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BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL XXXI.



BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XXXI.

CONTAINING

FALSTAFF'S WEDDING, . . . BY KENRICK.
SIR HARRY WILDAIR, . . . — FARQUHAR.
CARACTACUS, — MASON.
LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, . . — LEE.

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1797.



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MR. HENDERSON at BALSTAFF.

Therefore, Tolado, res... they... ward.

— This is my wa

London Printed for G. & C.





THE
MANAGER.

*g for your reputation, as an
that I understand you are
character of FALSTAFF is
is of the greatest PLAYER ;
ough to own it has been suc-
pen of a MINOR POET.—I
lution to perform, next sea-
sious Knight in the follow-
d as much to the credit of
age of the*

AUTHOR.

STANFORD LIBRARIES



FALSTAFF'S WEDDING.

A

COMEDY.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SHAKSPERE.

By **W. KENRICK, LL. D.**

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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M D C C X C V.

TO THE
ACTING MANAGER.

SIR,

'T is with a fellow-feeling for your reputation, as an admirer of Shakspeare, that I understand you are at length persuaded the character of FALSTAFF is worthy the imitative talents of the greatest PLAYER; while you are candid enough to own it has been successfully imitated by the pen of a MINOR POET.—I doubt not that your resolution to perform, next season, the part of that facetious Knight in the following Comedy, will redound as much to the credit of the Actor as to the advantage of the

AUTHOR.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. DODD, in the Character of MERCUR

[Mercury descends from the clouds, flying across stage: re-enters, followed by a servant, carrying counsellor's gown and wig.]

A LA MERCURE, equip'd from top to toe,
My godship's name and quality you know.
Commission'd from Apollo, I come down
T' attend this bench of justices, the town;
Assembled here, all members of the quorum:
To lay a matter of complaint before 'em.

The errand's not in character, 't is true;
But what our betters bid us, we must do.
Therefore, t' appear with decency at session,
I've stole, you see, the garb of the profession.

This gown and band belong to serjeant Prig—
And this—our brother Puzzle's learned wig.—

[Putting on the gown, &
Dress makes the man, sirs, vestis virum facit—
So—now to business—Hem!—si vestris placet
May't please your worships—Forgery which is grown
To such a height as ne'er before was known—

*I say, a forgery hath been committed,
 By which King Pluto's myrmidons, outwitted,
 Certain choice spirits, in theatric shape,
 Have suffer'd from Elysium to escape ;
 Of Shakspeare's offspring an ideal train,
 Sprung, Pallas like, from an immortal brain !
 Their names—I have 'em down—but, to be brief,
 Shall only just enumerate the chief :
 Imprimis, with Madeira swell'd, and sack,
 There's Sir John Falstaff, alias call'd Plump Jack ;
 Next, Captain Pistol, a notorious bully ;
 And Miss Dol Tearsheet, fam'd for jilting cully ;
 The widow Quickly, vintner, bawd and whore,
 With Bardolph, Pete, Nym, and—several more ;
 Link'd in a gang, each cut-purse with his crony,
 All errant thieves and Dramatis Personæ ;
 Bent, as suppos'd, to prostitute to shame
 Th' aforesaid Shakspeare's honour, name, and fame.*

*I shall not trespass on your worship's time,
 To explain at full the nature of this crime :
 But, Poets having an exclusive right
 To bring their mental progeny to light.
 This right's invaded by the party 'peach'd ;
 Who, vi et armis, bath th' old bard o'er-reach'd ;
 By counterfeiting of his band, do you see,
 Feloniously to set these vagrants free ;
 With base design t' adopt them for his own,
 Though Shakspeare's property, and his alone.*

*Such is the fact. — A critic were an ass,
No doubt, to let such imposition pass ;
Nor could a cheat so palpable succeed,
But that the captain of the guard could n't read —
Not he, for laughing, though to 'we saw'd his suit ;
The scene and circumstances were so droll.*

*Pistol, with yellow night-cap patch'd with red,
With mother Quickly was retir'd to bed ;
And, waking, swore, by Styx, he would not come,
Sans preparation, pike and beat of drum.*

*Of aqua-vitæ having stole a flaggon,
Bardolph and Nym were playing at snap-dragon ;
Sometimes proceeding from hard words to blows,
As by mistake Nym seiz'd on Bardolph's nose.*

*With Falstaff sat Dol Tearsheet, cheek by joll,
And while she buss'd his chin and scratch'd his poll,
Slipp'd from his thumb his grandsire's copper ring,
For love, not for the value of the thing :
Then stole his empty purse ; but no abuse ;
'T was only done to keep her hand in use :
He swearing, be'd be damn'd as soon as trust his
Round belly more with Hal, or his chief-justice.*

*But this is wandering from the point. — They 're her
And on your summons ready to appear :
Please to proceed then to examination ;
And be attentive to their information.*

his manner of case in court,
at crimes the process should be short ;
is clear—I leave it with the court.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF,	-	-	Mr. Love.
Justice SHALLOW,	-	-	Mr. Parsons.
Master SLENDER,	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
Mr. PLEADWELL,	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
Dr. CAIUS,	-	-	Mr. Baddely.
FRIAR LAWRENCE,	-	-	Mr. Burton.
ANCIENT PISTOL,	-	-	Mr. King.
BARDOLPH,	-	-	Mr. Moody.
CORPORAL NYM,	-	-	Mr. Ackman.
GADSHILL,	-	-	Mr. Watkins.
OFFICER.	-	-	Mr. Strange.
FRANCIS,	-	-	Master Burton.
PET and Attendants.			

Women.

DAME URSULA, afterwards Lady			
FALSTAFF,	-	-	Mrs. Pritchard.
BRIDGET, her Chambermaid,			Mrs. Bennett.
Mrs. QUICKLY,	-	-	Mrs. Bradshaw.
DOL TEARSHEET,	-	-	Mrs. Dorman.



FALSTAFF'S WEDDING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Street in Westminster, on the Day of the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF enters, solus.

FHAT a scurvy quarter is this? Not a bush, or a
nd Cupid in the neighbourhood! 'sblood, my legs
ll fail me ere I reach a tavern. Phoo---Phoo---It is
ne comfort, however, I escap'd with my life. The
een-apron'd rascals, crowding after the procession,
d well nigh made an end of me.

BARDOLPH enters.

Bar. O, Sir John, I'm glad I have found ye. I
is in the fearfulest quandary for you in the world.
ope your honour has got no hurt.

Fal. Not its death's wound, I hope; though Hal,
deed, look'd somewhat cold upon me.

Bar. Cold, Sir John! I am a-fear'd we shall be in
nbo shortly: for my lord chief justice——

Fal. Hold thy ill-omen'd croaking. If faith-
vices are thus requited, I will turn cordwainer
cobler, and heel-piece old shoes, ere I have to do
blood royal again. Ingratitude! I hate it.

Bar. To be sure, Sir John, what you say is r
for, as the song says, ingratitude is worse than tl
of witch-craft. But I hope your honour got no
sonable harm in the mob: you were carried off
terrace, for all the world like a dunghill from M
bank by a spring-tide.

Fal. Bardolph, away with thy filthy comparisons;
am ill at ease, and more dispos'd to spleen than me
riment. I pr'ythee look out, and see if there be
bawdy-house at hand.

Bar. What here, so near the court, Sir John?

Fal. Where better? 'Sblood, dost think there are
no whores at court? Are there no dames of honour?
Dost think Hal hath banish'd them too? Look out,
look out.

Bar. I will, Sir John.

[*Exit Bar.*]

Fal. I would I were in East-cheap. Mine hostess
hath a most excellent cordial; and I never stood in
more need of it than now. The gross indignity Hal
hath put on me, sticks in my throat, and in the end,
may go near to choak me. I shall never gulp it
down: that's flat; unless, indeed, a full cup of sherris
help to clear the way. And then, how I shall sto-
mach it; how I shall digest it, Heaven knows! At
present both my person and knighthood are in jeo-
pardy; my lord chief justice, to whose care I am

commended, holding me not altogether in good liking. But no matter—if I am to be provided for, what avails it who is my caterer? I could wish, nevertheless, old white wine stood higher in his lordship's favour; that I may not be stinted at table, or in my by-drinkings. I like not such splenetic temperaments; such phlegmatic constitutions; grey-beards, that never make allowances for the continual waste of radical moisture.—Blood, I am as foundered and as sore as a blind horse in a mill. Bardolph! where a plague art thou gotten to, caterwauling?

Enter QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Quick. O, Sir John Falstaff!

Doll. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. How! mine hostess, and my good vestal, Mrs. Tearsheet! save ye, gentlewomen both, good-morrow.

Host. Godild ye, Sir John—well I vow and protest as I did n't say he would take as civil notice of his old acquaintance: nay, tho'f he was created by my lord mayor of London.

Doll. What talk ye of lord mayors and fusty citizens, gossip Quickly? Sir John is a courtier, and to be sure we must gratulate him now as one of the greatest knights in the nation.—O, sweet Sir John!—

Fal. Truce with your formalities, Mrs. Dorothy. Pray, have you seen none of your followers by the way? Pistol, nor Peto.

Quick. No verily, Sir John, not one.—We have seen nothing of any of them to-day. They are all gone

to the coronation, I warrant; and, indeed, we should have been there too, had n't it been for that wicked villain, constable Fang, that, by a mistake of the beadle of our ward, would have carried us to Bridwell this morning.

Fal. How! mine hostess and my fair Dorothy to Bridwell!

Quick. Even to Bridwell, I can assure ye.

Fal. But how; how! dame Quickly to Bridwell! a decent church-going widow and a modest maiden, I should say single gentlewoman, to a house of correction! why, what—

Quick. So I said, Sir John. Nuthook, Nuthook, says I, do you know what you do, says I?—Have me to Bridwell, says I—I say to Bridwell, indeed! a reputable house-keeper, that has paid scot and lot, and born the burden of half the parish any time these twenty years.

Fal. That thou hast, hostess; of the male half, I'll be sworn for thee.

Quick. Besides says I, do you know Sir John Falstaff! says I.—Touch a hair of Mrs. Dorothy's head, says I, and Sir John will make you smart for it, says I, every bone in your skin, says I.

Fal. And what said the rascal to that?

Quick. Said, Sir John! he stood mumchance, and spoke never a living syllable, but set his vinegar-vineg'd catch poles upon us; who fastened their claws into Mrs. Tearsheet's best kirtle, and tore it into as many rents and tatters, as there were in the old tapes-

try hagings I pawn'd to fit your honour out for the last expedition.

Fal. Pshaw!

Dol. Yes indeed, Sir John, made a mere tatterdemallion of me. But we did so tongue the leather-car'd vultures——

Fal. That they were glad to lose their gripe to get rid of you, I suppose.

Quick. Nay, Sir John, I was obliged to perduce an angel to convince them we were not the parties indicted.

Fal. Infidel rogues! would nothing less than the testimony of an angel convince them?

Quick. Ay, I knew how Sir John would take it.—
O, how soundly will the knave constable be swing'd for this! a jack-in-office rascal! we shall cure the blue-skin'd runnion of his itch for whipping, I warrant ye.

BARDOLPH re-enters.

Bar. I have been looking all about, Sir John, but I cannot find one.

Quick. What is it Sir John wants, Mr. Bardolph?

Bar. A bawdy-house, mistress.

Quick. O Jesu-Maria! Mrs. Dorothy.

Fal. How, sirrah! what call'st thou a bawdy-house? I sent thee to look out for a house of civil entertainment, where I might repose myself after my fatigue? Why, what, you rogue, would you make of me?

Quick. Marry come up indeed; a bawdy-house.

of the king's table, and of all entertainment, and of all the other things where the knights and lords, and the great gentlemen of the court, are entertained, shall be kept and observed as civilly as at the best of times, and shall be as kind to them as to the best of the ladies themselves.—A hostess, wouldst thou have a newly-house? why I keep it as good as my own, and I would have you know, Sir Bardolph—

Bar. Yes, say, 'tis all one: what Sir John plea-

Quick. Yes, by my truly, and so I think it ought to be, for Sir John sends you to the king—

Ind. Yes, were I Sir John, I am sure I would not promote him, were he as Bardolph at court.

Bar. Ah! Doll, Doll, I am afraid our promotion be at the gallows. If Sir John has any interest with the hangman, he may get me preferr'd, perhaps to the top of the ladder.

Ind. Why, now now, varlet?

Quick. Do you hear? do you hear, sweet Sir John?

Ind. Ay, hostess, Bardolph is somewhat blunt, as for the king—

Quick. Heavens bless him? a sweet young prince was, and to be sure a gracious king he is. But what say you, Sir John?

Ind. Why, marry, hang him, hostess—treason and murder as well as murder.

Quick. I am amazed, Sir John; why, how is that a goodness! when—when—

Ind. How is this, good Bardolph?

al. Why, I will tell you how it is. That same craftful, sneaking, pitiful rascal we were speaking s turn'd fanatic!

quick. Fanatic! the king turn'd fanatic!

al. Ay, fanatic, presbyter, bishop, if you will. his crown be his mitre, I care not.

ol. We don't take your meaning, Sir John.

al. You must know then, Doll, that after having, pure love and affection, ridden post day and night score and odd miles, to congratulate him on his session, and condole with him on his father's death; ead of bidding me welcome to court, he preached my own funeral sermon.

quick. A funeral sermon!

al. Ay, hostess: for at the end of his discourse he erred me to be buried alive, at ten miles distance n the court. And, to make this unnatural inter- it the surer, he has appointed my lord chief jus- his undertaker, to see to the disposal of my corpse.

quick. Buried alive, quoth he! what, what is in ail ?

al. In plain terms, dame Quickly, your gracious g hath banished me the presence; and till he ws a graceless prince again, I am forbidden to ap- ach his person within ten miles, on penalty of be- hanged. Take ye me now?

quick. O, Jesu! is it possible?

ol. Ah, ha! is it so? sits the wind in that quarter?

quick. Well, as I am an honest w who would e thought it? it is a world to se

Dol. And so, Sir John is in disgrace; still plain Jack Falstaff, and one of us? ha, ha, ha! poor blown Jack!

Quick. A sad disappointment, indeed, Sir John! but in good faith, things fall out so odd, and the world goes so wrong, and the times are so hard; that here, there, why, no longer ago now than yesterday, was I obliged to pay the lord knows-what-all away for one thing or other; and then my misfortune to-day; an angel to the constables; and besides, this comes the day after to-morrow, when I must make up a sum for the wine-merchant: wherefore, if your honour would but discharge your score in Eastcheap; because as why, your honour knows——

Fal. How 's this, dame Quickly?

Quick. Because I say as why, your honour knows, seventy odd pounds is a great deal of money for a poor widow woman to lose.

Fal. What talk you of losing, hostess!

Quick. True, Sir John, as you say, to be sure, I shall not be willing to lose it: for the law is open, and I know which way to get my money.

Fal. I am glad thou dost, hostess: as in that case I need not give myself the trouble to pay thee. The law is open, say'st thou? Ay, like a mouse-trap, on the catch for nibbling clients. Enter thy action, and I will hold thee a gallon of sack, thy departed husband will get out of purgatory ere thou out of the hands of thy lawyer.

Quick. Nay, Sir John, you 'll + twit me upon

that. You need not fling my poor husband's soul in my teeth. He has not been gone so long; though for the matter of that he might have been in Heaven before now, had n't I lent you the money Mr. Dumb should have had to say masses for him. Yes, Sir John, you have put into that great belly of your's what should have got my poor husband out of purgatory, and now you reproach me for it. Had he been still alive you would not have used his disconsolate widow thus. You would n't, Sir John.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn I should not.

Quick. Well then, Sir John, out of charity, if it were nothing else, you ought to repay the money.— Nay, if you do n't, I'll pray night and day that you may be haunted by his ghost. Heaven rest his soul. I would he might never sleep quietly in his grave, till he has made you pay me.

Fal. Go to, thou art a foolish woman: with good words thou may'st be paid.

Quick. No, Sir John, good words won't do. I must have money, Sir John. The priests won't get a soul out of purgatory without money. Besides, Sir John, good words are no payment; I can get nobody to take them; good words will not do with me.

Fal. Well, well, I say you may be paid——

Quick. May! Sir John, I must. You have thus huffed off and on me a good while; but I must, I must be paid, I must——

Fal. Heigh! heigh! wilt thou raise the neighbourhood upon us? If thou art clamorous, I will have

thee duck'd in the Thames for a bawd. What, plague, art thou drunk? On the honour of knighthood thou shalt be paid. Dost thou do mine honour?

Quick. Why, Sir John, to be sure, nobody would scruple to confide in your honour's honour: but if you know, Sir John, (no-body-better) what honour is. It will buy neither coals nor candles; nor my landlord take it for rent, nor the merchant sack or sherry. But would you give me only half money, and leave the rest to honour; so that a bawd might keep open house, Sir John. That would do something.

Fal. Nay, if thou wilt be advis'd, I will do more for thee.---Bardolph! forget not to go (when I send thee) to the cashier, with whom I left a thousand pounds this morning, and tell him to satisfy Mrs. Quick with.

Quick. A thousand pound!

Fal. The times are not so bad, hostess, (thank our friend Shallow) but we may yet have a merry time in Eastcheap. How says my Doll?

Dol. Nay, you know, sweet Jack, I was always at your pleasure there.

Quick. That I will say for her, and a sweeter turn'd better hearted creature never lay by the side of a true man. But, goodness heart! why do we tarry here, when Sir John complained of his being fatigued and was looking for a house of civil entertainment? Will shew you the way incontinently, Sir John.

al. I thank thee, hostess; I am now somewhat re-
ted, and will endeavour to reach Eastcheap. And
a cup of sack by the way, I think, would not be
ss. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Tavern in Eastcheap. PISTOL and NYM enter.

Pistol. Hang Pistol up with line of hempen string,
: he in rabbit-hutch be close immur'd.—
ze the stiff cramp upon the fangs of justice.

Nym. Marry-trap, we shew'd his myrmidons a light
r of heels though. I wonder what is become of Sir
in. They have certainly nailed his fat paunch.—
e must not venture to the Fleet to see. They'll
o us there; and for the matter of that, I suppose
y'll be running the humour upon us here too. I
l incontinently go and shut myself up. The storm
y blow over when we are found uninventible.

Pistol. Pistol disdains to skulk. *Nolens* 't is fate:
t who would *volens* be incarcerated?
m, we must eat, and money have we none.

Nym. True, *nolus volus*, as you say, we must eat.
ike to starve, like a rat, behind the arras, as little
another man. But what shall we do if Sir John be
limbo?

Pistol. Or *in* or *out*; his follower I no more.
vention's mother is Necessity,
nd Pistol's demon is an imp of wit,

Merc'ry suggests, and Pallas doth approve.
 The great Ponjardo del Stiletto's dead,
 Professor of the art of self-defence.
 His broken foils, his daggers, belts, and blades,
 The stock in trade, I'll purchase upon tick;
 My face, disguis'd with an usurped beard,
 These jutting eye-brows, turn'd from black to red
 Shall screen from knowledge. Thou shalt too assume
 A borrowed excrement, and partner be
 In stock and block: since fighting's grown a trade
 Pence are pick'd up by masters of the blade.

Nym. The thought is lucky. Angels will ensue
 But must we not transmutify our names?

Pistol. My brain's my godfather, and, at the feast
 Me Don Anticho del Pistolo called.

Nym. And pray what did this same godfather
 me?

Pistol. Signior Nymwego!

Nym. Good! Signior Nymwego! and you I
 Anticho del Pistolo called! I will hold them in obli-
 vion. The trick of it pleases. But, here come
 Quickly and Doll.

Mrs. QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET enter.

Quick. So, gentlemen! you are got home before
 John, I see.

Pistol. How fares the Knight? Is he in durance vi-

Quick. No, by my truly; he returns forthwith; I
 in a woeful plight. Francis! What. Francis! bring
 the great chair for Sir John.

Francis. [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

Dol. [*To Nym.*] Sirrah, Nym, hath Falstaff got money by him?

Nym. Yes, a thousand pounds; he borrowed it of Justice Shallow: but we shall be little the better for that; for the knight will certainly be in limbo.

Dol. May be *no*; and may be *yes*. It is no matter.

[*Doll and Quickly confer apart.*]

Nym. [*To Pistol, who stands musing.*] Does the humour hold? Or shall we wait the coming of the Knight?

Pistol. And share his fate in base incarceration! Shall Don Anticho del Pistolo prove A vile hunt-counter? No—we'll thrive alone. Hostess, farcwell; we may return—or not.

Nym. Bye, Doll. [*Exeunt Pistol and Nym.*]

Quick. 'Tis certainly so; Sir John hath got the money.

Dol. I know not that; but if he has, he'll probably carry it to jail with him. Here come Bardolph; ask him.

BARDOLPH enters.

Quick. Is Sir John at hand, Bardolph?

Bar. He will be here incontinently, hostess; I only stopt before, to let you know he was a coming.

Quick. But is it veritably true, Bardolph, that Sir John has got a thousand pounds by him?

Dol. Ay, is that true, Bardolph?

Bar. True, upon honour: he had it of Justice

I should have died an hero : my exit would have made some noise in the world.

Quick. Heaven forbid, Sir John, you should ever die a virulent death, I say.

Dol. I hope, indeed, sweet knight, you will never be pressed to death. That must be an odd end, and yet methinks I could bear much.

Fal. I 'il be sworn thou could'st, Doll : but thou art a woman, and made to bear.

Quick. Yes, in good sooth, poor woman is made to bear every thing. She must suffer all a man's ill-humours, let 'em lie never so heavy upon her ; and, by my truly, some men are nothing else. But, to be sure, Sir John, you was most inhumanly used.— Would nobody take pity upon you ?

Fal. Pity ! the most remorseless rascals ! they made no more of me than if I had been a lump of dough they were kneading to make dumplings of : and to expostulate with the villains would have been preaching to the winds.

Dol. Why did not you exert your courage, Sir John ? draw upon them ?

Fal. Draw, say'st thou ? I could not come at my rapier to be master of a kingdom. And as for good words, in return for the few I gave them, they let fly their jests so thick at me, and peppered me so plaguil with small wit, that I was dum-founded.

Dol. I thought you could never have been overmatched that way, Sir John.

Fal. Yet so it was, Doll. They were holiday-wit

and came laden with choke-pears; but, indeed, I was overpowered by numbers. Two to one, Doll, you know——They pelted me from all quarters.——Will you hear? I will give you a spice of their sarcasms; a sample of the jibing pellets they threw at me. As I was thus stemming the tide, and crying out for the lord's sake, a dried eel's-skin of a fishmonger sk'd me how I could complain of the croud. 'Is a porpoise ill at ease,' said he, 'amidst a glut of sprats and herrings?' I had not time to answer the smelt, before a barber-surgeon, the very model of the skeleton in his glass case, offered to tap me for the dropsy, and to make us all elbow-room by letting out a puncheon of canary, at my girdle. Right, cries a third, at the word canary, 'I'll be hang'd if any thing be 'in the doublet of that fat rogue but a hog's-skin of 'Spanish wine;' and incontinently they roared out on all sides, 'Tap him there, tap him, master surgeon.' 'Sblood, I was forced to draw in my horns, and be silent; lest the villains, being thirsty, should force the shaver to operation. The knave, indeed, was five weavers off, and so could not well come at me; I might otherwise have been drank up alive.

Dol. And pray how cam'st thou off at last, Sir John?

Fal. By mere providence: for after the barbarous rascals had squeez'd the breath out of my body, they buffeted me because I could not roar out, 'God save the King.' At length, I know not how, they threw me down in the cloisters, where, falling cross-ways, and the way being narrow, I fairly block'd up the

passage; upon which, for they could not straddle over me, they took another way. (a plague go with them) for fear of losing the show. And thus was I left to take in wind, and gather myself up at leisure.

Dol. And did the mangy villains so play upon thy sackbut? a parcel of sapless twigs! dry elms, fit only for fuel: I would I had the burning of them.

Fal. Would thou fire them, Doll? Ha! art thou touch-wood still, Doll?

Dol. Nay, Sir John, not so.

Quick. No, I'll be sworn, Sir John, to my carnal knowledge, if there be truth or faith in medicine.—But, Sir John, what would your honour please to have for supper.

Fal. Another glass of sherris—fill me out, Bardolph. I cannot eat. I have lost my appetite by the way. Put an egg into a quart of mull'd sack, and give it me when I am a-bed. I will to sleep.

Dol. Would you have your bed prepar'd strait, Sir John?

Fal. Aye on the instant, good Doll. Hostess! go thou and see to the brewage of my sack.

[*Exeunt Doll. and Mrs. Quickly.*]

PISTOL and NYM enter.

Pistol. Sir Knight I bring thee news: loud fame reports my lord chief justice hath recalled his warrants.

Fal. I would he were choaked with his warrants ere he had issued them. But I thank thee for the tidings.

Fal. Francis!

*Light me to bed—let Doll bring up the sack,
See to the jorden, and tuck up my back.* [Exit.

Pistol. Signior Nymwego! Hear'st thou, lad of craft!

Nym. Yea, marry, Don Anticho del Pistolo—run the humour well?

Pistol. *Well, Nym; and thou and I, o'er cup and can,
Will go and schemes of operation plan.* [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street. Justice SHALLOW and Master SLENDER enter.

Slender.

I wonder now, coz, when you know what a desperate kind of a horrible man Sir John is, you should——

Shal. Tut, tut.—I fear him not; there's ne'er a Sir John Falstaff in the nation shall over-reach me.

Slen. But what's done can't be helped, coz; he over-reached you now, as I take it, when you lent him the money.

Shal. Well, cousin of mine; then it is my turn now to over-reach him, and get it again.

Slen. That, indeed, Cousin Shallow, to be sure, would be quite right; tit for tat, as we say in the country; but then he is such a bloody-minded caitiff; you know he broke my head once for nothing at all;

and if he should get an inkling that you are going to law with him, O Lord, O Lord, I shall never sleep in quiet again.

Shal. Poh, you chit, if he breaks the peace, I shall know what to do with him, I warrant ye.

Shen. Ay, there indeed, cousin, eood, I did not think of that. If I am in fear of my life, I can answer taking him up with a warrant, and binding him over to his good behaviour. Suppose, therefore, coz, we swear the peace against him first, and lay him fast by the heels before we enter the action. And yet I don't know, if I might advise ye, I would wash my hands of him.

Shal. Talk not to me. I tell thee I will spend half my estate, ere the rascally knight shall cury it off so. I had rather the inns of court should share the money among them, than that the gorbelled knave should feast his enormous guts at any free-cost of mine.-- I will to my counsel immediately; and if the law will not avail me, my sword shall do me justice.

Slender. You know best, Cousin Shallow, to be sure; but-----

Shal. *But me no buts, I say, but come along?*

Your Cousin Shallow puts up no such wrong.

[Exit SLender.]

SCENE II.

A Street. An Officer of the King's Household and a Friar enter.

Off. There, good friar, thou hast it: it would little conduce to raise the king's wisdom in the general estimation of the world, to have it thought in the power of such unworthy men as Falstaff and his fellows, to lead him implicitly into all those extravagancies under which the character of his youth suffered: and yet so it would go near to be suspected, if his highness should now act towards them with an ill-timed severity. My Lord-chief-justice hath therefore retracted his hasty orders for their imprisonment.

Fri. Son, well observed; and I commend his lordship's prudence, in treating their vices as infirmities; and will readily undertake to commune with them on the grievous enormity of their dissolute lives.

Off. His lordship would have you apply first to Sir John Falstaff, the ring-leader of this vicious troop.— If you can dispose him to good, the rest may follow.

Fri. I will attend these reprobates, and use the means.

Off. His lordship requires that you would bring Falstaff over to retire to a monastery, if possible; that being concealed from the eyes of the world, he may not daily remind it of what is past. Farewell, good father, I will see thee again at the Priory. [*Exit.*

will go; but I fear my mission will prove as
 as that of many other Apostles, sent among
 . As there is no danger of martyrdom, how-
 am content. Persuade Sir John Falstaff to
 nk! could I work miracles, indeed, and like
 mas, turn an Ethiop white, something might
 for it: but, as it is, I despair of converting
 lebauchee from two such prevailing heresies as
 ore and the bottle. [Exit.

SCENE III.

in Eastcheap. FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH enter.

Two sound naps, of eight hours a-piece, have
 ing recruited me. Bardolph, my morning's
 Is it prepared?

'T is here, Sir John. [*Gives Falstaff a tankard.*
 Here's to our better fortune. [*Drinks.*

Ah, Sir John, I am afeard our fortune hath
 : its highest flood. We have seen our best days.
 So the world goes, Bardolph. Up and down!
 it not hard now? I that have——but that's
 g. I hate boasting. It is, however, well
 what pains I have taken to make a man of that
 Nay, you yourself are privy to the many good
 I have done him. Before the younker knew me
 old not drink sack; made conscience of going
 rich on holidays; and blushed like a scarlet

cloak at entering a bawdy-house. I instructed him in all the manly exercises. I was content to win his money, to teach him gaming: to get drunk myself to try to make him so. Nay, setting rotten limbs and dignity aside, have I not even pimped for the bashful rogue. Such a Prince of Wales! by my troth, I was ashamed of him. Had it not been for me, the milk-sop might have been crowned before he had lost his maidenhead.

Bar. And that would have been a pity, Sir John, to be sure.

Fal. It was I first taught him to way-lay the true-man; for I knew him when he durst not cry *stand* to a turkey-cock; nay, a gander of the ordinary size of a green goose, had it met him on a common, would have made him run for it. I went farther yet; and not only emboldened his actions, but taught him the manly arts of conversation. In the stile military, for instance, or swearing——

Bar. Sir John, I believe there you forget yourself; the Prince wanted no assistance of you in that; for when he was a little crack, he would swear ye like a man six foot high.

Fal. Right, Bardolph, you are right. I remember me; swearing indeed he knew: for though but a king's son, he would, as thou say'st, rap out an oath like an emperor. But then for the quintessence of elocution, the hyperbole, vulgarly called lying; there I am a master. Yet what a deal of pains it hath cost me to teach Hal to lie - and all thrown away upon him

would never do it roundly. He had no genius way,

sr. You know, Sir John, the Prince never could y with lying. He used to say 't was beneath a leman and a soldier.

tl. Well, well, he will never shine in the recital s own exploits as Xenophon, Cæsar, and I have

sr. Why, Sir John, to be sure, you have done thing.

tl. Something! the services I have done him and other are out of number. Methinks my behaviour e ever memorable action of Shrewsbury, should e him blush at his ingratitude. Who killed Hot- ? Did not I give him his death's wound in the 1? Was it not I who took prisoner that fiery dra- Coleville? and that even alive! And am I thus ited? Is this the guerdon of my great achieve- ts? Hang valour, I'll hack my sword no more. s has it ever been the fate of merit to be rewarded. biades and Bellisarius for that!

sr. Ay, Sir John, they were tall fellows: they :sadiy used indeed: I have heard of them. But was in king John's time, I think.

tl. They were the Falstaffs of antiquity, Bar- h.

sr. Like enough, Sir John; they were before my , to be sure; though Pistol told me, t' other day, General Bellisarius was his god-father.

tl. Pistol is an ignorant braggard, an ass: I have

injured my dignity by associating with rascals, not worthy to wait at my heels. What tell'st thou me of Pistol?

Bar. Nay, Sir John, I meant no harm. I do think you deserve to be made a lord of indeed.

Fal. I expected nothing less, I can assure ye. And then, for my well-known oeconomy, to have had the sole management of the Exchequer at least.

Bar. And instead of that to be banished——

Fal. I know not if I heard the word banish. I was forbidden indeed to come near the king's person by ten miles; but I was not at that distance when those injunctions were laid on me. Quere now (it might pose a casuist, let me tell ye) whether I am thereby enjoined to march right out ten miles an end; whether the negative *not come*, amounts to the positive, *go*.—— I will not understand it so; and, if that be my Lord chief-justice's construction, by the Lord, I will put him to the trouble of carrying me: I will be laid up with the gout ere I budge a foot.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, the king did say banish.

Fal. Admit it: unless he means to reside for ever in a place, and be in his own proper person as immoveable as a church, I hold my life on a damn'd precarious tenure. He must give me timely notice of his motions, that I may regulate mine accordingly;— otherwise, if he be travelling my way, we may happen to encounter, and I get myself hanged through inadvertency. I do not think it safe, therefore, to stir out of town, without more explicit orders. Give

and brought.

Act II. FALSTAFF'S WEDDING.

Bar. The tankard is out, Sir John. Shall I refresh you?
ish?

Fal. No. I'll toward St. Paul's: a gentle perspiration this morning may refresh me. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

[*Street.* Justice SHALLOW, Master SLENDER, and a Lawyer enter.]

Shal. Well, Master Pleadwell, are you still of that opinion. If so, my money 's gone?

Law. Indeed, I am still of that opinion, Justice Shallow.

Shal. What! how! that my money 's gone?

Law. Nay, I know not that. I say, I am of opinion you should have taken a bond, or obligation, at the time of lending it, friend Shallow. A thousand pounds on the bare word of a courtier, and that courtier Sir John Falstaff! ne'er an alderman in the city of London would have lent a thousand pence on such security.

Shal. Oh, that ever a country 'squire should have wit than a city alderman!

Law. A thousand pounds, Mr. Shallow, is——

Shal. A thousand pounds. I know it is, master Pleadwell. I know it well. But pray now, is there no remedy in the law to recover it? He cannot have spent it, can he? Cannot we compel him to restitution? Arrest him, Mr. Pleadwell.

injured my dignity by associating with rascals not worthy to wait at my heels. What tell'st thou the Pistol?

Bar. Nay, Sir John, I meant no harm. I think you deserve to be made a lord of indeed.

Fal. I expected nothing less, I can assure you; then, for my well-known oeconomy, to have the sole management of the Exchequer at least.

Bar. And instead of that to be banished—

Fal. I know not if I heard the word banished; but forbidden indeed to come near the king's palace ten miles; but I was not at that distance when the injunctions were laid on me. Quere now (I propose a casuist, let me tell ye) whether I am enjoined to march right out ten miles an end; the negative *not come*, amounts to the positive, I will not understand it so; and, if that be the chief-justice's construction, by the Lord, I will not stir him to the trouble of carrying me: I will be content with the gout ere I budge a foot.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, the king did say so.

Fal. Admit it: unless he means to reside for ever at a place, and be in his own proper person as is usual at a church, I hold my life on a damn'd precarious tenure. He must give me timely notice of his motions, that I may regulate mine accordingly; otherwise, if he be travelling my way, we are bound to encounter, and I get myself hanged by inadvertency. I do not think it safe, therefore, to stir out of town, without more explicit orders than I have; I will be another draught,

SCENE II.

Justice BRANTON, Master BENDER, and
a Lawyer enter.

Tell, Master BENDER, are you still of that
ill-considered opinion?
Nay, I am still of that opinion. Justice

What I mean (that my country's good)
Nay, I am not clear. I say, I am of opi-
nion that he takes a good advantage of
of having, to and follow. A man should
in the favour of a mother, and that court-
ship is not to be taken for the sake of
would not be a man's good fortune.

Oh, the world's a stage, 'tis true, but should have
been a better one.

A Lawyer, Master BENDER, and
Justice BRANTON, Master BENDER, and
a Lawyer exit.

Law. But should he deny the debt, how will you prove it? and who knows, on such an emergency, what Sir John Falstaff will not do?

Sbal. Nay he will lie: that 's the truth on't.

Slen. Ay, coz, and that most consumedly too.

Sbal. I can prove his receipt of the money.

Law. But the conditions, Justice Shallow.—What have you to shew that he is engaged to return it? and when?

Sbal. Nothing: I was weak enough to lend it him on his bare word.

Slen. Nay, Cousin Shallow, not so neither. I'll be sworn he borrowed it upon his oath. He swore upon the honour of a true knight, to give him a thousand pounds again; and besides that, the comings-in of a better thing, in his majesty's court at London.

Law. Ah, Master Slender, these knights have just honour enough to swear by; but, for any thing further, I am apprehensive we shall find him one of these honourable knights, whose word is as good as their oath. But see, if I mistake not, yonder he comes; this encounter may perhaps save us the trouble of attending him at home. Let us speak him fair, and persuade him, if possible, to sign an obligation for the money. If we can do that, we may trounce him. Let me alone with him.

Slen. O, would you could, Mr. Pleadwell! what would I give methinks to see him well trounced! if it was only for giving me once a bloody coxcomb.

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF *enters.*

1. How, Master Shallow! consulting with his
r! are ye thereabouts, friend Shallow? would
amper me with an action? [*Aside.*] I will pass
by. [*Going.*]

2. Sir John, Sir John, a word with you, if you

. O, my good friends Robert Shallow, Esq. and
r Slender; how fare ye gentlemen both?

w. Sir John, Mr. Shallow here has——

. Ha! what mine old acquaintance Master
dlepont! how is it with your health, Master
dlepont?

w. Pleadwell is my name, Sir John.

. Right.—I cry you mercy—Roundabout Plead-
I think. My memory is not so retentive as——

w. No offence, Sir John, that is not the case.

. Marry but it is, Mr. Pleadwell; a treacherous
ry is my great defect; and a misnomer in law
knowest——

w. Would be matter of consequence, Sir John.
nat is not our business at present. Mr. Shallow
ath put a case——

. Ay, Master Shallow should know something of
w too. Was not he at Clement's Inn when thou
irst entered there? That must be many years
Mr. Pleadwell.—Let me see. How many years
ust that be, Master Shallow?—Why you carry
age well, Mr. Pleadwell.

Shal. Pretty well, pretty well, Sir John,

Fal. Nay marry, I say, very well, Master Shallow. And pray what is become of young Puzzle Dick Silvertongue, your fellow-students that were called to the bar, I suppose. That late-prate-a-pace rogue? and a devil among the devils. He and Master Shallow here were two wenches. Ha, Master Shallow!

Shal. No matter, Sir John, at present we will confer on other business.

Fal. Nay, gentlemen, if ye are on business, take your pardon, and leave ye. I am not impertinent.

Law. You are not going, Sir John; it is our business lies.

Fal. Business with me!

Shal. Yes, about the thousand pounds,

Fal. What mean you, Master Shallow?

Shal. That you borrowed of me, Sir John.

Slou. Yes, Sir John, the thousand pounds borrowed of my Cousin Shallow, Sir John.

Fal. Take me with ye, gentlemen, but do not misunderstand ye. You presented me, in the name of a thousand pounds to promote your interest, Master Shallow; and may depend on it that I will serve you——

Shal. Fiddle, faddle, Sir John, I expect you will not come again: your interest at court is not worth it.

Fal. I cannot help that; the more is my interest. Mr. Shallow; you see my heart is good.

so, Sir John, you will not refuse to give
v something to shew for his money, under

v dost thou know that, Mr. Pleadwell? I
t my counsel in this case.

ere is no need, Sir John; I will draw up
ument, to which thou wilt set thy hand

while I have a head, Master Pleadwell,
inning hand over head in these matters.
mmas, or St. Falstaff's day, I may perhaps

now of no saint of thy family in the ca-
ohn.

, well, there may be saints of a worse.
ath not stood in the way of promotion;
nd yet there are as many whoremasters
ers, I believe. But I cannot tarry now to
question with thee; fatigued as I am, and
ach my lodgings yonder.

thou wilt there sign the instrument, Sir
il attend you thither.

thou? It is a notorious bawdy-house.

matter, Sir John.

matter sayst thou? Is it then no matter for
rave sages of the law to be seen in a public
e? Lord, Lord, what will this world come
science, however, is more tender: I should
give such occasion of scandal.

Law. Please you, Sir John, to be serious. I rightly understand each other.

Fal. With all my heart, good Master Pleadwell, then, to be plain with you, I find you do not know me. You talk to me of restitution and conditions; didst thou ever know Sir John Falstaff make restitution on any conditions? And dost thou think me unpractised a courtier as to return the perquisite of my calling, because I am turn'd out; or to refuse the purchase of my good-will, because I am not able to get in. What, take ye me for a younker? a gentleman? Go to—you cannot play upon me.---Master Shallow, rest you content: your money is in good hands; if I do not spend it like a gentleman, never trust me with a thousand pounds again.

Shal. Oh! that I ever did trust such a caitiff!

Law. But pray, were these the conditions, Shallow? Was you to be repaid by a place at court?

Shen. To be sure. Why what do you think, Pleadwell, Cousin Shallow was fool enough to lose a thousand pounds for nothing? Why, I myself would be made a great man too; and that into the bargain.

Shal. Cousin Slender, speak in your turn, I pray you.

Law. Were these terms specified?

Fal. Not indeed on parchment, *signatum & scriptum*, Mr. Pleadwell. A courtier's promise is no deed, very good in law. But I can tell ye the price I should have procured for a noble's squire: if you will say that I have been

occupied. Having a little pique or so at my Lord-
chief-justice, and Mr. Shallow here, thinking himself
qualified, I promised him my interest for his worship's
removal from the quorum to his lordship's place on
the bench. Was it not so, Mr. Shallow?

Shal. Do n't belie me, Sir John, don't cheat me of
my money, and laugh at me too. Robert Shallow,
Esquire, will not put up with that.

Fal. Then for Master Slender here, I proposed, for his
address and elocution, to have got him appointed orator
to the house of parliament; or otherwise, in conside-
ration of his figure and magnanimity, to have made
him a staff-officer, or captain of horse at the least.

Slen. Nay, Sir John, you did not tell me what; but
I expected some notable place, I'll assure ye: for I
look upon myself, plain 'squire as I stand here, to be
somebody.

Shal. Coz, coz, you are an ass, coz.

Slen. Why, why, I did n't lend him the money; I.

Law. Justice Shallow, this is a very simple action.
I am sorry it is not in my power to serve you in it.
Sir John, if you had either honour or honesty, you
would restore the money; but, as you make pretensions
to neither, I leave you. [Exit Law.]

Fal. Well, my masters, you hear the counsel learn-
ed in the law. Will you to dinner with me? You
shall see I am no niggard. If you will lodge with
me in Eastcheap, you shall see the thousand pound's
fairly spent in sack: you shall share with me to the
utmost farthing. But for dry restitution, I have not

been accustomed to it for many years. You not have me a changeling at this time of day, I Master Shallow.

Shal. Changeling! No, Sir John, thou changeling; but depend on it, I will not put wrong. Robert Shallow, Esq; will neither eat nor drink with thee. If the law will not help me take other methods. I will have my money; or on't, I will have my money. *[Exit S]*

Shen. Ay, ay, we shall find means to get the money; never fear. *[Exit S]*

Fal. Nay, I fear it not—at least before I shall find means to spend it; and then, get it when it concerns not me. We shall see, however, my business will be done first. Mine will go merryward. Ah! shallow Master Shallow! But who have thought the snipe would have went to court and get himself laughed at? Then to see how demure Slyboots angled for me, as if I had been a gudgeon cunningly the rascally barrador would have hooked his instrument! But I was even with the mettle knave.—My friend Shallow will never bring it to an action at law; and if he should, I am on the other side of the hedge. Indeed, were I to go to the mint of money, I would choose to have it all in my possession. There is nothing like it. Possession is the very life's blood of a bad cause: on the other side of which is mine; I will home to dinner.

SCENE V.

A Fencing-School. PISTOL and NYM enter, disguised.

Pistol. Is this not better than the service mean
Of Cappadocian or Assyrian knight?

That last young quarreller, how much gave he?

Nym. Two marks for entrance and an angel fee.

Pistol. 'T is well, keep 'count; and lend attention
mute.

Dame Ursula, the Knight's neglected flame,
Grown rich, is fond of finery and name;
To her hath Don Pistolo made his suit
By love epistle.—*Nym*—What sayst thou to 't?

Nym. What, rival Sir John! 'T is true he does not
go there now, or he'd make a bloody business of it.
You must know I've courted her niece and chamber-
maid Bridget ever since the last wind-fall.

Pistol. And hast thou sped?

Nym. Very scurily, ancient. The jade runs
humours upon me.

Pistol. *Nym*, I a letter for thee will indite,
In the true style of a Castilian knight.
Woman is taken by mere words and whim;
Nymwego shall command what's held from *Nym*.
But see new swaggerers coming—keep your state.

Justice SHALLOW and Master SLENDER enter.

Shal. Ay, this is my old school: here have I had

my sa! and my ha!—Odo, your servant, gentles, pray is Signior Stiletto to be spoken with?

Pistol. The valiant wight translated is to Heaven.

Shal. Faith and troth, I'm sorry for that; heartily sorry indeed.

Pistol. Ha! sorry! sayst thou, Paphlagonian vile! Wouldst thou in Tartarus that he should howl?

Ha!—Ha!

