Cuddy, do not leave us now: if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

2. *Comp.* I pr'ythee Banks, let's keep together now.

Cud. If you were wise, a word would serve: but as you are, I must be forc'd 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 morris?

1. *Comp.* No, no; no woman's part, but Maid-Marian and the hobby-horse.

Cud. I'll have a witch: I love a witch.

¹ *Flam me off.*] A cant verb, signifying, to deceive with a lie. It is still in use.

1. *Comp.* 'Faith, witches themselves are so common now-a-days¹, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2. *Comp.* I would she would dance her part with us.

3. *Comp.* 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 lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at cherrypit. 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. *Comp.* 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. *Comp.* 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.

[*Half aside to 2. Comp.*

Cud. Hah! who was that said I was in love?

1. *Comp.* Not I.

2. *Comp.* Not I.

Cud. Go to: no more of that. When I understand what you speak, I know what you say: believe that.

1. *Comp.* Well, 'twas I; I'll not deny it: I meant no hurt in't. I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Chessum. Banks, were not you there last Shrove-tide?

¹ *Witches themselves are so common now-a-days.*] This is not said at random, for in the days of the sapient James I., witchcraft, by his own royal example, was become the subject of many publications, and supposed witches were hunted down without mercy in every quarter of the kingdom.

Cud. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrovetide.

2. *Comp.* How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week ?

Cud. Pr'ythee peace ! I reckon *stila nova* as a traveller : thou understand'st 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 remote places.

3. *Comp.* Aye, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Cud. No, simply as thou understand'st. Pr'ythee look but in the lover's almanack : when he has been 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 morris-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1. *Comp.* Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

All. But remember, Banks.

Cud. The hobby-horse shall be remembered. But hark you : get Poldavis, the barber's boy, for the witch ; because he can show his art better than another. [*Exeunt.*

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-pac'd beast, I hope : yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha ! my guide is come.

Enter the Spirit in the shape of a 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'st the way better than I. Fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him. We go a-ducking, spaniel : thou shalt fetch me the ducks, pretty kind rascal.

Enter another Spirit in the shape of KATHERINE, with a vizard, which he takes off.

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 : th' witch pays for all.

[*Dog barks.*

Cud. Aye ! is that the watchword ? She's come.
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. 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 after the Spirit.*

(*Within.*) Oh, help, help, I am drown'd, I am
drown'd.

Re-enter CUDDY BANKS wet.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. This was an ill night to go a-wooing in;
I find it now in Pond's almanack. Thinking to
land at Katherine's Dock, I was almost at Graves-
end. I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days a-
gain: yet 'tis cool enough. Had you never a paw
in this dog-trick? A mangy take that black hide
of your's! 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.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the devil an-
other time.

Cud. How now? Who's that speaks? I hope
you have not your reading tongue about you¹?

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 then:
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.

¹ *I hope you have not your reading tongue about you.*] This
may possibly be a miserable quibble upon Reading, the most
considerable town in *Barkshire*. See Dr Sheridan's *Art of Pun-*
ning.

Cud. 'Tis well: and she may call me ass: so there's an whole one betwixt us, Tom-Ass. She said, I should follow you indeed. 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.

Cud. Well, you shall have jowls and livers; I have butchers to my friends that shall bestow 'em; and I will keep crusts and bones for you, if you'll be a kind dog, Tom.

Dog. Any thing: I'll help thee to thy love.

Cud. Wilt thou! That promise shall cost me a brown loaf, tho' 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. You shall not starve, ningle Tom, believe that: if you love fish, I'll help you to maids and soles. I'm acquainted with a fishmonger.

Dog. Maids and soles! Oh, sweet bits! banqueting stuff 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 morris-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing: I'll be there, but unseen to any but thysel. 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.

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 morris ends, shall light on him. |

Cud. Oh, sweet ningle, thy neufe once again.
 Friends must part for a time. Farewell, with this
 remembrance : shalt have bread too when we meet
 again. If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill
 be the devil of Edmonton ' I see. Farewell Tom.
 I pr'ythee 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 mischief, 'tis the devil's right.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Field.*

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE in
 boy's clothes.*

Frank. Pr'ythee no more ! those tears give nou-
 rishment

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 shewn 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.

¹ *If ever there were an honest devil, 'twill be the devil of Ed-
 monton.*] This seems to refer to the play of the Devil of Ed-
 monton, mentioned before in a note to the prologue. Fabel
 says, towards the conclusion of that play, to Sir Arthur Clare,

“ Smile then upon your daughter and your son,
 And let our toil to future ages prove,
 The devil of Edmonton did good in love.”