[*Draws and makes a lunge at Shallow, who retires.*]

Shal. Not I.—Not I.—Pray moderate your passion.—Gad's mercy on me what a furious lunge!—Sir, understand me. Signior Stiletto was my honoured master; I had a friendship for him.

Pistol. I then embrace thee with a soldier's arm. Stiletto was the glory of the sword, The Ajax, Hector, Agamemnon he!

Shal. And, if I may ask, without offence, pray, sir, what is the name and quality of your worship?

Pistol. I his successor am, and men me call Anticho del Pistolo.

Shal. A name of sound, and smacking loud of valour; it sorts well with your figure and profession.

Shen. Ecod I think so; his name and looks I'm sure make me tremble. I would I were safely out of the house, la!

Pistol. Needst thou my service?

Shal. To say the truth, sir, though I am not of a quarrelsome disposition, I have an affair of honour upon my hands; and, having long laid by my rapier, I came to take a lesson or two of Signior Stiletto;

e better to withstand the force of my adversary. Now, since my old master is dead, I would be obliged the skill of his successor.

Pistol. What is thy name and quality ?

Shal. My name is Shallow, sir.

Shen. Of Gloucestershire, Esq. justice of the peace, and of the quorum.

Pistol. A name of note, and smacking much of folly. [Exit Pistol.]

suiteth well thy figure and thy purpose. Now, my friend, hand the foils. There, grasp it well; mark thy point thus against thy rival's sword, and had he twenty lives, he falls. Sa——sa.

[*They skirmish, and Shallow is disarm'd.*]

Shal. Enough, enough, for once, brave sir, enough. I see, indeed, you're worship is a master. Another time I'll try my skill again.

Pistol. Enough's a feast. Farewell, till next we meet. [Exit Pistol.]

Nym. And will not my young squire here give to the humour of it. Come, sir, lay hold.

Shen. Cod so, not I. I quarrel with nobody, but my man. And I can break his head at any time for a penny's worth. So I've no occasion, sir, I thank ye———none, coz, let's go.

Shal. Sir, there's my thanks [Gives money to Nym.] you'll see me soon again.

Shen. Yes, yes, my cousin will come again; but we've no occasion, I thank ye. [Exit Shal. and Shen.]

Nym. These two squires are precious subjects to

play humours on.—I have it too: they 've land and beeves; and, marry-trap, I will lay a trap for marrying them. Our hostess Quickly, and Doll Tearshee when bedizen'd, may pass on these Gloucestershire coafs for London dames of rank. Nay, they resemble the wealthy widow of Watling-street, and buxo Beatrice of Bucklersbury, her forward niece. They were a trick of price: I'll fashion it, by working these noodles into a conceit of their being beloved by the widow, and Madam Beatrice. I will about strait. [Ex

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tavern in Eastcheap. FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH enter.

Falstaff.

BARDOLPH! How is it with Peto to day!

Bar. Why, he 's in a bad way, Sir John.

Fal. That all!—when was he otherwise? we ever knew Peto or thee in a good way?

Bar. And yet, Sir John, we are your followers you know.

Fal. Well said, Bardolph.—I see thy wit is improved. I lead you the way, it is true; but you follow me, like spaniels, with damnable circumvolutions. But, whom have we here?

Bar. It is the doctor, Sir John, that has been up to see Peto.

Fal. O, doctor Caius Mithridate, the apothecary! precious limb of Galen!—At Windsor he was a ph

man, and starved by prescribing poisons, but now he is turned apothecary, and thrives by administering them.

Dr. CAIUS enters.

Fal. So, master Doctor, thou art a man of merit I see.—Thou art sought after.—Pray, how many patients may'st thou have dispatched to day?

Caius. Pas beaucoup, Sir John—not great many. I pay visits betimes, en bon matin, à monsieur de Peto.—But I must go now à l'instant, à la cour.

Fal. Nay, rest you a moment, Dr. Caius, I would commune with you a little on the score of old acquaintance. Pray, master doctor, how came you to leave Windsor? You were, I thought, in some repute there.

Caius. How came I to leave Windsor! By god del Windsor did leave me.—Reputel! Morbleu, I was in de best reputation du monde. In dree year, dere was no les dan dree honderd patients of quality under my hands.—They did never complain of mal-treatment: and yet I did stay dere till I had no patients left.

Fal. Dead men tell no tales, doctor, 't is certain.

Caius. Eh, bien! my patients did die sure enough; but dere was deir sons, deir daughters, deir cousin-germans; dey was alive, and commended my treatment of de defunct et non obstant they would never call call me in demselves.

Fal. That's much.—But did all your patients die? Say you? Not one survive to trumpet the fame of their doctor!

Caius. Yes, by gar, dere was one Bourgeois riche et fort mal, he bring me more disgrace th dose dat vas dead. I did exert all my skill for dree years; and he would not be cured.

Fal. Then why did you not let him go after th

Caius. By gar he would not go. Il a été fort tété, cet homme là. I have give him opiates, d cotiques, stronger, by gar, dan Lethe itself. I would not be composed; he would live to di me. So he turn me off; and grow well himself, tôt, presently, without any medicine in the world.

Fal. A base plebeian tyke!

Caius. By gar he was one base fellow, let n you dat. De quality no put such affront upon titioner renommé, un homme comme moi.

Fal. Right, master Caius; it is a damned when people will not die secundem artem; b in spite of the doctor. But to the present co how is it with Peto?

Caius. Oh! j'espere qu'il seroit beintôt gueri in very fair way, Sir John.

Fal. Bardolph tells me here, he is in a bad one and good, I have heard often; but fair and bad dom. But what are his complaints, master do know something of physic.

Caius. Vy, Sir John, de cutis of de occiput ceré; there be gros tumours all over de cor body. De patient has a delire, a vertigo; and b de symptomes febriles. 's indicat phlebot

Fal. Phlebotomy! ing?

John, it happen'd lucky for me, I came off so well as I did yesterday. I hope, my lady, thou play'dst fair to get off in time, and leave thy friend and master in ex-

cellence. Honour, Sir John, I did my utmost for you; but 't was impossible; and in-
conceivable that I was not myself trod
under the heels of the vulgar.

How can the moon be a Suffolk cheese, or
Thou have I not seen thee clear
a staff, at a bear-baiting? Thou
wentest away through a legion, nay the mil-
lions, why, who would come within a
brand, thy nose? It is a flaming
brand. Wouldst thou make me believe
that thou wert near thee, to burn their holy-
wells? Wouldst thou have set them a blazing
and have consumed the whole pro-
vince like men of straw. A plague
on them for their avoiding thee, I suppose,
that they did a martyr to corpulency.

Why dost thou always plaguing me about my
corpulency? Have I not done my best to
have me do with it?

There were water enough in the
sea to quench it. But water, I
remember, I remember, I remember,
with the rain
to the Borough
hot, although

Caius. Vorse and vorse! By gar, Sir John, if you no shange your regime, you shall die. Your fat will eat you up.

Fal. I shall eat up many a fat capon first, master doctor.—But would'st thou persuade me, with thy contra-indications, that water is better than wine?

Caius. Pour quelques temperamens et dans certains cas; for some constitutions and in some cases, Sir John.

Fal. For thine, perhaps, but mine thanks thee for thy water. Wine is good enough for me.

Caius. Ah! que vous êtes mal avisé. Eh bien, Sir John, you will no take my advice, I leave you. Bonjour—good day to you, Sir John. [*Aside.*] Eh! mon Dieu! si gras! si gros, by gar, he cannot live long; he will overlay his own belly and burst, if he be not bled. [*Exit Dr. Caius.*]

Fal. Good day to you, master doctor apothecary. And yet I know not whether I ought to wish that neither; for a good day to him must be a bad one to some-body. A man of any conscience, or humanity, knows not how to salute fellows of such an occupation: for who would wish the rest of mankind lame and blind, sick and sorry, to find them employment, forsooth?—Poor Peto! I would not lose him, methinks; for though he be a worthless knave, he is an old acquaintance; and I never could find in my heart to part with my old acquaintance merely because they were good for nothing. King Hal is another sort of a man to what I am, lon his old friends in his

w. Ecod, Sir John, it happen'd lucky for me, I tell ye, that I came off so well as I did yesterday.

z. Ay, by'r lady, thou play'dst fair to get off in whole skin, and leave thy friend and master in ex-
 ity.

w. Nay, 'pon honour, Sir John, I did my utmost
 rep up with you : but 't was unpossible ; and in-
 it was very fortunate that I was not myself trod
 ath by the populous.

z. Thou ! tell me the moon is a Suffolk cheese, or
 indsor pear. Thou ! have I not seen thee clear
 ing without a staff, at a bear-baiting ? Thou
 t'st make thy way through a legion, nay the mil-
 of a crusade : why, who would come within a
 m of that fire-brand, thy nose ? It is a flaming
 edged sword. Wouldst thou make me believe
 illains would come near thee, to burn their holy-
 clothes ? Thou wouldst have set them a blazing
 stubble, and have consumed the whole pro-
 on of heralds, like men of straw. A plague
 them, it was by their avoiding thee, I suppose,
 I had like to have died a martyr to corpulency .

w. Sir John, you're always plaguing me about my
 what would you have me do with it ?

z. Do with it ! If there were water enough in the
 nes, I would have thee quench it. But water, I
 can do nothing for thee ; since I remember,
 we rode last from Canterbury, with the rain
 ng full in our faces, thou cam'st into the Borough
 thy nose and cheeks glowing red hot, although

they had been hissing all the way like a taylor's goor. God forgive me—but when thou runn'st behind the hedge, in fear of the officer; I could not help comparing him and thee to Moses and the burning bush. But thou wilt in time be consumed: thy fire must out.

Bar. I would it were out, so be I might hear no more on't. In troth, Sir John, if I must always be your butt, I shall seek another service I assure you.

Fal. Nay, nay, good Bardolph, that must not be. I speak not in disparagement, Heaven knows: for I mean to cherish thee against the lack of fuel, or the visitation of a Dutch winter.

Bar. 'Sblood, Sir John, I'll bear it no longer.

[*Going.*]

Fal. Hold, Bardolph, were art thou going? thou glow-worm in magnature with thy tail upwards; thou pumpkin-headed rascal, stay, or——

Bar. Give me good words then, Sir John, why pumkin-head, pray now?

Fal. Hast thou never seen a scoop'd pumpkin set over a candle's-end, on a gate-post, to frighten alewives from gossiping by owl-light? That is a type of thee——that is thy emblem: thy head being hollow, full of light, and easily broken; as thou shalt experience, if thou offer'st to fly thy colours till disbanded by authority. I shall need thee, I tell thee, to keep me warm under the coldness of the king's displeasure.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, burnt sack and ginger will do you more good than any thatsomever light I may give,

set aside choler, I am as cold as e'er a 'd younker in town.

d, say'st thou! thy face would condemn incendiary before any bench of judicature! thou wouldst carry apparent combustion with thee. Tell me not of cold. I should certainly have been hanged long ago, if the sheriff had been afraid thou wouldst have fired upon or the gibbet.

Why, Sir John, I have been your attendant, off and on these twenty years, come Candlemas; and I have had any such effect on you.

For what cause, you rogue, the cause; am not I kept a pipe of Canary constantly discharged? Are not the tapsters perpetually employing cock-buckets for ever a going, to keep me from being dry? And yet at times my skin is shrivel'd like an April pippin. Mark me but walking in the sun, with thee glowing at my heels, if I do not drip like a roasting ox.

Why, you are pleased to be hard upon me, Sir John. I am sure my face never hurt a hair of your

head. Look at 'em—hath it not turned them white? Twenty years ago, before they were bleached with fire, my locks were of a nut brown.

Why, you grow old, Sir John.

Why, what call you old? I am a little more than fourscore: and Methusalem liv'd to near a thou-

sand. Why may not I be a patriarch, and be and daughters these hundred years, myself?

Bar. Then you must get a wife, Sir John, for common fields, you know, never bear clover.

Fal. Marry! what to be made a cuckold of, rant ye?

Bar. Why, Sir John, if you should marry, would not like to be singular, I suppose.

Fal. Nay, for the matter of that, all's one: will have me? Your dames of breeding are and finicking for me to bear with them.

Bar. Ay, or for them to bear you either, Sir.

Fal. Nay, whoever has me, she must be no ling; she must be none of your gingerbread lass will crumble to pieces in the towzling. She none of your wishy-washy, panada gentry your curd and whey gentlefolks, that cannot the embraces of a soldier; I must have a kicksey of more substantial stuff.

Bar. Why, Sir John, what say you to Mistress Sula, your old sweetheart? You have courted my knowledge these twenty years last past. I you know her great aunt is dead, and has left hundred marks a year.

Fal. No, by the Lord I heard nothing on sent me a letter, indeed, into Gloucestershire: but over a bottle, and would not interrupt the read' it. I knew it was hers by the superscription which by the way, however, was as unintelligible the hand-writing on the wall. It had never me had not the business of a decypherer. G

ch it; you will find it among other trumpery
 ak bag. [Exit Bardolph.

our hundred marks a year, quoth he! It were
 unreasonable competence were not shew'd
 vely so dear. But if the female incum-
 it should turn out a shrew; the Lord
 y on me! I shall be paid off for the sins of
 . Let me bethink me. Four hundred
 year! I have, it is true, small hopes from
 shall grow old some time or other. These
 y limbs forebode it. I cannot hold out for
 's certain. Were it not good, therefore,
 virtue of necessity, and take up while I am
 reap the credit of reformation? Could I re-
 to my interest, I believe my inclination
 ow.

BARDOLPH *re-enters*.

ere, Sir John, is the letter.

ne on: let us see if we are master of so
 bic as to find out her meaning. [*Reads.*]—
 um—hum—! Why, dame Ursula,
 a memory. I could have credited thee for
 n account of that old friend to woman, the
 ut how thou couldst remember for fifteen
 her what money I owed thee—that indeed I
 ount for. I have myself forgot it long
 : tells me here, I have borrowed five hun-
 ds of her at times, as tokens of my love.—
 rd, and as I am a soldier, I will love her

still, and she shall command semblance
 [*Reads on.*] Hum——hum——Repay-
 ney or the performance of my engage-
 am I then to be married on compulsion
 most damnably against the grain.
 marry, her money will be mine :
 cease to lend when she pleases ; and
 man is always at the turning of the tide
 on the caprice of a woman.

Bar. Why marry her then, Sir ?
 she has heard nothing of your design
 that she won't stand upon terms.

Fal. Marry, Bardolph, and I am
 do so. Yea, by the Lord, and I am
 besides, two thousand pounds in ready
 rageously make the attack, and move
 matrimony. If I fall into the hands
 why, good night. It is but going in
 years before my time. Bardolph, go
 in the Cupid. Thou shalt be one of
 I will write to her in trope and figure
 hyperbole carry all before them with
 her resist lies and nonsense if she can

NYM, DOLL, and QUICK

Dol. But do you think, Nym, they

Nym. Not if you mind the trick
 betray yourselves. The old 'squire
 a goat, and conceited as an ape.
 young one, he has lost his senses

O, let me alone for speaking supernaculu
. set of the courtliest phrases in my huswi
I'll con them by heart.

Well, go prosper : Pistol will be here pr

. Fear not——we'll lose no time : come, Dol.
I be made women, if this plot succeeds.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

name **URSULA**, and **BRIDGET** attending.

And do you think, Bridget, Sir John will be
good as his word, then? How sits my coat
I would thou hadst bought me one of those
oned farthingales.

O, madam, you are mighty fine as it is, truly
I am sure, Sir John can do nothing less than
I.

Winkst thou so, Bridget? Why, to be cer-
ch-coloured satin does become my com-
gely. But I think the roses are faded in

Well, no matter ; he might have ga-
twenty years ago, had not he been a ro-

ver. I hope, however, he has sold his wild oats, and that I shall yet have the satisfaction to be called my Lady Falstaff.

Brid. To be sure, madam; and though Sir John is but a knight at present, he will be very assuredly, when the young king is crowned, be made a great lord, and may be a duke. Indeed, madam, I cannot think less.

Urs. And then shall I be a dutchess, Bridget. Do you call Ursula a dutchess!

Brid. Ay, madam, that will be a day to see; I am so happy as to be in your grace's favour.

Urs. For certain, Bridget, thou shalt. Well, but love is a strange thing! there is Sir John has deceived me a thousand times, and yet, I know not how, he has always persuaded me he was sincere.

Brid. A sure sign you loved him, madam.

Urs. And yet to be sure, before I received his letter, I thought I never should hear from him again, and had almost come to a resolution to cast him entirely off.

Brid. In good sooth, madam, that is very prudent; to cast a lover off when we find he will leave us.

Urs. I think so, and not a little imprudent to do it before, for one of my years at least.

Brid. Why, madam, you are not so old.

Urs. Indeed, but I am——old enough to know I ought not to part with one lover till I am sure of an-

sure, madam, a bird in the hand is
 the bush ; but the sport of hampering
 they are at liberty, is so vastly pretty.

we were sure of catching them at last ;
 Bridget, how often do they escape
 fingers, and give us the slip ! Besides, it
 is easier than I to go bird catching——I
 have hit on the tail of a sparrow now.

say not so, madam ; you forget your
 1 Anticho del Pistolo.

him, fustian-pated rogue, whoever he
 is with his epistles.——To write letters
 is due to thee too ! Well, as I live, I will
 send you a couple of bombards to Sir John. I will shew
 you some.

1, the Knight is coming.

is, Bridget, and so he is. Introduce
 us.

FALSTAFF *enters*.

my fair princess, see thy wandering

come to London, Sir John, thou art in-
 error.

knight-errant for thy sake.

for thy sake, Sir John ?

for thy sake, my Helen. Have I not encount-
 ered giants and fiery dragons, in the re-
 memberland and Wales ? And then for
 enchanted castles : Owen Glendower

and his Welch devils we put to the rout, and strong hold between here and West Chester visited, releasing fair damsels and distressed from captivity. I brought two of the latter town; I would they were safely immured in the city again.

Urs. And all these exploits for me, Sir John?

Fal. As I am a true knight, to lay my laurels at your feet.

Urs. Do you then still love me in sincerity, Sir John?

Fal. Do I love thee? Am I a soldier? Have I not my rage? Love thee! I will be thy Troilus, and thou shalt be my Cressida.

Urs. You have long told me so, indeed.

Fal. And can I lye? Thou shalt be sole mistress of my person and wealth. Thou shalt share the honours done me at the court of the new king; and thou shalt—but what shalt thou not do? We are now married incontinently.

Urs. O, Sir John, you know your own passion and our sex's weakness; but, indeed, for decency's sake, I will not so speedily consent. Besides, Sir John, you have not yet put in possession of my estate and monies.

Fal. Nay then, as thou sayst, love, for thy sake, we must bear with a short delay; but I will not longer be kept out of possession than thou art.

Urs. You shall not, Sir John; and, in the meantime, our lawyers shall confer on the terms of our marriage.

yers. Let a priest suffice. Am not
ar?

*bee less than justice were a sin,
me thy lips, we'll settle all within.*

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Justice SHALLOW *enters, with Mrs.*
QUICKLY, *dressed in tawdry Clothes.*

Mrs. Quickly.

oth, Mr. Shallow, I am too young a wi-
too young to think of a second husband.
so, fair mistress. If to wed be good, the
ried still the better speed. My assiduities
ou soon forget your former spouse.
our acidities, indeed, are very great, Mr.
but you are too pressing: I cannot so soon
Quickly.—*What the gowjers have I said.*
ckly!—I thought your husband's name

es, yes, and so it was; but I called him
ckly, because he was ever so slow. He
man, of a slow melancholy. Always
ht and day asleep.
h! addicted to somnolency.

Quick. Ay, so the do-
lemnity, and a solemn
of it.

Shal. He was too fat an
leaner.

Quick. Yes, sir, he grew
ting with his guests, instea-
chance, and scoring double.

Shal. Say you? mistress!—

Quick. *Blisters on my nim-*
Shallow, he was rich, and k
store of guests, that made a wo

Shal. Open house, and leave
that is rare! he traded greatly

Quick. Greatly, Mr. Shallow,

Shal. And bore arms.

Quick. Two pumpions on a cu

Shal. They will quarter.—I'll
widow.

Quick. Will you, Mr. Shallow?

Shal. Ecod, I will. Ay, twice
another smile. Odds heart, that
me like an arrow. Nay, I will
will I—

*[They struggle; Shallow kisses her
from him in affected anger.]*

Odds bobs! a dainty widow!

Quick. You're rude, sir; I must le

Shal. Hah! gone! then Shallow sh
and, but will pursue, and force thee

self in your re-

other matter,
 I thou'rt not
 ence does me
 chial to his
 d's health.

—what I
 s, who are
 at will not

and shall
 onfession at

t. Come

our reve-
 at, I do
 entance,
 ne past,
 l of it.

dispo-
 than to
 tions,
 from

geons bodily yet. Who call in the divine till they have sent out the doctor?

Fri. I know your case well, Sir John. It is perhaps your body than your mind that is affected.

Fal. Nay, like enough. I have indeed been damnably dispirited ever since the king's coronation. A confounded melancholy hangs upon me like a quotidian ague.

Fri. It is that melancholy, and the cause of it, Sir John, I would remove.

Fal. And how wouldst thou remove it? By providing me with a charge of horse, and restoring me to the king's favour. I know no other way.

Fri. By inducing thee to repent, and be restored to the favour of the King of kings; which thou hast forfeited by a dissolute and abandoned life. Dost thou not think thou art in a state of reprobation?

Fal. Pray, friar, by what authority dost thou take upon thee to catechise me? Dost thou come out of mere charity, or art thou employed by thy superiors?

Fri. Suppose the former, Sir John.

Fal. Suppose the former, father friar; why then the devil is so strong in me, that I should be tempted to throw thee headlong down stairs for thy charitable impertinence.

Fri. Thy ill-manners, Sir John, would be inexcusable, were it not to be supposed the consequence of an habitual antipathy to every thing that is good. But I will not lay claim to greater merit than is my due.

your friend as to interest himself in your re-

my Lord-chief-justice ! that's another matter.

the mercy, reverend father. I find thou'rt not

I took thee for. Your reverence does me

, and I profess am much indebted to his

ship's kind love and regard to my soul's health.

Fri. You'll hear me then, Sir John ?

Fal. Yea, Heaven forbid I should not——what I

did was meant against those officious zealots, who are

so forward to pry into men's consciences that will not

bear the looking into.

Fri. Sir John, we know your failings ; and shall

not put you to the trouble of auricular confession at

present.

Fal. There, friar, thou winn'st my heart. Come

sit thee down. Wilt drink a glass of sack ?

Fri. I never do, Sir John.

Fal. I cry thee mercy, then. Here is to your reve-

rence's health ; and now, I'll tell thee what, I do

Protest, I sit me now upon the stool of repentance,

and have been honestly deliberating, some time past,

to change my course of life. I am heartily tired of it.

Indeed I am, good father.

Fri. I am glad to find thee in such promising dispo-

sitions, and think thou couldst not do better than to

betake thyself, agreeable to his lordship's intentions,

to some monastery, where thou wilt be secluded from

temptations, and have all spiritual assistance to en-

courage thee to mortify the desires of the flesh.

Fal. Hold thee there, good father. Let me understand thee. What! would his lordship make a monk of me? I must there beg his pardon. A monk; and to mortify the flesh! For Heavens sake, good father, consider what a mortification indeed that must be to me, who have six times the quantity of any other man. If I must be included within the pale of the church, why not make a canon of me (not indeed a minor canon) but a prebendary, or a bishop, now. Something might be said for either of these. But for a monk! I know not any thing I am less fit for; unless indeed his lordship had meant to make a running footman of me.

Fri. Nay, Sir John, his lordship will not use compulsion in this. He will not so far lay a restraint on your inclinations.

Fal. O, if I ever find myself that way inclined, his lordship may depend on it I shall be as ready as ever to follow my inclinations. But the lesson of lean and sallow abstinence is very long and hard, good father, I am not gotten half-way through the first chapter yet.

Fri. Some steps, however, Sir John, you must take towards a more reputable way of life; and that speedily too; otherwise you will be stript of the honours of knighthood, and the king's sentence of banishment will be strictly put in execution against you.

Fal. As to the matter of knighthood; once a knight and always a knight, you know. The king may make as many knights as he pleases, but he may not unmake them again. My title will

g's courtesy, but on that of my notwithstanding, very desirous to give faction : and do assure thee, on the r, of the sincerity of my repentance. this may be only a transitory fit of to your late disappointment. What give me to hope this state of mind

er, what I am shortly going to do, confined many a man to a state of a has continued to the last hour of

John, is saying something. Pray g to do?

en a resolution, father, to——What ow it is I have resolved upon ?

mendable act of penance, no doubt. ay well be called so, I believe. I ood father, to marry.

that an act of penance, Sir John ? Is f mortification ?

ay not find it so.

John, marriage is a holy state ; and approve your resolution ; but, in the church, it is also an holy act, and entered into unadvisedly. Your precede your receiving the benefit of

not but I shall repent me sufficiently

Fri. Ah! Sir John, Sir John, I fear me you are true penitent; but, however, it may be lawful to do what cannot be effectually cured. I did not expect to make a convert at the first interview. If thou shalt take any measures that tend towards reformation, I shall have my prayers and best assistance thereunto. Another time I will hold farther converse with thee.

Fal. In the mean time, good father, let me be as fair in your report to my Lord-chief-justice, as to your majesty.

Fri. Thou shalt stand fairer than I fear thou shalt serve. Farewell.

Fal. [*Solus.*] Fare thee well, good father. What an hypocritical puritan! Would not drink with the ungodly, I suppose. But I am probably mistaken, if he be not indebted for that countenance and the gout, to the penetrating quality of old sherris.

BARDOLPH enters.

Fal. Well, Bardolph, what news dost thou bring?

Bar. Marry, Sir John, I have just seen a sight that you would have chuckled at,

Fal. And what is that?

Bar. Why, mother Quickly and Doll Tearsheet were tired like dames of fashion, and courted by Shallow and Master Slender. For my own part, I was out of the plot, but I find the contrivance is discovered. Pistol and Nym are caught, and at the bottom of it, That 's all I can learn.

. Bardolph, those knaves would leave me, and
 up for themselves. The 'squires are mine; a law-
 prey, and shall not be fed upon without our leave.
 and more, and I will bethink me how to counteract
 e villainous machinations of these runagates. But,
 w, attend me forth. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

URSULA and BRIDGET enter.

. Now, Bridget, mark me well. That errant
 knave,

Spanish suitor, will anon be here.

He requests that I do greet him kindly,

give him flattering earnest of success.

/. Doubt not my cunning: I've been taught ere
 to set an egg upon its little end.

A grannum's secret, Bridget; but no more.—
 creature's that, who with enormous strides
 res the pavement yonder?

. 'Tis the Don—I will be ready, madam,
 you please, to scare him hence. [Exit.

Nay, he shall have some sour as well as sweet;
 as he is, all honey is not meet.

PISTOL enters.

/. Fair dame, I kiss your hands, your gen'
 brief,

Borne by the winged Mercury, came to hand ;
And sends your slave to meet his amorous doom.

Urs. I fear, sir, I have trespassed on the bounds
Of maiden modesty, to write so freely.

What will the world say of this strange demeanour ?

Pistol. Breathes he the vital air will dare to cast
Reflections base on Ursula's fair name ?

Urs. Indeed, Signior Anticho, I have a woman's
timidity, and am apprehensive my behaviour in this
particular will seem too light. Affections of so speedy
growth are blamed, as weeds too rank to thrive in
true love's garden.

Pist. No general rule 's without exception, lady.
The object of your choice—Pistolo's fame
Will silence all that hear and know his name.

Urs. In that, indeed, I place my confidence : and
yet a stranger, till his worth 's approved, however noble
in his native soil, is open to suspicion. Not that
your valour, birth, or virtuous fame I mean to question ;
but to please my phantasy, and justify my conduct
to the world, I would know more of your high rank
and pedigree. What is the blazonry of its distinction ?

Pistol. Pistolo wears his coat upon his sword.
Behold this blade—The very steel is dy'd [*Draws.*
With blood of Infidels, Jews, Turks, and Moors.

Urs. It hath a scurvy coat upon 't, indeed.

Pistol. True, lady, this no burnish'd Finsbury blade,
Ta'en by young cutlers from their stock in trade,
And in Moorfields on holidays display'd—
A soldier's weapon this, that bravely fell

FALSTAFF'S WEDDING.

destine on Saracens, pell-mell.

Gift of that renown'd and peerless paragon
Montado hight, the king of Arragon.

r. And hath Pistolo's valour then been shown
destine? That merit's great, I own.

tol. There by this sword so many foes were slain
it was called the flaming sword of Spain.

[*Putting up his sword.*]

r. Indeed! 'T were much a warrior to withstand,
comes victorious from the Holy Land.

BRIDGET enters, in a hurry.

id. Good gracious! madam! Sir John Falstaff.

t. Ha! who? who? what's that? Falstaff didst
say?

. No matter, sir, you shall not hence away.
quondam sweetheart; whom, for thee,
dismiss with frowns, as thou shalt see.

. Heavens, madam, I would not for the world
n should come in while the cavalier is here.—
uld have bloody doings, I warrant. Did not
ght, when he was here last, complain of your
nce, and vow vengeance on your new lover?

[*Aside.*] By Styx, he'll know and foil me.

oh! poh! this gentleman fears him not, nor
ch. Don Pistolo's sword hath been flesh'd
e Moors.

Moors! lack-a-day! what talk you of Moors?

simple Moors to such a paramour as he.
, madam, he is desperation at the loss of
hip's affection.

Pistol. Thou, mistress Abigail, art in the
Prior pretensions if the Knight doth boast,
Why happy man be's dole, say I,
Il primo venuto il primo servito.

Urs. How 's this, signior? Shall not a wa-
ge and fashion make my own choice? A
honour thus desert your fortune.

Pistol. Desert my fortune! ha! why-
no——

Urs. Nay, nay, I claim protection from
Against this rude intruder.

Pistol. Furies!——[*Pauses.*] Oh! I have
Enough—thou sayst—my sword thou shalt
'Gainst Pagan recreant, or Christian knight
Come forth, Toledo—[*Draws.*] Ha! who
see?

O, blunder vile! unfortunate mistake!
My varlet hath equipp'd me with a foil,
A blunt and batter'd foil, sans point and t
It would not parry ev'n a bulrush; this!

[*Throws away his sword, which Bridget*

Urs. Bridget, let 's see——

[*Takes the sword, and clapping the point to*
bends it double.]

Alas! 't is so, its plain.

Ha, ha, ha, the flaming sword of Spain!

' The gift of that renown'd and peerless pa-
' Rhodomontado hight, the king of Arrag-

[*Holding it up*

[*Turning to Pistol.*] Nay, do not take my li-
amiss

heart ; but nothing mean t' offend.
 paultry foil thou can'st not fight,
 with 't encounter this same knight.
 safe conduct thee to the gate,
 and tidings speedily await. [Exit.

Pistol, *looking after her.*
*It be my portion, if I trow,
 she means to jilt me now or no ;
 trabant—Abigail, lead on,
 my ff's near, 't is time that I were gone.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Justice SHALLOW and Master SLENDER
enter.

Give me—take me this letter, I say, to Sir
 Falstaff. That is his suttl'ing-house. I will
 take-bag of chitterlings with my rapier, as I

And will you fight him, cousin ? Well, hang
 you the challenge. I never could abide the
 cold iron. Even a key put down my
 bicody nose, ough—ough—ough, would al-
 a shuddering.

Don't tell me—if the law will not get me my
 revenge of him. The tun-bellied

knave shall not make such a fool of me. I will have his blood or my money.

Shen. His blood! O lud! O lud! Why, Cousin Shallow you are enough to——

Shal. Carry me this letter, I say, to Sir John Falstaff. What is it to you? If I am killed, you are my heir, and come in for my land and beaves. So, do as I bid you.

Shen. Ecod, that's true. I did not think of that, if my cousin's killed, I come in for his estate. [*Aside.*] Ay, I'll carry him the challenge. Hey! here he comes, with his bottle-nos'd man, that picked my pocket at Windsor.

FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH enter.

Shal. Sir John! Sir John Falstaff!

Bar. Sir John, Justice Shallow calls ye.

Fal. What would the blade of spear-mint have with me? I have done with him.

Shal. But I have not yet done with you, Sir John! I would first have my thousand pound of you again.

Fal. You would, Master Shallow! like enough!— You must take me then in the humour. I am at present ill-disposed to your suit.

Shal. Tut, Sir John. I have said I will not tamely put up this wrong. If I do, I shall be flouted and jibed to death: I shall be pursued by the mockery of a whole hundred.

Fal. Not unlikely. But, believe me, the more you bustle in this, the more you will expose

Myself. The more you stir——you know the proverb, Master Shallow, it is a little homely, so let that pass. Yet, let me advise thee; rest content.

Shal. Content! I am not content. I cannot be content. Nay, I will not be content. Give me back the money, or I will have satisfaction of thee.

Fal. Satisfaction, say'st thou? Why, thou wilt not dare me to the combat.

Shal. Such provocation would make a coward fight, Sir John.

Fal. If it make thee fight, I'll be sworn it would: or I have seen thee tremble at the shaking of a wheat-scarf.

Shal. To be bamboozled! cheated! laught at! I will not put it up. By heavens I will not put it up.

Fal. Well said, Master Shallow. Now I see there's a rattle in thee. But surely thou would'st not be the first to break the peace! thou, whose office it is to finish the breach of it.

Shal. Sir John, there are times and reasons for all things. If you will neither give me my money nor gentleman's satisfaction, I will have thee tossed in a blanket for a poltroon as thou art.

Fal. They must be stout carls, Master Shallow, that toss me in a blanket.

Shal. Well, well, we shall see—I'll parley with you no longer. Cousin Slender don't stand still, I hail I, but give him the note.

Slen. Ay, ay, if coz is killed, I shall have his estate, and so there's the challenge. [*Lx. Shal. and Slen.*]

Fal. A challenge!—By the Lord and it is a challenge. I am called upon here to meet him on Tower-hill incontinently at single rapier. Hoo! what a tur-luru! In the name of common-sense is the fool turned madman? What means the simple tony by this? To get his money again? Does he think by running me through the pericardium to become my heir at law?—The fearfull stag is at bay, and become desperate.—But let me see—what 's to be done here? I am in person too much of a knight to engage with so little a 'squire—I have it.—Bardolph, I being your master, and a knight, thou art by the laws of chivalry no less than a 'squire. Now, as I take it, this quarrel is properly thine: thou must meet Justice Shallow at single rapier.

Bar. I, Sir John. He has no quarrel against me. The challenge is given to your honour.

Fal. True, but I tell thee my honour disdains to encounter a pitiful 'squire: thou must take my sword and fight him.

Bar. I shall only disgrace your arms, Sir John.

Fal. Go to, you will do well. He knows nothing of the sword; and should he challenge thee at pistols, put a charge into each barrel, and present thy nose at him; he will never stand thy fire.

Bar. Indeed, Sir John, I must be excused. I never could fight in my life, unless there was something to be got by it; a booty on the highway or so.

Fal. Why, 't is for a thousand pounds, you rogue.

Bar. And where 's _____ money?

At my cashier's.

Well then, Sir John, why should we fight

Bardolph thou art a coward; but no matter.—
a thought: I will meet him myself. Go, fetch
kier I fought with at Shrewsbury. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

-Hill. PISTOL and Justice SHALLOW enter,
stript for the Combat.

Pistol.

ought, brave 'squire, the knight's a coward
rank.

I am glad to hear that, and yet I would I had
esson or two more, before I had encountered

l. Bear thy point thus—sa, sa, friend Shal
low, sa.

s, I say, and trust Pistolo's art.

e buxom widow will relate
ced of prowess.

. I will essay; but some one comes this way;
etire, and try that pass again. [*Exeunt.*

Dr. CAIUS and Man enter.

s. Jack Rugby, follow me, Jack Rugby: I ave
re is to be duel fought hereabouts, by and by.

If de parties be not killed outright, dey must assistance. Ve must vatch de opportunity, Jack.

Rag. To prevent the gentlemen fighting,

Calus. To prevent their fighting! vat ave wid dat? No, you fool, Jack; to take e wounded. Dat is my business.

Rag. But how if the other should run awa

Calus. By gar, let him run: he be no p me. Come dis way.

FALSTAFF enters.

Fal. Aha—aha—What a vile mist there is to-day! I cannot see a sword's length before. This must be the spot. But where is the ad I would not have him, methinks, lost in the Master Shallow! Master Shallow!

SHALLOW re-enters.

Shal. Ay, ay, Sir John, here am I.

Fal. Saints and good angels guard us! V this?

Shal. Come, Sir John, draw, draw.

Fal. It calls me by my name too! *Jesu Ma* is no *deceptio visus*. In the name of heaven and what art thou? Ouphe, fairy, ghost, hobgob demon? *Exorciso te.—Pater noster.*—

Shal. Come, Sir John, do n't think to put m my purpose; you know me very well. You Justice Shallow to his cost,

Fal. How! can this thing be Robert Shallow, of Gloucestershire, esq. justice of the peace, and of the quorum? I took it for some strolling ghost escaped out of purgatory, by all that 's terrible.

Shal. Sir John, this mockery shall not suffice you.

Fal. Nay, it is true, as I am a sinner.

Shal. Will you fight me, Sir John, or will you not?

Fal. Fight thee! When thou seest the princely eagle descend to encounter the tom-tit. What! shall the lofty elephant wield his proboscis against a mite? Shall Sir John Falstaff draw his martial sword against such a pig-widgeon as thou?

Shal. What then did you come here for, Sir John? If you would not be treated as a coward, lay down your target and draw.

Fal. Lay down my target, sayst thou? Who would be fool then? Look ye, Master Shallow (since shallow thou wilt be) if I fight, it must be on equal terms.—It is but equitable that my body should be secured, when I engage with an unsubstantial form; a thing that has none. Dost thou think me such a goose-cap as to lay open this fair round belly to the point of thy rapier, when thou presentest not a mark for me. It were as good as pricking at a lottery, ten thousand blanks to a prize, to make a thrust at thee. It were indeed more than a miracle to hit what, rhetorically speaking, is impalpable. But come, if thou must fight with me, thou shalt not say I deal unfairly by thee. To draw my sword would be needless: for hit thee I never shall.—That's flat. Therefore, Tolt-

do, rest thou in thy scabbard. This is my
 [Stands on his defence with his target.] Carry
 as thou wilt; if thou canst not come into
 thou art weary, the money is mine; if thou
 woundest me, I will then—keep it to pay
 geon. So come on.

Shal. Sir John, you are a cowardly knave
 will kill you if I can.

[They fight. Mr. Shallow thrusts at Sir John
 receives his point always on his target.]

Fal. Well said, Master Shallow.—Bravo!—
 again.—Sa—sa.

[Shallow breaks his sword, and Falstaff closes
 him, and seizes him by the collar; on which
 low falls down on his knees, and Falstaff claps
 target on his head.]

Ha! have I nabb'd you? You should have appoin-
 sticklers, Mr. Shallow. What if I cut thy thro-
 now?

[Taking off the target.]
Shal. Sir John, my life is in your hands: but ye
 know you have wronged me.

Fal. Well then, thy wrongs be forgotten; and, on
 that condition I give thee back thy forfeited life.

Shal. And I hope also you won't bear malice, Sir
 John, against me for the future.

Fal. By the Lord, not I. I do admire thy magna-
 nimity and valour. Why, thou art the very mirror of
 prowess, and pink of 'squire-errantry. John of
 Gaunt was a fool to thee. Were I a king thou
 shouldst, for this day's work, be made a knight with

ours of chivalry. Nay, by our lady, I will try upon me, and knight thee myself. 'Rise ðert Shallow, knight of the most horrible combatants and murderers of the fifth but- I now, Sir Robert, if thou dost not think 've bestow'd on thee worth the thousand we thee, I will for the first time make resti- thou shalt be repaid out of my wife's por- thou must know I am this night to be id have broke into the round sum to make reparations for my nuptials.

give thee joy, Sir John; and as I find there uch honour in thee, I will open my heart, to thee, that both my nephew Slender and to be married too.

! to whom, Master Shallow, to whom? o the wealthy widow of Watling-street, and Slender, to buxom Beatrice her niece, of ry.

ter Shallow, you are deceived, Master Shal- I be a friend to thee. The widow and her apostors.

apostors!

oies! whores, Master Shallow!

w, the widow of Watling-street, and Mrs. Bucklersbury—

to, I mean thy widow—Give me thy hand; hee more as we pass along. [Exeunt.]

Dr. CAIUS *and his Man enter.*

Caius. Dey shake hands!—Eh, morbleu; dey be one brace of cowards. Dat fat knight never could draw his rapier. By gar, did we not get more by de maladie de France, dan by de English courage, we should not get salt to our pottage, pardie. But, by gar, I will charge them both for my attendance; and if they no pay me, I will expose their no courage.—Come along, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt*]

PISTOL *enters.*

Pistol. The train takes fire, and all will soon be flames. The 'squires are gull'd; and Doll and Quickly take For dames of wealth. The corporal plotted well.

NYM enter, who gives Pistol a letter.

Nym. A letter from Madam Ursula; see if there humour in it.

Pistol. Ha! prize or blank! I'll open it, and read Our fortune in the lottery-book of fate.

[*Pistol reads to himself*]

By Jove's bright welkin, 't is a golden prize.
Nought could withstand the flash of Pistol's prime.
She writes us here she scorns the wassel knight,
Who keeps to-day high-revels at the globe:
Where if we meet we may in masquerade
Be sped; I to the mistress, you the maid.

Nym. Marry-trap, the humour is good; but shall we know them?

...strait:
...and courage conquers, fate.

SCENE II.

all-Room. FALSTAFF *enters, with* SHALLOW *and*
Slender in Dominos. Their Masks in their hands.

Slender. Marry, Sir John, thou hast a pithy pericranium;
it is a notable contrivance. I have appointed the
Maskers as you directed to be dressed in purple, and to
be among the revellers here at the globe.

Thou hast done well, Master Shallow; and I
and your nephew are clothed in the same dis-
guise as Nym and Pistol.—You shall see sport Mr.

But see, the maskers come this way. I
will meet the bride. [Exit Falstaff.]

[Shallow and Slender put on their Masks.]

of Maskers enter; among

the rogueries contrived in darkness, and bring
to light.

Pistol. Nym, who are those in purple
clad?

Nym. The two in green?

Pistol. In robes of Tyrian dye.

Nym. By their garb they should be the
us accost them. The priest, is ready with
will be speedy; and, when sped, return un-
tantalize the knight.

[*They go up to Quickly and Doll, and take*

A Dance. PISTOL and NYM re-enter, un-

Fal. Pistol, how now? wherefore hast
mask?—Art thou the master of this feast?
thine?

Pistol. That is as fortune bids, and time shall
Some mount aloft, while others truckle low.
Sir Knight, no more your ancient and base
Pistol was born to wield the potent pike.

Fal. Pistol, thou art always in the clouds.
drunk? or hast thou got a commission?

Pistol. Gold honour buys, and Ursula hat

Fal. How, rascal! dost thou mean to rob

Nym. Thy wife! marry that were a good
I see the humour runs well.

Pistol. Not thine, but mine, proud Basilisc
Without, just married, waits thy quondam fl

Fal. To thee?

Pistol. To me.

sayest thou?

John, that 's the short of it: and
now married to Mrs. Bridget her

o Ursula.] Say, my fair queen of
:? unmask: nay, gentles, all un-
: see what faces are put on.

John, can answer for me.

for me, madam. Marry a corporal
vs are drunk.

*[Sym look at each other with confusion
ment; during which time Mrs. Quickly
earsheet enter unmasked, and, passing
nd Nym, (who start back with fresh
t) go up to Justice Shallow and Mrs.
.]*

you bare-faced strumpets! what do
is no brothel: play no gambols here.
come up, Sir John; you will not hia-
ny husband. Mr. Shallow will pro-
Mr. Shallow.

me neither, were he twenty Sir John
Mr. Slender.

quickly, loose your hold I pray you;
Quickly.

I know you too, Mrs. Dorothy.

you so? What, Sir John hath blown
t no matter; he cannot unmarry us.
ly, that he can't.

I: for since whores and regues

have consorted, I have never seen four better

Quick. I to wise Justice Shallow.

Doll. And I to foolish Mr. Slender.

Shal. Not so, hostess; keep your distance from you.

Slen. No, no—keep off, Doll, keep off.

Quick. Plain Doll! do you hear that, Mrs. S

Doll. And hostess, truly! do you take that Shallow?

Fal. Away—ye termagant jades: or I will cut your frippery.—There are your cuckolds. Nym, why stand ye there like mutes? Are you contented at the success of your mummery? Or are you ruminating on the comforts of cuckoldom, to be patient. Take hence your crooked ribs.