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 our 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 forc'd 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,
Reserying 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 slipp'ry footings. And so—

Sus. No, indeed, sir.

Frank. Tush, I know it must be so,
And it is necessary. On ! but be brief.

Win. What charge soe'er you lay upon me, mis-
tress,
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 God ! 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 husband."
Some dorr I think it was.—I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

Sus. Whose servant once my Thorney was him-
self.

That title, methinks, should make you almost fel-
lows;

Or at the least much more than a 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 and 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,
 I'll be no pandar to him; and if I find
 Any loose lubrick² 'scapes in him, I'll watch him,

¹ *Then,*] So the original copy reads.

² *Lubrick.*] This is a singular use of the word, as a substantive, for a slippery trick.

And at my return, 'protest I'll show you all :
He hardly shall 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. Pr'ythee take that along with thee,
[Gives his sword to WINNIFREDE.
And haste thee to the hill's top : I'll be there in-
stantly. [Exit.

Sus. No haste, I pr'ythee ; slowly as thou canst.—
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.

Frank. Fie, fie ! why look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you. Farewell.
[Kisses her.

Sus. Ah, 'las ! I'm 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 !—
Come, again and again, farewell. [Kisses her.] Yet
wilt return ?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And revisitation, fully I have answered all.
There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

Sus. And that nothing 's more hard than any
thing,
Than all the every things. This request—

Frank. What is't?

Sus. That I may bring you thro' 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 show'r 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 III—*Another Field, with a clump of Trees.*

Enter the 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.
'Tis done now : what I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

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 earnest¹, sir. Yet you may tell me
Wherefore you'll kill me.

Frank. Because you are a whore.

Sus. There's one deep wound already : a whore?
'Twas ever farther from me than the thought
Of this black hour. A whore?

Frank. Yes, I will prove it,
And you shall confess it. You are my whore,
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 espous'd 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 returned ; now you cannot.
You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*

¹ Earst,] This is the corrupt reading of the quarto.

Sus. And I deserve it.
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,
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 ; 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 !

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 sweeter 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.

[The Dog assists in tying himself to a tree.]

So, so : I'm fast ; I did not think I could
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous
And effectual mischief sometimes is.—Help! help!
Murther, murther, murther !

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 us o'ertake the murtherers.
Speak whilst thou canst : anon may be too late.
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

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 forc'd men do.

Thor. Keep oath with murtherers ! 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 lin'd ;
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet.

Thor. Warbeck,
Warbeck, Warbeck !—Do you list to this, sir ?

Car. Yes, yes, I listen you : here's nothing to
be heard.

Frank. The other's, branch'd velvet¹; black velvet-lin'd his suit.

Thor. I have 'em already: Somerton, Somerton. Binal² revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work is to pursue the murtherers, when we have Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

Car. Sir, take that carcase there, and give me this. I'll 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!

Thor. Alas! what grief may do now!
Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

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.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Before Sir ARTHUR's House.*

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, SOMERTON, and a Servant.

Sir Ar. Come, gentlemen, we must all help to grace

¹ *Branch'd velvet.*] Velvet with figures stamped upon it.*

² *Binal,*] Double. Binary is used still in the same sense.

The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,
That are so kind to call us up to-day
With an high morris.

War. I could wish it for the best, it were the worst now. Absurdity's, in my opinion, ever the best dancer in a morris.

Som. I could rather sleep than see 'em.

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 morris to help both;
To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter SAWGUT, the Fiddler, the Morris-dancers, and POLDAVIS, the Barber's boy.

Fid. Come, will you set yourselves in a morris-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. *Comp.* Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 'tis!

Sir Ar. When set you forward, gentlemen?

1. *Comp.* We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir: all our footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

2. *Comp.* 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, as Hobby-horse', and the Dog.

Sir Ar. Oh, we staid for you, sir.

1. *Hobby-horse.*] "The hobby-horse was represented by a

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 a Servant with beer.

Cud. A bowl, I pr'ythee, and a little for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else. Here Hobby. [*Drinks, and then holds the bowl to the head of 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.

Som. A good moral made plain by history.

1. Comp. Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

Fid. E'en when you will, children. Now, in the name of the best foot, forward! [*Endeavours to play in vain.*]—How now? not a word in thy guts? 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.