[*Pistol and Nym go and take Quickly and Doll by the hand.*]

Quick. What, has there been a trick, then, done on us in these disguises? Was I married to you?

Pistol. Dame Quickly, thou art mine. They have cross'd us.

Fal. Nay, I'll be sworn they have joined ye.

Dol. And was I married to you, Nym?

Nym. Even so, Doll. I am heartily sorry for it, but luck hath turn'd tail upon us, that's all on't.

Doll. A very scurvy trick, indeed; but I have had many husbands before, that one more or less squares with Doll. Come, Mrs. Quickly, be merry and cheer: Pistol is a better man than nobody: he will not quarrel with thee, by out of the swaggerers.

I, since so the fates decree,
 actual I'll be ;
 exchange for carving knife,
 for the means of life.
 ight, but joyous dine,
 ing blood, draw sparkling wine ;
 in himself my service lack,
 he'll find a glass of sack.
 ou put no lime in it, Pistol ?
 lernian Bacchus, for my knight.
 I be thy guest. Nay, by'r lady,
 be mine too. I will not break off
 quondam familiarity with so little
 th done. I do invite you all, there-
 h me. And if you cannot laugh
 your own contrivances, be merry
 on of my nuptials.

*gh long indeed hath been our courting,
 ast the days of love and sporting ;
 ter bridegroom had you sped,
 en less prone to sleep in bed :
 un, some Spring flowers may grow,
 in September blow :
 sown, 't is ne'er too late to mend ;
 ast, the better is the end.*

EPILOGUE.

Written for Mrs. PRITCHARD. Spoken by Mrs. HOPKINS.
Enters, reading a Card.

*THE muse of Shakspeare's compliments!—A card
T' excuse this evening's enterprizing bard!
Great his presumption, to confess the truth:
But, as he pleads the passion of his youth,
Together with the magic of her charms,
Attracting him resistless to her arms;
Though somewhat by surprize, she owns, she suffer'd,
Yet, as no actual violence was offer'd,
She's willing, if the audience should agree,
For this one time to set th' offender free.
We women soon forgive, if not forget,
The crimes our beauties make the men commit,
Especially when once we're past our prime,
And Shakspeare's muse, like me, 's the worse for time.
For, though she charm with fancy ever young,
Though heavenly music dwell upon her tongue,
Lost many an artless smile and dimple sleek,
Which sat alluring on her virgin cheek;
Beauties, that faded on the gazer's eye,
And no cold-cream of comfort can supply.*

*As for what Merc'ry in the Prologue told ye;
Pray, let not that from clemency withhold ye.*

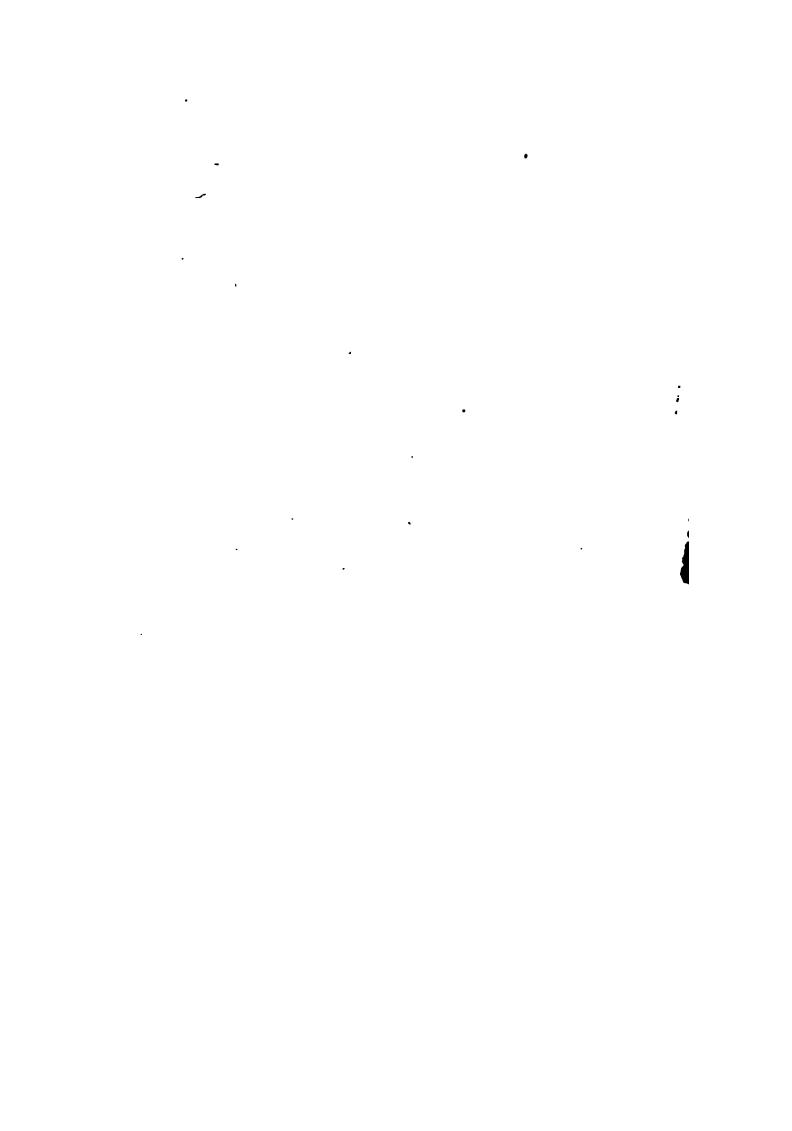
not spread the secret out of doors,—
as no more Mercury, than I am
ba, the wife of Trojan Priam.
from Phœbus! He a god!
you all, 't was Mr. Dodd;
g from the clouds, was all a sham;
tended errand but a flam.
'ben gods of paste-board, made to fly
cords across the painted sky;
as clouds, that dangle there above,
the throne itself of Jove!

Envious too, though told so glib;
n my word, 't was all a fib.
F in Elysium!—To my thinking,
natural tendency to sinking,
the less of he had once descended!

To genius gi'v'n a delegated power,
 To form these transient beings of an hour;
 Which, from this mimic world whene'er they go,
 Are free to range in fancy's pinilico;
 A limbo large and broad; which in the schools
 Is call'd by some the Paradise of Fools.
 Feræ naturæ THERE, their preservation
 Is purchas'd by no game association:
 The poaching plagiarist alone denied
 A privilege, granted to each bard beside;
 Who, though a cottager, to try his skill,
 May shoot, or course, or hunt them down at will;
 In his own paddock may the strays receive,
 And scorn to ask a lordly owner's leave.

Not that but here, the Author of the play,
 By me begs leave submissively to say,
 * None more than he reveres great Shakspeare's name,
 * Or glows with zeal to vindicate his fame.'





Act V.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.





MR HARRY WILDAIE.

*I see the spirit of thy departed life
when you faith*

4112

Act V.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

[The remainder of the page is extremely faded and illegible.]

W.B.



DAIR
signe de la vie

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SIR HARRY WILDAI

BEING THE SEQUEL OF THE

TRIP TO THE JUBILEE.

A

COMEDY.

BY GEORGE FARQUHAR, ESQ.

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation,
and those printed in Italics are Additions of the Theatres.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF ALBEMARLE, &c.
KNIGHT OF THE
MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

MY pen is both a novice in poetry, and a stranger at court, and can no more raise itself to the style of panegyric, than it can stoop to the art of flattery, but if in the plain and simple habit of truth it may presume to mix with that crowd of followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's favour, please to behold a stranger, with this difference, that he pays more homage to your worth, than adoration to your greatness.

This distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and metaphysical to the world, who know your Lordship's merit and place to be inseparable, that they can only differ as the cause from the effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond dispute, as that your royal master, who has made the noble choice, is the most wise and most discerning prince in the universe.

To present the world with a lively draught of your Lordship's perfections, I should enumerate the judgment, conduct, piety, and courage, of our great and gracious king, who can only place his favours on those shining qualifications for which his Majesty is

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ORD,

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so eminently remarkable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the business of a voluminous history, and your Lordship's character must attend the same of your great master in the memoirs of futurity, as your faithful service has hitherto accompanied the noble actions of his life.

The greatest princes, in all ages, have had their friends and favourites with them to communicate and debate their thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their judgment; or sometimes to ease their cares by imparting them. The great Augustus, we read, in his project of settling the unwieldy Roman conquests on a fixed basis of government, had the design laid, not in his council, but his closet; there we find him with his two friends, Mæcenæ and Agrippa, his favourite friends, persons of sound judgment, and unquestionable fidelity; there the great question is freely and reasonably debated, without the noise of faction, and constraint of formality; and there was laid that prodigious scheme of government, that soon recovered their bleeding country, healed the wounds of the civil war, blessed the empire with a lasting peace, and styled its monarch pater patriæ.

The parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our Caesar too, no less renowned than the forementioned Augustus; he first asserted our liberties at home against popery and thralldom, headed our armies

*My Lord, appears the particular wisdom
inspection of your Lordship's conduct, that
I retain the favour of your master without
of the subject; your moderation, and even
t between both, has secured to your Lordship
the king, and the heart of the people; the
voted you their good angel in all suits and
o their prince, and their success fills the
doms with daily praises of your Lordship's
and his Majesty's grace and clemency.*

*Now, my Lord, give me leave humbly to beg,
g all the good actions of your Lordship's
happy station, the encouragement of arts and
may not be solely excluded from the influ-
our favour. The polite Meccenas, whom I
to make a parallel to your Lordship in the*

STAMPED: 1824

*his pen was so cherished with bounty, and in
with gratitude.*

*But I can lay no claim to the merits of so good
person for my access to your Lordship; I have
this to recommend me without art void of ruse
that I am a true lover of my king, and pay a
feigned veneration to all those who are his
servants, and faithful ministers; which infers
am, my Lord, with all due submission,*

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

Most obedient humble servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

DEC. 1701.

PROLOGUE.

*authors have, in most their late essays,
v'd their own, by damning other plays ;
great harangues to teach you what was fit
s for humour, and go down for wit.
in rules must form an English piece,
rury-Lane comply with ancient Greece.
ness only, such as Terence writ,
lease our masqu'd Lucretias in the pit.
utiful author swears he cares not a pin
sius, Scaliger, Hædellin, or Rapin :
ves to learned pens such labour'd lays ;
e the rules by which he writes his plays.
msty books let others take their view,
es dull reading, but he studies you.
from you beaux, his lesson is formality ;
your footmen there——most nice morality ;
sure them his Pegasus must fly,
: they judge—and lodge—three stories high.
he front-boxes he has pick'd his style,
rns, without a blush, to make them smile ;
s only taught us by the fair ;
gish action——but a modest air.
his friends here in the pit, he reads
ules that every modish writer needs.
ns from every Covent-Garden critic's face,
dern forms of action, time, and place,
'ion he's asham'd to name——d'ye see,
re is seven, the place is number three.*

*The masks he only reads by passant looks,
 He dares not venture far into their books.
 Thus then the pit and boxes are his schools,
 Your air, your humour, his dramatic rules.
 Let critics censure then, and hiss like snakes,
 He gains his ends, if he light fancy takes
 St. James's beaux, and Covent-Garden rakes*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR, - - - - Mrs.
 COLONEL STANDARD, - - - - Mr.
 FIREBALL, a Sea Captain, - - -
 MONS. MARQUIS, a sharpening Refugee,
 BEAU BANTER,
 BEAU CLINCHER, turned Politician, Mr
 DICKY, Servant to Wildair, - - Mr
 SHARK, Servant to Fireball,
 GHOST,
 LORD BELLAMY.

Women.

ANGELICA, - - - - - M
 PARLY, - - - - - M
 LADY LUREWELL, - - - - - M

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *St. James's.*



MR HARRY WILDAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

STANDARD and FIREBALL enter, meeting.

Standard.

other Fireball! Welcome ashore—What, ole? Limbs firm, and frigate safe?

All, all, as my fortune and friends could wish.

And what news from the Baltic?

Why, yonder are three or four young boys
th, that have got globes and sceptres to play
hey fell to loggerheads about their play-things;
lish came in like Robin Good-fellow, cry'd
d made them quiet.

In the next place then, you're to congratulate
success—You have heard, I suppose, that I've
a fine lady with a great fortune.

Ay, ay, 'twas my first news upon my landing,
onel Standard had heard the fine Lady Lure-

-A fine lady indeed, my fine lady!—But,

faith, brother, I had rather turn skipper to an Indian
cance, than manage the vessel you're master of.

Stand. Why so, Sir?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every wind
blows: she's all sail and no ballast—Shall I tell
the character I have heard of a fine lady? A fine
can laugh at the death of her husband, and cry for
loss of her lap-dog. A fine lady is angry without
cause, and pleased without a reason. A fine lady
the vapours all the morning, and the cholick all the
ternoon. The pride of a fine lady is above the
of an understanding head; yet her vanity will
to the adoration of a peruke. And, in fine, a
lady goes to church for fashion's sake, and to the
set-table with devotion; and her passion for god
exceeds her vanity of being thought virtuous, or
desire of acting the contrary—We seamen
plain, brother.

Stand. You seamen are like your element, all
tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine lady.

Fire. Say you so? Why then give me thy
honest Frank, and let the world talk on and be dam'd.

Stand. The world talk, say you? What does
world talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all; they only say
usual upon such occasions—That your wife's
greatest coquet about the court, and your worst
greatest cuckold about the city, that's all.

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That she's a coquet, and you a cuckold.

an angel in herself, and a Paradise

. Eve in herself, and a devil to you.

all truth, and the world a liar.

men——'Egad, brother, it shall be so—

o White's, and whoever dares mutter

rother and sister, I'll dash his ratafia in

ll him a liar. [Going.]

hold, sir; the world is too strong for

idal and detraction to be thoroughly

ust murder all the beaus, and poison

Those that have nothing else to say;

; fools over Burgundy, and ladies over

something that's sharp to relish their

is the piquant sauce of such conversa-

ut it their entertainment would prove

Now, brother, why should we pretend

all mankind?

: all mankind quarrel with us.

worst reason in the world. Would you

ur a lion, because a lion would devour

I cou'd.

at's right; if you could! But since you

th nor paws for such an encounter,

a, and perhaps the furious beast may

, sir! but I say, that whoever abuses

ife, though at the back of the king's

lain.

B :

Stand.

Stand. No, no, brother, that's a contradiction; there's no such thing as villany at court.—Indeed, if the practice of courts were found in a single person, he might be styled villain with a vengeance; but rank and power authorises every thing, and turns the vice upon their accusers. In short, sir, every man's morality like his religion now a-days, pleads liberty of conscience; every man's conscience is his convenience, and we know no convenience but preferment.—For instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an officer for his courage, when that's the condition of his pay? And who can be so ill-natured as to blame a courtier for espousing that which is the very tenure of his livelihood?

Fire. A very good argument in a very dangerous cause. But, sir, my business is not with the court, but with you: I desire you, sir, to open your eyes, at least, be pleased to lend an ear to what I heard now at the Chocolate-house.

Stand. Brother——

Fire. Well, sir——

Stand. Did the scandal please you when you heard it?

Fire. No,

Stand. Then why should you think it should please me? Be not more uncharitable to your friends than to yourself, sweet sir. If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concerned.

Fire. But would you not be glad to know your enemies?

haw! if they abuse me they are my friends,
: friends, my table company, and bottle

y, then, brother, the devil take all your
: Your were so rally'd, so torn!—there
ed ranks of sneering white teeth drawn
isfortunes at once, which so mangled your
ation, that she can never patch up her
e she lives.

id their teeth were very white, you say?
: white! Blood, sir, I say they mangled
eputation!

id I say, that if they touch my wife's re-
h nothing but their teeth, her honour will
gh.

n you won't hear it?

ot a syllable. Listening after slander is
or serpents, which, when you have caught,
u to death. Let them spit their venom
selves, and it hurts nobody.

l, lord, how cuckoldom and contentment

Fie, fie, sir! consider you have been a
ined by a noble post; distinguished by
s, an honour to your nation, and a terror
ies—Hell! that a man who has storm'd
ld become the jest of a coffee-table. The
was clearly taken up with the two importa-
s, Whether the colonel was a cuckold, or

as I can't bear.

[Exit.]

Fire. Ay (says a sneering coxcomb) the estate made his fortune with a witness; he has seen self a good estate in this life, and a reversal world to come. Then (replies another) I he's obliged to your lordship's bounty for a part of the settlement. There are others (say that have played with my Lady Lurewell; besides my lord; I have capotted her myself three times in an evening.

Stand. Oh, matrimonial patience, assist me

Fire. Matrimonial patience! matrimonial! Shake off these drowsy chains, that fetter your wits. If your wife has wronged ye, part with her, and let her person be as public as her character; be honest, revenge her quarrel—I can stay in the country. This is my hour of attendance at the navy—come and dine with you; in the mean time think on't.

Stand. How easy is it to give advice, and difficult to observe it!—If your wife has wronged her off—Ay, but how? The gospel drives the matrimonial nail, and the law clinches it so very close, that to draw it again would tear the work to pieces. That her intentions have wronged me, here my bawd can witness.

PARLY enters, running across the Stage.

Here, here, Mrs. Parly! Whither so fast?

Par. Oh, lord! my master!—Sir, I w

the prettiest Furber, the French milliner, for a burgundy for my lady's head.

sd. No, child, you're employed about an old red garniture for your master's head, if I misnot your errand.

r. Oh, sir, there's the prettiest fashion lately come so airy, so French, and all that!—The pinner's ruffle ruffled with twelve plaits of a side, and open on the face; the hair is frizzled all up round the head and stands as stiff as a bodkin. Then the feathers hang loose upon the temples, with a languish in the middle. Then the caul is extremely high and over all is a coronet raised very high, and the lappets behind—I must fetch it presently.

sd. Hold a little, child; I must talk with you.

r. Another time, sir; my lady stays for me.

sd. One question, first. What wages does my lady give you?

r. Ten pounds a year, sir, which, God knows, is enough, considering how I slave from place to place upon her occasions. But then, sir, my perquisites are considerable; I make above two hundred pounds a year by her old clothes.

sd. Two hundred pounds a year of her old clothes! But then must her new ones cost?—But what do you get by visiting gallants, and piquet?

r. About a hundred pounds more.

sd. A hundred pounds more.—Now who can expect to find a lady's woman honest, when she gets so

much by being a jade?—What religion are you?
Mrs. Parly?

Par. Religion, sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your father?

Par. A mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Were you ever christened?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My parents were anabaptists; they died
I was dipp'd; I then forsook their religion, and
got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, madam, that I had
honour to know the worth of your extraction
that I might have paid you the respect due to
that quality.

Par. Sir, your humble servant.

Stand. Have you any principles?

Par. Five hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your maidenhead?—
[*on her mask, and nods.*]—Do you love money?

Par. Yaw, Mynheer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, now you have been
with me, I'll tell you what you must trust to in
never to come near my house again. Begone, my
fly——Hell and furies! never christened! he
a mountebank!

Par. Lord, sir, you need not to be so furious
never christened! What then? I may be a ver

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

n for all that, I suppose. Turn me off!
'n't. Meddle with your fellows; 'tis my Lad
; to order her women.

! Here's a young whore for you now! A swe
ion for my wife! Where there's such a hellis
it, there must be damnable secrets—Begone
My wife shall turn you away.

Sir, she won't turn me away; she sha'n't turn
y; nor she can't turn me away. Sir, I say she
t turn me away.

!. Why, you jade, why?

Because I'm the mistress, not she.

!. You the mistress!

Yes, I know all her secrets; and let her offer
me off if she dares.

. What secrets do you know?

lumph—Tell a wife's secrets to her husband!—
etty, faith!—Sure, sir, you don't think me
ew: though I was never christened, I have
ion than that comes to.

Are you faithful to your Lady for affection
?

ll I tell you a Christian lie, or a Pagan truth?
ome, truth for once.

y, then, interest, interest! I have a great
nothing can gain, but a great bribe.

ll, though thou art a devil, thou art a very
—Give me thy hand, wench. Should not
you faithful to me, as much as to others?
t to you! Marry, for what? You gave

me in leed two pitiful pieces the day you wert ~~not~~
but not a stiver since. One gallant gives me ~~ten~~
neas, another a watch, another a pair of pendan
fourth a diamond ring; and my noble master
me—his linen to mend.—Faugh!—I'll tel
a secret, sir: stinginess to servants makes more
olds, than ill-nature to wives.

Stand. And am I a cuckold; Parly?

Par. No, faith, not yet: though in a very fair
having the dignity conferred upon you very sud

Stand. Come, girl, you shall be my pensioner
shall have a glorious revenue: for every guine
you get for keeping a secret, I'll give you ~~ten~~
revealing it; you shall find a husband once in
life out-do all your gallants in generosity. Take
money, child, take all their bribes: give them
make them assignations; serve your lady faith
but tell all to me. By which means, she will be
chaste, you will grow rich, and I shall preserv
honour.

Par. But what security shall I have for perform
of articles?

Stand. Ready payment, child.

Par. Then give me earnest.

Stand. Five guineas. [Giving her:

Par. Are they right? No Gray's-Inn pieces an
them.—All right as my leg—Now, sir, I'll gi
an earnest of my service. Who d'ye think is ex
town?

Stand. Who?

Your old friend, Sir Harry Wildair.

Stand. Impossible!

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a year.—

appeared in the ring last night with such splendor

and equipage, that he eclipsed the beaux, dazzled the

ladies, and made your wife dream all night of six

hundred mares, seven French liveries, a wig like a

oak, and a hat like a shittlecock.

Stand. What are a woman's promises and oaths?

Par. Wind, wind, sir.

Stand. When I married her, how heartily did she

condemn her light preceding conduct, and for the fu-

ture vowed herself a perfect pattern of conjugal fidelity.

Par. She might as safely swear, sir, that this day

night, at four o'clock, the wind will blow fair for

Flanders. 'Tis presuming for any of us all to promise

for our inclinations a whole week. Besides, sir, my

lady has got the knack of coquetting it; and when

once a woman has got that in her head, she will have

a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An oracle, child. But now I must make

the best of a bad bargain; and since I have got you on

my side, I have some hopes, that by constant disap-

pointment and crosses in her designs, I may at last tire

her into good behaviour.

Par. Well, sir, the condition of the articles being
duly performed, I stand to the obligation; and will

tell you farther, that by and by Sir Harry Willoughby is to come to our house to cards, and that there is a sign laid to cheat him of his money.

Stam. What company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old set at the basset table; my Lord Lovelocks, and the usual company. They have set up a bank of fifteen hundred *louis d'ors* among the whole design lies upon Sir Harry's purse, and the French marquis, you know, constantly *tailles*.

Stam. Ay, the French marquis; that's one of your benefactors, Parly;—the persecution of Basset in France furnished us with that *refugée*, but the character of such a fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real sufferers for their religion.—But take notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes. There's more earnest for you: be rich and fast.

[*Exit Stam.*]

Par. [*Sola.*] I am now not only woman to the Countess of Lurewell, but steward to her husband, in my due capacity of knowing her secrets, and commanding her purse. A very pretty office in a family: for a guinea that I get for keeping a secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.—My comings-in, at this rate will be worth a master in chancery's place, and a poor tempter will be glad to marry me with half my fortune.

DICKY enters, meeting her.

Dick. Here's a man much fitter for your purpose.

Par. Who? Mr. Dicky?

The very same in longitude and latitude! not finished, nor a hair's breadth increased.—Dear ly, give me a buss, for I'm almost starved.

Why so hungry, Mr. Dicky?

Why, I ha'n't tasted a bit this year and half,

I have been wandering about all over the following my master, and come home to dear but two days ago. Now the devil take me, if t rather kiss an English pair of pattens, than t lady in France.

Then you're over-joyed to see London again?

Oh! I was just dead of a consumption, till the noke of Cheapside, and the dear perfume of ch, made me a man again.

But how came you to live with Sir Harry ?

Why, seeing me a handsome personable fellow, qualified for a livery, he took a fancy to my hat was all.

And what's become of your old master?

Oh, hang him, he was a blockhead, and I him off, I turned him away.

And were not you very sorry for the loss of mistress, Sir Harry's lady? They say, she was good woman.

Oh! the sweetest woman that ever the sun pon. I could almost weep when I think of her.

{ Wiping his eye.

How did she die, pray? I could never hear how

Dick. Give me a buss then, and I'll te

Par. You shall have your wages wha done.

Dick. Well then—Courage!—Now tale—You know that my master too see that foolish Jubilee that made such : us here ; and no sooner said than done ; : he took his fine French servants to wait left me, the poor English puppy, to wait : at home here.—Well, so far so good— was my master's back turned, when my sighting, and pouting, and whining, an in short fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this alre she plucked up her spirits at last, and w him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, and farther than I can tell, till we ca called Montpelier in France ; a goodly But Sir Harry was gone to Rome ; ther bou lost.—But, to be short, my po the tiresomeness of travelling, fell sick—

Par. Poor woman !

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. He worst of the story.—Those cursed bark the French, would not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her !

Dick. No, she was a heretic woman, an not let her come be put in their holy gro damn their d for me.

Why had not I better be an honest pagan, as
 such a christian as one of these?—But
 to dispose the body?

Why, there was one charitable gentlewoman
 to visit my lady in her sickness: she con-
 sidered so, that she had her buried in her
 chapel. This lady and myself carried her
 on our own shoulders, through a back-door at
 midnight, and laid her in a grave that I
 dug with my own hands; and if we had been
 attended by the priests, we had gone to the gallows
 for the benefit of clergy.

And the devil take them. But what did they
 think of this heretic woman?

I don't know; some sort of canibal, I believe.
 There are some canibal women here in England,
 who go to the play-houses in masks; but let them
 know how they go to France; (for they are all
 fools to believe.) But I'm sure my good lady was
 not.

How did Sir Harry bear the news?

Why, you must know, that my lady, after she
 was buried, sent me——

Why! after she was buried!

How! Why lord, mistress, you know what
 she went to Sir Harry all the way to Rome; and
 how she thought I found him?

Where?

Why, in the middle of a monastery among a
 hundred fifty nuns, playing at hot-cockles. He

was surprized to see honest Dicky, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad story, he roared out a whole volley of English oaths upon the spot, and swore that he would set fire on the Pope's palace for the injury done to his wife. He then flew away to his chamber, locked himself up for three days: we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he came for his best linen, fine wig, gilt coach; and laughing very heartily, swore again he would be revenged, and bid them drive to the nunnery; and he was revenged to some purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, in a matter of five days, he got his nuns with child, and left them to provide for their heretic bastards—Ah, plague on them, they hate a dead heretic, but they love a piping-hot warm heretic with all their hearts.—So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this rate through all the catholic countries that we passed, till we came home; and now, Mrs. Parly, I fancy he has some designs of revenge too upon your lady.

Par. Who could have thought that a man of his light airy temper would have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too; where's the buss you promised me, you jade?

Par. Follow me, you rogue.

Dick. Allons.

[Runs off.]

[Follows.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady's Apartment. Two Chambermaids enter.

First Chambermaid.

all things set in order? The toilette fixed, the
and combs put in form, and the chocolate

Sam. 'Tis no greater matter whether they be
or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of
future; I wish for my part that my time were out.

Sam. Nay, 'tis a hundred to one but we may
ray before our time be half expired; and she's
this morning than ever.—Here she comes.

Lady LUREWELL enters.

Lady. Ay, there's a couple of you indeed! But how,
in the name of negligence could you two contrive
to make a bed as mine was last night; a wrinkle on
this side, and a rumple on t'other; the pillows awry,
the quilt askew.—I did nothing but tumble
about, and fence with the sheets all night along.—
—my bones ache this morning, as if I had lain
all night on a pair of Dutch stairs—Go, bring cho-
colate.—And, d'yc hear? Be sure to stay an hour
or so at least—Well! These English animals are
so polished! I wish the persecution would rage a

little harder, that we might have more of the refugees among us.

The Maids enter with Chocolate.

These wenches are gone to Smyrna for this
—And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, ma

Lure. Only an hour and half by the slopes christendom—And such salvers and di
The lord be merciful to me! what have I ca
to be plagued with such animals?—Wh
new japan salvers?—Broke, o'my conscie
to pieces, I'll lay my life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, madam, but your husb

Lure. How? husband, impudence! I'll
manners. [*Gives her a box on the ear.*] Hu
that your Welsh breeding? Ha'n't the colon
of his own?

Cham. Well then, the colonel. He used
morning, and we ha'n't got them since.

Lure. How! the colonel use my things!
the colonel use any thing of mine?—Bu
paign education must be pardoned—And
they were fisted about among his dirty lev
banded officers?—Faugh! The very th
them fellows with their eager looks, iron sw
up wigs, and tucked-in cravats, make me sic
—Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take th*

and s

} Heavens protect me from st

Lo!

ten did you wash your h

RY WILDAIR,

wing me all this morning with
s? [*Runs to the glass.*]—I must
—Go, take it away, I shall
e, Mrs. Monster, call up my
? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see
e to cards yet.

Taylor *enters*.

don't know what ails these stays
ut something is the matter, I

y for that, madam. But what
p find?

where the fault lies; but in
a; I can't tell how; the things
but I don't like them.

vide, madam?

perhaps?

ey fit me very well; but——

ou tell where the fault lies?

adam, I can't tell.—But your

ittle too slender for the fashion.

ider for the fashion, say you?

there's no such thing as a good
e quality: your fine waists are

not you plump up my stays to

o fit you, madam.

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Lavr. Fit me! fit my monkey—What do I wear clothes to please myself? Fit me! fit to please; no matter for me—I thought some the matter, I wanted quality—air.—*Flan.*—What, let me have a bulk of quality, a square yard. I do remember now, the ladies in the night, were most of them two yards—*Flan.*—Indeed, sir, if you contrive my things any more than your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall have more for me.

Flan. I shall take care to please your lady in the future.

A Servant enters.

Flan. Madam, my master desires—

Flan. Hold, hold, fellow; for Gad's sake don't touch my clothes with that tobacco breath, or I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Sit down easy, and speak. [*Servant goes to the door.*]

Flan. My master, madam, desires—

Flan. Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellowed he would have my head to pieces.—Here, and give the lady's message, and bring it to me. [*Flan. goes to the door, whispers, &c.*]

Flan. My master desires to know how you would like night, and if you are pleased to sit up this evening.

Flan. Why this is a reasonable and though for we should be good breed.

... rooms have you
dirty feet! Bless me, sir! will
from your slovenly campaign
annerly thing in nature to make
chamber with dirty shoes; it
boards.

nd of reception this, truly!—
s, that the offences of my fest
ion to my company: but for
r your ladyship's apartment as
tem, and always come in bare-

Jerusalem! Your compliment,
; but your feet indeed have a

my dear, no serious disputes
know I never contend with you
You are still mistress of

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Lure. Fit me! fit my monkey—What d'ye think I wear clothes to please myself! Fit me! fit the fashion, pray; no matter for me—I thought something was the matter, I wanted quality-air.—Pray, Mr. Remnant, let me have a bulk of quality, a spreading counter. I do remember now, the ladies in the apartment, the birth-night, were most of them two yards about. Indeed, sir, if you contrive my things any more with your scanty chambermaid's air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take care to please your ladyship in the future. [Exit.]

A Servant enters.

Serv. Madam, my master desires—

Lure. Hold, hold, fellow; for Gad's sake hold! thou touch my clothes with that tobacco breath of thine, I shall poison the whole drawing-room. Stand at the door pray, and speak. [*Servant goes to the door and speaks.*]

Serv. My master, madam, desires—

Lure. Oh, hideous! Now the rascal bellows so loud that he tears my head to pieces.—Here, awkward fellow, go take the booby's message, and bring it to me.

[*Maid goes to the door, whispers, and returns.*]

Cham. My master desires to know how your ladyship rested last night, and if you are pleased to admit of a visit this morning.

Lure. Ay—Why this is civil.—'Tis an insupportable toil though for women of quality to root their husbands to good breeding.

STANDARD enters.

I. Good-morrow, dearest angel. How have you
 spent last night?

Lord, lard, colonel! What a room have you
 set here with your dirty feet! Bless me, sir! will
 never be reclaimed from your slovenly campaign
 is the most unmannerly thing in nature to make
 a bow in a lady's chamber with dirty shoes; it
 is a sin upon the boards.

A very odd kind of reception this, truly!—
My sorry, madam, that the offences of my feet
 create an aversion to my company; but for
 here I shall honour your ladyship's apartment as
 a shrine at Jerusalem, and always come in bare-

Sepulchre at Jerusalem! Your compliment,
 is very far-fetched: but your feet indeed have a
 pleasing air.

Come, come, my dear, no serious disputes
arise, since you know I never contend with you
in matters of consequence. You are still mistress of
the tune, and marriage has only made you more
obedient in your pleasure, by adding one faithful ser-
vant to your desires.—Come, clear your brow of that
chagrin, and let that pleasing air take place that
softened my heart. I have invited some gentle-
men to dinner, whose friendships deserve a welcome
 Let their entertainment show how blessed you

have made me by a plentiful fortune, and the low
so agreeable a creature.

Lure. Your friends, I suppose, are all men of equality?

Stand. Madam, they are officers, and men of honour.

Lure. Officers, and men of honour! That is, they will dab the stairs with their feet, stain all the walls with their wine, talk bawdy to my woman, rail at parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting throats, and break all my china.

Stand. Admitting that I keep such company, unkind in you, madam, to talk so severely of my friends.—But, my brother, my dear, is just returned from his voyage, and will be here to pay his respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at leisure to entertain the son of his Wapping education, I can assure you.

PARLY enters, and whispers her.

Sir, I have some business with my woman; you must entertain your sea-monster by yourself; you may command a dish of pork and pease, with a bowl of punch, I suppose; and so, sir, much good may do you—
Parly. *[Exeunt Lure and Parly.]*

Stand. Hell and furies!

FIREBALL enters.

Fire. With all my heart—Where's your wife, madam, or your brother?—Ho' now, man, what's the matter?—
dinner r

—I don't know—Hang it, I'm sorry
I you:—for you must know that my
such out of order; taken dangerously ill

—So that—

w! Nothing, nothing but a marriage
ing children or breeding mischief. Where

Pr'ythee let me see her; I long to see
you have got.

on my word she's very ill, and can't see

I that she can't see any body! What,
labour sure! I tell you, I will see her.

? [Looking about.

no, brother; she's gone abroad to take

t the devil! dangerous sick, and gone
that she'll see nobody within, yet gone
: all the world!—Ah, you have made
: with a vengeance!—Then, brother, you
th me at Locket's; I hate these family
e a man's obliged to, Oh, lord, Madam;
lear Sir.—'Tis very good indeed, Ma-
yourself, dear Madam.—Where be-
bbed floor under-foot, the china in one
he glasses in another, a man can't make
ithout hazard of his life. Commend me
! a bell; coming, coming, Sir. Much
ndance, and a dirty room, where I may
rse, drink like a fish, and swear like a
our family dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, BANTER enters; who seeing them seems to retire.

Stand. Who's that? Come in, sir. Your business, pray, sir?

Ban. Perhaps, sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a stranger here as myself.

Fire. Come, come away, brother, he has some business with your wife.

Ban. His wife! Gad so! A pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, a likely fellow, and a handsome fellow; I find nothing like a monster about him: I would fain see his forehead though——Sir, your humble servant.

Stand. Yours, sir.—But why do ye stare so in my face.

Ban. I was told, sir, that the lady Lurewell's husband had something very remarkable over his eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, brother.

[*In his ear.*]

Stand. Your information, sir, was right; I have a cross cut over my left eye that's very remarkable.—But, pray, sir, by what marks are you to be known?

Ban. Sir, I am dignified and distinguished by the name and title of Beau Banter; I'm younger brother to Sir Harry Wildair; and I hope to inherit his estate with his humour; for his wife, I'm told, is dead, has left no child.

' Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble servant, not unlike your brother in the face; but me-sir, you don't become his humour altogether; for what's nature in him looks like affectation

Oh, Lord, sir! 'tis rather nature in me, what tired by him; he's beholden to his education air. Now where d'ye think my humour washed?

d. Where?

. At Oxford.

d. and Fire. At Oxford!

Ay: there I have been sucking my dear *Alma* these seven years: yet in defiance to legs of , small beer, crabbed books, and sour-faced , I can dance a minuet, court a mistress, play et, or make a *paroli*, with any Wildair in Chris-

. In short, sir, in spite of the university, I'm gentleman.—Colonel, where's your wife?

[*Mimicking bim.*] In spite of the university, pretty gentleman—Then, Colonel, where is fe?—Hark ye, young Plato, whether would ye your nose slit, or your ears cut?

First tell me, sir, which would you choose, to through the body, or shot through the head?

Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Sir, my servants shall attend ye, if you have page of your own.

Blood, sir!

d. Hold, brother hold; he's a boy.

Ban. Look ye, sir, I keep half a dozen footmen, that have no business upon earth but to answer impertinent questions. Now, sir, if your fighting stomach can digest these six brawny fellows for a breakfast, their master, perhaps, may do you the favour to run you through the body for a dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I received just now six month's pay, and by this light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair blow at your skull.

Ban. Down with your money, sir.

Stand. No, no, brother; if you are so free of your pay, get into the next room; there you'll find some company at cards, I suppose; you may find opportunity for your revenge; my house protects him now.

Fire. Well, sir, the time will come. [Exit.]

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, sir, you'll excuse the freedom of this gentleman; his education has been among the boisterous elements, the winds and waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him nor his wind and waves neither; I am privileged to be very impertinent, being an Oxonian, and obliged to fight no man, being a beau.

Stand. Sir, I admire the freedom of your condition.—But pray, sir, have you seen your brother since he came last over?

Ban. I ha'n't seen my brother these seven years, and scarcely heard from him but by report of others; About a month ago I was pleased to honour me with a letter from Paris, which mentioned his design of being in

... out me.
...amour altogether
...um looks like affection
rd, sir! 'tis rather nature in me, w
y him; he's beholden to his education.
Now where d'ye think my husband wa

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in—Then, Colonel, where is
e, young Plato, whether would
or your cars cut?
which would
or

STANFORD LIBRARIES

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young fellow I ever met with in my life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a master of arts, and I plead the privilege of my standing.

A Servant enters, and whispers BANTER.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman in the coach below, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot—Colonel, your humble servant.

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down stairs.—An impudent young dog.
[*Exit another*]

SCENE II.

Changes to another Apartment in the same House. I WELL, Ladies, Mons. MARQUIS and FIRE

enter, as losing gamesters, one after another, their cards, and flinging them about the room.

Lure. Ruined! undone! destroyed!

1st La. Oh, fortune! fortune! fortune!

2d La. What will my husband say?

Mons. Oh, *malheur!* *ma'heur!* *malheur!*

Fire. Blood and fire, I have lost six months!

Mons. A hundred and ten pistoles, sink or drown!

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost a hundred and ten pistoles.—Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why would you hazard the one card?

WILDAIR.

37

ty de card tree times be-
de very next card had
sa?

your setting the cards ;

ie never lose before ; but
hevalier Wildair, is the

within yonder.—Go,
self of some revenge.—

enters.

I seventy *louis d'ors*!—
ok ye, gentlemen, any
;—Tall dall de rall. I
indred pounds, the most
ver I heard in my life ;
sts in the world. [*Chinks*
ere's cards and candles
money.] Mrs. Parly—
you : [*Gives her money.*]
lid equipage, lovely wo-
for me.—Oh, ye charm-
v, and the gainer's joy :
w, gentlemen and ladies,
—You'll excuse me, I
: that I pay to my good
—Why, ladies, I know
c ; but I don't find that

STANFORD LIBRARIES

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[*Exit another*]

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Fire. Blood and fire, I have lost six months pay

Mons. A hundred and ten pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten pistoles.——Sink you indeed!

Lure. But why would you hazard the bank one card?

Because me had lose by de card tree times be-
 ook dere, madame, de very next card had
 . Oh, Morbleu! *qui sa?*

I relied altogether on your setting the cards ;
 I to *taillee* with success.

Morbleu, madame, me never lose before : but
 isieur Sir Arry, dat Chevalier Wildair, is the
 —Vere is de Chevalier.

Counting our money within yonder.—Go,
 one ; and bethink yourself of some revenge.—
 : comes.

WILDAIR enters.

. Fifteen hundred and seventy *louis d'ors*!—
 all de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, gentlemen, any
 ay dance to this tune ;—Tall dall de rall. I
 to the tune of fifteen hundred pounds, the most
 d piece of music that ever I heard in my life ;
 e the prettiest castagnets in the world. [*Chinks*
ney.] Here, waiters, there's cards and candles
 a. [*Gives the Servants money.*] Mrs. Parly—
 hoods and scarfs for you : [*Gives her money.*]
 re's fine coaches, splendid equipage, lovely wo-
 ad victorious Burgundy for me.—Oh, ye damn-
 gels! the loser's sorrow, and the gainer's joy :
 into my pocket.—Now, gentlemen and ladies,
 your humble servant—You'll excuse me, I
 the small devotion here that I pay to my good
 e.—Ho'now! Mute!—Why, ladies, I know
 sers have leave to speak ; but I don't find that

they're privileged to be dumb.—*Monsieur*
 Captain! [*Claps the Captain on*

Fire. Death and hell! Why d'ye strike!

Wild. To comfort you, sir.—Your ear
 The king of Spain is dead.

Fire. The king of Spain dead!

Wild. Dead as Julius Cæsar; I had a let
 now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look y
 strike me again, if you please.—See here, s
 left me but one solitary guinea in the wor
in his mouth.] Down it goes, i'faith.—Al
 Thatched House and the Mediterranean.
 de rall.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravely resolved, ca

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! I was afraid c
 I'm so much concerned.

Wild. At the loss of your money, madam
 why should the fair be afflicted? Your eyes,
 ladies, much brighter than the sun, have e
 with him, and can transform to gold wh
 please. The lawyer's tongue, the soldier's
 courtier's flattery, and the merchant's trade
 that dig the golden mines for you. Your
 the miser's knotted purse. [*To one Lady.*]
 coin the magistrate's massy chain.—Youth
 you hereditary lands. [*To another.*]—And
 only win when they can lose to you. [*To Lu*
 This luck is the best rhetorical thing in nat

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

3

I have a great mind to forswear cards as long

As. And I.

And I.

[Exit.

[Crying, and Exit.

What, forswear cards! Why, madam, you'll
trade.—I'll maintain, that the money at
circulates more by the basset-bank, than the
merchants by the bank of the city. Cards!
the ministers of fortune's power, that blindly
best thoughtless favours, and make a knave
more powerful than a king.—What adoration do
they receive, [Lifting up a Card.] from the
lips and fingers of the fair, always lift up to
me here! And the pleasing fears, the anxious
and lascivious joy that entertain our mind! The
bet, the paroli at basset;—and then ombre!
and the charms of mattadors?

Sir Harry; and then the *sept le va, quinze*
et le va.

right, madam,

the nine of diamonds at comet, three
; and pam in lanterloo, Sir Harry!
madam, these are charms indeed.—Then
picking our husband's pocket over-
basset next day! Then the advantage
may make of a lady's necessity, by
for fifty pistoles, which a hundred
could never have produced.

Sir Harry, that's foul play.

madam, it is nothing but the game;
so in France a hundred times.

Lure. Come, come, sir, no more on't. I'll in three words, that rather than forego my c forswear my visits, fashions, my monkey, fri relations.

Wild. There spoke the spirit of true-born women of quality, with a true French educati

Lure. Look ye, Sir Harry, I am well born, & well bred; I brought my husband a large for shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, madam! there's no occasion see here, madam!

Lure. What, the singing birds! Sir Harry see.

Wild. Pugh, madam, these are but a few. I could wish, *de tout mon cœur*, for *quelque c* where I might be handsomely plundered of th

Lure. *Ah, Chevalier! toujours obligeant, e & tout sa.*————

Wild. *Allions, allons, madame, tout a votre s*

Lure. No, no, Sir Harry, not at this time o' shall hear from me in the evening.

Wild. Then, madam, I'll leave you someth certain you the while. 'Tis a French poc with some remarks of my own upon the ne making love. Please to peruse it, and give opinion in the evening.

Lure. [*Opening the book.*] A French poc with remarks upon the new way of making lo Sir Harry is turning author, I find.—What

A bank bill for a hundred pounds.—The making love!—*Pardie c'est fort gallant*—the prettiest remarks that ever I saw in my life! Now, that Wildair's a charming fellow;—Hi, —He has such an air, and such a turn in what does! I warrant now there's a hundred home-bred kheads would come,—madam, I'll give you a hundred guineas if you'll let me—Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest proceedings.—Here's a hundred pounds now, and he never names the thing; I love anudent action with an air of modesty with all my t.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady LUREWELL and Monsieur MARQUIS.

Lurewell.