Fid. 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. You see I can make no more music than a beetle of a cow-turd.

man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the quadrupedal defects being concealed by a long mantle or foot-cloth that nearly touched the ground. The performer, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship."—Mr Douce's *Dissertation, ut supra*, p. 467.

Cud. Let me see; father Sawgut, say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholden to. I'll play and dance too.—Ningle, away with it.

[*Takes the fiddle, and gives it to the Dog, who plays the morris.*]

All. Ay, marry, sir!

Enter a Constable and Officers.

Con. Away with jollity! 'tis too sad an hour. Sir Arthur Clarrington, your own assistance, In the king's name, I charge, for apprehension Of these two inurthers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Ar. Ha! Flat murthers!

Som. Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

War. And struck my mirth down flat.—Murthers?

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 morris-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing. This news of murther has slain the morris. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well: I am for a gallop. Come, ningle.

[*Exit with the Dog.*]

Fid. [*plays on his fiddle.*] Ay? Nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the devil has been abroad amongst us this day. I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

[*Exit with the morris-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
Upon mine own danger; yet, however, sir,
Your pow'r must be obeyed.

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.—*The Street.*

Enter Old BANKS, with three 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.

1. *Coun.* I took my wife and a serving-man in our town of Edmonton; thrashing in my barn together, such corn as country-wenches carry to market; and examining my pole-cat why she did so, she swore in her conscience she was bewitch'd: and what witch have we about us but mother Sawyer?

2. *Coun.* Rid the town of her, else all our wives will do nothing but dance about other country may-poles.

3. *Coun.* Our cattle fall, our wives fall, our daughters fall, and maid-servants fall; and we ourselves

shall not be able to stand, if this beast be suffered to graze amongst us.

Enter W. HAMLUC, with thatch and a 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. [*They burn 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?

Banks. You hot whore, must we fetch you with fire in your tail?

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 gun-powder; which trick as surely proves her a witch, as the pox, in a snuffling nose, is a sign a man is a whoremaster.

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-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 break'dst my back with beating me.

Banks. I'll break it worse.

Saw. Wilt thou?

Just. You must not threaten her: 'tis against law.

Go on.

Banks. So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-side, 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 a 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 bepiss themselves 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?

Sir Ar. Nay, if she be a witch, and the harms She does end in such sports, she may 'scape burning.

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.

Banks. Ay; no lips to kiss but my cow's!

[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*]

Saw. Rots and foul maladies eat up thee and
thine!

Just. Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this
gentleman,

Myself, and you; let us have some mild questions;
Have you 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'm none.

None but base curs so bark at me: I'm none.
Or 'would I were: if every poor old woman,
Be trod on thus by slaves, revil'd, kick'd, beaten,
As I am daily, she to be reveng'd
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.

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 too.

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.

Sir. Ar. You're a base hell-hound.—
And now, sir, let me tell you, far and near
She's bruided¹ for a woman that maintains
A spirit that sucks her.

Saw. I defy thee.

Sir Ar. Go, go :
I can, if need be, bring an hundred voices,
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall 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 ;
Let her tongue gallop on.

Saw. A witch ? who is it not ?
Hold not that universal name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in princes courts,
Upon whose eye-lids lust sits, blowing fires
To burn mens souls in sensual hot desires ;
Upon whose naked paps, a lecher's thought
Acts sin in fouler shapes than can be wrought ?

Just. But those work not as you do.

Saw. No, but far worse.
These 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.
Have you not city-witches who can turn
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of
wares,
To sumptuous tables, gardens of stol'n sin,

¹ *Bruited,*] Reported, noised.

In one year wasting, what scarce twenty win?
Are not these witches?

Just. Yes, yes; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.

Saw. 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 bawd or witch. Such, so abus'd,
Are the coarse witches: t'other are the fine,
Spun for the devil's own wearing.

Sir Ar. And so is thine.

Saw. 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 honeyed hopes the credulous client draws,
(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 are, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children and cattle.

Saw. Tell them, sir, that do so.
Am I accus'd for such a one?

Sir Ar. Yes; 'twill be sworn.

Saw. 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.*]

Saw. 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: thou shalt have the teat anon.

Dog. Bow, wow: I'll have it now.

Saw. 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
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 parakeet, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning butter nine
hours;

But it shall not come.

Saw. Let'em eat cheese and choke.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the clowns i' th' morris.

Saw. I could dance
 Out of my skin to hear thee. But my curl-pate,
 That jade, that foul-tongued whore, Nan Ratcliffe,
 Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
 Struck, and almost had lam'd it; did not I charge
 thee

To pinch that quean 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's
 from all quarters of the city to learn the art of
 grinding!