ELL, monsieur, and have you thought how to rectify your ill fortune?

Quis. Madame, I have thought dat fortune be one d bitch. Why should fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I de bon grace? Ave not I de personage? Ave I de understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance er dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play basset better dan I? Ave why should fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Because fortune is blind.

Mons. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf! Vell den, fortune give de Anglis man de nature nature gave de France man de politique to an unequal distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, monsieur?

Mons. Ecoutez, madame. Sir Arry Wildair be dead.

Lure. And what advantage can you make of it?

Mons. Begar, madame—Hi, hi, hi!—De man's dead wife sall cuckold her usband!

Lure. How, how, sir, a dead woman cuckold her husband!

Mons. Mark! madame: we France-men make no distinction between de design and de term of de treaty.—She cannot touch his head, but she can get his pocket of ten tousan livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourself, sir.

Mons. I ave Sir Arry Wildair his wife in my pocket!

Lure. How! Sir Harry's wife in your pocket!

Mons. Hold, madame, dere is an autre distinction between de design and de term of de treaty.

Lure. Pray, sir, no more of your distinctions, speak plain.

Mons. Wen de France-man's politique is in his head, dere is nothing but distinction upon his head.—See here, madame! I ave de picture of Sir Harry's wife in my pocket.

Lure. Is it possible?

Mons. Voye

The very same and finely drawn. Pray, mon-
w did you purchase it?

As me did purchase de picture, so me did
substance, de dear, dear substance, by de bon
France air, chatant, charmant, de polique à
nd dançant à la pie.

Lard bless me! How cunningly some women
the rogue! Ah, have I found it out! Now,
e for mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have
an more virtuous than myself.—Here was
ork with my Lady Wildair's piety! my Lady
s conduct! and my Lady Wildair's fidelity,
! Now, dear monsieur, you have infallibly
the best news that I ever heard in my life.
jd she was but one of us! heh!

Oh, madame! me no tell tale, me no scan-
e dead; de picture be dumb, de picture say

Come, come, sir, no more distinctions; I'm
was so. I would have given the world for such
of her while she was living. She was charitable,
! and she was devout, forsooth! and every
as twitted i'th' teeth with my Lady Wildair's
ion: and why don't you mark her behaviour,
r discretion? she goes to church twice a-day.
I hate these congregation-women. There's
fuss, and such a clatter about their devotion,
makes more noise than all the bells in the pa-
—Well, but what advantage can you make now
icture?

Mons. De advantage of ten toutsan livres, pardie.—
Attendez-vous, madame, dis lady she die at Montpelier
 in France; I ave de broder in dat city dat write me
 one account dat she die in dat city, and dat she send
 me dis picture as a legacy, wid a toutsan baisemains in
 de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon coeur,
 le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was devotion! here was discretion!
 here was fidelity! Mon coeur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha!
 —Well, but how will this procure the money?

Mons. Now, madame, for de France politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the French politic?

Mons. Never to tell a secret to a woman.—Madame,
je suis votre serviteur. [Runs off.]

Lure. Hold, hold, sir, we sha'n't part so; I will have
 it. [Follows.]

STANDARD and FIREBALL enter.

Fire. Hah! look! look! look you there, brother!
 See how they coquette it! Oh, there's a look! there's
 a simper; there's a squeeze for you! ay, now the
 Marquis is at it. *Mon coeur, ma foy, pardie, allons!*
 Don't you see how the French rogue has the head,
 and the feet, and the hands, and the tongue, all going
 together?

Stand. [Walking in disorder.] Where's my reason?
 Where's my philosophy? Where's my religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your forehead,
 sir.—Blood! I say revenge.

Stand. But how, dear brother?

Fire. Why stab him, stab him now.—Italian him, Spaniard him, I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why cuckoldom's a hydra that bears a thousand heads; and though I should cut this one off, the monster still would sprout. Must I murder all the fops in the nation; and to save my head from horns, expose my neck to the halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, sir, can't you kick and cuff? Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire. Cut off the ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear cravats.

Stand. Burn perukes.

Fire. Shoot their coach-horses.

Stand. A noble plot.—But now 'tis laid, how shall we put it in execution? For not one of these fellows stirs about without his guard-du-corps. Then they're stout as heroes; for I can assure you, that a beau with six footmen shall fight you any gentleman in Christendom.

A Servant enters.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. Clincher below, who begs the honour to kiss your hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, sir; this is a simple inoffensive fellow, that will rather make us diversion.

Fire. Diversion! ay. Why, I'll knock him out for diversion.

Stand. No, no; 'pr'ythee be quiet; I gave him a surfeit of intriguing some months ago before I married.—Here, bid him come up. He's your acquaintance, brother.

Fire. My acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A fellow of a strange weathercock head, hard, but as light as the wind; constantly full of times, and never fails to pick up some humour or out of the public revolutions, that proves divine enough. Some time ago he had got the travel maggot in his head, and was going to the Jubilee all occasions; but lately, since the new revolution in Europe, another spirit has possessed him, and he stark mad after news and politics.

CLINCHER enters.

Clin. News, news, Colonel, great—Eh! what a fellow? Methinks he has a kind of suspicious air. Your ear, Colonel.—The Pope's dead.

Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the public news. [*Whisper*]

Stand. Ha, ha, ha!—And why d'ye whisper for a secret?

Clin. Odso! Faith that's true—but that fellow! what is he?

Stand. My brother, Fireball, just come home from the public.

Oh noble Captain, I'm your most humble

It's servant, from the poop to the fore-castle.
 ss o't'other side, pray.—Now, dear Cap-
 the news.—Odsso! I'm so pleased I have
 Vell, the news, dear Captain—You sailed a
 Iron of men of war to the Baltic.—Well,
 ren? Eh!

ry then—~~we~~ we came back again.
 you, faith?—Foolish! foolish! very fool-
 t sea Captain—But what did you do?
 in fight? what storms did you meet? And
 did you see?
 had a violent storm off the coast of Jut-

land! ay, that's part of Portugal.—Well,
 ou entered the sound;—and you mauled
 s, 'faith.—And then that pretty, dear,
 y king of Sweden!—what sort of man is

ry, tall and slender.
 ll and slender! much about my pitch?

so gross, not altogether so low.
 I'm sorry for't; very sorry, indeed.—

*r enters and stands at the door; CLINCHER
 r with his hands behind, going backwards,
 ing to her and the gentlemen by turns.] Well,
 ore? And so you bombarded Copenhagen!
 ly.]—Whiz, slap went the bombs. [Mrs.
 d so—Well, not altogether so gross, you*

say—[Here's a letter, you jade.] Very tall you say the king very tall?—[Here's a guinea, you jade.] [*takes the letter, and the Colonel observes him.*]—Hem! Colonel, I'm mightily troubled with the pthi of late.—Hem, hem! a strange stoppage of my br here. Hem! but now it is off again.—Well, Captain, you tell us no news at all.

Fire. I tell you one piece that all the world kno and still you are a stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! what can this be?

Fire. That you are a fool.

Clin. Eh! witty, witty, sea Captain. Odso! a wonder, Captain, that your understanding did not your ship to pieces.

Fire. Why so, sir?

Clin. Because, sir, it is so very shallow, very s low! There's wit for you, sir——

PARLY enters, and gives the Colonel a Letter.

Odso! a letter! then there's news.—What, is it foreign post? What news, dear Colonel? What ne Hark ye, Mrs. Parly.

[*He talks with Parly, while the Colonel reads Letter.*]

Stand. The son of a whore! Is it he?

[*Looks at Clincl*]

[*Reads.*]

“ Dear Madam,

“ I was afraid to break open the seal of your let lest I should the work of your fair hands.”
Oh, fulson therefore with the warmth of

awed it asunder." Ay, here's such a turn of takes a fine lady! "I have no news, but that e's dead, and I have some packets upon that send my correspondent in Wales; but I shall ll business, and hasten to wait on you at the pointed, with the wings of a flying-post.

Yours,

TOBY CLINCHER."

ll, Mr. Toby.—Hark'e, brother, this fellow's

A damned rogue.

See here! a letter to my wife!

'Sdeath! let me tear him to pieces.

No, no, we'll manage him to more advantage. im with you to Locket's, and invent some way to fuddle him.—Here, Mr. Clincher, I eailed on my brother here to give you a parti-count of the whole voyage to the Sound by his rnal, if you please to honour him with your y at Locket's.

His own journal! Odsso, let me see it.

Shew it him.

Here, sir.

Now for news—[*Reads.*] "Thursday, Aug. h, from the 6th at noon to this day noon, ariable, courses per traverse, true course pro- with all impediments allowed, is north forty-rees, west sixty miles, difference of latitude o miles, departure west forty-two miles, la- per judgment fifty-four degrees thirteen mi-

minutes, meridian distance current from the bearing the land, and the latitude is eighty-eight miles."—
 Odo! great news, faith.—Let me see. "noon broke our main-top-sail-yard, being rotten the slings; two whales southward."——Odo! whale! great news, faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this proviso, gentlemen, they won't drink; for hark'e, Captain, between you and there's a fine lady in the wind, and I shall have the longitude and latitude of a fine lady, and the——

Fire. A fine lady! ah, the rogue! [As]

Clin. Yes, a fine lady, Colonel, a very fine lady.—Come, no ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt Fireball and CLINCH*]

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, how go the rest of affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, sir; here's more chief still, more branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young rogue, Sir Harry Wildair's brother, has commenced his suit, and counsel already.—Look here, sir, two pieces, for which by article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard case now, that a man must give four guineas for the good news of his dishonour. Men throw away their money in debauching a man's wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own nest: but this is making a man's fortune!—Villain-child, there's your pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true account how the business goes on.

But suppose the bus'ness be done before you back?

Mad. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her
 He will preserve her against the first assaults. Be-
 es, I sha'n't stay. [Exeunt Col. and Par.]

SCENE III.

Changes to another Room in the same House.

WILDAIR and LUREWELL enter.

Lure. Well now, Sir Harry, this book you gave me!
 I hope to breathe, I think 'tis the best penned piece
 I have seen a great while, I don't know any of our au-
 thors have wrote in so florid and genteel a stile.

Wild. Upon the subject, madam, I dare affirm there
 nothing extant more moving.—Look ye, madam, I
 am an author rich in expressions; the needy poets of
 our age may fill their works with rhapsodies of flames
 and darts, and barren sighs and tears, their speaking
 books and amorous vows, that might in Chaucer's time,
 perhaps, have passed for love; but now, 'tis only such
 I can touch that noble passion, and by the true, per-
 sasive eloquence, turned in the moving stile of *lovers*
verses, can raise the ravished female to a rapture.—

In short, madam, I'll match Cowley in softness, over-
 top Milton in sublime, banter Cicero in eloquence, and
 outswan in quibbling, by the help of that most inge-
 nous society, called the Bank of England.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry, I begin to hate that old
called love; they say 'tis clear out in France.

Wild. Clear out, clear out, nobody wears it
here too, honesty went out with the flashed ~~and~~
and love with the close-bodied gowns. Love
obsolete, so mean, and out of fashion, that I can
pare it to nothing but the miserable picture of
Grizzel at the head of an old ballad—Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha!—The best emblem in the world
—Come, Sir Harry, faith we'll run it down.—
—Ay, methinks I see the mournful Melpe
with her handkerchief at her eye, her heart full of
her eyes full of water, her head full of madness,
her mouth full of nonsense.—Oh, hang it.

Wild. Ay, madam. Then the doleful ditties, pit
plaints, the daggers, the poisons!

Lure. Oh, the vapours.

Wild. Then a man must kneel, and a man
swear—There is a repose, I see, in the next

[

Lure. Unnatural stuff.

Wild. Oh, madam, the most unnatural thing in
world; as fulsome as a sack-posset, [*Pulling be
wards the door.*] ungentle as a wedding-ring, a
impudent as the naked statue was in the park.

[*Pulls her a*

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; I hate love that's impu
These poets dress it up so in their tragedies, the
modest woman can bear it. Your way is much
more + + + + +, I must confess.

ay, madam ; I hate your rude whining
; it puts a lady out of countenance.

[*Pulling her.*

Truly so it does.—Hang their impudence.
Where are we going ?

Only to rail at love, madam. [*Pulls her in.*

BANTER enters,

Hey! Who's here? [*Lurewell comes back.*

Pshaw, prevented by a stranger too! Had it
your husband now—Pshaw!—Very familiar, sir.
Bantier takes up Wildair's hat, that was dropped
in the room,

Madam, you have dropped your hat.

Discovered too by a stranger!—What shall
I do?

[*From within.*]-—Madam, you have got the
unfounded pens here! can't you get the Colo-
rite the superscriptions of your letters for you?

Bless me, Sir Harry! don't you know that
I can't write French? Your time is so pre-

occupied. Shall I direct by way of Roan or Paris?

Which you will.

Madam, I very much applaud your choice of
itary; he understands the intrigues of most
in Europe they say.

WILDAIR enters with a Letter.

Wild. Here, madam; I presume, 'tis right—This gentleman a relation of yours, madam?—Dem him:

[*Exit.*]

Ban. Brother, your humble servant.

Wild. Brother! by what relation, sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same father, born of the same mother, brother kindred, and brother beau.

Wild. Hey-day! how the fellow strings his genealogy!—Look ye, sir, you may be brother to Tom Thumb for aught I know; but if you are my brother—I could have wished you in your mother's womb for an hour or two longer.

Ban. Sir, I received your letter at Oxford, with your commands to meet you in London; and if you can remember your own hand, there it is:

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Wild. [*Looking over the letter.*] Oh! pray, sir, let me consider you a little.—By Jupiter, a pretty boy; a very pretty boy; a handsome fave, good shape [*Walks about and views him.*] well dressed—The rogue has got a leg too.—Come kiss me, child.—Ay, he kisses like one of the family, the right velvet lip.—Canst thou dance, child?

Ban. Ouy, monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day; French too; why sure, sir, you could never be bred at Oxford!

Ban. No, madam, my clothes were made in London.—Brother, I have some affairs of consequence to communicate, which require a little privacy:

sv. Oh, sir! I beg your pardon, I'll leave you. Harry, you'll stay supper?

Id. Assurance, madam.

sv. Yes, madam, we'll both stay.

Id. Both!—Sir, I'll send you back to your commons again. How now?

sv. No, no; I shall find better notice-commons meeting with you, brother.—Come, Sir Harry; if stay; I stay; if you go, absent.

Id. Why, the devil's in this young fellow.—Why, hi, hast thou any thoughts of being my heir? Is, you dog, you ought to pimp for me; you should a pack of wenches o'purpose to bust down a man's. Don't you know, sir, that lawful wedlock is certain poverty to you? look ye, sirrah, come; and for my disappointment just now, if you t get me a new mistress to-night, I'll marry to-morrow, and won't leave you a groat.—Go, pimp, like tiful brother. *[Pushes him out, and exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Tavern. FIREBALL enters, hauling in CLINCHER.

Fireball.

ME, sir; not drink the king's health!

lin. Pray, now, good Captain, excuse me. Look ye, sir; *[Pulling out his watch.]* the critical minute, critical minute, faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, sir ?

Clin. The lady's critical minute, sir—Sir, your humble servant. [*Going.*]

Fire. Well, the death of this Spanish king will—

Clin. [*Returning.*] Eh! what's that of the Spanish king? tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don Carlos is dead.

Clin. Dead!—Nay, then—[*Sits down.*] Here, pen and ink, boy; pen and ink presently; I must write to my correspondent in Wales straight—Dead!

[*Rises and walks about in disorder.*]

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politics, politics, stark mad with politics.

Fire. 'Sdeath, sir, what have such fools as you to do with politics?

Clin. What, sir, the succession!—not mind the succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis settled by a prince of France.

Clin. What, settled already! The best news! ever came into England. Come, Captain, faith troth, Captain, here's a health to the succession.

Fire. Burn the succession, sir. I won't drink What, drink confusion to our trade, religion and liberties!

Clin. Ay, by all means—As for trade, d'ye see a gentleman, and hate it mortally. These trade are the most impudent fellows we have, and speak our goo
What have we to do with

him politician truly!—And what do you
religion, pray?

hi, hi!—Religion!—And what has a gen-
o with religion, pray? And to hear a sea
of religion! that's pleasant, faith.

have you no regard to our liberties, sir?
w! liberties! that's a jest. We beaus
erty to whore and drink in any govern-
at's all we care for.

STANDARD *enters.*

l, the rarest news!

mn your news, sir: why are you not drunk

ry civil question, truly!

re, boy, bring in the brandy—Fill.

is a piece of politics that I don't so well

re, sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws*] ex-
roat cut.

this comes o'th' succession; fire and
y.

ne, sir, off with it.

, Colonel, what have I done to be burned

ink, sir, I say—Brother, manage him: I
e. [*Aside to Fireball, and exit.*

drink, sir.

what the devil, attacked both by sea and
: ye, gentlemen, if I must be poisoned

pray, let me chuse my own dose. Were I a lord
 I should have the privilege of the block; and as I'm
 gentleman, pray, stifle me with claret at least! don't
 let me die like a bawd, with brandy.
 • *Fire.* Brandy, you dog! abuse brandy! Flat trea
 against the navy royal!—Sirrah, I'll teach you to
 the fleet—Here, Shark!

SHARK *enters.*

Get three or four of the ship's crew, and f
 fellow aboard the Belzebug.

Shark. Ay, master.

Clin. What, aboard the Belzebug!—Nay
 Captain, I'll chuse to go to the devil this v
 sir, your good health—and my own cor
 afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh, fire! fire! f
 stone! and tobacco! [See

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it, th
 glass, sir.

Clin. What, another broadside! nay,
 downright. Dear Captain, give me q
 the present juncture of affairs; you'
 ruin my politics; faith you will.

Fire. Here, Shark!

Clin. Well, well, I will drink—T
 for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz! buz!—E
 Put your ear to my breast, and h
 like a hot iron—Eh! bless me, h
 ad upon my legs, faint—

—ay, burn the succession—Look
all be sea-sick presently.

[Falls into Fireball's arms.]

ARK and another enter, with a Chair.
—, in with him.

—ay, sir—Avast, avast—Here, boy—
[Tops the glass.]

—him along.
—s, politics, brandy, politics! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

LUREWELL'S Apartment. LUREWELL and
PARLY enter.

—ever see such an impudent young
—er? He followed his brother up and
—o place so very close, that we could
—isper.

—r Harry will dispose of him now,
—may be secured. But I wonder,
—r comes not according to his letter;

—; that no harm may befall me to-
—t frightful dream last night; I

—adam, you should be so much
—ure that can do you no harm.
—ve women of quality have each
—it—I now hate a mouse;
F ij

my lady Lovecards abhors a cat; Mrs. bear a squirrel; the Countess of Pique frog, and my Lady Swimair hates a ma

Marquis enters, running

Mar. Madam, madam, madam! *Pard*
L'argent, l'argent! [*Shoves*

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got
but how, how, dear monsieur?

Mar. Ah, madame! begar, monsieur
one pigeoneau—*Voyez, madame!* me did
my broder in Montpellier did furnise his
tousan livres for de expence of her travail
she not being able to write when she was
give him de picture for de certificate and de
to receive de money from her husband—*M*

Lure. The best plot in the world—You
that your brother lent her the money in *Fr*
her bills, I suppose, were delayed—You put
presume?

Mar. Ouy, ouy, madame.

Lure. And that upon her death-bed she got
brother the picture, as a certificate to Sir Harry
she had received the money; which picture you
ther sent over to you, with commission to receive
debt.

Mar. Assurance—*Dere was de politiq*
politique!—See, madame, what he
France Marquis! He did make de *Angliss*
her husband when she was living, and

resent it. 63
In

I'll tell you
conduct, that
should have
and my more
believed, it

you 'tis not
her fame;
I envy of
I would
his ears.
all hear it
as aloud.
to ear.
in the
pic-
is as
so
red.

STAIRS : THE LIBRARY

my lady Lovecards abhors a cat; Mrs. Fiddlefin can't bear a squirrel; the Countess of Piquet abominates a frog, and my Lady Swimair hates a man.

Marquis enters, running.

Mar. Madam, madam, madam! Pardie voyez—
L'argent, l'argent! [*Shows a bag of money.*]

Lure. Ah I hope to breathe, he has got it!—Well, but how, how, dear monsieur?

Mar. Ah, madame! begar, monsieur Sir Arvy be one pigeoneau—Voyez, madame! me did tell him my broder in Montpellier did furnise his lady wid ten tousan livres for de expence of her travaille; and as she not being able to write when she was dying, she give him de picture for de certificate and de credential to receive de money from her husband—Mark yet!

Lure. The best plot in the world—You told me that your brother lent her the money in France, when her bills, I suppose, were delayed—You put in that I presume?

Mar. Ouy, ouy, madame.

Lure. And that upon her death-bed she gave your brother the picture, as a certificate to Sir Harry, that she had received the money; which picture your brother sent over to you, with commission to receive the debt.

Mar. Assurement—Dere was de politique, de France politique!—See, madame, what he can do in France Marquis! He did make de Anglise lady cur her husband when she was living, and shoot

n she was dead, begar. Ha, ha, ha!—Oh, pardic, : bon!

re. Ah! but what did Sir Harry say?

ar. Oh! begar monsieur Chevalier he love his , he say, dat if she takes up a hundre tousan livres; ould repay it; he knew de picture, he say, and r me de money from his steward—Oh, Notre Dame! sieur Sir Harry be one dupe.

re. Well, but, monsieur, I long to know one 5. Was the conquest you made of his lady so ? What assaults did you make, and what resist- did she shew?

ar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, me; dere was tree deux yeux, one serenade, and :apre; dat was all, begar.

re. Chatillonte! There's nothing in nature so : to a longing woman as a malicious story—Well, ieur, 'tis about a thousand pounds; we go snacke.

ar. Snacke! Pardie, for what? Why snacke, in- ? Me vill give you de present of fifty louis d'ors; , ver' good snacke for you.

re. And you'll give me no more? Very well.

ar. Ver' well! yes, begar, 'tis ver' well—Consi- madame, me be de poor refugee; me 'ave nothing de religious charité, and de France politique, de of my own address; dat is all.

re. Ay, an object of charity, with a thousand ds in his fist!—Eh!—[Knocking below.]—Oh, ieur, that's my husband! I know his knock. ust not see you. Get into the closet till by and

my lady I
 bear a sign
 frog, and.

Mar. L'
 L'argent,

Luce.
 but now,

Mar. I
 one pigeon
 my brode
 tousan liv
 she not I
 give him
 to receive

Luce.
 that you
 her bills.
 presume

Mar.

Luce.
 brother
 she had
 their sent
 de't.

Mar.
 politique
 France
 her hus'

more
 sense to sit a lit
 humour of
 like your lad

— na, na, ha! ——— So very wonderful,
in any case I'm in love with every woman I

And madam, please you extremely
to say more, that if polygamy were allowed,
I have a new wife every day.
Oh, Sir Harry, this is ratiology! But your suit
rests upon the matter, pray.

Why, then, madam, to give you my true
feedback: I had a lady that I married by
chance. Nature gave her beauty, education
I fortune threw a young fellow of five-and-
twelve. I courted her all day, loved her all
night, was my mistress one day, and my wife
the next. I had in one the variety of a thousand, and
the pleasure of marriage gave me the pleasure

she was very virtuous: ———
ye, madam, you know she was beautiful,
nature about her mouth, the milk of
paradise in her cheeks, sparkling wit in her forehead,
and beauty in her eyes.

I knew her very well.

STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON

; [*Hurries him in*] and if I don't be revenged upon our France politique, then I have no English politique—Hang the money! I would not for twice a thousand pounds forbear abusing this virtuous woman to her husband.

PARLY *enters.*

Par. 'Tis Sir Harry, madam.

Lure. As I could wish. Chairs!

WILDAIR *enters.*

Wild. Here, Mrs. Parly, in the first place, I sacrifice a louis d'or to thee for good luck.

Par. A guinea, sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, child; French money is always more successful in bribes, and very much in fashion, child.

DICKY *enters, and runs to Sir HARRY.*

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own nice caps?

Wild. Sirrah?

Dick. Sir, sir! shall I order your chair to the door by five o'clock in the morning?

Wild. The devil's in the fellow! Get you go [*Dicky runs out.*] Now, dear madam, I have my brother, you have disposed of the Color we'll rail at love till we han't a word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry. Please to sit a little, you must know I'm in a strange humour of asking some questions. How did you like your lady,

l. Like her! Ha, ha, ha!—So very well, faith, for her very sake I'm in love with every woman I

2. And did matrimony please you extremely?

l. So very much, that if polygamy were allowed, I should have a new wife every day.

2. Oh, Sir Harry, this is raillery! But your serious thoughts upon the matter, pray.

l. Why, then, madam, to give you my true reasons of wedlock: I had a lady that I married by chance, she was virtuous by chance, and I loved her by chance. Nature gave her beauty, education, and fortune threw a young fellow of five-and-thirty in her lap. I courted her all day, loved her all night, she was my mistress one day, and my wife the next: I found in one the variety of a thousand, and the confinement of marriage gave me the pleasure of a whole regiment.

2. And she was very virtuous——

l. Look ye, madam, you know she was beautiful. I had a good nature about her mouth, the smile of an angel in her cheeks, sparkling wit in her forehead, and rightly love in her eyes.

2. Pshaw! I knew her very well; the woman I knew well enough. But you don't answer my question,

l. So, madam, as I told you before, she was virtuous and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my wealth gave a lustre to my love, and a swing to our conversation, round like the ring that made us one, our pleasures circled without end.

Lure. Golden pleasures! golden fiddlesticks!—
What d'ye tell me of your canting stuff?—Was she
virtuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with envy; but I will torment
thee a little. [*Aside.*] So, madam, I powdered to please
her, she dressed to engage me; we toyed away the
morning in amorous nonsense, lolled away the evening
in the park or the playhouse, and all the night—
Hein!

Lure. Look ye, sir, answer my question, or I shall
take it ill.

Wild. Then, madam, there was never such a pattern
of unity. Her wants were still prevented by my sup-
plies; my own heart whispered me her desires, because
she herself was there; no contention ever rose, but
the dear strife of who should most oblige; no noise
about authority; for neither would stoop to command,
because both thought it glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff, stuff, stuff!—I won't believe a word
on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Then, madam, we never felt the
yoke of matrimony, because our inclinations made us
one; a power superior to the forms of wedlock. The
marriage torch had lost its weaker light in the bright
flame of mutual love that joined our hearts before.
Then——

Lure. Hold, hold, sir; I cannot bear it; Sir Harry,
I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Affronted!

Lure. Yes, sir; it is an affront to any woman to



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SIR HARRY WILDALE
, then I can't bear it. [*Bursts out a cry.*]
say you're an unworthy person, to use a
quality at this rate, when she has her heart
alice; I don't know but it may make me
Sir, I say again and again, that she was no
an one of us, and I know it; I have seen it
y eyes, so I have.

• Good heavens deliver me, I beseech thee!—
shall I 'scape?

re. Will you not hear me yet? Dear Sir Harry,
out hear me; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh, I have it!—[*Hush, hush, hush!*]

Lure. Eh! What's the matter?

Wild. A mouse! a mouse! a mouse!

Lure. Where, where, where?

Wild. Your petticoats, your petticoats, madam
[*Lure. shrieks an*]

Oh, my head!—I was never worsted by a
before.—But I have heard so much as to
marquis to be a villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay, the
run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*] The ent
ped by a chair coming in; and something
that chair that I will discover, if I can fi
hide myself. [*Goes to the closet door.*] F
keys about me for most locks about St.
me see—[*Tries one key.*]—No, no; this
Planthorn's back-door—[*Tries another*
this is the key to my lady Stakeall's g
[*Goes into the c*

thir!.] Ay, ay, this does it, faith.

AN UNDAIR.

Another enter, with CLINCHER in a chair,

Ad. Friend, who gave you orders to
ty chair into the house?

Master, sweet heart.

So is your master, impudence!

Every body's sauce-box.—And for the pre-
tence, there he is for ye. [*Lags Clincher out of
his, and throws him upon the floor.*] Steer away,
[*Exit Shark, with chair.*]

Ad. What the devil, Mr. Jubilee, is it you?

Par. Bless me! the gentleman's dead!—Murder!
order!

LUREWELL enters.

Lars. Protect me! What's the matter? Clincher!

Par. Mr. Clincher! are you dead, sir?

Clin. Yes.

Lars. Oh, then it is well enough—Are you drunk,
sir?

Clin. No.

Lars. Well, certainly I'm the most unfortunate
man living! All my affairs, all my designs, all my
intrigues miscarry—Faugh! the beast!—But, sir,
what's the matter with you?

Clin. Politics.

Par. Where have you been, sir?

Clin. Shark.

Lure. What shall we do with him, Parly?—If Colonel should come home now, we were ruined.—

STANDARD *enters.*

Oh, inevitable destruction!

Wild. Ay, ay; unless I relieve her now, all the world can't save her.

Stand. Bless me! what's here? Who are you, sir?

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, madam! behold the man that you prefer to me; and such as he are all those fop-galls that daily haunt my house, ruin your honour, and disturb my quiet. I urge not the sacred bond of marriage; I'll wave your earnest vows of truth to me, and only lay the case in equal balance, and see whose merit bears the greater weight, his or mine.

Wild. Well argued, Colonel. [As

Stand. Suppose yourself freely disengaged, uncommitted, and to make choice of him you thought most worthy of your love; would you prefer a brute monkey, one destin'd only for the sport of man?—You take him to your bed; there let the beast disgorge his fulsome load in your fair, lovely bosom, snore out his passion in your soft embrace, and with the vapour of his sick debauch perfume your sweet apartment.

Lure. Ah, nauseous, nauseous, poison!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a value on myself, but when compared to him, there modesty must stoop and indignation give my words a loose, to tell you, madam, that I am a man unblemished in my honour.

l my king and country ; and for a
think that nature has not been de-

should think so too ; the fellow's

[*Aside.*

ing as he, my person too as fair to
d for my mind, I thought it could
and therefore made a choice of you.
ss'd our isle with beauty, by distant
d could they place their loves aright,
: acquire the envy of mankind, as
order of the world.

he coaxes——He will conquer, un-
a time ; she begins to melt already.

[*Aside.*

all this, I love you next to heaven ;
n, I swear, the constant study of my
as been to please my dearest wife.
er met control from me, nor your
never mentioned my distrust before,
ong your discretion, so as e'er to
de him an appointment.

, generous man!

[*Weeps.*

), 'tis time for me, I will relieve her.
He goes to the closet, and coming behind Standard,
elder.] Colonel, your humble servant.
y, how came you here ?

fellow ! thou hast got thy load with
e wine was humming strong ; I have
yself.

[*Reels a little.*

STANDARD *re-enters, with the hat in one hand, and holding
in the Marquis with the other.*

Stand. Sir Harry, is this the mouse that you threw
your hat at?

Wild. I'm amaz'd!

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too!

Stand. Look'e, monsieur Marquis, as for your gun,
I shall cut your throat, sir.

Wild. Give me leave, I must cut his throat first.

Mar. Vat, bote cut my troat! Begar, messieurs,
ave but one troat.

PARLY enters, and runs to STANDARD.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent; he came upon
another design. My lady begins to be penitent, and
if you make any noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, gentlemen, I have too great a con-
fidence in the virtue of my wife, to think it in the power
of you, or you, sir, to wrong my honour. But I am
bound to guard her repuzation, so that no attempts be
made that may provoke a scandal. Therefore, gen-
tlemen, let me tell you, it is time to desist. [Exit.]

Wild. Ay, ay: so it is, faith. Come, Monsieur,
must talk with you, sir. [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Don's House. STANDARD and FIREBALL enter.

Standard.

brother, a man may talk till doomsday of
 and damnation; but your rhetoric will ne'er
 lady that there's any thing of a devil in a
 fellow with a fine coat. You must shew the
 t, expose the brute, as I have done; and
 r virtue sleeps, her pride will surely take the

y, but if you had let me cut off one of the
 s before you sent him away——

No, no; the fool had served my turn, with-
 ndal of a public resentment, and the effect
 that my design was right: I've touch'd her
 , and she relents apace.

LUREWELL enters, running.

th, my dear, save me! I'm frighted out of

ood and fire, madam, who dare touch you?

[*Draws his sword, and stands before her.*
 h, sir, a ghost, a ghost! I have seen it twice.
 y, then, we soldiers have nothing to do with
 rd for the parson. [*Sheaths his sword.*]

Tis fancy, my dear, nothing but fancy.

G ij

Lady. Oh, dear Colonel, I'll never lie alone; I'm frightened to death; I saw it twice; twice he stood by my chamber-door, and with a hollow voice and a wondrous groan.

Stanh. This is strange! ghosts by day-light!—Come, my dear, along with me; don't shrink, we'll see we find this ghost. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Street. WILDAIR, MARQUIS, and DICKY enter.

Wild. Dicky.

Dick. Sir?

Wild. Do you remember any thing of a thousand pounds lent to my wife in Montpelier by a French gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, monsieur Dicky, you remember de gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, sir! I think, for my part, that all the men in France are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the devil o' one of them could lend a thousand pence, much less a thousand pounds.

Mar. Morbleu, que dites vous, bougre le chien?

Wild. Hold, sir; pray, answer me one question—
What made you fly your country?

Mar. My religion, monsieur.

Wild. So you fled from your religion out of France and are a downright atheist in England. A very tender conscience, truly!

Mar. Begar, monsieur, my conscience be de
; he no suffer his master to starve, pardie

e sir, no ceremony; refund.
nde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez Fran-
r?

sir; I tell you in plain English, return
I'll lay you by the heels.

ogear dere is de Anglis-man now! Dere
ne. De law! Ecoute, monsieur Sir Arry
De France Marquis scorn de law. Niy
our yife de money, and here is my wit-

[*Draws.*

evidence, sir, is very positive, and shall
but this is no place to try the cause;
park into the fields; you shall throw
key between us, and the best title, upon
shall take it up——Allons!

le tout mon cœur!——Allons! Fient à

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

UREWELL and PARLY enter.

W! I'm such a frightened fool! 'Twas no-
y——Come, Parly, get me pen and ink;
Sir Harry shall know what a wife he had,
Though he would not hear me speak,
letter sure. [Sits down to write.

n within.] Hold!

Et me!——Parly, don't leave me——But
it.

||

nd me! Don't you hear a voice?

Luce.
You live
by my
a piteous
Stand
my dear
find this

The Street

WEL. To

Dick

Will, to

pounds

gentlemen

Mar. The

tieman, he

Dict. No

men in a

said Mar.

a thousand

Mar. The

WEL. He

What made

Mar. M

WILL. So

and are a

der count

Mar. B

tendre; he

ca!

and here it preached to us the Lord
d murdered my mistress with mere

earing, sir: 'twill do her good.

r in, Parly. [*Parly leads out Lurewell.*]

ean, brother?

aning's plain. There's a design of
etween your wife and Sir Harry; so
o forbid the banns, that's all.

, brother. If I may be induced to
ng of ghosts, I rather fancy that the
ow her husband has broke the poor
ch, together with the indignity of her

her uneasy in her grave.—But what-
e, it's fit we immediately find out Sir
in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Henry walking. WILDAIR and MAR-
gely hastily over the Stage, one calls.

ry.

d?—Monticlar, I'll follow you, sir.

[*Exit Marquis.*]

talk with you, sir.

ny lord, let it be very short, for I was
aste in my life.

sume, sir, to enquire the cause that
last night at my house?

Par. I thought so, madam.

Lure. It called, Hold! I'll venture once more.

[*Sits down to write.*]

Ghost. Disturb no more the quiet of the dead.

Lure. Now it is plain. I heard the words.

Par. Deliver us, madam, and forgive us our sins!—
What is it?

*GHOST enters; LUREWELL and PARLY sbrick, and
run to a corner of the stage.*

Ghost. Behold the airy form of wrong'd Angelica,
Forc'd from the shades below to vindicate her fame.
Forbear, malicious woman, thus to load
With scandalous reproach the grave of innocence.
Repent, vain woman!
Thy matrimonial vow is register'd above,
And all the breaches of that solemn faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee to repent.
Forbear to wrong thy injur'd husband's bed,
Disturb no more the quiet of the dead. [*Stalks off.*]

[*Lurewell swoons, and Parly supports her.*]

Par. Help! help! help!

STANDARD and FIREBALL enter.

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the matter!

Fire. Breeding, breeding, sir.

Par. Oh, sir! we're frighted to death; here has
been the ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad sure! What ghost!

Par. The ghost of Angelica, Sir Harry Wildair'
w.c.

ca!

and here it preached to us the Lord
d murdered my mistress with more

hearing, sir: 'twill do her good.

r.in, Parly. [*Partly looks at Laurell.*]

can, brother?

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between your wife and Sir Harry; so
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aste in my life.

presume, sir, to enquire the cause that
late last night at my house?

Wild. More mischief again!—Perhaps, my lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lord. Then perhaps, sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my lord, don't frown; it spoils your face.—But if you must know, your lady owes me two hundred guineas, and that sum I will presume to extort from your lordship.

Lord. Two hundred guineas! Have you any thing to shew for it?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my lord, I shewed quint and quatorze for it; and to a man of honour, that's as firm as a bond and judgment.

Lord. Come, sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a man of honour.

Wild. Honour! ha, ha, ha!—'Tis very strange that some men, though their education be ever so gallant, will ne'er learn breeding! Look ye, my lord, when you and I were under the tuition of our governors, and conversed only with old Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Plutarch, and the like; why then such a man was a villain, and such a one was a man of honour: but now, that I have known the court, a little of what they call the *beau-monde* and the *bel esprit*, I find that honour looks as ridiculous as Roman buskins upon your lordship, or my full peruke upon Scipio Africanus.

Lord. Why should you think so, sir?

Wild. Because the world's improved, my lord, and we find that this honour is a very troublesome impertinent thing—Can't we live together like

Christians, as they do in France? I borrow yours; you dine with you; I lie with your wife, and you lie in my honour! that's such an impertinence!—
 hear me. What does your honour think of your friend's reputation; making a jest of his fortunes; cheating him at cards; debauching him; or the like?

L. Why rank villainy.

Wild. Pish! pish! nothing but good manners; exercises of good manners. Why you ha'n't been at court lately. There 'tis the only practice to shew our wit and breeding.—As for instance: your friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at picquet, to shew he has been in France; and lies with your wife, to shew he's a man of quality.

Lord. Very well, sir.

Wild. In short, my lord, you have a wrong notion of things. Should a man with a handsome wife revenge all affronts done to his honour, poor White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet, and Pontack, were utterly ruined.

Lord. How so, sir?

Wild. Because, my lord, you must run all their customers quite through the body. Were it not for abusing your men of honour, taverns and chocolate houses could not subsist; and were there but a round tax laid upon scandal and false politics, we men of figure would find it much heavier than four shillings in the pound.

—Come, come, my lord, no more on't, for she
your honour is safe enough, for I have the key of
back door in my pocket. [Runs]

Lord. Sir, I shall meet you another time. [Exit]

SCENE V.

The Fields. MARQUIS enters, with a Servant, carrying his fighting equipage, pumps, cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.

Mar. Sa, sa, sa, fient à la tête. Sa, embarquez sur redouble. Hey!

WILDAIR enters.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! the devil! must I fight with a tumbler? These French are as great fops in their amours, as in their amours.

Mar. Allons! allons! stripe, stripe!

Wild. No, no, sir, I never strip to engage a man in a fight as I dance.—Come, sir, down with the m

Mar. Dere it is, pardie. [Lays down the bag between them.] Allons!

DICKY enters, and gives WILDAIR a gun.
Morbleu! que sa?

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll stir you through the head.—Dicky, take up the m and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith: and if my master be killed, the money's his own.

Mar. Oh, morbleu! de Anglis-man be one cow

ah, ha! Where is your French politiqe
 e, monsieur, you must know I scorn to
 man for my own; but now we're upon the
 and since you have been at the trouble of put-
 on your habiliments, I must requite your pains.
 , come on, sir.

[Lays down the gun, and uses the sword.]

Mar. Come on! For vat, ven de money is gone?
 De France-man fight vere dere is no profit! Pardonnez
 moi, pardie. *[Sits down to pull off his pumps.]*

Wild. Hold, hold, sir; you must fight. Tell me
 how you came by this picture?

Mar. *[Starting up.]* Why den, begar, monsieur
 chevalier, since de money be gone, me vill speak de
 verité.—Pardie, monsieur, me did make de cuckie of
 you, and your wife send me de picture for my pain.

Wild. Look ye, sir, if I thought you had merit
 enough to gain a lady's heart from me, I would shake
 hands immediately, and be friends: but as I believe
 you to be a vain scandalous liar, I'll cut your throat.

STANDARD and FIREBALL enter, who part them.

Stand. Hold, hold, gentlemen.—Brother, secure the
 Marquis.—Come, Sir Harry, put up; I have something
 say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then; for I am a little out of
 humour, and want something to make me laugh.

*[As they talk, Marquis dresses, and Fireball helps
 him.]*

Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

t of all.

Now I pray, Sir Harry, tell me what mad
our wife?

Oh, ha, ha! I knew it.—Pray, Colonel,
you stay with your wife?

Oh, yes, but pray answer me directly; I beg

Why then, Colonel, you must know we are

the most happy, toying, foolish people in

What she got, I don't know how, a crotch

in her head. This made her frumpish;

under an angry word: she only fell a cry

out, and I went for Italy next morning—

more on't.—Are you hurt, Monsieur?

Oh, no, But, Sir Harry, you'll be serious when
at her ghost appears.

Oh, her ghost! Ha, ha, ha! that's pleasant,

Oh, as sure as fate, it walks in my house.

Oh, in your house! come along, Colonel; by

Oh, kiss it. [Exit Wild. and Servants]

Monsieur le Capitain, adieu.

Oh, Adieu! No, sir, you shall follow Sir Harry.

Oh, For what?

Oh, For what! why, d'ye think I'm such a

part a couple of gentlemen when they're fight

not see them make an end on't:—I think it's

part man and wife.—Come along, sir.

[Exit, pulling Mask]

Wild. Ay, 'tis amazement, truly.—Loc
dam, I hate to converse so familiarly with spi
keep your distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a word on't. [*Mos*

Stand. Sir Harry, you're more afraid no
fore.

Wild. Ay, most men are more afraid of a
than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good manners to leave you
however.

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my dear, after so lon
ous an absence, to act the stranger so. I
die in earnest, and must for ever vanish
sight. [*Weeping*

Wild. Hold, hold, madam. Don't be
dear; you took me unprovided: had you
word of your coming, I had got three or fo
out of Oroonoko and the Mourning-Brid
occasion, that would have charmed your
But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have
from both houses; Pawlet and Locket sh
for our taste; we'll charm our ears with A
feast our eyes with one another; and thi
our senses tuned to love, we'll hurl off o
leap into bed, and there.—Look ye, r
don't welcome you home with raptures m
and more moving, than all the plays in Chr
I'll say no more.

Aug. A ver.

ease my wonder first, and let me know your death.

Unkind departure hence, and your avoidance, made me resolve, since I could not, to die to all the world besides: I fancied it exceeded the force of love, yet the self perhaps might change your humour, had it given out that I died in France. at Montpellier, which indeed was next to the affront offered to the body of our ambassador at Paris, conduced to have my burial.

This deceived my retinue; and by the my women, and your faithful servant, I's clothes, came home into England, and observe your motions abroad, with orders receive you till your return.—Here I met the equality of Beau Banter, your busy brother, disguise I have disappointed your design of Lurewell: and, in the form of a ghost, and the scandal she this day threw upon me, hated her sufficiently from lying alone. I have frightened you likewise, but you were none.

Weak, how squeamish, and how fearful when they want to be humoured! and arrogant, how daring, and how provoking, that the impertinent maggot in their head! means, my dear, could you purchase this peace? How came you by my letter to my

Ang. By intercepting all your letters s home. But for my ghostly contrivance, Parly (moved by the justness of my cause, was my chief engineer.

FIREBALL and MARQUIS enter.

Fire. Sir Harry, if you have a mind to there's your man; if not, I have discharg

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salu tress, sir?

Mar. Oh, morbleu! Begar me must oder country now for my religion.

Ang. Oh! what the French Marquis!

Wild. Ay, ay, my dear, you do know can't be angry, because 'tis the fashion know every body: but methinks, madam now! Hang it, considering 'twas my gift, y kept it—But no matter; my neighbours s

Ang. Picture, my dear! Could you would part with that? No; of all my jew I kept, because 'twas given by you. [*She*

Wild. Eh! Wonderful!—And what
[*Pulling out*

Ang. They're very much aiike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly p
—Monsieur Marquis, *ecoutez*.—Ye

my wife, and she did give you de picture
h! Come, sir, add to your France p
of your native impudence, and tell us p
came by't.

lar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de France-
can tell no more lie, den will he tell trute.—I
acquainted wid de paintre dat draw your lady's
lure, an I give him ten pistole for de copy.—An
me ave de picture of all de beauty in London; and
this politique, me ave de reputation to lie wid dem

Wild. When, perhaps, your pleasure never reached
ve a pit-masque in your life.

Mar. An begar, for dat matre, de natre of women,
pit-masque is as good as de best. De pleasure is
hing, de glory is all—a-la-mode de France.

[Struts out,

Wild. Go thy ways for a true pattern of the vanity,
certinence, subtlety, and the ostentation of thy
intry!—Look ye, Captain, give me thy hand; once
as a friend to France; but henceforth I promise to
rifice my fashions, coaches, wigs, and vanity, to
ses, arms, and equipage, and serve my king *in pro-
a persona*, to promote a vigorous war, if there be
asion.

Sir. Bravely said, Sir Harry; and if all the beaux
the side-boxes were of your mind, we would send
m back their L'Abbé, and Balon, and shew them a
n dance, to the tune of Harry the Fifth.

STANDARD, LUREWELL, DICKY, and PARLY enter.

Wild. Oh Colonel! Such discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your servant;
next Dicky has told me the whole story.

Wild. Why then let Dicky run for the field immediately.

Dick, Oh, sir! I knew what it would come here already, sir.

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new one and begin it with a dance——Strike up.

Stand. Now, Sir Harry, we have recovered our wives; yours from death, and mine from the gallows, and they are at present very honest. But how do we keep them so?

Ang. By being good husbands, sir; and the secret for keeping matters right in wedlock is to quarrel with your wives for trifles: for we are the best at that, and must have our play-things, our vapours, our frights, our monkies, our fashions, our washes, our patches, our tattles and impertinence; therefore, I say to let a woman play the fool, than provoke the devil.

Luce. And another rule, gentlemen, I would have you to observe; never to be jealous; or if you cannot be sure never to let your wife think you are, for we are more restrained by the scandal of jealousy, than by the wickedness of the fact; woman has borne the shame of a whore, she has committed the sin in a moment.

Wild. We're obliged to you, ladies, for your advice, and in return, give me leave to give you the character of a good wife, in the character of my own.

versation never out-strips the conduct of her
; she's affable to all men, free with no man,
kind to me: often chearful, sometimes gay,
is pleased, but when I'm angry; then sorry,
n. The park, play-house, and cards, she
in compliance with custom; but her diver-
nclination are at home: she's more cautious
arbable woman, than of a noted wit, well
that the infection of her own sex is more
than the temptation of ours: to all this, she is
to a wonder, scorns all devices that engage
and uses all arts to please her husband.
spite of satire 'gainst a marry'd life,
an is truly blest with such a wife.

EPILOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

V'ENTRE bleu! were is dis dam poet? were
Garçon! me wil cut off all his two ear:
Je suis enrage—now he is not here.
He has affront de French! Le vilaine bête!
De French! your best friend!—you suffre dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs, il serait fort ingrate!
Wat have you English dat you can call your own?
I at have you of grand pleasure in dis town,
I idout it come from France, dat wil go down?
Picquet, basset; your vin, your dress, your dance;
'Tis all, you see, tout à-la-mo-de de France.
De beau dere buy a boudre knick-knack;
He carry out wit, but seidom bring it back:
But den be bring a snuff-box hinge, so small
De joint you can no see de wark at all,
Cost him five pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tree year it sal save half an ounce of snuffe.
De coquet, she ave her ratifia dere,
Fier gowen, her complexion, deux yeux, her lovere.
As for de cuckold—dat indeed you can make here.
De French it is dat teach the lady wear
De short muff, wit her wite elbow bare;
De beau de large muff, wit bis sleeve down dere*.

* Pointing to his fingers.

urses,
ere burses.
le ;
?

his tird day.

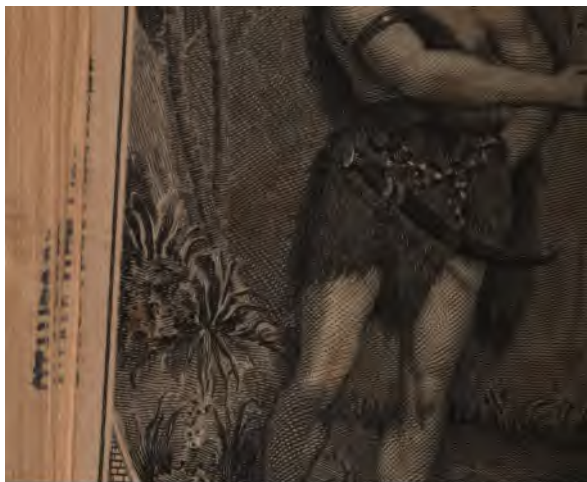
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ARACTACUS.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

BY W. MASON,

AUTHOR OF ELFRIDA.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN ON THE MODEL OF
AN ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.


ET LECTAS DRUIDUM DE GENTE CHOREAS.

Words marked with a Comma, are omitted in the Representation,
Words printed in Italics are Additions of the Theatres.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
W. BENTLEY, British Library, STRAND.

MDCXCVI.



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R. A. C. T. A. C. U. S.

A
D. R. A. M. A. T. I. C. P. O. E. M.

BY W. MASON,
AUTHOR OF ELFRIDA.

ADAPTED FOR
D. R. A. M. A. T. I. C. A. L. R. E. P. R. E. S. E. N. T. A. T. I. O. N.,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
R. O. Y. A. L., C. O. V. E. N. T.-G. A. R. D. E. N.

W. R. I. T. T. E. N. O. N. T. H. E. M. O. D. E. L. O. F
A. N. T. I. E. N. T. G. R. E. E. K. T. R. A. G. E. D. Y.

L. E. C. T. A. S. D. R. U. I. D. U. M. D. E. G. E. N. T. E. C. H. O. R. E. A. S.

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LIFE OF WILLIAM MASON.

gentlemen is one of the few authors who
to the applause of the world, as well for the
of his heart as for the excellence of his writ-
He is the son of a clergyman who had the liv-
-ull, in Yorkshire, where our author was born
e year 1726. He was admitted of St. John's
Cambridge, where he took his degrees of B.A.
and his poetical genius in the year 1747
him a fellowship in Pembroke-Hall, which,
e did not obtain possession of without some
In the year 1754, he entered into holy or-
is patronized by the late Earl of Holder-
-oured him a Chaplainship to his Majesty,
the valuable rectory of Aston, in York-
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ul retirement. He is also precentor at
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4to. 1752.

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and performed at
A ij
Gar-



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author of

vida. D. P. 4to. 1752.

was altered by Mr. Colman in 1772, with
or's consent, and performed at Covent

len; and again in 1779, by Mr. Mason himself acted on the same stage.

2. *Caractacus*. D. P. 4to. 1759.

This was altered by Mr. Mason himself in and performed at Covent-Garden.

Mr. Mason is said to have written a Masque *Cupid and Psyche*; which has been set to music by Giardini, but not yet acted.

The commendations bestowed on *Elfrida* and *Caractacus* in their original form, have been second an equal degree of applause since they were acted to the stage. The first is perhaps the most fine the second the most striking performance. The first of history, in regard to the contested fair-one, is violated. In respect to the hardy veteran it is preserved. In the former the story is domestic we are interested only for the distress of *A* and his wife. In the latter, the events in the fate of our own country, while wonder and admiration alternately engaged by the different situations of *Caractacus*, *Elidurus*, *Arviragus*, and *Evelina*. The conduct of *Elfrida* and her husband, being not without childishness and deceit, comparative can operate but weakly on our compassion. *British heroes and heroine*, being united and irreproachable, always command the attention they deserve. In the person of *F*

er of his prince's confidence is justly punished. That event is communicated to us only thro' the medium of relation. By the future self-destruction of his widow, we are as slightly moved, for she is ranked with voluntary penances, and does not suffer till after the curtain has dropped on our eyes. In *Caractacus* the final destiny of the hero is more natural, decisive, and satisfactory.

Elfrida takes leave of us, our thoughts will naturally turn on the difficulties attending the performance of her vow, a comic, yet an irresistible

But when the aged chief and his daughter are brought in chains from the dead body of a son and father, our tears and admiration accompany their departure, while a pleasing hope suggests itself that *Elfrida* will find a protector in the young Brigantian, and that her father's captivity will tend only to increase the former greatness of his character.—The

in the first of these dramas, though highly poetical, lose somewhat of their weight, being denounced by females without specific offences. These ladies indeed appear to talk and act because they have no other occupation.

The venerable sons of *Mona*, who are material throughout the second piece, the like effusions of instruction proceed with singular propriety; they are bards by profession, and the delicious and moral truths is their immediate object. At the same time we should add, that the two *Elfrida* contain less objectionable pas-

super than those in *Caractacus*. If they never rise to the sublimity that distinguishes the ode beginning

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread?

they never descend into the almost burlesque strain of

—and sweep and swing

Above, below, around;

phrases which serve only to awaken a train of as mean and ludicrous ideas as Mr. Colman's threatened chorus of Grecian washer-women could have excited.—

The real beauties, however, of both these performances, so successfully predominate over every seeming imperfection they may betray, that on a review of what we have written, we scarcely think our remarks to the disadvantage of either deserve consideration.

In the closet, in particular, *Caractacus* must give ineffable delight to every mind capable of judgment, as it lays the strongest claim to immortality; and is one among a few instances, that poetic genius is not in its decline in these realms.

TO THE
EREND MR. HURD.

ELEGY.

of my youth, who, when the willing muse
am'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,
t the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,
d fed'st them with the fost'ring dew of praise !
te'er the produce of th' unthrifty soil,
ie leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong :
labourer earns the wages of his toil ;
no form'd the Poet, well may claim the song :
'tis my pride to own, that, taught by thee,
y conscious soul superior flights essay'd ;
nt from thy lore the Poet's dignity,
nd spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.
scenes of Science, say, thou haunted stream !
or oft my muse-led steps didst thou behold]
on thy banks I rifled every theme,
hat fancy fabled in her age of gold.
oft I cry'd, " O come, thou tragic Queen !
March from thy Greece, with firm majestic tread !
tch as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,
When Sophocles thy choral graces led ;
w thy proud pall it's purple length devolve,
Saw thee uplift the glitt'ring dagger high,
nder with **fixed brow** thy deep resolve
Prepar'd to **strive** triumph, and to die.

" Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng,
 " Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre,
 " Give her historic forms the soul of song,
 " And mingle Attic art with Shakspeare's fire."
 " Ah! what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?"
 The Muse reply'd: " Mistaken suppliant, know,
 " To light in Shakspeare's breast the dazzling flame
 " Exhausted all Parnassus could bestow.
 " True; Art remains; and, if from his bright page
 " Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,
 " Proceed; and in that best of tasks engage,
 " Which tends at once to profit, and to please."
 She spake; and Harewood's Towers spontaneous rose;
 Soft virgin-warblings eccho'd through the grove;
 And fair Elfrida pour'd forth all her woes,
 The hapless pattern of connubial Love.
 More awful scenes old Mona next display'd;
 Her caverns gloom'd, her forests wav'd on high,
 While flam'd within their consecrated shade
 The genius stern of British liberty.
 And see, my HURD! to thee those scenes consign'd;
 O! take and stamp them with thy honour'd name.
 Around the page be friendship's chaplet twin'd;
 And if they find the road to honest fame,
 Perchance the candour of some nobler age
 May praise the Bard, who bade gay Folly bear
 * Her cheap applauses to the busy stage,
 And leave him pensive Virtue's silent tear;

* Nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) Theatris;
 Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mea est.

TO THE REV. MR. HURD:

consecrate his fav'rite strain
be grac'd by ev'ry liberal art,
let shine amid the learned train,
spell'd in morals, and in heart:
mind could see vain fortunes shower
favours on the fawning crew,
Thurcston's sequester'd bower
distant from Promotion's view;
there by calm Contentment's wing;
could smile, and with sage Hooker's eye
his mother earth God's blessings spring,
his bread in peace and privacy."

59.

W. MASON.

reference in a letter of Hooker to Archbishop
his life in the Biographia Britannica.

Dramatis Personæ.

CARACTACUS, King of the Silures, - - -	-	-	Mr. Clarke.
AULUS DIDIUS, the Roman General. -	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
ARVIRAGUS, Son to Caractacus, - - -	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
VELLINUS, } Sons to Cartismandua,	}		Mr. Ward.
ELIDURUS, } Queen of the Brigantes,			Mr. Wroughton.
EVELINA, Daughter to Caractacus. .			Mrs. Hartley.

Persons of the Chorus.

MODRED, the Chief Druid, - - -	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
MADOR*, the Chief Bard, - - -	-	-	Mr. Hull,
SECOND BARD, - - -	-	-	Mr. Leoni.
THIRD BARD, - - -	-	-	Mrs. Kennedy.
FOURTH BARD, - - -	-	-	Mr. Reinhold.

Scene, *The consecrated Grove in the Island of Mona, now Anglesea.*

* Those parts of the Odes which are distinguished by double inverted commas, are meant to be performed musically; the rest to be recited by the Chief Bard. The parts omitted in the Representation are distinguished by single inverted commas only.



CARACTACUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

AULUS DIDIUS, *with Romans.*

Aulus Didius.

Is is the secret centre of the isle :
e, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
re on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
vstern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
lls the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,
e dark stream brawling round its rugged base,
ese cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
rted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul,
s if the very genius of the place
imself appear'd, and with terrific tread
alk'd thro' his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
(if shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)'
ely there is a hidden power, that reigns
id the lone majesty of untam'd nature,
ntrouling sober reason ; tell me else,

Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
 O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me.
 Call forth the British princes : in this gloom
 I mean to school them to our enterprize.

SCENE II.

AULUS DIDIUS, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS.

Ye pledges dear of Cartismandua's faith,
 Approach! and to my uninstructed ear
 Explain this scene of horror.

El. Daring Roman,
 Thy footsteps press on consecrated ground:
 These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
 Thus rang'd in mystic order, mark the place
 Where but at times of holiest festival
 The Druid leads his train.

Aul. Did. Where dwells the Seer?

Vel. In yonder shaggy cave; on which the moon
 Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood
 Possess the neighbouring cliffs.

Aul. Did. Yet up the hill
 Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,
 Div'd in the ridges of the craggy steep:
 And this way still another.

Fl. On the left
 Reside the sages skill'd in nature's lore:
 'The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
 'Studious they measure, save when meditation

to holy rites : then in the grove
 is rank and function.' Yonder grotts
 by bards, who nightly thence,
 r flowing vests of innocent white,
 h harps that glitter to the moon,
 nortal strains. The spirits of air,
 water, nay, of Heav'n itself,
 heir lay : ' and oft, 'tis said,
 apes dance they a magic round
 i minstrelsy.' Now, if thine eye
 i the view, haste to thy ships;
 ie oars ; for, if the Druids learn
 rusion, thou wilt find it hard
 fury.

Prince, I did not moor
 i'd shallops on this dangerous strand,
 ruitless curiosity :
 iest of proud Caractacus ;
 our veterans put his troops to flight,
 e here.
 o the monarch rests,
 is chief! thou might'st as well essay
 m from yon stars : ' earth's ample range
 o surer refuge : ' underneath
 tread a hundred secret paths,
 the living rock, in winding maze,
 any caverns, dark and deep :
 the hoary sages act their rites
 rites of such strange potency,
 open day, would dim the sun,

Tho' thron'd in noontide brightness. In such
He may for life lie hid.

Aul. Did. We know the task
Most difficult: yet has thy royal mother
Furnish'd the means.

El. My mother, say'st thou, Roman?

Aul. Did. In proof of that firm faith she
Rome,

She gave ye up her honour's hostages.

El. She did: and we submit.

Aul. Did. To Rome we bear ye;
From your dear country bear ye; from your
Your loves, your friendships, all your souls h
cious.

El. And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with

Aul. Did. No, youth, by heav'n, I would a
fate.

Wish ye for liberty?

Vel. and El. More than for life.

Aul. Did. And would do much to gain it?

Vel. Name the task.

Aul. Did. The task is easy. Haste ye
Druids;

Tell them ye come, commission'd by your qu
To seek the great Caractacus; 'and cail
' His valour to her aid, against the legions,
' Which, led by our Ostorius, now assail
' Her frontiers.' The late treaty she has seal
Is yet unknown: and tuis her royal signet,
' Which more to mask our purpose was obtain

your pledge of faith. The eager king
 adly take the charge ; and, he consenting,
 else remains, but to the Meinai's shore
 l his credulous step ? there will we seize him :
 m to Rome, the substitute for you,
 ve your back to freedom.

If the Druids—

Did. If they or he prevent this artifice,
 orce must take its way : then flaming brands,
 biting axes, wielded by our soldiers,
 vel these thick shades ; and so unlodge
 rking savage.

Gods, shall Mona perish ?

Did. Princes, her ev'ry trunk shall on the
 ground

e its magnitude ; unless, ere dawn,
 : this untam'd lion to our toils.
 a, and prosper ; I shall to the ships,
 ere expect his coming. Youths, remember,
 to Rome to grace great Caesar's triumph :
 and Fate demand him at your hands.

[*Exeunt Aulus Didius and Romans.*]

SCENE III.

ELIDURUS, VELLINUS.

And will Heav'n suffer it ? Will the just Gods,
 read yon spangled pavement o'er our h
 om their sky and yield him ? Will th
 sage vicegerents, not call down the

‘ And will not instant its hot bolts be darted’
 In such a righteous cause ? Yes, good old king,
 Yes, last of Britons, thou art Heav’n’s own pledge ;
 And shalt be such ’till death.

Vel. What means my brother,
 Dost thou refuse the charge ?

El. Dost thou accept it ?

Vel. It gives us liberty.

El. It makes us traitors.

Gods, would Vellinus do a deed of baseness ?

Vel. Will Elidurus scorn the profer’d boon
 Of freedom ?

El. Yes, when such its guilty price,
 Brother, I spurn it.

Vel. Go then, foolish boy !

I’ll do the deed myself.

El. It shall not be :

I will proclaim the fraud.

Vel. Wilt thou ? ’Tis well.

Hie to yon cave ; call loudly on the Druid ;
 And bid him drag to ignominious death
 The partner of thy blood. ‘ Yet hope not thou
 ‘ To ’scape ; for thou didst join my impious steps :
 ‘ Therefore his wrath shall curse thee : thou shalt live ;
 ‘ Yet shalt thou live an interdicted wretch,
 ‘ All rights of nature cancell’d.’

El. O Vellinus !

Rend not my soul : by heav’n thou know’st I love thee
 As fervently as brother e’er lov’d brother :
 And, loving thee, I thought I lov’d mine honour. :



do not wake, dear youth, in this true breast
 'tween a conflict.

· Honour's voice commands
 · should'st obey thy mother, and thy queen.
 · Our and sage religion both conspire
 · to thee save these consecrated groves
 · From Roman devastation.

Horrid thought!

· Let us haste, ev'n to the furthest nook
 · of this wide isle; nor view the sacrilege.

· No, let us stay, and by our prosperous art
 · prevent the sacrilege. Mark me, my brother,
 · My years and more experience have matur'd
 · my sober thought; I will convince thy youth,
 · that this our deed has ev'ry honest sanction
 · which reason may demand.

To Rome with reason:

· If 'twill bring her deluging ambition
 · to the level course of right and justice;
 · If 'twill tame these insolent invaders;
 · If, thus, in savageness of conquest, claim
 · of our chance of war has spar'd. Do this, and prosper.

· Pray thee, do not reason from my soul
 · bred honesty: that holy flame,
 · never eclips'd by Rome's black influence
 · in our larger minds, ought still to glow in ours.

· Vain talker, leave me.

No, I will not leave thee:

· I will not, dare not, in these perilous shade
 · of night, if my fraud should fail, these holy

How will their justice rend thy trait'rous limbs?
 If thou succeed'st, the fiercer pangs of conscience
 How will they ever goad thy guilty soul?
 Mercy, defend us! See, the awful Druids
 Are issuing from their caves: hear'st thou yon
 Lo, on the instant all the mountain whitens
 With slow-descending bards. Retire, retire;
 This is the hour of sacrifice: to stay
 Is death.

Vel. I'll wait the closing of their rites
 In yonder vale: do thou, as likes thee best,
 Betray, or aid me.

El. To betray thee, youth,
 That love forbids; honour, alas! to aid thee.

[

SCENE IV.

*The CHORUS, preceded by MODRED the chief,
 descend to a solemn Symphony.*

MODRED.

Sleep and silence reign around;
 Not a night-breeze wakes to blow;
 Circle, sons, this holy ground;
 Circle close, in triple row:

CHORUS.

“Druid, at thy dread command,
 When thou wav'st thy potent wand,

we pace this holy ground
 with solemn footsteps soft and slow,
 while sleep and silence reign around,
 and not a night breeze wakes to blow."

MODRED.

And now, if mask'd in vapours drear,
 when or earth-born spirit dare
 around this sacred space,
 the light spells the murky foe to chase.

CHORUS.

With your boughs of vervain blue,
 dip in cold September dew ;
 and dash the moisture, chaste and clear,
 over the ground, and thro' the air."

MODRED.

This place is purg'd and pure.

[A short Symphony,

! say, for this high hour
 milk-white steers prepared ?
 breaks the rude yoke never scar'd,
 the arrow yet unbroke ?
 must bleed beneath yon oak.

CHORUS

Attend, these, in order meet,
 we all prepar'd."

MODRED.

But tell me yet,
 Cadwall ! did thy step profound
 Dive into the cavern deep,
 Twice twelve fathom under ground,
 Where our sage fore-fathers sleep ?
 Thence with reverence hast thou borne ;
 From the consecrated chest,
 The golden sickle, scrip, and vest,
 Whilom by old Belintus worn ?

SECOND BARD.

“ Druid, these, in order meet ;
 “ Are all prepar’d.”

MODRED.

But tell me yet,
 From the grot of charms and spells,
 Where our matron sister dwells,
 Brennus ! has thy holy hand
 Safely brought the Druid wand ?
 And the potent adder-stone,
 Gender’d ‘fore th’ autumnal moon ?
 ‘ When in undulating twine,
 ‘ The foaming snakes prolific join ;
 ‘ When they hiss, and when they bear
 ‘ Their wond’rous egg aloof in air ;
 ‘ Thence, before to earth it fall,

The Druid in his hallow'd pall,
 Receives the prize ;
 And instant flies,
 Follow'd by th' envenom'd brood,
 'Till he cross the crystal flood.'

THIRD BARD.

" Druid, these, in order meet,
 " Are all prepar'd."

MODRED.

men all's complete. . . [*Symphony repeated.*
 and now let nine of the selected band,
 Whose greener years befit such station best,
 With wary circuit pace around the grove :
 And guard each inlet ; watchful lest the eye
 Busy curiosity profane
 / on our rites : ' which now must be as close
 as done i'th' very central womb of earth.
 occasion claims it ;' for Caractacus
 is night demands admission to our train.
 , once our king, while aught his power avail'd
 save his country from the rod of tyrants ;
 at duty past, does wisely now retire
 end his days in secrecy and peace ;
 and with Druids, in this chief of groves,
 n in the heart of Mona. See, he comes !
 s awful is his port ! mark him, my friends !
 looks, as doth the tower, whose nodding walls,
 er the conflict of heav'n's angry bolts,

Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,
 Even in its prime of strength. Health to the King!

SCENE V.

CARACTACUS, EVELINA, MODRED, CÆSAR

Car. This holy place, methinks, doth the
 wear

More than its wonted gloom : Druid, these groves
 Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,
 ' Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,
 In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks!
 Hail, British born ! who, last of British race,
 Hold your primæval rights by nature's charter;
 Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,
 Ye, wave, your bold heads 'mid the liberal air;
 Nor ask, for privilege, a prætor's edict.
 Ye, with your tough and intertwined roots,
 Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from, and, erect
 In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread
 Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous north,
 Who, Roman like, assails you. Tell me, Druid
 Is it not better to be such as these,
 Than be the thing I am ?

Mod. To be the thing
 Eternal wisdom wills, is ever best.

Car. But I am lost to that predestin'd
 Eternal Wisdom will'd, and fitly there
 May wish a change of being. I was born

Heav'n, who bade these warrior oaks
 In shields against the fiery sun,
 For subject plain, did mean, that I
 As firm an arm, protect my people
 From the stent glare of Rome's ambition.
 How I fail'd, thou know'st too well ;
 In a warring world : and therefore, Druid,
 In any thing save what I am.
 To thy wish, the holy rites prepar'd,
 And ev'n frown not, consecrate thee Druid :
 The altar's base the victims led,
 In the free gushing blood ourself shall read
 The rites ; which if assenting found,
 Shall around thy chosen limbs shall wrap
 The sanctity ; while at the act
 Rob'd bards, sweeping their solemn harps,
 In air choral warblings to the skies,
 To Gods to witness.' Mean-while, Prince,
 How well if aught on this vain earth
 Can form an union with thy soul,
 From peace.

And a Queen :—

My weakness, Druid ! this tough breast
 Can bear a sigh, for she is unreveng'd.
 Can she taste true peace, she unreveng'd ?
 Can she love'd a queen ? Ah, Evelina !
 Thus weeping on the feeble arm
 Can't save thy mother.

thus

of grief ; and sweet thought,

c ij

I own with a dignity unmark'd before,
 I am in its prime of strength. Health to the king!

SCENE V.

CARACTACUS, EVELINA, MODRED, CHORUS.

Car. This holy place, methinks, doth this night
 wear

More than its wonted gloom : Druid, these groves
 Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,
 ' Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,'
 In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks!
 Hail, British born ! who, last of British race,
 Hold your primæval rights by nature's charter;
 Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,
 Ye, wave, your bold heads 'mid the liberal air;
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 Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from, and, erect
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 Than be the thing I am ?

Mod. To be the thing
 Eternal wisdom wills, is ever best.

Car. But I am lost to that predestin'd use
 Eternal Wisdom will'd, and fitly therefore
 May wish a change of being. I was born

and Heav'n, who bade these warrior oaks
 green shields against the fiery sun,
 their subject plain, did mean, that I
 with as firm an arm, protect my people
 the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.

and how I fail'd, thou know'st too well ;
 the babbling world : and therefore, Druid,
 be any thing save what I am.

See, to thy wish, the holy rites prepar'd,
 if Heav'n frown not, consecrate thee Druid :
 the altar's base the victims led,
 whose free gushing blood ourself shall read
 his behests ; which if assenting found,
 hands around thy chosen limbs shall wrap
 set of sanctity ; while at the act
 white-rob'd bards, sweeping their solemn harps,
 lift their choral warblings to the skies,
 all the Gods to witness.' Mean-while, Prince,
 thee well if aught on this vain earth
 is too firm an union with thy soul,
 bring it from peace.

I had a Queen :—

thou my weakness, Druid ! this tough breast
 gave a sigh, for she is unreveng'd.

Did I taste true peace, she unreveng'd ?
 O, so lov'd a queen ? Ah, Evelina !
 that thus weeping on the feeble arm
 could not save thy mother.

To hang thus
 the pang of grief ; and the sweet thought,

'Of him, who burns for glory ;' else indeed
 Ye much would pity me : would curse the fate
 That coops me here inactive in your groves,
 Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel
 Must never cleave one Roman helm again,
 Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.

Mol. 'Tis Heav'n's high will——

Car. I know it, reverend fathers !

'Tis Heav'n's high will, that these poor aged eyes
 Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,
 To whom my youth was constant ; 'twas Heav'n's w
 To take her from me at that very hour,
 When best her love might sooth me ; that black hour,
 [May memory ever raze it from her records]
 When all my squadrons fled, and left their king
 Old and defenceless : him, who nine whole years
 Had stemm'd all Rome with their firm phalanx : yes
 For nine whole years, my friends, I bravely led
 The valiant veterans, oft to victory,
 Never till then to shame. Bear with me, Druid,
 I've done : begin the rites.


Mol. O would to Heav'n

A frame of mind, more fitted to these rites,
 Possess thee, Prince ! that resignation meek,
 That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of sanctity,
 Approach'd this altar with thee. Bards, bear off
 The victims. No reply. A frame of mind,
 More fitted to these rites, must Patience bring,
 To give them holy sanction. These instead,
 See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguin'd Slaughter,

CARACTACUS.

mad Ambition, clinging to thy soul,
to snatch thee back to their domain,
to a vain and miserable world ;
the misery, and vanity, tho' try'd,
still hold'st dearer than these solemn shades.
Can Quiet reigns with Virtue? Try we yet
Holiness can do; for much it can :
'tis the potency of pious prayer :
Such the sacred influence convey'd
In the mysterious office: when the soul,
rapt by the power of music from her cell
Shall thrall'dom, feels herself upborne
In ecstasies of extasy, and boisterous springs,
In swelling harmonies and pealing hymns,
The porch of heav'n. Strike, then, ye British
All your strings symphonious; wake a strain,
Which, as it echoes through yon vaulted cave,
Penetrate, may purge, may purify,
Unhallow'd bosom. To that cave,
Ye Britons, retire, while hither we invoke
The tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,
The majestic Snowden: they, who never
Meet mortal men, save on some cause
That import, but, sublimely shrin'd
Their top in domes of crystalline ice,
Converse with those spirits, that possess
The pure sapphire, nearest heav'n is sit.

[*Excerpt* Caractacus *and* *Lucifer*.]



“ Hark, her loudest echo ring
“ King of mountains, bend

MADOR.

Send thy spirits, send them soon
Now, when Midnight and the
Meet upon thy front of snow :
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and
Snowdon mark ! 'tis Magic's ho
Now the mutter'd spell hath pow'
Pow'r to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thund'
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the stream of harmo

AIR by the SECOND BARD.

“ Snowdon, to thee no ruder spell
 “ Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
 “ In Music’s secret cells, and lie
 “ Steep’d in the stream of Harmony.”

MADOR.

Snowdon has heard the strain : [Symphony.
 Hark, and the wood’ring grove
 Other harpings answer clear,
 Other voices meet our ear,
 Pinions flutter, shadows move, [Symphony.
 Busy murmurs hum around,
 Rustling vestments brush the ground ;
 Round, and round, and round they go,
 Through the twilight, through the shade,
 Mount the oak’s majestic head,
 And gild the tufted misletoe.

DUET by the SECOND and THIRD BARDS.

“ Welcome, welcome, gentle train,
 “ Mona hails you to her plain ;
 “ Here, your genial dews dispense ;
 “ Dews of Peace, and Innocence.
 “ Banish hence each demon drear,
 “ Fev’rish Rage, and chilling Fear,
 “ Vengeance with his haggard eye,
 “ Envy, Hate, and Jealousy.”

' Of him, who burns for glory !' else is
 Ye much would pity me : would curse
 That coops me here inactive in your gro-
 Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty s-
 Must never cleave one Roman helm
 Never avenge my queen, nor free my ca-

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Car. I know it, reverend fathers !

'Tis Heav'n's high will, that these poor
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 To whom my youth was constant ; 'twas
 To take her from me at that very hour,
 When best her love might sooth me ; that
 [May memory ever raze it from her rec-
 When all my squadrons fled, and left the
 Old and defenceless : him, who nine who
 Had stemm'd all Rome with their firm pi-
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 The valiant veterans, oft to victory,
 Never 'till then to shame. Bear with m-
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ORUS.

my soul
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 It may not be.
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urge thy soul
 there,
 once strange

l power,
 n's date,
 —Whence that

profane.
 shake.
 [Exit Caractacus.

A BARD enters.

Bard. Father, as we did watch the eastern side,
 We 'spied and instant seiz'd two stranger youths,
 Who, in the bottom of a shadowy dell,
 Held earnest converse : Britons do they seem,
 And of Brigantian race.

Mod. Haste, drag them hither.

SCENE II.

VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Vel. O spare, ye sage and venerable Druids!
 Your countrymen and sons.

Mod. And are ye Britons?
 I heard of profanation! Rome herself,
 'Ere this impious Rome, whom conquest makes more
 pious,

Would not have dar'd so rashly. O! for words,
 To, with the fiercest force of execration,
 To blast the deed, and doers.

Vel. Spare the curse,
 O spare our youth!

Mod. Is it not now the hour,
 The late hour, when to the cloudless height
 Of heav'n's concave climbs the full-orb'd moon,
 And this nether world in solemn stillness
 Waits, that to the listening ear of Heav'n
 Voice should plead; the very babe

, with vile unconsecrated feet,
t's hallow'd plain ? Know, wretches, know,
ur such boldness is a crime,
s sacrilege.

ead Seer! were Mona's plain
ow'd still, hallow'd as is Heav'n's self,
might plead our pardon.

hty Druid!

ave rashly dar'd, yet, forc'd by duty,
ign's mandate——

er by my birth,

claim, in right of eldership,

ur high embassy.

eak then;

y words answer in honest weight

oud prelude. Youth! they must be weighty.

or such a crime.

hen to give

THE END OF THE WORLD

'Tis holily said, and, grant 'twere truly said,
 'Think'st thou he were not here from fraud or force
 As safe as 'midst a camp of conquerors?
 If in youth, he would be guarded by the Gods;
 Their own high hostage; and each sacred hair
 Of his selected head would in these caverns
 Sleep with the unsum'd silver of the mine,
 As precious and as safe; record the time,
 When Mona e'er betray'd the hapless wretch
 That made her groves his refuge.

Æl. Holy Druid!
 'I think not so harshly of our enterprize.'
 Can force, alas! dwell in our unarm'd hands?
 Can fraud in our young bosoms? No, dread seer,
 'Our business told, I trust thou'lt soon disclaim
 'The vain suspicion; and thy holy ear
 ' (Be brave Caractacus or here or absent)
 ' Shall instant learn it.' From the north we come;
 'The sons of her, whose heav'n-intrusted sway
 Blesses the bold Brigantes; men who firmly
 Have three long moons withstood those Roman powers
 Whom, led by teil Ostorius, still assail
 Our frontiers: yet so oft have our stout swords
 Repell'd their hot assault, that now, like falcons,
 They hang suspended, loth to quit their prey,
 Not daring yet to seize it. Such the state
 Of us and Rome; 'mid which our prudent mother,
 'Revering what might to her people's weal
 ' Best sink the dubious scale,' gave us swift charge
 To seek the great Caractacus, and call

valour to her aid, to lead her bands,
fight the cause of Liberty and Britain,
I quell these ravagers.

[*Caractacus starts from behind the altar.*]

SCENE III.

CARACTACUS, MODRED, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS,
CHORUS.

Car. And ye have found me :
I find ye, ye have found me : lead me to your Queen,
I am the last purple drop in these old veins
I will fall for her and Britain.

Mod. Rash, rash Prince !

Vel. Ye blest immortal Powers ! is this the man,
more than man, who for nine bloody years
withstood all Rome ? He is ; that war-like front,
marked o'er with honest scars, proclaims he is :
Kneel, brother, kneel, while in his royal hand
I lodge the signet : this, in pledge of faith,
that Cartismandua sends, and with it tells thee
I have a nobler pledge than this behind ;

My Queen——

Car. Guideria !

Vel. Safely with our mother.

Car. How, when, where rescued ? Mighty Gods, I
thank ye ;

it is true, this signet speaks it true.

Vel. Tell me briefly.

Ecl. In a sally, Prince,
Which, wanting abler chiefs, my gracious mother
Committed to my charge, our troops assail'd
One outwork of the camp; the mask of night
Favour'd our arms, and there my happy hand
Was doom'd 'mid other prisoners to release
The captive matron.

Car. Let me clasp thee, youth,
And thou shalt be my son: I had one, stranger,
Just of thy years; he look'd like thee right honest;
'Had just that free-born boldness on his brow,'
And yet he fail'd me. Were it not for him,
Who, as thou see'st, ev'n at this hour of joy,
Draws tears down mine old cheek, I were as blest
As the great Gods. Oh, he has all disgrac'd
His high-born ancestry! But I'll forget him.
Haste, Evelina, barb my knotty spear,
Bind fast this trusty falchion to my thigh,
My bow, my target—

Mol. Rash Caractacus!

What hast thou done? What dost thou mean to do?

Car. To save my country.

Mol. To betray thyself.

'That thou hast done; the rest thou can'st not do,
If Heav'n forbids; and of its awful will
Thy fury reck's not. 'Has the bleeding victim
'Pour'd a propitious stream? the milk-white steeds
'Unrein'd and neighing pranc'd with fav'ring steps?'
Say, when these youths approach'd, did not a gust
Of livid smok involve the bickering flame?

Did not the forest tremble? every omen
Led thee to doubt their honesty of purpose;
'And yet, before their tongues could tell their purpose,
'Ere I had tender'd, as our laws ordain,
'Their test of faith, thy rudeness rush'd before me,
'Infringing my just rights.'

Car. 'Druid, methinks,

'At such a time, in such a cause, reproof
'Might bait its sternness.' Now, by Heav'n, I feel,
Beyond all omens, that within my breast,
Which marshals me to conquest; something here
That snatches me beyond all mortal fears,
Lifts me to where upon her jasper throne
Sits flame-rob'd Victory, who calls me son,
And crowns me with a palm, whose deathless green
Shall bloom when Cæsar's fades.

Mod. Vain confidence!

Car. Yet I submit in all——

Mod. 'Tis meet thou should'st,

Thou art a king, a sov'reign o'er frail man;
I am a Druid, servant of the Gods;
Such service is above such sov'reignty,
As well thou know'st: if they should prompt these
lips,

To interdict the thing thou dar'st to do,
What would avail thy daring?

Car. Holy man!

But thou wilt bless it; Heav'n will bid thee bless it;
Thou know'st that, when we fight to save our country,
We fight the cause of Heav'n. The man that falls,

Vel. In a sally, Prince,
Which, wanting abler chiefs, my gracious mother
Committed to my charge, our troops assail'd
One outwork of the camp; the mask of night
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ODE.

AIR.

SECOND BARD.

" Hail! thou harp of Phyrgian frame!
 " In years of yore that Camber bore
 " From Troy's sepulchral flame:
 " With ancient Brute, to Britain's shore
 " The mighty minstrel came."

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

FOURTH BARD.

" Sublime upon thy burnish'd prow,
 " He bad thy manly modes to flow:

AIR.

" Britain heard the descant bold,
 " She flung her white arms o'er the sea;
 " Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
 " The freight of harmony:"

MADOR.

Mute 'till then was ev'ry plain,
 Save where the flood o'er mountains rude
 Tumbled his tide amain:
 And Echo from th' impending wood
 Resounded the hoarse strain;

While from the north the sullen gale
 With hollow whistlings shook the vale ;
 Dismal notes, and answer'd soon
 By savage howl the heaths among,
 What time the wolf doth bay the trembling moon,
 And thin the bleating throng.
 Thou spak'st, imperial lyre,
 The rough roar ceas'd, and airs from high
 Lapt the land in extasy :
 Fancy, the fairy with thee came ;
 And Inspiration, bright-ey'd dame,
 Oft at thy call would leave her sapphire sky ;
 And, if not vain the verse presumes,
 Ev'n now some chaste Divinity is near :
 For lo ! the sound of distant plumes
 Pants through the pathless desert of the air.
 'Tis not the flight of her ;
 'Tis sleep, her dewy harbinger.

SECOND BARD.

" Change my harp, Oh change thy measures ;
 " Cull, from thy mellifluous treasures,
 " Notes that steal on even feet,
 " Ever slow, yet never pausing,
 " Mixt with many a warble sweet,
 " In a ling'ring cadence closing."

MADOR.

Now the pleas'd pow'r sinks gently down the skies,
 And seals with hand of down the Druid's slumb'ring
 eyes.

Thrice I pause, and thrice I sound [Symphony,
 The central string, and now I ring
 (By measur'd lore profound) [Symphony,
 A sevenfold chime, and sweep, and swing,
 Above, below, around,
 To mix thy music with the spheres,
 That warble to immortal ears. [Symphony
 Inspiration hears the call ;
 She rises from her throne above,
 And, sudden as the glancing meteors fall,
 She comes, she fills the grove :
 High her port ; her waving hand
 A pencil bears ; the days, the years,
 Arise at her command,
 And each obedient colouring wears.
 Lo, where Time's pictur'd band
 In hues ethereal glide along ;
 Oh mark the transitory throng
 Now they dazzle, now they die,
 Instant they flit from light to shade,
 Mark the blue forms of faint futurity,
 Oh mark them ere they fade.
 Whence was that inward groan ?
 Why bursts through closed lids the tear ?
 Why uplifts the bristling hair
 Its white and venerable shade ?
 Why down the consecrated head
 Courses in chilly drops the dew of fear ?
 All is not well, the pale-ey'd moon
 Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire,

Save from the sultry south alone.
 The swart star flings his pestilential fire,
 Ere Sleep herself will fly,
 If not recall'd by Harmony.

THIRD BARD.

“Wake, my lyre! thy softest numbers,
 “Such as nurse ecstatic slumbers,
 “Sweet as tranquil virtue feels
 “When the toil of life is ending,
 “While from the earth the spirit steals,
 “And on new-born plumes ascending,
 “Hastens to lave in the bright fount of day,
 “Till Destiny prepare a shrine of pure clay.”

God. [waking, speaks.] It may not be! Avaunt,
 terrific axe!

Why hangs thy bright edge glaring o'er the grove?
 For a giant's nerve to ward the stroke!
 Hows, it falls.

Where am I? Hush, my soul!

Was all a dream. Resume no more the strain:

The hour is past: my brethren! what ye saw,

What ye saw, as by your looks I read,

More like ill-omen'd shape) hold it in silence.

The midnight air falls chillily on my breast;

And now I shiver, now a feverish glow

Touches my vitals. Hark, some step approaches.

SCENE V.

EVELINA, MODRED, CHORUS.

Eve. Thus, with my wayward fears, to burst
bidden

On your dread synod, rousing, as ye seem,
From holy trance, appears a desperate deed,
Ev'n to the wretch who dares it.

Mod. Virgin! quickly
Pronounce the cause.

Eve. Bear with a simple maid
Too prone to fear, perchance my fears are vain.

Mod. But yet declare them.

Eve. I suspect me much
The faith of these Brigantes.

Mod. Says't thou, virgin?
Heed what thou say't: Suspicion is a guest
That in the breast of man, of ireful man,
Too oft his welcome finds; yet seldom sure
In that submissive calm that smooths the mind
Of maiden innocence.

Eve. I know it well;
Yet must I still distrust the elder stranger:
For while he talks, (and much the flatterer talks)
His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
Of all his boast; 'indeed I mark'd it well;
'And, as my father with the elder held
'B H speech and warlike, as is still his wont
'When fir'd with hope of conquest,' oft I saw

Unbidden heave the younger's breast,
 Check'd as it was rais'd; sometimes, methought,
 Gentle eye would cast a glance on me,
 He pitied me; and then again
 Would fasten on my father, gazing there
 In veneration; then he'd sigh again,
 Sink on the ground, and hang his modest head
 In a pensive way.

Mod. This may demand, my brethren,
 A more serious search: virgin! proceed.

Eve. 'Tis true,
 My father, rapt in high heroic zeal,
 His ev'ry thought big with his country's freedom,
 Sees not the different carriage of these brethren,
 The elder takes him wholly; yet, methinks,
 The younger's manners have, I know not what,
 That speak him far more artless.' This besides,
 'Tis not strange, if, as the tale reports,
 My mother sojourns with this distant queen,
 He should not send or to my sire, or me,
 Some fond remembrance of her love? ah! none,
 With tears I speak it, none, not her dear blessing
 Has reach'd my longing ears.

Mod. The Gods, my brethren,
 Inspire these scruples; oft to female softness,
 Oft to the purity of virgin souls
 Both heav'n its voluntary light dispense,
 When victims bleed in vain. They must be spies.
 Die thee, good Cantaber, and to our presence
 Summon the young Brigantian.

Eve. Do not that,
 Or, if ye do, yet treat him nothing sternly :
 The softest terms from such a tender breast
 Will draw confession, and, if ye shall find
 The treason ye suspect, forbear to curse him.
 (Not that my weakness means to guide your wisdom)
 Yet, as I think he would not wittingly
 E'er do a deed of baseness, were it granted
 That I might question him, my heart forebodes
 It more could gain by gentleness and prayers,
 Than will the fiercest threats.

Mod. Perchance it may :
 And quickly shalt thou try. But see the King!
 And with him both the youths.

Eve. Alas! my fears
 Forewent my errand, else had I inform'd thee
 That therefore did I come, and from my father
 'To gain admission. Mark the younger, Druid,
 How sad he seems; oft did he in the cave
 So fold his arms——

Mod. We mark him much, and much
 The elder's free and dreadless confidence.
 Virgin, retire a while in yonder vale,
 Nor, 'till thy royal father quits the grove,
 Resume thy station here. [Exit Eve]

SCENE VI.