Saw. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mon-
 grel.

Ann. Hoyda! a pox of 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 pr'ythee let me scratch thy
 face; for thy pen has flea'd off a great many mens
 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. [*The Dog rubs against her.*]

Ann. Oh! my ribs are made of a payn'd hose¹,

¹ *Oh! my ribs are made of a payn'd hose.*] *Paned hose* are
 what would now be called *ribbed breeches*. The intended pun
 in the text will be easily understood. Those articles of dress
 seem to have been very fashionable formerly. So in Massinger's
Great Duke of Florence,

“ I have all that's requisite

To the making up of a signior: my spruce ruff,
 My hooded cloak, long stocking, and *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.*]

Enter Old BANKS, his Son CUDDY, Old RATCLIFFE, and Country-fellows.

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!

[*ANN RATCLIFFE is taken away.*]

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 and the Countrymen.

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 brains, and so died.

Cud. Its any man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

Banks. Masters, be rul'd 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 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.

Saw. Be hang'd thou in a third, and do thy worst !

Cud. How, father ! you send the poor dumb thing howling to th' gaol ! He that makes him howl, makes me roar.

Banks. Why, foolish boy, dost thou know him ?

Cud. No matter if I do or not. He's bailable, I am sure, by law. But if the dog's word will not be taken, mine shall.

Banks. Thou bail for a dog ?

Cud. Yes, or a bitch either, being my friend. I'll lie by the heels myself, before puppy-son shall : his dog-days are not come yet, I hope.

Banks. What manner of dog is it ? didst ever see him ?

Cud. See him ? yes, and given him a bone to gnaw twenty times. The dog is no court-foisting hound, that fills his belly full by base wagging his tail ; neither is it a citizen's water-spaniel, enticing his master to go a-ducking twice or thrice a week, whilst his wife makes ducks and drakes at home : this is no Paris-garden bandog neither, that keeps a bough-wough-woughing, to have butchers bring their curs thither ; and when all comes to all, they run away like sheep : neither is this the black dog of Newgate.

Banks. No, good-man, son-fool ; but the dog of hell-gate.

Cud. I say, good-man, father-fool, it's a lie.

All. He's bewitch'd.

Cud. A gross lie, as big as myself. The devil in St Dunstan's will as soon drink with this poor cur, as with any Temple-bar-laundress, that washes and wrings lawyers.

Dog. Bough, wough, wough, wough!

All. Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here.

Banks. It was the voice of a dog.

Cud. The voice of a dog? If that voice were a dog's, what voice had my mother? So am I a dog: bough, wough, wough. It was I that bark'd so, father, to make cockscombs¹ of these clowns.

Banks. However, we'll be cockscomb'd no longer: away, therefore, to th' justice for a warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton², have at your needle of witchcraft.

Saw. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools³!

[*Exit* BANKS, RAT. and Countrymen.]

Cud. Ningle, you had like to have spoiled all with your boughings. I was glad to put 'em off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitched, little Cost-me-nought, to love thee,—a pox,—that morris makes me spit in thy mouth. I dare not stay. Farewell, ningle; you whore-son dog's nose! Farewell, witch! [*Exit.*]

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow.

¹ *Cockscombs,*] *i. e.* Fools, so called from the cock's combs worn upon the caps of fools. The word must not be understood in its modern sense.

² *Gammer Gurton.*] This lady obtained great popularity from the excellent old comedy of Gammer Gurton's Needle.

³ *Peevish,*] Weak, silly. So in 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, by Ford, (Vol. I. p. 10.):

“This is your peevish chattering, weak old man.”

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 Room in CARTER'S House.*—

FRANK *lying on a bed sleeping.*

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Brother, brother!—So sound asleep? that's well.

Frank. 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,
Tho' her loss strikes you thro', 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 you for?

Frank. Nothing, nothing;
But I was thinking, sister—

Kath. Dear heart, what?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to
 Have this room to walk in?

Kath. Why do you talk so?
 'Would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no: I'm not idle¹:
 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 tott'ring bridge of age,
 He's not the thousandth part upon his way.
 All life is but a wand'ring 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 heav'n'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.

¹ *Idle,*] Foolish, trifling.

Yet then were man more wretched than a beast:
For, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

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 reveng'd 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.

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Enter a Maid-Servant bringing a dish to the Bedside.