ACUS, MODRED, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS.
CHORUS.

Forgive me, Druid !
My soul no longer could sustain
The weight of expectation ; hence I sent
In innocence of Evelina,
To break upon your privacy :
I return'd, O pardon ! that uncall'd
By the great cause, I trust, absolves me :
For 'tis Freedom's, 'tis the cause of Heav'n ;
For Heav'n owns it such.

Caractacus,
By sage and sanctimonious rites
The Gods be ask'd, we have essay'd ;
Nor to our wish, nor to their wont,
They benignly assent.
Death to our hopes !
While yet we lay in sacred slumber tranc'd,
And sad to fancy's frighted eye
The shades of dun and murky hue advance,
The tumultuous, all of gesture strange,
And sound horrible ; starting we wak'd,
To waking calm ; still all was dark,
And ringing our tinkling ears with screams of woe :
The tremors still——
Of what suspicious ?
Or Queen——

Mo.l. Restrain thy wayward tongue,
 Insolent youth! in such licentious mood
 To interrupt our speech ill suits thy years,
 And worse our sanctity.

Car. 'Tis his distress
 Makes him forget, what else his reverend ~~zeal~~
 Would pay ye holily. Think what he feels,
 Poor youth! who fears yon moon, before she
 May see his country conquer'd; see his mother
 The victor's slave, her royal blood debas'd,
 Dragging her chains through the throng'd-
 Rome,

To grace oppression's triumph. ' Horrid thou
 ' Say, can it be that he, whose strenuous you
 ' Adds vigour to his virtue, e'er can bear
 ' This patiently? he comes to ask my aid,
 ' And, that withheld, (as now he needs must
 ' What means, alas! are left? Search Britain
 ' What Chief dares cope with Rome? what
 ' holds
 ' His loan of power at a Proconsul's will,
 ' At best a scepter'd slave?'

Vel. Yes, monarch, yes,
 If Heav'n restrains thy formidable sword,
 Or to its stroke denies that just success
 Which Heav'n alone can give, I fear me much
 Our queen, ourselves, nay, Britain's self, must

Car. But is not this a fear makes virtue vain
 Tears from yon ministring regents of the sky
 Their right? Plucks from firm-handed Provis

Olden reins of sublunary sway,
 Gives them to blind Chance? ' If this be so,
 'ranny muſt lord it o'er the earth,
 re's anarchy in heav'n.' Nay, frown not, Druid.
 rot think 'tis thus.

d. We trust thou doſt not.

c. Masters of Wiſdom! no: my ſoul confides
 at all-healing and all-forming power,
 , on the radiant day when time was born,
 his broad eye upon the wild of ocean,
 calm'd it with a glance: then, plunging deep
 mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain
 throne of freedom; lifted it to light,
 it with ſilver cliffs, and call'd it Britain:
 d, and will preſerve it.

d. Pious prince,
 at all-healing and all-forming Power
 et thy ſoul confide; but not in men,
 ot in theſe, ingenuous as they ſeem,
 they are try'd by that high teſt of faith
 ancient laws ordain.

c. Illuſtrious ſeer,
 inks our ſov'reign's ſignet well might plead
 nvoys's faith. Thy pardon, mighty Druid,
 for ourſelves, but for our queen we plead;
 ruſting us, ye wound her honour.

d. Peace;
 will admits no parley. Thither, youths,
 your *astonish'd* eyes; behold yon huge
unhewn ſphere of living adamant,

Which, pois'd by magic, rests its central
 On yonder pointed rock : firm as it seems,
 Such is its strange and virtuous property,
 It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
 Of him, whose breast is pure ; but to a traitor
 Tho' ev'n a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
 It stands as fixt as Snowdon. No reply ;
 The Gods command that one of you must now
 Approach and try it : in your snowy vests,
 Ye priests, involve the lots, and to the younger,
 As is our wont, tender the choice of Fate.

El. Heav'ns ! is it fall'n on me ?

Mod. Young prince, it is ;

Prepare thee for thy trial.

El. Gracious Gods !

Who may look up to your tremendous thrones,
 And say his breast is pure ? All-searching powers
 Ye know already how and what I am ;
 And what ye mean to publish me in Mona,
 To that I yield and tremble.

Car. Rouse thee, youth !

And, with that courage honest truth supplies,
 (For since ye both are true) haste to the trial ;
 B hold I lead thee on.

Mod. Prince, we arrest

Thy hasty step : know, ere he meet that trial,
 He must be plung'd into the dark drear womb
 Of this deep cavern, which the yawning earth,
 Struck with our wand, now opens to thy view.

thousand rugged steps of moss-grown rock

horrible base. Low as that base,
 er ray of chearing light yet shot,
 must now descend ; there shall he sit,
 ide and silence compass'd round,
 calling clarion bids him climb
 ur dread presence. Meanwhile there,
 : centre of that perilous pit,
 a recollection of his deeds
 sign'd, shall pass in cold review
 ; horror then shall shake his soul,
 aried file, one deed be found
 ith and virtue. [Elidurus descends.

ge,
 his brother we consign.
 in yonder cave. The trial past,
 we confer, touching that part
 v'n's high will ordains thee to perform.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The curtain draws up, while a slow march is performed by MODRED, &c. open the cavern in which ELMO was confined: they lead him in procession round the altar, and from thence to the rocking stone: then the following Ode is performed by MADOR and the Bard

ODE.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

SECOND BARD.

- “ THOU spirit pure, that spread’st unseen
 “ Thy pinions o’er this pond’rous sphere
 “ And, breathing thro’ each rigid vein,
 “ Fill’st with stupendous life the marble mass
 “ And bid’st it bow upon its base,
 “ When sov’reign truth is near :”

FULL CHORUS.

- “ Spirit invisible! to thee
 “ We swell the solemn harmony.”

AIR *and* CHORUS.

- “ Hear us, and aid :
 “ Thou that in virtue’s cause
 “ O’er-rulest nature’s laws,
 “ Oh hear, and aid with influence high
 “ The sons of peace and piety.”

MADOR.

1 of that ethereal tribe
 birth ere time or place,
 ave nor wind can circumscribe,
 liquid liberty of light,
 n rainbow pennons bright
 the wilds of space,
 one of all thy kind
 e the regions of the mind,
 ly know'st
 neand'ring maze,
 ward Falshood strays,
 g swift the lurking sprite,
 orth to shame and light.
 1'st enter the dark cell
 vulture conscience slumbers,
 urn'd by charming spell,
 gic numbers,
 e her from her formidable sleep,
 r dart her raging talons deep;
 too seldom doth the furious fiend
 g wait; vindictive, self-prepar'd,
 s her torturing time; too sure to rend
 ing heart, when virtue quits her guard.
 n, celestial guest!
 ing on thine adamantine sphere,
 roach, Spirit, that fraud declare:
 ience and to Mona leave the rest.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

FOURTH BARD.

“ Pause then, celestial guest !
 “ And, brooding on thine adamantine sph
 “ If fraud approach, Spirit, that fraud dec
 “ To Conscience and to Mona leave the

FULL CHORUS.

“ To Conscience and to Mona leave the r

MODRED.

Heard'st thou the awful invocation, yout
 Rapt in those holy harpings ?

ELIDURUS.

Sage, I did ;
 And it came o'er my soul as doth the thu
 While distant yet, with an expected burst
 It threatens the trembling ear. Now to the
 Ere that, bethink thee well what rig'rous de
 Attends thine act : if failing, certain death.
 So certain, that in our absolving tongues
 Rests not that power may save thee : thou r

SCENE II.

EVELINA, ELIDURUS, MODRED, CHO

Eve. Die, say'st thou? Druid !

El. Evelina here !

Lead to the rock.

f. No, youth, a while we spare thee ;
 in our stead, permit this royal maiden
 to see thee first with virgin gentleness ;
 to show our clemency, and meet her questions
 with answers prompt and true ; so may'st thou 'scape
 a cruel trial.

Rather to the rock——

e. Dost thou disdain me, prince ? Lost as I am,
 like the daughter of Caractacus
 I merit milder treatment : I was born
 to royal hopes and promise, nurs'd i' th' lap
 of soft prosperity ; alas the change !
 content but to address a few brief words
 to this young prince, and he doth turn his eye,
 and scorns to answer me.

Scorn thee, sweet maid ?

'tis the fear——

e. And can'st thou fear me, youth ?
 while I led a life of royalty,
 I myself to all with meek deportment,
 nothing harsh, or cruel : and, how'er
 fortune works upon the minds of men,
 some, they say, it turns to very stone)
 I am sure, it softens. Wert thou guilty,
 I should pity thee : nay, wert thou leagu'd
 and this suffering heart with more misfortunes,
 should I pity thee ; nor e'er believe
 thou would'st, on free and voluntary choice,
 be guilty of the innocent.

Indeed I would n

Eve. No, gracious youth, I do believe thou would'st
not:

For on thy brow the liberal hand of Heav'n
Has portray'd truth as visible and bold,
As were the pictur'd suns that deckt the brows
Of our brave ancestors. Say then, young prince,
(For therefore have I wish'd to question thee)
Bring ye no token of a mother's fondness
To her expecting child? 'Gentle thou seemest,
'And sure that gentleness would prompt thine heart
'To visit, and to sooth with courteous office,
'Distress like hers.' A captive, and a queen,
Has more than common claim for pity, prince!
And, ev'n the ills of venerable age
Were cause enough to move thy tender nature.
The tears o'er-charge thine eye. Alas, my fears!
Sickness or sore infirmity had seiz'd her
Before thou left'st the palace, else her lips
Had to thy care intrusted some kind message,
And blest her hapless daughter by thy tongue.
Would she were here!

El. Would heav'n she were!

Eve. Ah why?

El. Because you wish it.

Eve. Thanks, ingenuous youth,
For this thy courtesy. Yet if the queen
Thy mother shines with such rare qualities,
As late thy brother boasted, she will calm
Her woes, and I shall clasp her aged knees
Again in peace ty.—Alas!

speaks not; all my fears are just.

El. What fears?

the queen Guideria is not dead.

Eve. Not dead!

It is she in that happy state of freedom,
Which we were taught to hope? Why sigh'st thou,
Youth?

My years have yet been prosp'rous. Did thy father
Ever lose a kingdom? Did captivity
Ever seize thy shrieking mother? Thou can'st go
To yonder cave, and find thy brother safe:
Thine is not lost, as mine is. Youth, thou sigh'st
In vain; thou hast not such cause for sorrow;
If thou hast, give me thy griefs, I pray thee;
For my heart can softly sympathize,
And sympathy is soothing.

El. O Gods! Gods!

Thy tears my soul. What shall I say?

Eve. Perchance,

For all in this bad world must have their woes,
Thou too hast thine; and may'st, like me, be wretched.
I ply amid the ruinous waste of war,
Mid that wild havock, which these sons of blood
Bring on our groaning country, some chaste maid,
Whose tender soul was link'd by love to thine,
Might fall the trembling prey to Roman rage,
Even at the golden hour, when holy rites
Had seal'd your virtuous vows. If it were so,
I need I pray

for

! that.

Never till now did beauty's matchless beam——
But I am dumb.

Eve. Why that dejected eye?

And why this silence? that some weighty grief
O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims.
Why then refuse it words? The heart, that bleed
From any stroke of fate or human wrongs,
Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning Pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.
'Tis only, when with inbred horror smote
At some base act, or done, or to be done,
That the recoiling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself. But thou, good youth—

El. Cease, royal maid! permit me to depart.

Eve. Yet hear me, stranger! Truth and Secret
Tho' friends, are seldom necessary friends——

El. I go to try my truth——

Eve. O! go not hence

In wrath; think not that I suspect thy virtue;
Yet ignorance may oft make virtue slide,
And if——

El. In pity spare me.

Eve. If thy brother——

Nay, start not, do not turn thine eye from mine;
Speak, I conjure thee, is his purpose honest?
I know the guilty price that barbarous Rome
Sets on my father's head; and gold, vile gold,
Has now a charm for Britons: 'Brib'd by this,
'Should he betray him'——Yes, I see thou shudd'
At the discov'ry; yet not, as if 'twere strang

But as our fears were mutual. Ah! young stranger,
 That open face scarce needs a tongue to utter
 What works within. Come then, ingenuous prince,
 And instant make discovery to the Druid,
 While yet 'tis not too late,

El. Ah! what discovery?

Say, whom must I betray?

Evs. Thy brother.

El. Ha!

Evs. Who is no brother; if his guilty soul
 Teems with such perfidy. O all ye stars!
 Can he be brother to a youth like thee;
 Who would betray an old and honour'd king,
 That king his countryman, and one whose prowess
 Once guarded Britain 'gainst th' assailing world?
 Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
 Who from a young, defenceless, innocent maid,
 Would take that king her father? make her suffer
 All that an orphan suffers? more perchance!
 The ruffian foe.——O tears, ye choak my utterance!
 'Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
 'Who would defile his soul by such black deeds?'
 It cannot be——And yet thou still art silent.
 Turn, youth, and see me weep. Ah, see me kneel.
 I am of royal blood, not wont to kneel,
 Yet will I kneel to thee. O save my father!
 Save a distressful maiden from the force
 Of barbarous men! Be thou a brother to me,
 For mine, alas! ha!

[Sees Arviragus entering.]

SCENE III.

ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA, ELIDURUS, MODRED,
CHORUS,

Arv. Evelina, rise!

Know, maid, I ne'er will tamely see thee kneel,
Ev'n at the foot of Cæsar.

Eve. 'Tis himself:

And he will prove my father's fears were false,
False, as his son is brave. Thou best of brothers,
Come to my arms. Where hast thou been, thou wan-
derer?

How wer't thou sav'd? Indeed, Arviragus,
I never shed such tears, since thou wer't lost,
For these are tears of rapture.

Arv. Evelina!

Fain would I greet thee as a brother ought:
But wherefore did'st thou kneel?

Eve. Oh! ask not now.

Arv. By heav'n I must, and he must answer me,
Whoe'er he be. What art thou, sullen stranger?

El. A Briton.

Arv. Brief and bold.

Eve. Ah, spare the taunt:

He merits not thy wrath. Behold the Druids;
Lo, they advance: with holy reverence first
Thou must address their sanctity.

Arv. I will.

But see, proud boy, thou dost not quit the grove,

Till time allows us parley.

El. Prince, I mean not.

[*Elidurus retires among the Chorus.*]

Arv. Sages, and Sons of Heav'n! illustrious Druids!
bruptly I approach your sacred presence :
et such dire tidings——

Mod. On thy peril, peace !
hou stand'st accus'd, and by a Father's voice,
f crimes abhorr'd, of cowardice and flight ;
nd therefore may'st not in these sacred groves
tter polluted accents. Quickly say,
Wherefore thou fled'st ? For that base fact unclear'd,
Ve hold no further converse.

Arv. O ye Gods !
am I the son of your Caractacus ?
nd could I fly ?

Mod. Waste not or time or words :
ut tell us, why thou fled'st ?

Arv. I fled not, Druid !
y the great Gods I fled not ! save to stop
ur dastard troops that basely turn'd their backs.
stopt, I rallied them, when lo a shaft
f random cast did level me with earth,
Where pale and senseless as the slain around me,
lay till midnight : then, as from long trance
awoke, I crawl'd upon my feeble limbs
o a lone cottage, where a pitying hind
odg'd me and nourish'd me. My strength repair'd,
eed I repeat the arts I us'd to screen me ?
ow now a peasant, from a beggarly scrip
sold cheap food to slaves that nam'd th

Nor after gave it. Now a minstrel poor,
 With ill-tun'd harp and uncouth descant shrill,
 I ply'd a thriftless trade, and by such shifts
 Did win obscurity to shroud my name.
 At length to other conquests in the north
 Ostorius led his legions. Safer now,
 Yet not secure, I to some valiant chiefs,
 Whom war had spar'd, discover'd what I was;
 And with them plann'd how surest we might draw
 Our scatter'd forces to some rocky fastness
 In rough Caernarvon; there to breathe in freedom,
 If not with brave incursion to oppress
 The thinly-station'd foe. And soon our art
 So well avail'd, that now at Snowdon's foot
 Full twenty troops of hardy veterans wait
 To call my sire their leader.

Mal. Valiant youth——

Eve. He is—I said he was a valiant youth,
 Nor has he sham'd his race. Yes, I will fly,
 And bless him with the news.

[*Exit Evelina.*]

SCENE IV.

MODRED, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS,

Mal. We do believe
 Thy modest tale: and may the righteous Gods
 Thus ever shed upon thy noble breast
 Discretion's cooling dew. When nurtur'd so,
 Then, only then, doth valour bloom mature.

v. Yet vain is valour, howso'er it bloom,
 d, the Gods frown on us. All my hopes
 blasted; I shall ne'er rejoin my friends;
 ' bless them with my father. Holy men,
 e a tale to tell, will shake your souls.——

· Mona is invaded. Rome approaches,
 to these groves approaches.

d. Horror! horror!

v. Late, as I landed on your highest beach,
 re nodding from the rocks the poplars fling
 r scatter'd arms, and dash them in the wave,
 e were their vessels moor'd, as if they sought
 calment in the shade; and as I past
 on thick-planted ridge, I spy'd their helms
 brakes and boughs trench'd in the heath below,
 re like a nest of night-worms did they glitter,
 kling the plain with brightness. On I sped
 silent step, yet oft did pass so near,
 s next to prodigy I 'scap'd unseen.

d. Their numbers, prince?

v. Few, if mine hasty eye
 ind, and count them all.

d. O brethren, brethren!

son and sacrilege, worse foes than Rome,
 led Rome hither. Instant seize that wretch
 oring him to our presence.

SCENE V.

ELIDURUS, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS.

thou false one !
 befits the slave who sells his country ?
 sudden death.
 ling'ring piece-meal death !
 death thy brother and thyself
 te. Villain, thy deeds are known !
 ye led the impious Romans hither
 us ev'n on our holy altars.
 on my soul doth lie some secret grief,
 perforce will tell. It is not fear,
 not fear that shakes me thus :
 ods know it is not ; ye can never :
 ough wisdom lifts ye next those Gods,
 like to them, unlock men's breasts,
 ir inmost thoughts. Ah ! that ye could.
 at hast thou done ?
 prince, I will not tell.
 etch, there are means——
 w, and terrible means ;
 a fit that you should try those means,
 re them : yet I think my patience
 e space baffle your torturing fury.
 hat best known, when our inflicted goods
 flesh !
 anger, ere this is try'd,
 whole of thy black perfidy ;

black, that
 and thy mild e
 think, indeed,
 El. Such a ch
 dead, I don't
 the very wretc
 mad. Better
 just :
 El youth Li
 El. Yes, o
 I say, the
 be me a s
 ad I will e
 his ! you
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black, that when I look upon thy youth,
and thy mild eye, and mark thy modest brow,
think, indeed, thou durst not.

El. Such a crime, . . .
indeed, I durst not; and would rather be
the very wretch thou seest. I'll speak no more.

Mod. Brethren, 'tis so. The virgin's thoughts were
just:

his youth has been deceiv'd.

El. Yes, one word more:
you say, the Romans have invaded Mona.
Give me a sword and twenty honest Britons,
and I will quell these Romans. Vain demand!
as! you cannot; ye are men of peace:
the virgin's self forbids. Lead then to torture.

Arw. Now on my soul this youth doth move me
much.

Mod. Think not religion and our holy office
teach us tamely, like the bleating lamb,
to crouch before oppression, and with neck
stretch'd await the stroke. 'Mistaken boy!
did not strict justice claim thee for her victim,
We might full safely send thee to these Romans,
inviting their hot charge.' Know, when I blow
that sacred trumpet bound with sable fillets
yonder branching oak, the awful sound
calls forth a thousand Britons train'd alike
holy and in martial exercise;
it by such mode and rule as Romans use,
of that fierce portentous horrible sort
shall appal ev'n Romans.

El. Gracious Gods!

Then there are hopes indeed! Oh call them instant:
 'This prince will lead them on: I'll follow him,
 Though in my chains, and some way dash them round
 'To harm the haughty foe.

Arv. A thousand Britons!

And arm'd! O instant blow the sacred trump,
 And let me head them. Yet methinks this youth—

Mod. I know what thou would'st say—might join
 thee, prince.

'True; were he free from crime, or had confest.

El. Confest! Ah, think not, I will e'er—

Arv. Reflect.

Either thyself or brother must have wrong'd us:
 Then why conceal—

El. Hast thou a brother! No!

Else had'st thou spar'd the word; and yet a sister,
 Lovely as thine, might more than teach thee, prince,
 What 'tis to have a brother. Hear me, Druids!

'Though I would prize an hour of freedom now
 Before an age of any after date;

'Though I would seize it as the gift of Heav'n,
 And use it as Heav'n's gift; yet do not think
 I so will purchase it. Give it me freely,

I yet will spurn the boon, and hug my chains,
 'Till you do swear by your own hoary heads,
 My brother shall be safe.

Mod. Excellent youth!

Thy words do speak thy soul, and such a soul
 As wakes our wonder. Thou art free; thy brot



shall be thine honour's pledge: so will we use him
as thou art false or true.

El. I ask no other.

Edw. Thus then, my fellow soldier, to thy clasp
give the hand of friendship. Noble youth,
Kill speed, or die together.

Mad. Hear us, prince!

Gods permits not that he fight her battles
his duty purified: for though his soul
took up unwittingly this deed of baseness,
yet is instruction meet. Learn that in vice
there is a noisome rankness, & unperceiv'd
By gross corporeal sense, which so offends
heav'n's pure divinities, as us the stench
of vapour wafted from sulphureous pool,
or pois'nous weed obscene. Hence doth the man,
who ev'n converses with a villain, need
as much purgation as the pallid wretch
cap'd from the walls, where frowning pestilence
reads wide her livid banners. For this cause,
our priests, conduct the youth to yonder fount,
and do the needful rites. [*Exeunt Priests with Elidurus.*
For thee, brave prince,
some fit repose is needful. To our cave,
hold, we lead thee; and, some moments there
that repose allow'd, we then will bless
thy duteous eyes with their dear father's presence.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The curtain draws up, and discovers MODRED and
CHORUS before the altar : then, on one side, en
CARACTACUS and EVELINA ; on the other, AR
RAGUS.*

CARACTACUS, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS, EVELINA

Caractacus.

O MY Arviragus ! my son ! my son !
What joy, what transport, doth thine aged sire
Feel in these filial foldings ! Speak not, boy,
Nor interrupt that heart-felt ecstasy
Should strike us mute. I know what thou would'st
Yet, pr'ythee, peace. Thy sister's voice hath clea
thee,
And could excuse find words at this blest moment,
'Trust me, I'd give it vent. But, 'tis enough ;
Thy father welcomes thee to him and honour :
Honour, that now with rapt'rous certainty
Calls thee his own true offspring. Dost thou weep
Ah, if thy tears swell not from joy's free spring,
I beg thee, spare them : I have done thee wrong,
Can make thee no atonement : none, alas !
Thy father scarce can bless thee as he ought ;
Unblest himself, beset with foes around,
Deceft of queen, of kingdom, and of soldiers,
He can but give thee porti n of his dangers,
and of his chains : yet droop not, bo

Virtue is still thine own.

Arv. It is, my father!

Pure as from thine illustrious fount it came;
 And that unsullied, let the world oppress us;
 Let fraud and falsehood rivet fetters on us;
 Still shall our souls be free: yet hope is ours,
 As well as virtue.

Car. Spoken like a Briton.

True, hope is ours, and therefore let's prepare:
 The moments now are precious. Tell us, Druid,
 Is it not meet we see the bands drawn out,
 And mark their due array?

Mod. Monarch, ev'n now

They skirt the grove,

Car. Then let us to their front.

Mod. But is the traitor-youth in safety lodg'd?

Car. Druid, he fled——

Mod. O fatal flight to Mona!

Car. But what of that? Arviragus is here;
 My son is here: let then the traitor go.

By this he has join'd the Romans; let him join them:

A single arm, and that a villain's arm,

Can lend but little aid to any powers

Oppos'd to truth and virtue. Come, my son,

Let's to the troops, and marshal them with speed.

What done, we from these venerable men

Will claim their ready blessing: then to battle;

And the swift sun, ev'n at his purple dawn,

Shall spy us crown'd with conquest, or with death.

[*Exeunt* Caractacus and Arviragus.]

SCENE II.

MODRED, EVELINA, CHORUS.

Mod. What may his flight portend? Say, Evelina!
How came this youth to 'scape?

Eve. And that to tell
Will fix much blame on my impatient folly:
For, ere your hallow'd lips had given permission,
I flew with eager haste to bear my father
News of his son's return. 'Enflam'd with that,
'Think, how a sister's zealous breast must glow!
'Your looks give mild assent. I glow'd indeed
'With the dear tale, and sped me in his ear
'To pour the precious tidings.' But my tongue
Scarce nam'd Arviragus, ere the false stranger
'As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace,'
Fled to the cavern's mouth.

Mod. The king pursued?

Eve. Alas! he mark'd him not, for'twas the moment,
When he had all to ask, and all to fear,
Touching my brother's valour. 'Hitherto
'His safety only, which but little mov'd him,
'Had reach'd his ears; but when my tongue unfolded
'The story of his bravery and his peril,
'O how the tears cours'd plenteous down his cheeks!
'How did he lift unto the heav'ns his hands
'In speechless transport!' Yet he soon bethought him
Of Rome's invasion, and, with fiery glance,
Survey'd the cavern round; then snatch'd his spear,

And menac'd to pursue the flying traitor :
 But I with prayers (O pardon, if they err'd)
 Withheld his step, for to the left the youth
 Had wing'd his way, where the thick underwood
 Afforded sure retreat. ' Besides, if found,
 ' Was age a match for youth ?'

Mod. Maiden, enough.

Better, perchance for us, if he were captive :
 But in the justice of their cause, and Heav'n,
 Do Mona's sons confide.

SCENE III.

BARD, MODRED, ELIDURUS, EVELINA, CHORUS.

Bard. Druid, the rites
 Are finish'd, all save that which crowns the rest,
 And which pertains to thy blest hand alone :
 For that he kneels before thee.

Mod. Take him hence,
 We may not trust him forth to fight our cause.

El. Now by Andraste's throne——

Mod. Nay, swear not, youth ;
 The tie is broke that held thy fealty :
 Thy brother's fled.

El. Fled !

Mod. To the Romans fled.
 Yes ; thou hast cause to tremble.

El. Ah, Vellinus !
 Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end ?
 Was I thy brother, youth, and hast thou left me ?

Yes; and how left me, cruel as thou art,
The victim of thy crimes!

Mod. True; thou must die.

El. I pray ye then, on your best mercy, fathers,
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,
If this be life; yet I must doubt ev'n that:
For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort
Sets firm-ey'd Reason on a gaze, mistrusting
That what she sees in palpable plain form,
The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these caves
Are all mere tricks of cozenage; nothing real;
The vision of a vision. If he's fled,
I ought to hate this brother.

Mod. Yet thou dost not.

El. But when astonishment will give me leave,
Perchance I shall.—And yet he is my brother;
And he was virtuous once. Yes, ye vile Romans!
Yes, I must die before my thirsty sword
Drinks one rich drop of vengeance. Yet, ye robbers
Yet will I curse you with my dying lips:
'Twas you that stole away my brother's virtue.

Mod. Now then prepare to die.

El. I am prepar'd.

Yet, since I cannot now (what most I wish'd)
By manly prowess guard this lovely maid,
Permit that on your holiest earth I kneel,
And pour one fervent prayer for her protection.
Allow me this; for, though you think me false,
The Gods will hear me.

Eve. I can hold no longer!

Druid, at thy feet I fall !
 not plead, (away with virgin blushes)
 a youth must plead. I'll die to save him.
 my life, and let him fight for Mona.
 Virgin, arise. His virtue hath redeem'd him,
 shall fight for thee and for his country.
 thank us with thy deeds. The time is short,
 & with reverence take our high lustration :
 so we sprinkle thee with day-break dew
 on the May-thorn blossom ; twice and thrice
 on thy forehead with our holy wand :
 thou art fully purg'd. Now, rise restor'd
 to us. Hence then, my son,
 to yonder altar, where our Bards
 shall thee duly both with helm and sword
 in like enterprize. [Exit Elidurus.]

SCENE IV.

CANACTACUS, MODRED, ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA,
 CHORUS.

'Tis true, my son,
 their bearings, and I fear me not
 their hearts will not belie their looks.
 I am well. Yet would to righteous heav'n
 I could but see the valiant veterans that on Snowdon guard
 against the pittance of bleak liberty
 would they were dead : we would teach these wolves,
 we permit their rage to prowl our coasts,

That vengeance waits them ere they rob our state
 Hail, Druid, hail! we find thy valiant guards
 Accoutred so, as well bespeaks the wisdom
 That fram'd their phalanx. We but wait thy hand
 To lead them 'gainst the foe.

Mod. Caractacus!

Behold this sword: the sword of old Belinus,
 Stain'd with the blood of giants, and its name
 TRIFINGUS. Many an age its charmed blade
 Has slept within yon consecrated trunk.
 Lo, I unsheath it, King! 'I wave it o'er thee:
 'Mark, what portentous streams of scarlet light
 'Flow from the brandish'd falchion! On thy knee
 Receive the sacred pledge.—And mark our words
 By the bright circle of the golden sun;
 By the brief courses of the errant moon;
 By the dread potency of every star
 That studs the mystic zodiac's burning girth;
 By each, and all, of these supernal signs,
 We do adjure thee, with this trusty blade,
 'To guard yon central oak, whose holy stem
 Involves the spirit of high Taranis:
 This be thy charge; to which in aid we join
 Ourselves, and our sage brethren. With our valour
 Thy son and the Brigantian prince shall make
 Incursion on the foe.

Car. In this, and all,

'Your holy will be done.' Yet, surely, Druid,
 The fresh and active vigour of these youths
 Might better suit with this important charge.

ny heart shrinks at the glorious task,
 with ready zeal pour fourth its blood
 sacred roots, my firmest courage
 to save. Yet, Fathers, I am old ;
 ell the foremost in the onset,
 ve a son behind, might still defend you.
 he sacred adjuration we have utter'd
 : be recall'd.

hen be it so.

t think I counsel this through fear :
 n, I trust with half our powers
 ive back these Romans to their ships ;
 that come as doth the cow'ring fowler
 me with snares and take me tamely :
 y shall find, that ere they gain their prey,
 : to hunt it boldly with barb'd spears,
 such conflict as the chased boar
 is stout assailants. O ye Gods !
 ght insant face them.
 : thy son's

om his soul that son doth thank ye,
 ie wisdom that preserves his father
 ie last. ' Oh, if the fav'ring Gods
 is arm ; if their high will permit
 prosperous vengeance on the foe ;
 life no longer, than to crown
 int task.' Steel then, ye powers of Heav'n,
 rm soul with your own fortitude,
 lloy of passion. Give me courage,

That knows not rage ; revenge, that knows not malice,
 Let me not thirst for carnage, but for conquest :
 And, conquest gain'd, sleep vengeance in my breast,
 Ere in its sheath my sword.

Car. O hear his father !

If ever rashness spurr'd me on, great Gods,
 To acts of danger thirsting for renown ;
 If e'er my eager soul pursued its course
 Beyond just reason's limit, visit not
 My faults on him. I am the thing you made me,
 Vindictive, bold, precipitate, and fierce ;
 But as you gave to him a milder mind,
 Oh bless him, bless him with a milder fate !

Eve. Nor yet unheard let Evelina pour
 Her pray'rs and tears. Oh hear a hapless maid,
 That ev'n thro' half the years her life has number'd,
 Tw'n nine long years has dragg'd a trembling being,
 Rest with pains and perils. Give her peace ;
 And to endear it more, be that blest peace
 Won by her brother's sword. Oh bless his arm,
 Oh bless his valiant followers—One—and all.

Car. [*entering arm'd.*] Hear, Heav'n ! and let thy
 pure and virgin prayer

Be ev'n for Elidurus, whose sad soul
 Look up to your immortal thrones,
 To urge his own request : else would he ask,
 To see the dangers of the approaching fight
 Be on him alone ; that every spear
 Whose wield might at his breast be aim'd ;
 Be darted on his rattling helm ;

the brother of this beauteous maid,
 g safe with victory and peace,
 ar them to her bosom.
 Now rise all;
 v'n, that knows, what most ye ought to ask,
 ye ought to have. Behold, the stars
 i; universal darkness reigns.
 ie dreadful hour, now will our torches
 h more livid horror, now our shrieks
 king arms will more appal the foe.
 , ye bards, that for the sign of onset,
 l the antientest of all your rhymes,
 irth tradition notes not, nor who fram'd
 trains: the force of that high air
 is feel, when, fir'd by it, our fathers
 ve him recreant to his ships; ' and ill
 'd his second landing; but that fate
 . the master bard, who led the song.
 th, brave Pair! Go, with our blessing go;
 the march, as ye ascend the hill;
 hen ye hear the sound of our shrill trumpet,
 ie foe.
 And glory be thy guide;
 ny soul, go forth and conquer.
 Brother,
 embrace. O thou much honour'd stranger,
 thee fight by my dear brother's side,
 ld him from the foe: for he is brave,
 . with bold and well-directed arm
 y succour. [*Exeunt* Arviragus and Elicurus.]

Mal. Now, ye priests, with speed
 Strew on the altar's height your sacred leaves,
 And light the morning flame. But why is this?
 Why doth our brother Mador snatch his harp
 From yonder bough? Why this way bend his step
Car. He is entranc'd. The fillet bursts that bore
 His liberal locks; his snowy vestments fall
 In ampler folds; and all his floating form
 Doth seem to glisten with divinity!
 Yet is he speechless. Say, thou Chief of Bards,
 What is there in this airy vacancy,
 That thou with fiery and irregular glance
 Should'st scan thus wildly? Wherefore heaves
 breast?
 Why starts——

ODE.

MADOR.

Hark! *[Symphony behind the scen*
 Hark! *[Symphony loud*
 Hark! *[Full Symphon*
 Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
 That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?
 'Twas Death.—In haste
 The warrior past;
 High tower'd his helmed head:
 I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
 I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
 I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;
 Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd the angry

On me, (he cry'd) my Britons, wait,
To lead you to the field of fate

I come : yon car,

That cleaves the air,

Descends to throne my state :

I mount your Champion and your God,

My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong :

Hark ! to my wheels of brass, that rattle loud !

Hark ! to my clarion shrill, that brays the woods among !

FULL CHORUS.

" He mounts our Champion and our God.

" His proud steeds neigh beneath the thong :

" Hark ! to his wheels of brass, that rattle loud !

" Hark ! to his clarion shrill, that brays the woods

" among."

[Here one of the Druids blows the sacred trum, et.

MADOR.

Fear not now the fever's fire,

Fear not now the death-bed groan,

Pangs that torture, pains that tire,

Bed-rid age with feeble moan :

These domestic terrors wait

Hourly at my palace gate ,

And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,

These on the tyrant king and coward slave,

Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their
grave.

But ye, my sons, at this high hour
 Shall share the fulness of my pow'r :
 From all your bows,
 In levell'd rows,
 My own dread shafts shall shower.
 Go then to conquest, gladly go,
 Deal forth my dole of destiny,
 With all my fury dash the trembling foe
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale
 spectres lie ;
 Where creeps the nine-fold stream profound
 Her black inexorable round ;
 And on the bank,
 To willows dank,
 The shivering ghosts are bound.
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
 To full orb'd pride, and fading die,
 Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell :
 Nor such the need that crowns the sons of Liberty.

No, my Britons! battle-slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour :
 I, that all despotic reign,
 Claim but there a moment's power.
 Swiftly the soul of British flame
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial ecstasies,
 Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

FULL CHORUS

" The godlike soul of British flame
 " Animates some kindred frame,
 " Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 " Exults again in martial ecstacies,
 " Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies."

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

CARACTACUS *enters hastily, but with-held by MODRED and the CHORUS.*

Caractacus.

DRUID, with-hold me not. The thundering voice
 Will roll around my ear. Death calls to arms—
 Hark! Hark! he calls again! Champion lead on,
 Follow; give me way, my soul is British;
 Does he not say unconquer'd, undismay'd,
 The British soul revives? Yes, some blest shaft
 Shall rid me of this clog of cumb'rous age;
 And I again shall in some happier mould
 Live to redeem my country.

Mod. Stay thee, prince,
 And mark what clear and amber-skirted clouds
 Rise from the altar's verge, and cleave the skies;
 'Tis a prosperous omen! Soon expect
 To hear glad tidings.

H

Car. I will send them to thee.

Mod. But see, a Bard approaches, and he bears them:
Else is his eye no herald to his heart.

SCENE II.

BARD, MODRED, CARACTACUS, CHORUS.

Car. Speedily tell thy tale.

Bard. A tale like mine,

I trust, your ears will willingly pursue
Thro' each glad circumstance. First, Monarch, learn,
The Roman troop is fled.

Mod. Great Gods! we thank ye!

Car. Fought they not ere they fled? Oh tell me all.

Bard. Silent, as night, that wrapt us in her veil,
We pac'd up yonder hill, ' whose woody ridge
' O'erhung the ambush'd foe. No sound was heard,
' Step felt, or sight descri'd ;' for safely hid
Beneath the purple pall of sacrifice
Did sleep our holy fire, nor saw the air,
Till to that pass we came, where whilom Brute
Planted his five hoar altars. To our rites
'Then swift we hasted, and in one short moment
Each rocky pile was cloth'd with livid flame.
Near each a white-rob'd Druid, whose stern voice
'Thunder'd deep execrations on the foe.
Now wak'd our horrid symphony, now all
Our harps terrific rang: meanwhile the grove
Trembled, the altars shook, and through our ranks
Our sacred sisters rush'd in sable robes,

With hair dishevel'd and funeral brands,
 Hurl'd round with menacing fury. On they rush'd
 In fierce and frantic mood, as is their wont
 Amid the magic rites they do to Night
 In their deep dens below. Motions like these
 Were never dar'd before in open air!

Mod. Did I not say we had a power within us
 That might appal ev'n Romans?

Bard. And it did.

They stood aghast, and to our vollied darts,
 ' That thick as hail fell on their helms and corslets,
 Scarce rais'd a warding shield. The sacred trumpet
 Then rent the air, and instant at the signal
 Rush'd down Arviragus with all our vassals;
 A hot, but short-liv'd, conflict then ensued:
 For soon they fled. I saw the Romans fly,
 Before I left the field.

Car. My son pursued?

Bard. The Prince and Elidurus, like twin lions,
 Did side by side engage. Death seem'd to guide
 Their swords, no stroke fell fruitless, every wound
 Gave him a victim.

Car. ' Thus my friend Ebrancus!

' Ill-fated prince! didst thou and I in youth
 ' Unite our valours. In his prime he fell,
 ' On Conway's banks. I saw him fall, and slew
 ' His murderer.—But' how far did they pursue?

Bard. Ev'n to the ships: for I descry'd the rout,
 Far as the twilight gleam would aid my sight.

Car. Now, thanks to the bright star that rul'd his
birth;

Yes, he will soon return to claim my blessing,
And he shall have it pour'd in tears of joy
On his bold breast!—Methought I heard a step:
Is it not his?

Bard. 'Tis some of our own train,
And, as I think, they lead six Romans captive.

SCENE III.

MODRED, CARACTACUS, CAPTIVES, CHORUS.

Mod. My brethren, bear the prisoners to the cavern,
'Till we demand them.'

Car. 'Pause ye yet a while,
' They seem of bold demeanor, and have helms
' That speak them leaders. Hear me, Romans, hear.
' That you are captives, is the chance of war:
' Yet captives as ye are, in Britain's eye
' You are not slaves. Barbarians tho' you call us,
' We know the native rights man claims from man,
' And therefore never shall we gall your necks
' With chains, or drag you at our scythed cars
' In arrogance of triumph. Nor till taught
' By Rome (what Britain sure should scorn to learn)
' Her avarice, will we barter ye for gold.
' True, ye are captives, and our country's safety
' Forbids we give you back to liberty:
' We give you therefore to the immortal Gods,

To them we lift ye in the radiant cloud
 Of sacrifice. They may in limbs of freedom
 Replace your free-born souls, and their high mercy
 Haply shall to some better world advance you ;
 Or else in this restore that golden gift,
 Which lost, leaves life a burden. Does there breathe
 A wretch, so pall'd with the vain fear of death,
 Can call this cruelty ? 'tis love, 'tis mercy.
 And grant, ye Gods, if e'er I'm made a captive,
 I meet the like fair treatment from the foe,
 Whose stronger star quells mine. Now lead them on,
 And, while they live, treat them as men should men,
 And not as Rome treats Britain. [*Exeunt Captives.*
 Druid, these,
 Ev'n should their chief escape, may blaze to-morrow
 Our gratitude—Whence was that shriek ?

SCENE IV.

EVELINA, CARACTACUS, MODRED, CHORUS.

Eve. My father,
 support me, take me trembling to your arms ;
 All is not well. Ah me, my fears o'ercome me !

Car. What means my child ?

Eve. Alas ! we are betray'd.
 Ev'n now, as wand'ring in yon eastern grove
 I call'd the Gods to aid us, the dread sound
 Of many hasty steps did meet mine ear ;
 This way they prest.

Car. Daughter, thy fears are vain.

Eve. Methought I saw the flame of lighted brands,
And what did glitter to my dazzled sight,
Like swords and helms.

Car. All, all the feeble coinage
Of maiden fear.

Eve. Nay, if mine ear mistook not,
I heard the traitor's voice, who that way 'scap'd,
Calling to arms.

Car. Away with idle terrors!
Know, thy brave brother's crest is crown'd with conquest,
The Romans fled, their leaders are our captives.
Smile, my lov'd child, and imitate the sun,
That rises ruddy from behind yon oaks
To hail him victor.

Mod. That the rising sun!
O horror! horror! sacrilegious fires
Devour our groves: they blaze, they blaze! O sound
The trump again; recall the prince, or all
Is lost.

Car. Druid, where is thy fortitude?
Do not I live? Is not this holy sword
Firm in my grasp? I will preserve your groves.
Britons, I go: let those that dare die nobly,
Follow my step. [Exit Caractac]

Eve. Oh whither does he go?
Return, return! Ye holy men, recall him.
What is his arm against a host of Romans?
Oh I have lost a father!

Mod. O wretched Gods!

Ye take away our souls : a general panic
 Reigns thro' the grove. Oh fly, my brethren, fly,
 To aid the king, fly to preserve your altars !—
 Alas ! 'tis all in vain ; our fate is fixt.
 Look there, look there, thou miserable maid !
 Behold thy bleeding brother.

SCENE V.

ARVIRAGUS, ELIDURUS, EVELINA, MODRED,
 CHORUS.

Arv. Thanks, good youth :
 Safe hast thou brought me to that holy spot
 Where I did wish to die. ' Support me still,
 ' Oh, I am sick to death. Yet one step more :
 ' Now lay me gently down.' I would drag out
 This life, tho' at some cost of throbs and pangs,
 Just long enough to claim my father's blessing,
 And sigh my last breath in my sister's arms.
 —And here she kneels, poor maid ! all dumb with
 grief.

Restrain thy sorrow, gentlest Evelina !
 True, thou dost see me bleed : I bleed to death.

Eve. Say'st thou to death ? O Gods ! the barbed
 shaft
 Is buried in his breast. Yes, he must die ;
 And I, alas ! am doom'd to see him die.
 Where are your healing arts, medicinal herbs,
 Ye holy men, your wonder-working spells ?
 Pluck me but out this shaft, stanch but this blood,

And I will call down blessings on your heads
 With such a fervency.—And can you not!
 Then let me beg you on my bended knee,
 Give to my misery some opiate drug,
 May shut up all my senses.—Yes, good fathers,
 Mingle the potion so, that it may kill me
 Just at the instant this poor languisher
 Heaves his last sigh.

Arw. Talk not thus wildly, sister,
 Think on our father's age——

Eve. Alas! my brother!
 We have no father now; or if we have,
 He is a captive.

Arw. Captive! Oh my wound!
 It stings me now.—But is it so? [*Turning to Modred.*

Mod. Alas!
 We know no more, save that he sallied single
 To meet the foe, whose unexpected host
 Round by the east had wound their fraudulent march,
 And fir'd our groves.

El. O fatal, fatal valour!
 Then is he seiz'd, or slain.

Arw. Too sure he is!
 Druid, not half the Romans met our swords;
 We found the fraud too late: the rest are yonder.

Mod. How could they gain the pass?

Arw. The wretch, that fled
 That way, return'd, conducting half their powers;
 And—But thy pardon, youth, I will not wound thee,
 He is the father.

El. Thus my honest sword
 shall force the blood from the detested heart
 that holds alliance with him.