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.
'Would I were a musician, you should hear

[*Lute plays within.*
How I would feast your ear.—Stay, mend your pil-
low,

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.

[*Searches in his clothes.*]

Enter the 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 ! here's none in your pocket.

[*Finds the bloody knife in his pocket.*]

I will go fetch a knife.

Frank. Will you ? 'tis well, all's well.

[*Exit KATHERINE.*]

The Dog runs off.—FRANK lies down.—The spirit of SUSAN comes to the bed's side : he turns to the other, but the spirit is there.—In the meanwhile enter WINNIFREDE as a page, and stands at the foot of the bed.—FRANK sits up in the bed, 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 so'er I got, to make it thine.
To please a father, I have Heaven displéas'd,
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,
Thro' 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 loose thee too.

Win. Oh me!

Frank. Be quiet, for thou my evidence art,
Jury and judge : sit quiet and I'll tell all.

[*They whisper.*]

*Enter at one end of the Stage Old CARTER and
KATHERINE, at the other the Dog, who paws
softly at FRANK.*

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 murtherer sings in prison, and he laughs here.
This villain kill'd my sister : see else, see,
A bloody knife in's pocket.

Car. Bless me, patience!

Frank. The knife, the knife, the knife!

Kath. What knife? [*Exit Dog.*]

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 do-
ing 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 mens
foreheads to strike them sick ; yet mine to
'scape, and be well ! I that never cast away a
fee upon urinals, but 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.—

Master, how do you?!

Frank. Pretty well now, boy: I have such odd qualms

Come cross my stomach: I'll fall to; boy cut me.

Win. You have cut me, I'm sure.—A leg or wing, sir?

Frank. No, no, no: a wing? |'Would I had wings to soar

Up to yon tower¹.) But here's a clog that hinders me.

Enter CARTER 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 must I have, or none."

¹ *Would I had wings to soar up to yon tow'r.*] If I recollect right, this is a quotation from some ancient love-song.

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 she is willing to lend thee one
again, to find out the murtherer, and that's thyself.

Frank. Old man thou liest.

Car. So shalt thou, i' th' jail. Run for officers!

Kath. Oh thou merciless slave!

She was (tho' yet above the ground) in her grave
To me, but thou hast torn it up again.

Mine eyes too much drown'd, now must feel more
rain.

Car. Fetch officers. [Exit KATH.

Frank. For whom?

Car. For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives
have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a
villainous one: Look! (*Shewing the 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's innocent.

Car. How now? a woman? Is't grown to a
fashion for women in all countries to wear the
breeches?

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'm 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.

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Sir, they're 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't your tacklings, rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back : your trull shall to th' jail go with you ; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in. Pox on's wounds !

Frank. I've serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid.

Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be staid.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Don,*] Put on, contracted from *do on.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The inside of the Witch's Hut.*

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: pr'ythee 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
 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'
 Shew 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,
 Tho' I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
 I must then fall to my old prayer:

¹ *Bulch.*] Probably an abbreviation from *bulchin*, a young male calf. So in Shirley's *Gamester*:

"Hazard and Wilding, how is't? how is't, *bulchins*?"

Sanctibiceter nomen tuum. Not yet come !
Worrying of wolves, biting of mad dogs, the manges,
And the——

Enter the Dog, white.

Dog. How now ! whom art thou cursing ?

Saw. Thee. Ha ! No, 'tis my black dog I am cursing,

For not attending on me.

Dog. I am that cur.

Saw. Thou liest : hence ! come not nigh me.

Dog. Bough, wough.

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,
As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love ?

Dog. I am dogged, list not to tell thee, yet, to torment thee ; my whiteness puts thee in mind of thy winding sheet¹.

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 stript 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

¹ *Sweet,*] So the quarto reads corruptedly.

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.

Dog. Thou canst not: thou art so ripe to fall in-
 to 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.

Saw. 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.

Saw. '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
 condemn'd.

Saw. Yes? when?

Dog. And ere the executioner catch thee full in's
 claws, thou'lt confess all.

Saw. Out dog!

Dog. Out witch! thy trial is at hand:
 Our prey being had, the devil does laughing stand.
 [*Stands aloof.*]

Enter Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

Banks. She's here; attach her! Witch, you
 must go with us. [*She is seized.*]

Saw. 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!

Saw. 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.

Enter CUDDY BANKS.