Arv. Elidurnus,
 hold, on our friendship, hold. Thou, noble youth,
 look on this innocent maid. She must to Rome,
 captive to Rome, Thou seest warm life flow from me.
 ere long she'll have no brother. Heav'n's my witness,
 do not wish that thou shouldst live the slave
 of Rome; but yet she is my sister.

El. Prince,
 thou urgest that, might make me drag an age
 in fetters worse than Roman. I will live,
 and while I live——

SCENE VI.

BAIRD enters.

Bard. Fly to your caverns, Druids,
 the grove's beset around. The chief approaches.

Mod. Let him approach, we will confront his pride;
 he seer that rules amid the groves of Mona
 is not to fear his fury. What though age
 weakens our sinews; what though shield and sword
 give not their iron aid to guard our body;
 yet virtue arms our soul, and 'gainst that panoply
 that 'vails the rage of robbers. Let him come.

Arv. I faint apace.—Ye venerable men,
 ye can save this body from pollution,
 ye can *touch me* in this sacred place,

I trust ye will. I fought to save these groves,
 And, fruitless though I fought, some grateful oak,
 I trust, will spread its reverential gloom
 O'er my pale ashes.—Ah! that pang was death!
 My sister, Oh!———

[Dies.]

El. She faints! Ah raise her!———

Eve. Yes,

Now he is dead. I felt his spirit go
 In a cold sigh, and as it past, methought
 It paus'd a while, and trembled on my lips!
 Take me not from him: breathless as he is,
 He is my brother still, and if the Gods
 Do please to grace him with some happier being;
 They ne'er can give to him a fonder sister.

Mod. Brethren, surround the corse, and, ere the foe
 Approaches, chaunt with meet solemnity
 That grateful dirge your dying champion claims.

[Symphony.]

Mad. Lo, where incumbent o'er the shade
 Rome's rav'ning eagle bows her beaked head!
 Yet while a moment fate affords;
 While yet a moment freedom stays;
 That moment, which outweighs
 Eternity's unmeasur'd hoards,
 Shall Mona's grateful Bards employ
 To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.

SECOND BARD.

AIR.

- " Radiant Ruler of the day !
 " Pause upon thy orb sublime,
 " Bid this awful moment stay,
 " Bind it on the brow of time ;
 " While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
 " To strains that trill when heroes die."

FOURTH BARD.

AIR.

- " Hear our harps, in accents slow,
 " Breathe the dignity of woe,
 " Solemn notes that pant, and pause,
 " While the last majestic close,
 " In diapason deep is drown'd ;
 " Notes that Mona's harps should sound.

THIRD BARD.

AIR.

- " See our tears, in sober shower,
 " O'er this shrine of glory pour ;
 " Holy tears, by virtue shed,
 " That embalm the valiant dead ;
 " In these our sacred song we steep,
 " Tears that Mona's Bards should weep."

TRIO.

" Radiant Ruler! hear us call
 " Blessings on the godlike youth,
 " Who dar'd to fight, who dar'd to fall,
 " For Britain, Freedom, and for Truth.
 " His dying groan; his parting sigh,
 " Was music for the Gods on high;
 " 'Twas Valour's hymn to Liberty."

MADOR.

Ring out ye mortal strings!
 Answer, thou heav'nly harp instinct with spirit all,
 That o'er ANDRASTES' throne self-warbling swings:
 'There, where ten thousand spheres, in measur'd chime;
 Roll their majestic melodies along,
 Thou guid'st the thundering song,
 Pois'd on thy jasper arch sublime.
 Yet shall thy heav'nly ascents deign
 To mingle with our mortal strain,
 And Heav'n and Earth unite, in chorus high,
 While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky.

FULL CHORUS.

" ANDRASTES' heav'nly harp shall deign
 " To mingle with our mortal strain,
 " And Heav'n and Earth unite, in chorus high,
 " While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky."

SCENE VII.

LUS DIDIUS, MORRED, EVELINA, ELIDURUS,
CHORUS.

ul. Did. Ye bloody priests,
old we burst on your infernal rites,
I bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,
I hope that superstition's ruthless step
I'll wade in Roman gore: Ye savage men,
not our laws give licence to all faiths,
would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave
these shapeless symbols of your barbarous Gods,
I'll let the golden sun into your caves.

sol. Servant of CÆSAR, has thine impious tongue
drunk the black venom of its blasphemy?
as: then take our curses on thy head,
and his fell curses, who doth reign in Mona,
ruler of those Gods thy pride insults.

ul. Did. Bold priest, I scorn thy curses, and thyself.
I'll search the caves, and free the prisoners.
I'll heed ye seize Caractacus alive.
I'll rest yon youth; load him with heaviest irons;
I'll shall to Cæsar answer for his crime.

l. I stand prepar'd to triumph in my crime.

ul. Did. 'Tis well, proud boy—Look to the beau-
tiful maid [To the Soldiers.
it, 'tranc'd in grief, bends o'er yon bleeding corpse:
I'll perfect her sorrows.

vs. Hence, ye barbarous men,

Ye shall not take him welt'ring t'us in blood,
 To shew at Rome what British virtue was.
 Avaunt! The breathless body that ye touch
 Was once Arviragus!

Aul. Did. Fear us not, princess!

We reverence the dead.

Mod. Would to heav'n

Ye reverenc'd the Gods but ev'n enough
 Not to debase with Slavery's cruel chain
 What they created free.

Aul. Did. The Romans fight

Not to enslave, but humanize the world.

Mod. Go to, we will not parley with thee, Roman:
 Instant pronounce our doom.

Aul. Did. Hear it, and thank us:

This once our clemency shall spare your groves,
 If at our call ye yield the British king:
 Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of Caesar,
 That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,
 Shall bow beneath our axes.

Mod. Be they blasted,

Whene'er their shade forgets to shelter virtue.

SCENE VIII.

BARD *enters.*

Mourn, Mona, mourn. Caractacus is captive!
 And dost thou smile, false Roman? Do not think
 He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,

Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,
The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud
With death. Bursting through armed ranks, that
hemm'd

The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus
Seiz'd his false throat; and as he gave him death
Indignant thunder'd, *Thus is my last stroke,*
The stroke of justice. Numbers then opprest him;
I saw the slave, that cowardly behind
Pinion'd his arms; I saw the sacred sword
Writh'd from his grasp; I saw, what now ye see,
Inglorious sight! those barbarous bonds upon him.

SCENE IX.

CARACTACUS, AULUS DIDIUS, MODRED, CHORUS;
&c.

Car. Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant
Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,
'And wither'd as ye see these war-worn limbs,'
Trust me, I've strength to bear the weightiest load
Injustice dares impose. —

Proud-crested soldier! [*To Didius.*]

Say, dost thou read less terror on my brow
Than when thou met'st me in the fields of war,
Heading my nations? No: my free-born soul
Has scorn still left to sparkle through these eyes,
And frown defiance on thee.—Is it thus!

[*Seeing his Son's body.*]

Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty Gods!

My soul, my soul submits : patient it bears
 The pond'rous load of grief ye heap upon it.
 Yes, it will grovel in this shatter'd breast,
 And be the sad tame thing it ought to be,
 Coopt in a servile body.

Aul. Did. Droop not, King.

When Claudius, the great master of the world,
 Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,
 His pity——

Car. Can a Roman pity, soldier ?
 And if he can, Gods ! must a Briton bear it ?
 Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy,
 Thou hast escap'd such pity ; thou art free.
 Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs
 Rest in a noble grave ; posterity
 Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring
 Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds :
 Whilst mine——

Aul. Did. The morn doth hasten our departure
 Prepare thee, king, to go : a fav'ring gale
 Now swells our sails.

Car. Inhuman that thou art !
 Dost thou deny a moment for a father
 To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son ?
 I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life
 To do it duly ; ' even a longer life,
 ' Than sorrow ever suffer'd.' Cruel man !
 And thou deniest me moments. Be it so.
 I know you Romans weep not for your children ;
 Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it w

I triumph in my tears. Yes, best-lov'd boy,
 Yes, I can weep, ' can fall upon thy corse,
 ' And I' can tear my hairs, these few grey hairs,
 The only honours war and age have left me.
 Ah! son, thou might'st have rul'd o'er many nations,
 As did thy royal ancestry: but I,
 Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb,
 Discretion hangs on brav'ry: else perchance
 These men, that fasten fetters on thy father,
 Had sued to him for peace, and claim'd his friendship.

Aul. Did. But thou wast still implacable to Rome,
 And scorn'd her friendship.

Car. [*Starting up from the body.*] Soldier, I had arms,
 Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
 Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,
 I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims
 To lord it universally o'er the world,
 Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?

Aul. Did. Read in thy fate our answer. Yet if sooner
 Thy pride had yielded——

Car. Thank thy Gods, I did not.
 Had it been so, the glory of thy master,
 Like my misfortunes, had been short and trivial,
 Oblivion's ready prey: now, after struggling
 Nine years, and that right bravely, 'gainst a tyrant,
 I am his slave, to treat as seems him good:
 If cruelly, 'twill be an easy task
 To bow a wretch, alas! how bow'd already!
 Down to the dust: if well, his clemency,
 'When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing penmen,

May shine in honour's annals, and adorn
 Himself: it boots not me. Look there! look there
 The slave that shot that dart kill'd ev'ry hope
 Of lost Caractacus! Arise, my daughter.
 Alas! poor prince! art thou too in vile fetters?

[To Elidur]

Come hither, youth: be thou to me a son,
 To her a brother. Thus, with trembling arms,
 I lead ye forth: children, we go to Rome.
 Weep'st thou, my girl? I pr'ythee hoard thy tears
 For the sad meeting of thy captive mother:
 For we have much to tell her, much to say
 'Of these good men, who nurtur'd us in Mona;
 'Much of the fraud and malice that pursu'd us;
 'Much of her son, who pour'd his precious blood
 'To save his sire and sister:' think'st thou, maid,
 Her gentleness can hear the tale, and live?

[Pointing to his dead Son]

And yet she must. O Gods, I grow a talker!
 Grief and old age are ever full of words:
 But I'll be mute. Adieu! ye holy men!
 Yet one look more—Now lead us hence for ever.

A DEAD MARCH:

During which CARACTACUS, EVELINA, and ELIDURUS, are led off by ROMANS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE few following quotations, from ancient authors, are here thrown together, in order to support and explain some passages in the Drama, that respect the manners of the Druids; and which the general account of their customs, to be found in our histories of Britain, does not include.

P. 12.

“ On the left

“ Reside the * sages skill'd in nature's lore :”

* *i. e.* The Euvates; one of the three classes of the Druids, according to Am. Marcellinus. ‘ *Studia libellium doctrinarum inchoata per Bardos, Euvates, & Auidas.*’ This class, Strabo tells us, had the care of the sacrifices, and studied natural philosophy; which, by *the changeful universe*, is shewn to be on Pythagorean principles. Whenever the *Priests* are mentioned in the subsequent parts of the Drama, this order of men is intended to be meant, as distinguished from the Druids and Bards.

P. 16.

“ Thou shalt live ;

“ Yet shalt thou live an interdifted wretch,

“ *All rights of nature cancell'd.*”

Alluding to the Druidical power of excommunication, mentioned by Cæsar. ‘ Si quis aut privatus, aut publicus, eorum decreto non stetit, sacrificiis interdicitur. Hæc pœna apud eòs est gravissima. Quibus ita est interdictum, ii numero impiorum ac sceleratorum habentur——neque iis petentibus jus redditur, neque honos ullus communicatur.’ *Comment. lib. vi.*

P. 19.

“ Are the milk-white steers prepar’d ?”

In the minute description which Pliny gives of the ceremony of gathering the mistletoe, he tells us, they sacrificed two white bulls. See Pliny’s *Natural History*, l. xvi. c. 44, which Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, thus versifies:

‘ Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient
wood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus’ fires with-
stood,
The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an axe of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree,
The mistletoe, cut down ; then, with a bended knee
On th’ unhew’d altar laid, put to the hallow’d fires ;
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh
expires,
As their strong fury mov’d (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

Up to th' eternal heav'n their bloodied hands did rear:
And whilst the murm'ring woods ev'n shudder'd as
with fear,

Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal
state;

To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly did excite.'

Ninth Song.

P. 20.

"Where our matron sister dwells."

The existence of female Druids seems ascertained by Tacitus, in his description of the final destruction of Mona by Paulinus Suetonius. 'Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis virisque *intercursantibus faminis*,' &c. Also by the known story of Dioclesian, on which Fletcher form'd a play, called the Prophetess.

P. 29.

"And the potent adder-stone."

The ovum anguinum, or serpent's egg; a famous Druidical amulet, thus circumstantially described by Pliny. 'Præterea est ovorum genus in magna Galliarum fama, omissum Græcis. Angues innumeri æstate convoluti, salivâ faucium corporumque spumis artificiose complexu glomerantur; anguinum appellatur. Druidæ sibilis id dicunt in sublime jactari, sagoque oportere intercipi, ne tellurem attingat. Profugere raptorem equo, serpentes enim insequi, donec arceantur armis *alicujus interventu*,' &c. Nat. Hist. lib. xxix. cap. 3.

There are remains of this superstition still, both in the northern and western parts of our island. For Lhwyd, the author of the *Archeologia*, writes thus to Rowland; see *Mona Antiqua*, p. 338. ‘The Druid doctrine about the *Glain Neidr*, obtains very much through all Scotland, as well Lowlands as Highlands; but there is not a word of it in this kingdom (Ireland); where, as there are no snakes, they could not propagate it. Besides snake-stones, the Highlanders have their snail-stones, paddock-stones; &c. to all which they attribute their several virtues, and wear them as amulets.’ And in another letter he writes, ‘The Cornish retain variety of charms, and have still, towards the Land’s-end, the amulet of *Maen Magal*, and *Glain Neidr*, which latter they call a *Milpreu*, or *Melpreu*, and have a charm for the snake to make it, when they have found one asleep, and struck a hazel wand in the centre of her spires.’

P. 36.

“Have the milk white steeds”

“Unrein’d, and, neighing, pranc’d with fav’ring steps?”

The few and imperfect accounts antiquity gives us of ceremonies, &c. which are unquestionably Druidical, makes it necessary in this, and in other places of the Drama, to have recourse to Tacitus’s account of the Germans, amongst whom, if there were really no established Druids, there was certainly a great correspondency, in religious opinions, with the Gauls and Britons. The passage here alluded to is taken from

his 16th chapter. 'Proprium gentis, equorumque quoque præagia ac monitus experiri. Publice aluntur iisdem nemoribus ac lucis, candidi & nullo mortali opere contacti, quos pressos sacro curru, sacerdos ac rex, vel princeps civitatis comitantur, hinnitus & fremitus observant, nec ulli auspicio major fides non solum apud plebem, sed apud proceres, apud sacerdotes.'

P. 37.

"Thou art a king, a sov'reign o'er frail man :

"I am a Druid, servant of the Gods.

"Such service is above such sovereignty."

The supreme authority of the Druids over their kings is ascertained by Dion. Chrysostom. Helmodus, also, de Slayis, l. ii. c. 12, asserts, 'Rex apud eos modicæ est æstimationis in comparatione flaminis.'

P. 38.

"The time shall come, when destiny and death,

"Thron'd in a burning car."

Strabo, and other writers, tell us, the Druids taught, that the world was finally to be destroyed by fire; upon which this allegory is founded.

P. 45.

"The Gods, my brethren,

"Inspire these scruples; oft to female softness,

"Oft to the purity of virgin souls,

"Doth Heav'n its voluntary light dispense."

'Inesse enim sanctum quid & providum feminis

putant. Nec aut consilia ipsorum aspernantur, aut responsa negant.' Tac. de Morib. Germ. and Strabo to the like purpose, l. vii.

P. 49.

"Behold yon huge

"And unbewn sphere of living adamant."

This is meant to describe the rocking stone, of which there are several still to be seen in Wales, Cornwall and Derbyshire. They are universally thought by antiquarians to be Druidical monuments; and Mr. Toland thinks, 'that the Druids made the people believe that 'they only could move them, and that by a miracle, 'by which they condemn'd or acquitted the accused, 'and often brought criminals to confess what could 'in no other way be extorted from them.' It was this conjecture which gave the hint for this piece of machinery. The reader may find a description of one of these rocking stones in Camden's Britannia, in his account of Pembrokeshire; and also several in Borlase's History of Cornwall.

P. 74.

"———And its name

TRIFINGUS."

The name of the enchanted sword in the Hervarer Saga.

P. 74.

"By the bright circle of the golden sun,"

This adjuration is taken from the literal form of

be Druidical oath, which they administered to their disciples; and which the learned Selden, in Prolog. de iis Syr. gives us from Vettius Valens Antiochenus, vii.

P. 82.

“Near each a white-rob’d Druid, whose stern voice
“Thunder’d deep execrations on the foe.”

This account is taken from what history tells us did ally happen some years after, when the groves of Iona were destroyed by Suetonius Paulinus. ‘Igitur Ionam insulam incolis validam, & receptaculum pergarum aggredi parat, navesque fabricatur plano alveo, liversus breve litus & incertum. Sic Pedes; equites ido secuti, aut altiores inter undas, adnantes equis ansmisere. Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis risque, intereursantibus fœminis: in modum Furiam, veste ferali crinibus dejectis *faces* præferebant. ruidæ circum, preces diras sublatis ad cœlum manibus indentes, novitate aspectus perculere milites ut quasi trentibus membris, immobile corpus vulneribus prærent. Dein cohortationibus ducis, & se ipsi stimulates ne muliebre & fanaticum agmen pavescerent, ferunt signa, sternauntque obvios & igni suo involant.’ Tac. Ann. l. xiv. c. 29.

P. 93.

“These shapeless symbols of your barbarous Gods.”
The Druids did not really worship the divinity under *v symbol*. But this is put intentionally into the

mouth of the Roman, as mistaking the rude stones placed round the grove for idols. Thus Lucan in his beautiful description of a Druid grove,

‘—————simulacraque mœsta Deorum

Arte carent cæsisque extant informia truncis.’

Phar. lib. iii.

Some imagery from the same description is also borrowed in the opening of the Drama.

P. 97.

“—————Soldier, I had arms.”

This passage, and some others in this scene, are taken from Caractacus’s famous speech in Tacitus, before the throne of Claudius; but here adapted to his dramatic character.



STANFORD LIBRARIES



II.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.



MR. TOMS as TITUS.

*Tit. Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects
due to a Father's name, not to Terentian.*

Printed for G. Cawthron, North Library, Six and Seven







LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS

*Behold this dagger taken from her wounds
This Poison which she stabb'd into her heart.*

1751.

801.

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NIUS BRUTUS,
R OF HIS COUNTRY.

A
TRAGEDY.

NATHANIEL LEE.

PERFORMED FIRST IN 1681.

by single inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representations
printed in Italics are Additions of the Theatres.

LONDON:

OR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
THORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1796.

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TO THE RIGHT HON.
CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX,
ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

MY LORD,

WITH an assurance, I hope, becoming the justice of my cause, I lay this tragedy at your lordship's feet not as a common persecution, but as an offering suitable to your virtue, and worthy of the greatness of your name. There are some subjects that require but half the strength of a great Poet; but when Greece or Old Rome come in play, the nature, wit, and vigour of foremost Shakspeare, the judgment and force of Jonson, with all his borrowed mastery from the ancients, will scarce suffice for so terrible a grapple. The poet must elevate his fancy with the mightiest imagination, he must run back so many hundred years, take a just prospect of the spirit of those times without the least thought of ours; for if his eye should swerve so low, his muse will grow giddy with the vastness of the distance, fall at once, and for ever lose the majesty of the first design. He that will pretend to be a critic of such a work must not have a grain of Cecilius, he must be Longinus throughout, or nothing, where even the nicest, best remarks must pass but for alley to the imperial fury of this Old

DEDICATION.

man gold. There must be no dross through the sole mass, the furnace must be justly heated, and the bullion stamped with an unerring hand. In such writing there must be greatness of thought without bombast, remoteness without monstrousness; virtue armed with severity, not in iron bodies; solid wit without modern affectation; smoothness without gloss; speaking out without cracking the voice, or straining the lungs. In short, my lord, he that will write as he ought on so noble an occasion, must write like you. But I fear there are few that know how to copy after so great an original as your lordship, because there is scarce one genius extant of your own size that can follow you *passibus æquis*; that has the felicity and mastery of the old poets, or can halfmatch the thoughtfulness of your soul. How far short I am cast of such inimitable excellence, I must with shame, my lord, confess I am too sensible. Nature, 'tis believed (if I am not flattered, and do not flatter myself, has not been niggardly to me in the portion of a genius, though I have been so far from improving it, that I am half afraid I have lost of the principle. It behoves then for the future to look about me, to see whether am a lag in the race, to look up to your lordship, strain upon the track of so fair a glory. I must know, however I have behaved myself in a *vincere*, nothing ever presented itself to my fancy with so great pleasure as Brutus did in sacrificing his life. Before I read Machiavel's notes upon the plot, I concluded it the greatest action that was e

*ages on the greatest occasion. For my
r, I thought I never painted any man so
re.*

*quinios reges animamque superbam
uti, fascesque videre receptos?
cunque ferent ea facta minores?*

*at divine poet imagin'd it might be too
cople but his own, perhaps I have found
ion's Catiline met no better fate, as his
race tells us.*

—His non plebecula gaudet, &c.
*pere's Brutus with much ado beat him-
ads of a blockish age, so knotty were
d to deal with. For my own opinion,
the obstacles my modesty could raise,
lp inserting a vaunt in the title page,*

*ig gain'd the list that he design'd,
e billows driving with the wind,
he muse that wing'd his free-born mind'.*

*ned, and resolved not to be stirred with
ions of a sparkish generation, that have
) thought: but, alas, how frail are our
our own concerns! I showed no pas-
but whether through an over-conceit of*

the work, or because, perhaps, there was, indeed, some merit, the fire burnt inward, and I was troubled for my dumb play, like a father for his dead child. It is enough that I have eas'd my heart by this dedication to your Lordship. I comfort myself too, whatever our partial youth allege, your Lordship will find something in it worth your observation; which, with my future diligence, resolution to study, devotion to virtue, and your Lordship's service, may render me not altogether unworthy the protection of your Lordship.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble

And devoted servant,

NATHANIEL LET,

LIFE OF NATHANIEL LEE.

NATHANIEL LEE, a very eminent dramatic poet of last century, was the son of Dr. Lee, minister of field, who gave him a liberal education. He received his first rudiments of learning at Westminster-school, from whence he went to Trinity-College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a scholar on the foundation in 1668. He commenced B. A. the same year, not succeeding to a fellowship, he tried to push fortune at court. He was not long, however, in pursuit; for meeting with no substantial favours, he determined to try his talents on the stage; and accordingly, in the year 1672, made his appearance at the Theatre in the character of *Duncan* in *Mac-bibber* says, that our author was so pathetic a his own scenes, that I have been informed by who was present, that while Lee was reading Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of admiration, threw down his part, and said, "were able to play it as well as you read it, I propose should I undertake it!" And yet, the laureat) this very author, whose elocution he admires in so capital an actor, when he is to be an actor himself, soon quitted the most despair of ever making any profitable play. In 1675 his first play appeared; and he wrote, besides two in which he joined with

Dryden, between that period and the year 1684, on the 11th of November, on which he was taken into Bedlam, where he continued four years. All his tragedies contain a very great portion of true poetic enthusiasm. None ever felt the passion of love more truly; nor could any one describe it with more tenderness. Addison commends his genius highly; observing that none of our English poets had a happier turn for tragedy, although his natural fire and unbridled impetuosity hurried him beyond all bounds of probability, and sometimes were quite out of nature. The truth is, the poet's imagination ran away with his reason. While in Bedlam, he made that famous witty reply to a coxcomb scribbler, who had the cruelty to jeer him with his misfortune, by observing that it was an easy thing to write like a madman: *No, said Lee, it is not an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool!*

Lee had the good fortune to recover the use of his reason, so far as to be discharged from his melancholy confinement; but he did not long survive his enlargement, dying in the year 1691, or 1692. Oldys, in his MS. notes, says that our author, returning one night from the Bear and Harrow in Butcher Row, through Clare-market, to his lodging, in Duke-street, overladen with wine, fell down on the ground as some say, according to others on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, aged about thirty-five years.

dramatic pieces are :

Pro, Emperor of Rome. T. 4to. 1673.

Jonisba, or Hannibal's Overtrow. T. 4to.

Arriana; or, The Court of Augustus. T. 4to. 1676.

The Rival Queens; or, Alexander the Great.

1677.

Phrydates, King of Pontus. T. 4to. 1678.

Theodosius; or, The Force of Love. T. 4to. 1680.

Masaniello; or, The Siege of St. Domingo. T. 4to. 1680.

Titus Junius Brutus. T. 4to. 1681. This is

the best play, being full of great manly spirit, force,

and energy, with less of the bombast than frequently

is to be met in this author's works. The plot of it is

drawn from the real Histories of *Florus, Livy, Dionys.*

Halicar. &c. and partly from the fictions in the Romance

of *Julius Cæsar.* The scene between *Vinditius* and the elder

Brutus seems to bear a great resemblance to that be-

tween *Hamlet* and *Polonius.* The scene lies in Rome.

Constantine the Great. T. 4to. 1684.

The Princess of Cleve. T. 4to. 1689.

The Massacre of Paris. T. 4to. 1690.

In the above tragedies, Lee was concerned with

others in writing the *Duke of Guise*, 1683, and that

excellent tragedy, entitled *Oedipus*, 1679. His

Pro and *Alexander the Great* are stock-plays, and

to this day are often acted with great applause.

Lee was particularly fortunate in the character

of *the Macedonian Hero.*

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. DUKE.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics rage ;
But with the sound of raising and of rhyme,
Like bees, united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
And buzz is greater than it was before.
But Ob ! ye leading voters of the pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house,
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuse,
And more indulgent to a trembling muse ;
Women for ends of Government more fit,
Women shall rule the boxes and the pit,
Give laws to love, and influence to wit.
Find me one man of sense in all your roll,
Whom some one woman has not made a fool.
Even business, that intolerable load,
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they can manage, wou'd they plea-
'Tis not their want of wit, but love of ease.
For, spite of art, more wit in them appears,
Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs :

*Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren soil;
But when transplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found;
And 'tis but just they shou'd our wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting, patching, trade.
As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down:
At their own weapons they our bulwarks awe,
Faith, let them make an antialic law,
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the boys.*

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. DUKE.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics rage ;
But with the sound of raising and of rhyme,
Like bees, united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
And buz is greater than it was before.
But Ob! ye leading voters of the fit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house,
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuse,
And more indulgent to a trembling muse ;
Women for ends of Government more fit,
Women shall rule the boxes and the fit,
Give laws to love, and influence to wit.
Find me one man of sense in all your roil,
Whom some one woman has not made a fool.
Even business, that intolerable load,
Under which man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they can manage, wou'd they please ;
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Faith, let them make an antislavic law,
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the boys.*

The first of these is the fact that the
 world is not a homogeneous mass,
 but a collection of distinct nations,
 each with its own language, customs,
 and laws. This diversity is not
 a hindrance to progress, but a
 source of strength. For it is in
 the clash of different ideas and
 interests that the most valuable
 discoveries and reforms are made.
 We must therefore learn to respect
 the rights and opinions of all
 peoples, and to seek a common
 ground where we can all live
 together in peace and harmony.
 Only by such a policy can we
 hope to build a better world for
 ourselves and for our children.
 The second of these is the fact
 that the world is not a static
 entity, but a constantly changing
 one. The forces of nature and
 the progress of science are
 ever at work to reshape the
 face of the earth. We must
 therefore be prepared to meet
 the challenges of the future with
 courage and wisdom. For it is
 only by embracing change and
 striving for improvement that we
 can truly advance as a species.
 The third and final of these
 is the fact that the world is not
 a selfish place, but a community.
 Our actions have consequences
 that reach far beyond our own
 borders. We must therefore
 think of ourselves not as
 individuals, but as members of
 a larger whole. For it is only
 when we all work together
 that we can truly create a
 better world for all.

*Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren soil;
But when transplanted to a richer ground,
Has in their Eden its perfection found;
And 'tis but just they shou'd our wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting, patching, trade,
As for our courage, to our shame 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down:
At their own weapons they our bullets awe,
Faith, let them make an antisalic law,
Prescribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the breeches, as they wear the boys.*

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. DUKE.

LONG has the tribe of poets on the stage
Groan'd under persecuting critics rage;
But with the sound of raving and of rhyme,
Like bees, united by the tinkling chime,
The little stinging insects swarm the more,
And buzz is greater than it was before.
But Ob! ye leading voters of the pit,
That infect others with your too much wit,
That well-affected members do seduce,
And with your malice poison half the house,
Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway
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By their own weapons they our bullics awe,
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to ribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
we wear the breeches, as they wear the boys.*

Dramatis Personae.

Men.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS,	Mr. Betterton.
TITUS,	Mr. Smith.
TIBERIUS,	Mr. Williams.
COLLATINUS,	Mr. Wiltshire.
VALERIUS,	Mr. Gillow.
HORATIUS,	Mr. Norris.
AQUILIUS,	
VITELLIUS,	
JUNIUS,	
FECILIAN PRIESTS, . . .	Mr. Percival, Mr. Freeman.
VINDITIUS,	Mr. Nokes.
FABRITIUS,	Mr. Jeron.
CITIZENS, &c.	

Women.

SEMPRONIA,	Lady Slingsby.
LUCRETIA,	Mrs. Betterton.
TERAMINTA,	Mrs. Barrey.

Scene, *Rome.*



LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS,

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Titus, Teraminta.

OH TERAMINTA, why this face of tears?
Since first I saw thee, till this happy day,
Thus hast thou pass'd thy melancholy hours,
Ev'n in the court retir'd; stretch'd on a bed,
In some dark room, with all the curtains drawn;
Or in some garden, o'er a flow'ry bank,
Melting thy sorrows in the murmuring stream;
Or in some pathless wilderness amusing,
Plucking the mossy bark of some old tree,
Or poring, like a Sybil, on the leaves,
What, now the priest should join us! Oh, ye Gods!
What can you proffer me in vast exchange
For this ensuing night? Not all the days

Of crowning Kings, of conquering Generals,
 Not all the expectation of hereafter,
 With what bright Fame can give in th' other world,
 Should purchase thee this night one minute from me.

Ter. Oh, Titus! if since first I saw the light,
 Since I began to think on my misfortune,
 And take a prospect of my certain woes,
 If my sad soul has entertain'd a hope
 Of pleasure here, or harbour'd any joy
 But what the presence of my Titus gave me;
 Add, add, ye cruel Gods, to what I bear,
 And break my heart before him.

Titus. Break first th' eternal chain; for when thou'rt
 gone

The world to me is chaos. Yes, Teraminta,
 So close the everlasting Sisters wove us,
 Whene'er we part, the stings of both must crack:
 Once more, I do intreat thee, give the grave
 Thy sadness; let me press thee in my arms,
 My fairest bride, my only lightness here,
 Tune of my heart, and charmer of my eyes!
 'Nay, thou shalt learn the ecstasy from me,
 'I'll make thee smile with extravagant passion,
 'Drive thy pale fears away, and ere the morn,
 'I swear, Oh Teraminta, Oh my love,
 'Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into blushes.'

Ter. Oh, Titus! may I, ought I to believe you?
 Remember, Sir, I am the blood of Tarquin;
 The basest too.

Titus. Thou art the blood of Heav'n,

the kindest influence of the teeming stars ;
 the seed of Tarquin ; no, 'tis forg'd t'abuse thee :
 God thy father was, a Goddess was his wife ;
 the Wood-nymphs found thee on a bed of roses,
 set in the sweets and beauties of the Spring ;
 and foster'd thee with nectar dews,
 thus tender, blooming, chaste, she gave thee me
 to build a temple sacred to her name ;
 which I will do, and wed thee there again.

Ter. Swear then, my Titus, swear you'll ne'er up-
 braid me,

fear that your love shall last like mine for ever ;
 the turn of state or empire, no misfortune,
 shall e'er estrange you from me : swear, I say ;
 that, if you should prove false, I may at least
 have something still to answer to my fate ;
 fear, swear, my Lord, that you will never hate me,
 but to your death still cherish in your bosom
 the poor, the fond, the wretched Teraminta.

Titus. Till death ! nay, after death, if possible.

resolve me still with questions of this nature,
 while I return my answer all in oaths :
 more than thou cans't demand I swear to do.
 This night, this night shall tell thee how I love thee :
 When words are at a loss, and the mute soul
 pours out herself in sighs and gasping joys,
 life-grasps, the pangs of bliss, and murmuring plea-
 sures :

Thou shalt confess all language then is vile,
 and yet believe me most without my vowing.

Enter BRUTUS, with a Flamen.

But see, my father with a Flamen here!
The court comes on; let's slip the busy crowd.
' And steal into the eternal knot of love.' [Exit

Brut. Did Sextus, say'st thou, lie at Collatia,
At Collatine's house last night?

Fla. My Lord, he did.
Where he, with Collatine, and many others,
Had been some nights before.

Brut. Ha! if before,
Why did he come again?

Fla. Because, as rumour spreads,
He fell most passionately in love with her.

Brut. What then?

Fla. Why, is't not strange?

Brut. Is she not handsome?

Fla. Oh, very handsome.

Brut. Then 'tis not strange at all:
What, for a King's son to love another man's wife!
Why, Sir, I've known the King has done the same:
Faith, I myself, who am not us'd to caper,
Have sometimes had th' unlawful itch upon me:
Nay, pr'ythee priest, come thou and help the number.
Ha! my old boy, the company is not scandalous:
Let's go to hell together; confess the truth,
Did'st thou ne'er steal from the Gods an hour, or so,
To mumble a new prayer——
' With a young fleshy whore in a bawdy corner? ha?

My Lord, your servant. Is this the fool—the madman?

It may be what he will, he spoke the truth :
For fools be thus, they're dangerous fellows.

[Exit.

7. [Solus.] Occasion seems in view ; something
there is

Marquins's last abode at Collatine's :
Entertain'd, and early gone this morning !
The matron ruffled, wet, and dropping tears,
She had lost her wealth in some black storm !
The body, on some great surprize,
The heart still calls from the discolour'd face,
Every part, the life and spirits down :
The creature comes to Rome, and summons all her blood,
Her face is fair ; but chaste, as the fann'd snow
Is bolted o'er by the black northern blasts ;
Such this starry cold and frozen beauty,
Watch'd and guarded by her waking virtue,
Etern, though I fear inimitable,
With succeeding wives. Oh Brutus ! Brutus !
How can will the tedious Gods permit thy soul
To walk abroad in her own majesty,
To throw this vizard of thy madness from thee ?
What but infinite spirit, propt by Fate,
Empire's weight to turn on, could endure,
How hast done, the labours of an age,
With flouts, scoffs, reproaches, pities, scorns,
With pities almost to blows sustain'd,
Twenty pressing years, and by a Roman ?

To act deformity in thousand shapes,
 To please the greater monster of the two,
 That cries, "Bring forth the beast, and let him tumble
 With all variety of aping madness,
 To bray, and bear more than the ass's burden :
 Sometimes to whoot and scream, like midnight owls
 Then screw my limbs like a distorted satyr,
 The world's grimace, th' eternal laughing-stock
 Of town and court, the block, the jest of Rome ;
 Yet all the while not to my dearest friend,
 To my own children, nor my bosom wife,
 Disclose the weighty secret of my soul.
 Oh Rome, Oh mother, be thou th' impartial judge.
 If this be virtue, which yet wants a name,
 Which never any age could parallel,
 And worthy of the foremost of thy sons !

Enter HORATIUS and MUTIUS.

Mut. Horatius, heard'st thou where Sextus was last night ?

Hor. Yes, at Collatia : 'tis the buz of Rome ;
 'Tis more than guess'd that there has been foul play,
 Else, why should Lucrece come in this sad manner
 To old Lucretius' house, and summon thither
 Her father, husband, each distinct relation ?

Enter FABRITIUS, with Courtiers.

Mut. Scatter it through the city, raise the people,
 And find Valerius out : Way, Horatius !

[Exeunt severally.]

Pr'ythee let's talk no more on't. Look, here's Brutus: come, come, we'll divert ourselves; for 't is just, that we who sit at the helm should now en untruffle our state affairs with the impertinence of a fool. Pr'ythee, Brutus, what's a clock?

Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos; the Fates are let them but strike, and I'll lead you a dance,isters.

But hark you, Brutus, dost thou hear the news rece?

Yes, yes; and I heard of the wager that was on you, among you whoring lords, at the siege; ha, boys! about your handsome wives.

Well; and how, and how?

How you bounc'd from the board, took horse, e like madmen, to find the gentle Lucrece at; but how found her? why working with her at midnight. Was not this monstrous, and out of the fashion? Fine stuff indeed, to sit, and pinking, and pricking of arras? ' Now, light, my Lord, your wife made better use of cushion.'

My wife, my Lord? By Mars, my wife!—
Why should she not, when all the royal nurses same? What, what, my Lord, did you not at it, when you came from Collatia to Rome? your wife; and your's, Flaminius; with Tullus, turning the crystals up, dashing the wind the Fates defying? Now, by the Gods, I

think 'twas civil in you, discreetly done, Sir, not to interrupt 'em. But for your wife, Fabritius, I'll be sworn for her, she would not keep 'em company.

Fab. No marry, would she not; she hates debauchery; how have I heard her rail at Terentia, and tell her next her heart upon the qualms, that drinking wine so late, and tipping spirits, would be the death of her?

Brut. Hark you, gentlemen, if you would but be secret now, I could unfold such a business—myself on't, a very plot upon the court,

Fab. Out with it; we swear secrecy,

Brut. Why then, then, To-morrow Tullia goes to the camp; and I being master of the household, have command to sweep the court of all its furniture, and send it packing to the wars; panders, sycophants, idle start rogues, fine knaves and surly rascals; set down easy, supple, cringing, passing, smiling villains; all all to the wars,

Fab. By Mars, I do not like this plot,

Brut. Why, is it not a plot? A plot upon yourselves, your persons, families, and your relations even to your wives, mothers, sisters, all your kindred for whores too are included, setters too, and what procurers; bag and baggage; all, all to the wars. Hence, all rubbish, lumber out; and not a board left behind, to put you in hopes of hatching what hereafter.

Fab. Hark, Lartius, he'll run from fooling to fit madness, and beat our brains out. The devil to

the hindmost. Your servant, sweet Brutus; noble,
honourable Brutus. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter TITUS.

Titus. 'Tis done, 'tis done, auspicious Heav'n has
join'd us,
And I this night shall hold her in my arms.
Oh, Sir!—

Brut. Oh, Sir! that exclamation was too high:
Such raptures ill become the troubled times;
No more of 'em. And by the way, my Titus,
Renounce your Teraminta.

Titus. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. How now, my boy?

Titus. Your counsel comes too late, Sir.

Brut. Your reply, Sir,
Comes too ill-manner'd, pert, and saucy, Sir.

Titus. Sir, I am marry'd.

Brut. What, without my knowledge?

Titus. My Lord, I ask your pardon; but that
Hymen—

Brut. Thou liest; that honourable God would scorn it.
Some bawdy Flamen shuffled you together;
Priapus lock'd you, while the Bacchanals
Sung your detested Epithalamium.
Which of thy blood were the curs'd witnesses?
Who would be there at such polluted rites
But goats, baboons, some chatt'ring old Silenus;
Or satyrs, 'grinning at your slimy joys?'

Titus. Oh, all the Gods! my lord, your son is mar-
To Tarquin's——

Brut. Bastard.

Titus. No, his daughter,

Brut. No matter;

To any of his blood, if it be his,
There is such natural contagion in it,
Such a congenial devil in his spirit,
Name, lineage, stock, that but to own a part
Of his relation, is to profess thyself
Sworn slave of hell, and bondman to the furies,
Thou art not marry'd.

Titus. Oh, is this possible?

This change that I behold? No part of him
The same; nor eyes, nor mien, nor voice, nor gait

Brut. Oh, that the Gods would give my arm
vigour

To shake this soft, effeminate, lazy soul
Forth from thy bosom! No, degenerate boy,
Brutus is not the same; the Gods have wak'd him
From dead stupidity, to be a scourge,
A living torment to thy disobedience.
Look on my face, view my eyes flame, and tell me
If ought thou seest but glory and revenge,
A blood-shot anger, and a burst of fury,
When I but think of Tarquin. Damn the monster
Fetch him, you judges of th' eternal deep,
Arraign him, chain him, plunge him in double sin
If after this thou seest a tenderness,
A woman's tear come o'er my resolution,

Think, Titus, think, my son, 'tis Nature's fault
Not Roman Brutus, but a father now.

Titus. Oh, let me fall low as the earth permits me,
And thank the Gods for this most happy change,
That you are now, although to my confusion,
That awful, godlike, and commanding Brutus,
Which I so oft have wish'd you, which sometimes
I thought imperfectly you were, or might be,
When I have taken unawares your soul
At a broad glance, and forc'd her to retire!
Ah, my dear Lord, you need not add new threats,
New marks of anger to complete my ruin,
Your Titus has enough to break his heart
When he remembers that you durst not trust him:
Yes, yes, my Lord, I have a thousand frailties;
The mould you cast me in, the breath, the blood,
And spirit which you gave me, are unlike
The godlike author; yet you gave 'em, Sir:
And sure, if you had pleas'd to honour me,
T' immortalize my name to after ages,
By imparting your high cares, I should have found
At least so much hereditary virtue
As not to have divulg'd them.

Brut. Rise, my son;
Be satisfy'd thou art the first that know'st me;
A thousand accidents and fated causes
Rush against every bulwark I can raise,
And half unhinge my soul. For now's the time
To shake the building of the tyrant down.
As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,

And seems to kindle from the setting stars ;
 So from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime,
 And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
 Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
 I see the pillars of his kingdom totter ;
 The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lanthorn
 That lights my genius down to the foundation.
 Leave me to work, my Titus ; Oh, my son !
 For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
 That must ere night purge all the Roman air ;
 And then the thunder of his ruin follows.
 No more ; but haste thee to Lucretius ;
 I hear the multitude, and must among them.
 Away, my son.

Titus. Bound, and obedient ever.

Enter VINDITIUS, with Plebeians.

1st Cit. Jupiter, defend us ! I think the firmament
 all on a light fire. Now, neighbour, as you were say-
 ing, as to the cause of lightning and thunder, and for
 the nature of prodigies.

Vin. What ! a taylor, and talk of lightning and thun-
 der ! Why, thou walking shred, thou moving bottom,
 thou upright needle, thou shaving edging skirt, thou
 flip-flap of a man, thou vaulting flea, thou nit, thou
 nothing, dost thou talk of prodigies when I am by ?
O tempora ! O mores ! But, neighbours, as I was say-
 ing, what think you of Valerius ?

All Valerius, Valerius !

know you are piping hot for sedition ; yes

gape for rebellion; But what's the near? For look
u, Sirs, we the people in the body politic are but
the guts of government; therefore we may rumble and
grumble, and croke our hearts out, if we have never
a head: why, how shall we be nourish'd? Therefore
say, let us get us a head, a head, my masters.

Brut. Protect me, Jove, and guard me from the
phantom!

Can this so horrid apparition be?

Is it but the making of my fancy?

Vin. Ha, Erutus! what, where is this apparition?

1st Cit. This is the tribune of the Celeres;
a notable head-piece, and the King's jester.

Brut. By Jove, a prodigy!

Vin. Nay, like enough; the Gods are very angry:
I know they are, they told me so themselves;
I look you, neighbours, I for my own part
have seen to day fourscore and nineteen prodigies and
a half.

Brut. But this is a whole one. Oh most horrible!
Look, Vinditius, yonder, o'er that part
of th' capitol; just, just there, man—yonder, look.

Vin. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. I always took thee for a quicksighted fellow:
What, art thou blind? Why, yonder, all o'er fire;
it vomits lightning; 'tis a monstrous dragon.

Vin. Oh, see it: Oh Jupiter and Juno! By the Gods
I see it:

Look, neighbours, look, look, look on his filthy nostrils!
He has eyes like flaming saucers; and a belly

Like a burning caldron; with such a swinging tail:
 'And Oh, a thing, a thing that's all o' fire!'

Brut. Ha! now it fronts us with a head that's
 mark'd

With Tarquin's name: and see, 'tis thunder-struck!
 Look yonder, how it whizzes through the air!
 The Gods have struck it down; 'tis gone, 'tis vanish'd.
 Oh! neighbours, what, what should this portent mean!

Vin. Mean! why, 'tis plain; did we not see the
 mark

Upon the beast? Tarquin's the dragon, neighbours,
 Tarquin's the dragon, and the Gods shall swinge him.

All. A dragon, a Tarquin.

1st Cit. Mercy: for my part I saw nothing.