Cud. I would fain meet with mine ingle once more; he has had a claw amongst 'em. My rival that lov'd my wench is like to be hang'd like an innocent. A kind cur where he takes; but where he takes not, a dogged rascal. I know the villain loves me. [*Dog barks.*] No, art thou there? that's Tom's voice, but 'tis not he; this is a dog of another hair. This? bark and not speak to me? not Tom then: there's as much difference betwixt Tom and this, as betwixt white and black.

Dog. Hast thou forgot me?

Cud. That's Tom again: pr'ythee speak, ningle, speak: is thy name Tom?

Dog. Whilst I serv'd my old dame Sawyer, 'twas. I'm gone from her now.

Cud. Gone? away with the witch then too! she'll never thrive if thou leav'st her; she knows no more how to kill a cow, or a horse, or a sow, without thee, than she does to kill a goose.

Dog. No, she has done killing now, but must be killed for what she has done. She's shortly to be hang'd.

Cud. Is she? In my conscience if she be, 'tis thou hast brought her to the gallows, Tom.

Dog. Right: I serv'd her to that purpose; 'twas part of my wages.

Cud. This was no honest servant's part, by your leave, Tom. This remember, I pray you, between you and I, I entertain'd you ever as a dog, not as a devil.

Dog. True ; and so I us'd thee doggedly, not devilishly.

I have deluded thee for sport to laugh at.
The wench thou seek'st after thou never spak'st with,
But a spirit in her form, habit, and likeness. Ha, ha !

Cud. I do not then wonder at the change of your garments, if you can enter into shapes of women too.

Dog. Any shape, to blind such silly eyes as thine ; but chiefly those coarse creatures, dog, or cat, hare, ferret, frog, toad.

Cud. Louse or flea !

Dog. Any poor vermin.

Cud. It seems you devils have poor thin souls, that you can bestow yourselves in such small bodies. But 'pray you, Tom, one question at parting (I think I shall never see you more), where do you borrow those bodies that are not your own ? The garment-shape you may hire at brokers.

Dog. Why would'st thou know that ? fool ! it avails thee not.

Cud. Only for my mind's sake, Tom, and to tell some of my friends.

Dog. I'll thus much tell thee : thou never art so distant

From an evil spirit, but that thy oaths,
Curses, and blasphemies pull him to thine elbow ;
Thou never tell'st a lie, but that a devil
Is within hearing it ; thy evil purposes
Are ever haunted ; but when they come to act,
As thy tongue slandering, bearing false witness,
Thy hand stabbing, stealing, cozening, cheating,
He's then within thee : thou play'st, he bets upon
thy part ;

Altho' thou lose, yet he will gain by thee.

Cud. Aye? then he comes in the shape of a rook?

Dog. The old cadaver of some self-strangled wretch

We sometimes borrow, and appear human¹ :

The carcase of some disease-slain strumpet

We varnish fresh, and wear as her first beauty.

Didst never hear? if not, it has been done ;

An hot luxurious lecher in his twines,

When he has thought to clip his dalliance,

There has provided been for his embrace

A fine hot flaming devil in her place.

Cud. Yes, I am partly a witness to this ; but I never could embrace her : I thank thee for that, Tom. Well, again I thank thee, Tom, for all this counsel ; without a fee, too. There's few lawyers of thy mind now. Certainly, Tom, I begin to pity thee.

Dog. Pity me? for what?

Cud. Were it possible for thee to become an honest dog yet? 'Tis a base life that you lead, Tom, to serve witches, to kill innocent children, to kill harmless cattle, to 'stroy corn and fruit, and so forth. 'Twere better to be a butcher and kill for yourself.

Dog. Why, these are all my delights, my pleasures, fool.

Cud. Or, Tom, if you could give your mind to ducking, (I know you can swim, fetch, and carry) some shopkeeper in London would take great delight in you, and be a tender master over you : or if you have any mind to the game, either at bull or bear, I think I could prefer you to Moll Cutpurse².

¹ *Humane.*] The difference between *human* and *humane* was not well established in our author's period. The latter is evidently confounded with the former.

² Moll Cutpurse, or Mary Frith, was a celebrated character

Dog. Ha, ha! I should kill all the game, bulls, bears, dogs and all: not a cub to be left.

Cud. You could do, Tom, but you must play fair, you should be stav'd off else. Or if your stomach did better like to serve in some nobleman's, knight's, or gentleman's kitchen, if you could brook the wheel, and turn the spit (your labour could not be much), when they have roast meat, that's but once or twice in the week at most; here you could lick you own toes very well; or if you could translate yourself into a lady's arming puppy, there you might lick sweet lips, and do many pretty offices. But to creep under an old witch's coats, and suck like a great puppy! fie upon't! I have heard beastly things of you, Tom.

Dog. Ha, ha! the worst thou heardst of me the better 'tis.

Shall I serve thee, fool, at the self-same rate?

Cud. No, I'll see thee hang'd, thou shalt be damn'd first! I know thy qualities too well. I'll give no suck to such whelps; therefore, henceforth I defy thee. Out! avaunt!

Dog. Nor will I serve for such a silly soul. I am for greatness now, corrupted greatness; There I'll shug in, and get a noble countenance: Serve some Briarean footcloth-strider¹, That has an hundred hands to catch at bribes, But not a finger's nail of charity. Such, like the dragon's tail, shall pull down hundreds

in the days of King James I., who, assuming the habit of either sex, acted alternately the character of a prostitute, pick-pocket, thief, &c. She died in 1659. An excellent comedy, entitled, *The Roaring Girl*, or *Moll Cutpurse*, in which she is a principal character, was the joint production of Middleton and Dekkar.

¹ *Footcloth-strider.*] Footcloth was the caparison of a state-horse: it became subsequently a term for the horse itself.

To drop and sink with him: I'll stretch myself,
 And draw this bulk small as a silver wire,
 Enter at the least pore, tobacco-fume
 Can make a breach for. Hence, silly fool!
 I scorn to prey on such an atom-soul.

Cud. Come out, come out, you cur! I will beat thee out of the bounds of Edmonton, and to-morrow we go in procession, and after thou shalt never come in again. If thou goest to London, I'll make thee go about by Tyburn, stealing in by Thieving-lane. If thou canst rub thy shoulder against a lawyer's gown, as thou passest by Westminster-hall, do; if not, to the stairs amongst the ban-dogs^r take water, and the devil go with thee.

[*Exeunt CUDDY, and the Dog barking.*]

SCENE II.—*London.*—*A Street leading to Tyburn.*

Enter 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 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.

^r *To the stairs amongst the ban-dogs.*] This probably refers to the celebrated bear-garden, called Paris-garden, which was contiguous to the Globe-theatre, and situated on the Bank-side in Southwark.

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?

Cud. 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.

Car. Poor woman; 'twas not thy fault: I
grieve to see thee weep for him that hath my pity
too.

Win. My fault was lust, my punishment was
shame.

Yet I am happy that my soul is free
Both from consent, fore-knowledge, and intent,
Of any murder, but of mine own honour,
Restor'd again by a fair satisfaction,
And since not to be wounded.

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 weak-
ness scarce

Can bear them.—

[*Within.*]—Away with her! Hang her, witch!

Enter to execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with halberts; 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 the day they would have farried. Yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew-fair, as ever great-bellied ale-wife longed for.

Saw. These dogs will mad me: I was well-resolv'd

To die in my repentance; tho' '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, and Officers.

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 dreamed
 Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,

Murthers of reputations, gallant sins
 Commended or approv'd ; then, tho' 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 mis-
 eries

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 monstrous to be nam'd ; yes, they are mon-
 strous.

Thor. Here's comfort in this penitence.

Win.

It speaks

How truly you are reconcil'd, 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 lov'd memory, I will preserve it
 With a religious care, and pay thy ashes
 A widow's duty, calling that end best,
 Which, tho' 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 dow'r 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 prepar'd 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 excuses to me, I do conceive
What you would speak. I would you could as ea-
sily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to
My wrongs : I'm 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 tho' 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 can-
 not 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. Ex-
 cuse me that I am troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no cause.

*Just*¹. Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir
 Arthur,

For his abusé to you and to your husband,
 Is by the bench enjoin'd to pay you down
 A thousand merks.

Sir Ar. Which I will soon discharge.

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

¹ *Just.*] This speech is given to Carter in the original. It
 evidently belongs to the Justice.

you list. Come to me, Winnifrede, 'shalt be welcome. 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.*]

I have been called to the witness stand in this case, and I have sworn to tell the truth. I have seen the defendant, and I have seen the evidence. I have seen the witness stand, and I have seen the judge. I have seen the jury, and I have seen the court. I have seen the whole thing, and I have seen the truth.

I have seen the defendant, and I have seen the evidence. I have seen the witness stand, and I have seen the judge. I have seen the jury, and I have seen the court. I have seen the whole thing, and I have seen the truth.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by WINNIFREDE.

I AM a widow still, and must not sort
A second choice, without a good report ;
Which tho' some widows find, and few deserve,
Yet I dare not presume, but will not swerve
From modest hopes. All noble tongues are free ;
The gentle may speak one kind word for me.

PHEN*.

* *Phen.*] Probably the name of the actor who spoke the epilogue in the character of Winnifrede. William Penn, most likely the person meant, was one of the actors mentioned in the second folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, as having performed some characters in their plays. Or it may possibly have been Andrew Pennycuik, who has been mentioned in the notes to the preceding play, and as he is known to have acted the parts of women, not improbably personated the character of Winnifrede in this drama.

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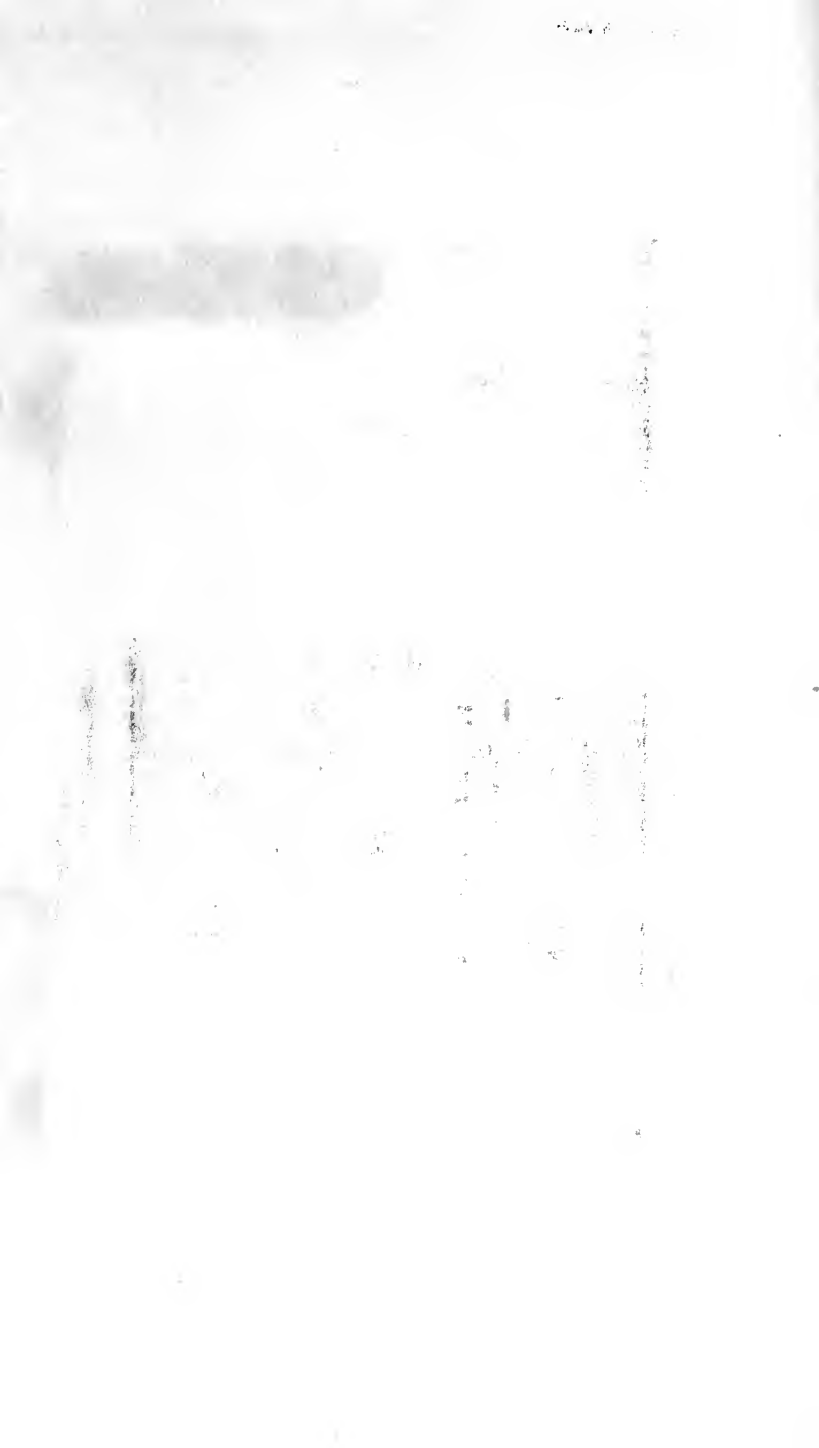
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