Vin. How, rogue? why, this is prodigy on prodigy!
 Down with him, knock him down; what, not see the
 dragon?

1st Cit. Mercy: I did, I did; a huge monstrous
 dragon.

Brut. So; not a word of this, my masters, not for
 your lives:

Meet me anon at the Forum; but not a word.
 Vinditius, tell 'em the Tribune of the Celeres
 Intends this night to give them an oration.

[*Exit Vindit. and Rabble.*]

Enter LUCRECE, VALERIUS, LUCRETIUS, MUTIUS,
 HERMINIUS, HORATIUS, TITUS, TIBERIUS, COL-
 LATINUS.

Brut. Ha!

'? So near, you C[—]

ripe your judgments? Nay, then let 'em break,
 and burst the hearts of those that have deserv'd them.

Lucrece. Oh Collatine! Art thou come?

As, my husband! O my love! my lord!

Coll. O Lucrece! see, I have obey'd thy summons;
 I have thee in my arms; but speak, my fair,
 why is all well?

Lucrece. Away, and do not touch me:
 I am not near, but touch me not. My father too!
 Brutus, art thou here?

Luc. Thou seest I am.
 Tell me, and relate thy lamentable story.

Lucrece. If there be Gods, Oh, will they not revenge
 me?

How near, my Lord; for sure you have a share
 in these strange woes. Ah, Sir, what have you done?
 Why did you bring that monster of mankind,
 the other night, to curse Collatia's walls?
 Why did you blast me with that horrid visage,
 and blot my honour with the blood of Tarquin?

Coll. Oh all the Gods!

Lucrece. Alas, they are far off;
 but sure they would have help'd the wretched Lucrece.
 Hear then, and tell it to the wond'ring world:
 Last night the lustful bloody Sextus came
 to me, and benighted, to Collatia,
 intending, as he said, for Rome next morning;
 but in the dead of night, just when soft sleep
 had seal'd my eyes, and quite becalm'd my soul,
 I thought a horrid voice thus thund'ring in my ear,

“ Lucrece, thou’rt mine, arise and meet my arm
 When straight I wak’d and found young Tarquin!
 ‘ His robe unbutton’d, red and sparkling eyes,
 The flushing blood that mounted in his face,
 The trembling eagerness that quite devour’d him
 With only one grim slave that held a taper,
 At that dead stillness of the murd’ring night,
 Sufficiently declar’d his horrid purpose.

Coll. Oh, Lucrece, Oh!——

Lucrece. How is it possible to speak the passion
 The fright, the throes, and labour of my soul?
 Ah, Collatine! half dead I turn’d away
 To hide my shame, my anger, and my blushes,
 While he at first with a dissembled mildness
 Attempted on my honour;——
 But hastily repuls’d, and with disdain
 He drew his sword, and locking his left hand
 Fast in my hair, he held it to my breast:
 Protesting by the Gods, the furies and furies,
 If I refus’d him he would give me death,
 And swear he found me with that swarthy slave
 Whom he would leave there murder’d by my side.

Brut. Villain! Damn’d Villain!

Luc. Ah Collatine! Oh Father! Junius Brutus
 All that are kin to this dishonour’d blood,
 How will you view me now? Ah, how forgive
 Yet think not, Collatine, with my last tears,
 With these last sighs, these dying groans, I beg
 I do conjure my love, my lord, my husband,
 Oh think me not consenting once in thought,

Though he in act possess'd his furious pleasure;
 For, oh the name! the name of an adult'ress!—
 But here I faint! Oh help me!

Imagine me, my Lord, but what I was,
 And what I shortly shall be, cold and dead.

Coll. Oh you avenging Gods! Lucrece, my love!
 I swear I do not think thy soul consenting;
 And therefore I forgive thee.

Lucrece. Ah, my Lord!

Were I to live, how should I answer this?
 All that I ask you now is to revenge me;
 Revenge me, father, husband!—Oh revenge me,
 Revenge me, Brutus! you his sons, revenge me!
 Herminius, Mutius, thou Horatius too!
 And thou, Valerius! all, revenge me all!
 Revenge the honour of the ravish'd Lucrece!

All. We will revenge thee.

Lucrece. I thank you all; I thank you, noble Romans:

And that my life, though well I know you wish it,
 May not hereafter ever give example
 To any that, like me, shall be dishonour'd,
 To live beneath so loath'd an infamy;
 Thus I for ever lose it, thus set free
 My soul, my life, and honour, altogether:
 Revenge me; Oh revenge, revenge, revenge! [*Dies.*]

Luc. Struck to the heart—already motionless!

Coll. Oh give me way, t' embalm her with my tears;
 For who has that propriety of sorrow?
 Who dares to claim an equal share with me?

Brut. That, Sir, dare I; and every Roman be
 What now? At your laments? Your puling sig
 And woman's drops? Shall these quit scores for
 For chastity, for Rome, and violated honour?
 Now, by the Gods, my soul disdains your tears:
 There's not a common harlot in the shambles
 But for a drachm shall outweep you all.
 Advance the body nearer; see, my Lords,
 Behold, you dazzled Romans, from the wound
 Of this dead beauty, thus I draw the dagger,
 All stain'd and reeking with her sacred blood:
 Thus to my lips I put the hallow'd blade;
 'To your's, Lucretius; Collatinus, your's;
 To your's, Herminius, Mutius, and Horatius;
 And your's, Valerius: kiss the poniard round:
 Now join your hands with mine, and swear, sw
 By this chaste blood, chaste ere the royal villain
 Mixt his foul spirits with the spotless mass:
 Swear, and let the Gods be witnesses,
 That you with me will drive proud Tarquin o
 His wife, th' imperial fury, and her sons,
 With all the race; drive 'em with sword and
 To the world's limits, profligate accurst:
 Swear from this time never to suffer them,
 Nor any other King, to reign in Rome.

All. We swear.

Brut. Well have you sworn; and Oh, 1

see

The Lovering spirit of the ravish'd matron
 Look down; she bows her airy head to ble

And crown th' auspicious sacrament with smiles.
 Thus, with her body high expos'd to view,
 March to the Forum with this pomp of death.
 Oh Lucrece ! Oh !——

When to the clouds thy pile of fame is rais'd,
 While Rome is free thy memory shall be prais'd :
 Senate and people, wives and virgins all,
 Shall once a year before thy statue fall ;
 Cursing the Tarquins, they thy fate shall mourn :
 But, when the thoughts of Liberty return,
 Shall bless the happy hour when thou wert born.

[*Exeunt* :

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forum. TIBERIUS, FABRITIUS, LARTIUS,
 and FLAMINIUS.

Tiberius.

FABRITIUS, Lartius, and Flaminius,
 As you are Romans, and oblig'd by Tarquin,
 I dare confide in you ; I say again,
 Though I could not refuse the oath he gave us,
 I disapprove my father's undertaking :
 I'm loyal to the last, and so will stand.
 I am in haste, and must to Tullia.

Fab. Leave me, my Lord, to deal with the multitude.

Tib. Remember this in short : A King is one
 To whom you may complain when you are wrong'd ;

The throne lies open in your way for justice;
 You may be angry, and may be forgiven.
 There's room for favour, and for benefit,
 Where friends and enemies may come together
 Have present hearing, present composition,
 Without recourse to the litigious laws;
 Laws that are cruel, deaf, inexorable,
 That cast the vile and noble altogether;
 Where, if you should exceed the bounds of or
 There is no pardon: Oh! 'tis dangerous,
 To have all actions judg'd by rigorous law.
 What, to depend on innocence alone,
 Among so many accidents and errors
 That wait on human life? Consider it;
 Stand fast, be loyal—I must to the Queen.

Fab. A pretty speech, by Mercury! Look you
 tius, when the words lie like a low wrestler,
 close, and short, squat, pat, and pithy.

Lar. But what should we do here, Fabritius:
 multitude will tear us in pieces.

Fab. 'Tis true, Lartius, the multitude is
 thing, a strange blunder-headed monster, an
 unruly; but eloquence is such a thing, a fine, r
 florid, pathological speech! but see, the hydra
 let me alone; fear not; I say, fear not.

Enter VINDITIUS, with Plebeians.

Vin. Come, neighbours, rank yourselves, plar
 selves, set yourselves in order, the Gods are very
 I'll say that for 'em: poh, poh, I begin to w

ready; and they'll find us work enough to-day, I'll tell you that. And to say truth, I never lik'd Tarquin, before I saw the mark in his forehead: for look you, Sirs, I am a true commonwealthsman, and do not naturally love Kings, though they be good; for why should any one man have more power than the people? Is he bigger or wiser than the people? Has he more guts or more brains than the people? What can he do for the people, that the people can't do for themselves? Can he make corn grow in a famine? Can he give us rain in drought? or make our pots boil, though the devil piss in the fire?

1st Cit. For my part, I hate all courtiers; and I think I have reason for't.

Vin. Thou reason! Well, Taylor, and what's thy reason?

1st Cit. Why, Sir, there was a crew of 'em t'other night got drunk, broke my windows, and handled my wife.

Vin. How, neighbours? Nay, now the fellow has reason, look you: his wife handled! Why, this a matter of moment.

1st Cit. Nay, I know there were some of the Princes, for I heard Sextus his name.

Vin. I, I, the King's sons, my life for't; some of the King's sons. Well, these roaring Lords never do any good among us Citizens: they are ever breaking the peace, running in our debts, and swinging our wives.

Fab. How long at length, thou many-headed monster,
 You bulls, and bears, you roaring beasts and bandogs,
 Porters and coblers, tinkers, taylors, ' all
 ' You rascally sons of whores in a civil government,'
 How long, I say, dare you abuse our patience?
 Does not the thought of rods and axes fright you?
 Does not our presence, ha, these eyes, these faces
 Strike you with trembling? Ha!

Vin. Why, what have we here? A very spit-fire;
 ' the crack-fart of the court.' Hold, let me see him
 nearer: yes, neighbours, this is one of 'em, one of your
 roaring 'squires that poke us in the night, beat the
 watch, ' and deflower our wives.' I know him, neigh-
 bours, for all his bouncing and his swearing; this is a
 court-pimp, a bawd, one of Tarquin's bawds.

Fab. Peace, thou obstreperous rascal; I am a man
 of honour, one of the Equestrian order, my name
 Fabritius.

Vin. Fabritius! Your servant, Fabritius. Down with
 him, neighbours; an upstart rogue; this is he that
 was the Queen's coachman, and drove the chariot over
 her father's body: down with him, down with 'em all,
 bawds, pimps, panders.

Fab. O mercy, mercy, mercy!

Vin. Hold, neighbours, hold; as we are great, let us
 be just. You, sirrah; you of the Equestrian order,
 knight? Now, by Jove, he has the look of a pimp; I
 find we can't save him. Rise, Sir Knight, and tell
 me before the Majesty of the People, what have you
 to say, that you should not have your neck broke down

Tarpeian rock, your body burnt, and your ashes
wa in the Tiber?

b. Oh! oh! oh!

v. A courtier! a sheep-biter! Leave off your
bering, and confess.

b. Oh! I will confess, I will confess.

v. Answer me then. Was you not once the
n's coachman?

b. I was, I was.

v. Did you not drive her chariot over the body of
ther, the dead King Tullus?

b. I did, I did; though it went against my con-
e.

v. So much the worse. Have you not since abused
ood people, by seducing the citizens' wives to
for the King's sons? Have you not by your bawds'
been the occasion of their making assault on the
of many a virtuous disposed gentlewoman?

b. I have, I have.

v. Have you not wickedly held the door while the
hters of the wise citizens have had their vessels
en up?

b. Oh, I confess many a time and often.*

For all which services to your princes, and so
deserving of the commonwealth, you have re-
the honour of knighthood?

Mercy, mercy, I confess it all.

Hitherto I have helped you to spell, now pray
ether for yourself, and confess the whole matter
e words.

Fab. I was at first the son of a carman, came honour of being Tullia's coachman, have been a knight at the mercy of the people.

Vin. Well, I am moved, my bowels are s take 'em away, and let 'em only be hang'd: aw: 'em, away with 'em.

Fab. Oh mercy! help, help!

Vin. Hang 'em, rogues, pimps, hang 'em, Why, look you, neighbours, this is law, rigl justice: this is the People's law, and I thinl better than the arbitrary power of Kings. Wt was trial, condemnation, and execution, witho ado. Hark, hark, what have we here? Look the tribune of the Celeres! Bring forth the pul pulpit.

[*Trumpets sound a dead march.*]

Enter BRUTUS, VALERIUS, HERMINIUS, M HORATIUS, LUCRETIUS, COLLATINUS, RIUS, TITUS, *with the body of* LUCRECE.

Val. I charge you fathers, nobles, Romans, Magistrates, all you people, hear Valerius. This day, O Romans, is a day of wonders, The villanies of Tarquin are compleat: To lay whose vices open to your view, To give you reasons for his banishment, With the expulsion of his wicked race, The Gods have chosen Lucius Junius Brutus, The stupid, senseless, and illiterate Brutus,

Their orator in this prodigious cause :
Let him ascend, and silence be proclaim'd.

Via. A Brutus, a Brutus, a Brutus! silence there ;
Silence, I say, silence on pain of death.

Brut. Patricians, people, friends, and Romans all,
Had not th' inspiring Gods by wonder brought me
From clouded sense to this full day of reason,
Whence, with a prophet's prospect, I behold
The state of Rome, and danger of the world ;
Yet in a cause like this, methinks the weak,
Enervate, stupid Brutus might suffice :

Oh the eternal Gods! bring but the statues
Of Romulus and Numa, plant 'em here,
On either hand of this cold Roman wife,
Only to stand and point that public wound ;
Oh Romans, Oh, what use would be of tongues !
What orator need speak while they were by ?
Would not the majesty of those dumb forms
Inspire your souls, and arm you for the cause ?
Would you not curse the author of the murder,
And drive him from the earth with sword and fire !
But where—methinks I hear the people shout,

hear the cry of Rome—Where is the monster ?
Bring Tarquin forth, bring the destroyer out,
By whose curs'd offspring lustful, bloody Sextus,
This perfect mould of Roman chastity,
This star of spotless and immortal fame,
This pattern for all wives, the Roman Lucrece,
Was foully brought to a disastrous end.

Vin. Oh, neighbours, Oh! I bury'd seven wives wi
out crying,

Nay, I never wept before in all my life.

Brut. Oh the immortal Gods, and thou great sta
Of falling Rome, if to his own relations,

(For Collatinus is a Tarquin too)

If wrongs so great to them, to his own blood,
What then to us, the nobles and the commons?

Not to remember you of his past crimes,
The black ambition of his furious Queen,
Who drove her chariot through the Cyprian street
On such a damn'd design as might have turn'd
The steeds of day, and shock'd the starting Gods,
Blest as they are, with an uneasy moment :

Add yet to this, Oh! add the horrid slaughter
Of all the princes of the Roman senate,
Invading fundamental right and justice,
Breaking the ancient customs, statutes, laws,
With positive pow'r, and arbitrary lust ;
And those affairs which were before dispatch'd
In public by the fathers, now are forc'd
To his own palace, there to be determin'd
As he and his portentous council please.

But then for you.

Vin. I, for the people, come,

And then, my mirmydons, to pot with him.

Brut. I say, if thus the nobles have been wrong'
What tongue can speak the grievance of the peop'

Vin. Alas, poor people !

Brut. You that were once a free-born people, fam'd
In his forefather's days for wars abroad,
The conquerors of the world; Oh Rome! Oh glory!
What are you now? What has the tyrant made you?
The slaves, the beasts, the asses of the earth,
The soldiers of the Gods mechanic labourers,
Drawers of water, taskers, timber-sellers,
Yok'd you like bulls, his very jades for luggage,
Drove you with scourges down to dig in quarries,
To cleanse his sinks, the scavengers o' th' court,
While his lewd sons, though not on work so hard,
Employ'd your daughters and your wives at home.

Fin. Yes, marry did they.

Brut. Oh all the Gods! What, are you Romans? Ha!
If this be true, why have you been so backward?
Oh sluggish souls! Oh fall of former glory!
That would not rouse unless a woman wak'd you!
Behold she comes, and calls you to revenge her;
Her spirit hovers in the air, and cries
"To arms, to arms; drive, drive the Tarquins out!"
Behold this dagger, taken from her wound,
She bids you fix this trophy on your standard,
This poniard which she stabb'd into her heart,
And bear her body in your battle's front:
Or will you stay till Tarquin does return,
To see your wives and children dragg'd about,
Your houses burnt, the temples all profan'd,
The city fill'd with rapes, adulteries,
The Tiber choak'd with bodies, all the shores
And neighb'ring rocks besmear'd with Roman blood?

Vin. Away, away, let's burn his palace first.

Brut. Hold, hold, my friends; as I have been th' in-
spirer

Of this most just revenge, so I intreat you,
Oh worthy Romans, take me with you still:
Drive Tullia out, and all of Tarquin's race;
Expel 'em without damage to their persons,
Though not without reproach. Vindictus, you
I trust in this: so prosper us the Gods,
Prosper our cause, prosper the commonwealth,
Guard and defend the liberty of Rome.

Vin. Liberty, liberty, liberty!

All. Liberty! &c.

[*Exit*]

Val. Oh Brutus, as a God we all survey thee;
Let then the gratitude we should express
Be lost in admiration. Well we know,
Virtue like thine, so fierce, so like the Gods,
'That more than thou presents we could not bear,
Looks with disdain on ceremonious honours;
'Therefore accept in short the thanks of Rome:
First with our bodies thus we worship thee,
'Thou guardian genius of the commonwealth,
'Thou father and redeemer of thy country;
Next we, as friends, with equal arms embrace thee,
'That Brutus may remember, though his virtue
Soar to the Gods, he is a Roman still.

Brut. And when I am not so, or once in thought
Conspire the bondage of my countrymen,
Strike me, you Gods; tear me, Oh Romans, piece-me:
And let your Brutus be more loath'd than Tarquin.

But now to those affairs that want a view.
 Imagine then the fame of what is done
 Has reach'd to Ardea, whence the trembling King,
 By guilt and nature, quick and apprehensive,
 With a bent brow comes post for his revenge,
 To make examples of the mutiniers:
 Let him come on. Lucretius, to your care
 The charge and custody of Rome is given;
 While we, with all the force that can be rais'd,
 Waving the Tarquins on the common road,
 Resolve to join the army at the camp.
 What thinks Valerius of the consequence?

Val. As of a lucky hit. There is a number
 Of malecontents that wish for such a time:
 I think that only speed is necessary
 To crown the whole event.

Brut. Go then yourself,
 With these assistants, and make instant head
 Well as you can, numbers will not be wanting
 To Mars his field: I have but some few orders
 To leave with Titus, that must be dispers'd,
 And Brutus shall attend you.

Val. The Gods direct you.

[Exeunt with the body of Lucrece.]

Manent BRUTUS and TITUS.

Brut. Titus, my son!

Titus. My ever honour'd Lord.

Brut. I think, my Titus,

Nay, by the Gods, I dare protest it to thee,
I love thee more than any of my children.

Titus. How, Sir, Oh how, my Lord, have I deserv'd it!

Brut. Therefore I love thee more, because, my son,
Thou hast deserv'd it; for to speak sincerely:
There's such a sweetness still in all thy manners,
An air so open, and a brow so clear,
A temper so remov'd from villainy,
With such a manly plainness in thy dealing,
That not to love thee, Oh my son, my Titus!
Were to be envious of so great a virtue..

Titus. Oh all the Gods, where will this kindness end?
Why do you thus, Oh my too gracious Lord,
Dissolve at once the being that you gave me;
Unless you mean to screw me to performance
Beyond the reach of man?
Ah why, my Lord, do you oblige me more
Than my humanity can e'er return?

Brut. Yes, Titus, thou conceiv'st thy father right,
I find our Genji know each other well;
And minds, my son, of our uncommon make,
When once the mark's in view never shoot wide,
But in a line come level to the white,
And hit the very heart of our design:
Then to the shocking purpose. Once again
I say, I swear, I love thee, Oh my son!
I like thy frame, the fingers of the Gods,
I see, have left their mastery upon thee;
They have been tapering up thy Roman form,
And the majestic prince at large appears;
Yet something they have left for me to finish,

Which thus I press thee to, thus in my arms
fashion thee, I mould thee to my heart.

What? Dost thou kneel? Nay, stand up now a Roman,
hake from thy lids that dew that hangs upon 'em,
And answer to th' austerity of my virtue.

Titus. If I must die, you Gods, I am prepar'd;
Let then my fate suffice; but do not rack me
With something more.

Brut. Titus, as I remember,
You told me you were marry'd.

Titus. My Lord, I did.

Brut. To Tereminta, Tarquin's natural daughter.

Titus. Most true, my Lord, to that poor virtuous maid,
Your Titus, Sir, your most unhappy son,
is joined for ever.

Brut. No, Titus, not for ever.
Not but I know the virgin beautiful;
For I did oft converse her when I seem'd
Not to converse at all: yet more, my son,
I think her chastely good, most sweetly fram'd,
Without the smallest tincture of her father;
Yet, Titus——Ha! What, man? What, all in tears!
Art thou so soft, that only saying yet
Has dash'd thee thus? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
Down to the bottom of this foolish stream,
Whose brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my son,
If thou art mine, thou art not Tereminta's;
Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be,
Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Titus. O the Gods!

Forgive me, blood and duty, all respects
Due to a father's name, not Teraminta's!

Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not Teraminta's!
No, Titus, by th' eternal Fates, that hang,
I hope, auspicious o'er the head of Rome,
I'll grapple with thee on this spot of earth,
About this theme, till one of us fall dead:
I'll struggle with thee for this point of honour,
And tug with Teraminta for thy heart,
As I have done for Rome: yes, ere we part,
Fix'd as you are by wedlock, join'd and fast,
I'll set you far asunder: nay, on this,
'This spotted blade, bath'd in the blood of Lucrece,
I'll make thee swear, on this thy wedding night,
'Thou wilt not touch thy wife.

Titus. Conscience, heart and bowels,
Am I a man? Have I my flesh about me?

Brut. I know thou hast too much of flesh about thee;
'Tis that, my son, that and thy blood I fear
More than thy spirit, which is truly Roman:
But let the heated channels of thy veins
Boil o'er, I still am obstinate in this:
Thou shalt renounce thy father or thy love,
Either resolve to part with Teraminta,
To send her forth, with Tullia, to her father,
Oh shake hands with me, part, and be accurs'd:
Make me believe thy mother play'd me false,
And, in my absence, stamp'd thee with a Tarquin.

Titus. Hold, Sir, I do conjure you by the Gods
Wrong not my mother, though you doom me dead;

Curse me not till you hear what I resolve;
 Give me a little time to rouse my spirits,
 To muster all the tyrant-man about me,
 All that is fierce, austere, and greatly cruel,
 To Titus and his Teraminta's ruin.

Brut. Remember me; look on thy father's suff'rings,
 What he has borne for twenty rolling years;
 If thou hast nature, worth, or honour in thee,
 The contemplation of my cruel labours
 Will stir thee up to this new act of glory:
 Thou want'st the image of thy father's wrongs;
 Oh take it then, reflected with the warmth
 Of all the tenderness that I can give thee:
 Perhaps it stood in a wrong light before,
 I'll try all ways to place it to advantage.
 Learn by my rigorous Roman resolution
 To stiffen thy unharrass'd infant virtue:
 I do allow thee fond, young, soft, and gentle,
 Train'd by the charms of one that is most lovely;
 Yet, Titus, this must all be lost, when honour,
 When Rome, the world, and the Gods come to claim us;
 Think then thou heard'st 'em cry, "Obey thy father;
 If thou art false, or perjurd, there he stands
 Accountable to us; but swear t' obey;
 Implicitly believe him, that, if ought
 Be sworn amiss, thou may'st have nought to answer."

Titus. What is it, Sir, that you would have me swear,
 That I may 'scape your curse, and gain your blessing?

Brut. That thou this night will part with Teraminta.
 For once again I swear, if here she stays,

What for the hatred of the multitude,
 And my resolves to drive out Tarquin's race,
 Her person is not safe.

Titus. Here, take me, Sir,
 Take me before I cool: I swear this night
 That I will part with (Oh!) my Teraminta.

Brut. Swear too, and by the soul of ravish'd Lucrece
 Though on thy bridal night, thou wilt not touch her

Titus. I swear, e'en by the soul of her you nam'd
 'The ravish'd Lucrece, Oh th' immortal Gods!
 I will not touch her.

Brut. So; I trust thy virtue:
 And by the Gods I thank thee for the conquest.
 Once more, with all the blessings I can give thee
 I take thee to my arms; thus on my breast,
 'The hard and rugged pillow of thy honour,
 I wean thee from thy love: Farewell! be fast
 To what thou'st sworn and I am thine for ever

Titus. [*Solus.*] 'To what thou'st sworn! Oh he
 earth, what's that?

What have I sworn? To part with Teraminta
 To part with something dearer to my heart
 Than my life's drops? What! not this night
 Renounce my vows, the rights, the dues of
 Which now I gave her, and the priest was
 Bless'd with a flood that stream'd from her
 And seal'd with sighs, and smiles, and dew
 Yet after this to swear thou wilt not touch
 .Oh, all the Gods, I did forswear myself
 In swearing that, and will forswear again

Not touch her! O those paper'd druggs, where
Where are thy vaults, thy potentiahs now?

Enter TERAMINTA.

She comes to strike thy staggering duty down:
'Tis fall'n, 'tis gone. Oh, Teraminta, come,
Come to my arms, thou only joy of Titus!
Hush to my cares, thou man of boundless sweets,
Selected hour of all life's happy moments,
What shall I say to thee?

Ter. Say any thing;
For while you speak methinks a sudden calm,
In spite of all the horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted faculty,
And puts my soul in tune. O Titus, Oh!
Methinks my spirit shivers in her house,
Shrugging, as if she long'd to be at rest;
With this foresight, to die thus in your arms
Were to prevent a world of following ills.

Ter. What ills, my love? What power has fortune now
But we can brave?

Titus. 'Tis true, my Teraminta,
The body of the world is out of frame,
The vast distorted limbs are on the rack,
And all the cable sinews stretch'd to bursting;
The blood ferments, and the majestic spirit,
Like Hercules in the invenom'd shirt,
Lies in a fever on the horrid pile:
My father, like an *Æsculapius*
Sent by the Gods, comes boldly to the cure;

But how, my love! By violent remedies,
 And says that Rome, ere yet she can be well,
 Must purge and cast, purge all the infected humors
 Through the whole mass, and vastly, vastly bleed.

Ter. Ah Titus! I myself but now beheld
 Th' expulsion of the Queen, driv'n from her seat
 By the inrag'd and madding multitude,
 And hardly 'scap'd myself to find you here.

Titus. Why yet, my Teraminta, we must smile,
 Come then to bed, ere yet the night descends
 With her black wings to brood o'er all the world.
 Why, what care we? Let us enjoy these pleasures:
 The Gods have giv'n us, lock'd in each other's arms,
 We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at fate.

Ter. No, no, my Lord, there's more than you have
 nam'd,
 There's something at your heart that I must find;
 I claim it with the privilege of a wife:
 Keep close your joys; but for your griefs, my Titus,
 I must not, will not lose my share in them.
 Ah, the good Gods, what is it stirs you thus?
 Speak, speak, my Lord, or Teraminta dies.

Oh Heav'ns, he weeps! Nay, then upon my knees
 I thus conjure you speak, or give me death.

Titus. Rise, Teraminta. Oh, if I should speak
 What I have rashly sworn against my love,
 I fear that I should give thee death indeed.

Against your love! No, that's impossible;
 'Tis your god-like truth: nay, should you swear
 to me now that you forswore your love,

I would not credit it. No, no, my Lord,
I see, I know, I read it in your eyes,
You love the wretched Teraminta still;
The very manner of your hiding it,
The tears you shed, your backwardness to speak
What you affirm you swore against your love,
Tell me, my Lord, you love me more than ever.

Titus. By all the Gods I do: Oh Teraminta,
My heart's discernor, whether wilt thou drive me?
I'll tell thee then. My father wrought me up,
I know not how, to swear I know not what,
That I would send thee hence with Tullia,
Swear not to touch thee, though my wife; yet,
Oh,

Hadst thou been by thy self, and but bebold him,
Thou would'st have thought such was his majesty,
That the Gods lightened from his awful eyes,
And thunder'd from his tongue.

Ter. No more, my Lord:
I do conjure you by all those powers
Which we invok'd together at the altar,
And beg you by the love, I know, you bear me,
To let this passion trouble you no farther;
No, my dear Lord, my honour'd god-like husband,
I am your wife, and one that seeks your honour:
By heav'n I would have sworn you thus myself,
What, on the shock of empire, on the turn
Of state, and universal change of things,
To lie at home, and languish for a woman!
No, Titus, he that makes himself thus vile,

Let him not dare pretend to ought that's princely;
 But be, as all the warlike world shall judge him,
 The droll of th' people, and the scorn of Kings.

Enter HORATIUS.

Hor. My Lord, your father gives you thus in charge
 Remember what you swore; the guard is ready;
 And I am ordered to conduct your bride,
 While you attend your father.

Titus. Oh Teraminta!

Then we must part.

Ter. We must, we must, my Lord;

Therefore be swift, and snatch yourself away,
 Or I shall die with ling'ring.

Titus. Oh, a kiss,

Balmy as cordials that recover souls,
 Chaste as maids sighs, and keen as longing mothers!
 Preserve thyself; look well to that, my love;
 Think on our covenant: when either dies
 The other is no more.

Ter. I do remember,

But have no language left.

Titus. Yet we shall meet,

In spite of sighs we shall, at least in heaven.

Oh Teraminta, once more to my heart,

Once to my lips, and ever to my soul.

Thus the soft mother, though her babe is dead,

Will have the darling on her bosom laid,

Will talk, and rave, and with the nurses strive,

And fond it still, as if it were alive;

rs it must go, yet struggles with the crowd,
shrieks to see 'em wrap it in the shroud.

ACT III. SCENE I.

COLLATINUS, TIBERIUS, VIPELLIUS, and
AQUILIUS.

Collatinus.

expulsion of the Tarquins now must stand ;
camp to be surpriz'd while Tarquin here
colded from our walls ! I blush to think
such a master in the art of war
d so forget himself.

Triumphant Brutus,
Jove when follow'd by a train of Gods,
ingle with the Fates, and doom the world,
ids the brazen steps o'th' capitol,
all the humming senate at his heels ;
in that capitol which the King built
the expence of all the royal treasure,
teful Brutus there in pomp appears,
sits the purple judge of Tarquin's downfall.
Vi. But why, my Lord, why are you not there
too ?

you not chosen consul by whole Rome ?
are you not saluted too like him ?
re are your lictors ? Where your rods and axes ?
e you but the ape, the mimic God
is new thunderer, who appropriates

Those bolts of power which ought to be divided ?

Tib. Now by the Gods I hate his upstart pride,
His rebel thoughts of the imperial race,
His abject soul that stoops to court the vulgar,
His scorn of princes, and his lust to th' people ;
Oh Collatine, have you not eyes to find him ?
Why are you rais'd, but to set off his honours ?
A taper by the sun, whose sickly beams
Are swallow'd in the blaze of his full glory ;
He, like a meteor, wades th' abyss of light,
While your faint lustre adds but to the beard
That awes the world. When late through Rome he
pass'd,

Fix'd on his courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
On this, on that side, to the gazing heads
That pav'd the streets, and all imboss'd the windows,
That gap'd with eagerness to speak, but could not,
So fast their spirits flow'd to admiration,
And that to joy, which thus at last broke forth :
" Brutus, God Brutus, father of thy country !
Hail Genius, hail ! deliverer of lost Rome !
Shield of the commonwealth, and sword of justice !
Hail, scourge of tyrants, lash for lawless Kings !
All hail ! " they cry'd, while the long peal of praises,
Termented with a thousand echoing cries,
Ran like the volley of the Gods along.

Col. No more on't ; I grow sick with the remembrance.

Tib. But when you follow'd, how did their belying bodies,

That ventur'd from the common curse that fell
 To look at Brutus, nay, that stuck his nails
 Upon the walls, and from the benches top
 Hung down like dusting-bees upon each other,
 How did they all draw back at sight of you,
 To laze, and looll, and yawn, and not from spleen?
 Are you a man? Have you the blood of Kings
 And suffer this?

Col. Ha! Is he not his father?

Tib. I grant he is.

Consider this, and rouse yourself at home;
 Commend my fire, and rail at your own slanders.
 Yet more, remember but your last disgrace,
 When you propos'd, with reverence to the Gods,
 A king of sacrifices should be chosen,
 And from the comitia, did he not oppose you?
 Fearing, as well he might, your sure election;
 Saying, it smelt too much of royalty;
 And that it might ruf up the memory
 Of those that lov'd the tyrant? nay, yet more,
 That if the people chose you for the place,
 The name of King would light upon a Tarquin;
 Of one that's doubly royal, being descended
 From two great princes that were kings of Rome?

Col. But after all this, whether would'st thou drive?

Tib. I would to justice, for the restoration
 Of our most lawful prince: yes, Collatine,
 I look upon my father as a traitor;
 I find that neither you, nor brave Aquilius,
 Nor young Vitellius, dare confide in me:

But that you may, and firmly, to the state
Of all the world holds precious, once again
I say, I look on Brutus as a traitor,
No more my father, by th' immortal Gods;
And to redeem the time, to fix the King
On his imperial throne, some means propound
That savour of a govern'd policy,
Where there is strength and life to hope a
Net to throw all upon one desperate chance
I'll on as far as he that laughs at dying.

Col. Come to my arms: Oh thou so true!
Thou may'st redeem the errors of thy race
Aquilius, and Vitellius, Oh embrace him,
And ask his pardon, that so long we fear'd
To trust so rich a virtue. But behold,

Enter BRUTUS and VALERIUS

Brutus appears: young man, be satisfy'd,
I sound thy politic father to the bottom;
Plotting the assumption of Valerius;
He means to cast me from the consulship;
But now I heard how he cajol'd the people
With his known industry, and my remiss
That still in all our votes, proscriptions, &c
Against the King, he sound I acted faintly
Still closing every sentence, "he's a Tarqu"

Brut. No, my Valerius, till thou art my
Joint master in this great authority;
However calm the face of things appear,
Rome is not safe: by the majestic Gods

er, while Collatine sits at the helm
The universal wreck is to be fear'd:
The intelligence of his transactions,
Engages with the young hot blood of Rome,
Himself inward, grudges my applause,
And sets cabals with highest quality,
To lead long youth as spurning laws and manners,
In the late debaucheries of Sextus,
Therefore wish the tyrant here again:
Inverted seasons shock'd wise men,
The most fix'd philosophy must start
In wint'ry winters, and at frosty summers;
His most unnatural stillness here,
More than midnight silence through all Rome,
The deadness of discourse, and dreadful calm
To great a change, I more admire
If a hundred politic heads were met,
To add mutiny to one another;
I fear than if a thousand lying libels
Were spread abroad, nay, dropt among the senate.

I have myself employ'd a busy slave,
To me Vinditius, given him wealth and freedom,
To catch the motions of Vitellius,
The rose of the Aquilian family:
He has already entertain'd him;
Something thence important may be gather'd,
From these, of all the youth of quality,
The most inclin'd to Tarquin and his race
In word and humour.

Oh, Valerius!

That boy, observ'st thou? Oh, I fear, my friend,
 He is a weed, but rooted in my heart,
 And grafted to my stock; if he prove rank,
 By Mars no more but thus, away with him:
 I'll tear him from me though the blood should follow
 Tiberius.

Tib. My Lord!

Brut. Sirrah, no more of that Vitellius;
 I warn'd you too of young Aquilius:
 Are my words wind that thus you let 'em pass?
 Hast thou forgot thy father?

Tib. No, my Lord.

Brut. Thou ly'st; but though thou scape a father's
 rod,

The consul's ax may reach thee: think on that,
 I know thy vanity, and blind ambition;
 Thou dost associate with my enemies:
 When I refus'd the consul Collatine
 To be the king of sacrifices, straight,
 As if thou had'st been sworn his bosom fool,
 He nam'd thee for the office: and since that,
 Since I refus'd thy madness that preferment,
 Because I would have none of Brutus' blood
 Pretend to be a King, thou hang'st thy head,
 Contriv'st to give thy father new displeasure,
 As if imperial toil were not enough
 To break my heart without thy disobedience.
 But by the majesty of Rome I swear,
 If after double warning thou despise me,
 By all the Gods, I'll cast thee from my blood,

on thee to forks and whips as a barbarian,
I leave thee to the lashes of the victor.
Quinius Collatinus, you are summon'd
to meet the senate on the instant time.

Coll. Lead on: my duty is to follow Brutus,

[Exit Brut. Val.]

Tib. Now, by those Gods with which he menac'd me,
I were put off all nature; since he turns me
from a man to a brute, I do renounce him:
I had when we meet again he is my foe.
I'll shed blood, all reverence, fondness be forgot:
I'll be a grown savage on the common wild,
That runs at all, and cares not who begot him,
I'll meet my lion sire, and roar defiance,
If he ne'er had nurs'd me in his den.

Enter VINDITIUS, with the People, and two Fecilian
Priests, crowned with laurel: two spears in their
hands; one bloody and half burnt.

Vin. Make way there, hey—news from the tyrant—
where come envoys, heralds, ambassadors; whether in
the gods name or the devils I know not; but here
they come, your Fecilian priests: well, good people, I
know not these priests; why, what the devil have they
to do with state affairs? What side soever they are for
they'll have Heaven for their part, I'll warrant you:
they'll hug the Gods in whether they will or no.

1st Pri. Hear, Jupiter; and thou, O Juno, hear;
hear, O Quirinus; hear us, all you Gods,
celestial, terrestrial, and infernal.

2d Pri. Be thou, O'Rome, our judge *and* our
people.

Vin. Fine canting rogues! I told you they should
be hooking the Gods in at first dash: why, the Gods
are their tools and tackle; they work with heaven and
hell; and let me tell you, as things go, your priests
have a hopeful trade on't.

1st Pri. I come ambassador to thee, O Rome,
Sacred and just, the legate of the King.

2d Pri. If we demand, or purpose to require,
A stone from Rome that's contrary to justice,
May we be ever banish'd from our country,
And never hope to taste this vital air:

Tib. Vinditius, lead the multitude away,
Aquilius, with Vitellius and myself,
Will straight conduct 'em to the capitol.

Vin. I go, my Lord; but have a care of 'em:
sly rogues, I warrant 'em. Mark that first priest; do
you see how he leers? a lying elder; the true cast of
a holy juggler. Come, my masters, I would think
well of a priest but that he has a commission to dis-
semble: a patent hypocrite, that takes pay to forge
lies by law, and lives by the sins of the people.

[*Exeunt with people*]

Aqu. My life upon't, you may speak out; and freely,
Tiberius is the heart of our design.

1st Pri. The Gods be prais'd. Thus then; the King
commends

Your generous resolves, longs to be with you,
And those you have engag'd, divides his heart

against you ; which more clearly will be seen
to you have read these packets ; as we go
to read the bosom of the King before you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The Senate.

O Patricians, that long stood, and scap'd the
tyrant,
Honourable moulds of your forefathers,
represent the wisdom of the dead ;
You, the conscript chosen for the people,
Sources of power, severest counsellors,
That examine treasons to the head,
Hail ! The consul begs the auspicious Gods,
And Quirinus by his tutelar vow,
Plenty, peace, and lasting liberty
Be your portion, and the lot of Rome,
Whose rules, and bounds, prescrib'd for raging Kings,
Shore banks and bulwarks for the mother seas,
Though 'tis impossible they should prevent
A thousand daily wrecks and nightly ruins,
Help to break those rolling inundations,
Which else would overflow and drown the world.
But, O ! to feed whose fathomless ambition
The ocean luxury, the noblest veins
Of true Romans were like rivers empty'd,
From Rome, and now he flows full on ;
Whence, ought we much to fear his ebb,

And strictly watch the dams that we have set;
 Why should I go about? The Roman people
 All, with one voice, accuse my fellow Consul.

Coll. The people may; I hope the nobles will not.
 The people! Brutus does indulge the people.

Brut. Consul, in what is right I will indulge 'em;
 And much I think 'tis better so to do,
 Than see 'em run in tumults through the streets,
 Forming cabals, plotting against the Senate,
 Shutting their shops, and flying from the town,
 As if the Gods had sent the plague among 'em.
 I know too well, you and your royal tribe
 Scorn the good people, scorn the late elections,
 Because we chose these fathers for the people
 To fill the place of those whom Tarquin banish'd;
 And, though you laugh at this, you had your trial,
 The irreligious harebrain'd youth of Rome,
 The ignorant, the slothful, and the base;
 Yet wise men know, 'tis very rarely seen,
 That a free people should desire the hurt
 Of common liberty. No, Collatine,
 For those desires arise from their oppression;
 Or from suspicion they are falling to it;
 But put the case, that those their fears were false,
 Ways may be found to rectify their errors;
 For grant the people ignorant of themselves,
 Yet they are capable of being told,
 And will conceive a truth from worthy men:
 From you they will not, nor from your adherents.
 Rome's infamous and execrable youth,

religion and the commonwealth,
 tue, learning, and all sober arts,
 ring renown and profit to mankind;
 had rather bleed beneath a tyrant,
 some dreadful to the populace,
 ead their lusts and dissoluteness round,
 h at the daily hazard of their lives,
 ive at peace in a free government,
 every man is master
 rd at home, and mona
 rancour and ambitio
 universal peace exte
 he golden age return'
 ople do agree, and liv
 obles and the princes lov'd and reverenc'd ;
 orld in triumph, and the Gods ador'd.

The consul, conscript fathers, says the people,
 vers reasons, grudge the dignity
 I possess'd by general approbation,
 their murmurs, and would know of Brutus
 they would have me do, what's their desire.
 . Take hence the royal name, resign thy office ;
 a friend, and of thy own accord,
 ou be forc'd to what may seem thy will :
 ity renders thee what is thy own
 vast increase, so thou resolve to go ;
 l the name, the race and family
 pain be remov'd, Rome is not free.
 s, I yield my office to Valegius,

Hoping, when Rome has try'd my faith by exile,
She will recal me : so the Gods preserve you. [E]

Brut. Welcome Publicola, true son of Rome ;
On such a pilot in the roughest storm
She may securely sleep, and rest her cares.

Enter TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, Priest

1st Pri. Hear, Jupiter, Quirinus, all you Gods,
Thou father, judge, commission'd for the message,
Pater Patratus for the embassy,
And sacred oaths which I must swear for truth,
Dost thou commission me to seal the peace,
If peace they chuse ; or hurl this bloody spear,
Half burnt in fire, if they inforce a war ?

2d Pri. Speak to the senate, and the Alban people
The words of Tarquin : this is your commission.

1st Pri. The King, to shew he has more moderat
Than those that drove him from his lawful empire
Demands but restitution of his own,
His royal household-stuff, imperial treasure,
His gold, his jewels, and his proper state
To be transported where he now resides :
I swear that this is all the King requires ;
Behold his signet set upon the wax.
'Tis seal'd and written in these sacred tables.
To this I swear ; and as my oath is just,
Sincere and punctual, without all deceit,
May Jupiter and all the Gods reward me :
But if I act, or otherwise imagine,

or design, than what I here have sworn,
 the Alban people being safe,
 our country, temples, sepulchres,
 our laws, and proper household goods,
 none be struck, fall, perish, die,
 this stone falls from my hand to earth.
 The things you ask being very controversial
 some time. Should we deny the tyrant
 his own 'twould be a strange injustice;
 he had never reign'd in Rome; yet, fathers,
 consent to yield to his command,
 him then full power to make a war.
 Given to you, the Fathers, the Senate,
 your offers being of great moment,
 defer your business till the morn;
 at first dawn we summon all the fathers
 to the affair dispatch: so Jove protect,
 and defend the commonwealth of Rome. [*Exeunt.*

LIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, Priests.

Now to the garden, where I'll bring my brother:
 my Lord, we have the means to work him;
 fail,

And you, Vitellius, haste
 and Aquilius, spread the news through Rome,
 royal spirit; most to those
 noblemen that us'd to range with Sextus:
 a restitution of the King,
 the hint to let him in by night,

And join their forces with the imperial troops,
 For 'tis a shove, a push of fate, must bear it ;
 For you, the hearts and souls of enterprize,
 I need not urge a reason after this :
 What good can come of such a government,
 Where though two consuls, wise and able persons
 As are throughout the world, sit at the helm,
 A very trifle cannot be resolv'd ;
 A trick, a start, a shadow of a business,
 That would receive dispatch in half a minute,
 Were the authority but rightly plac'd
 In Rome's most lawful King? but now no more ;
 The Fecilian Garden is the place,
 Where more of our sworn function will be ready
 To help the royal plot: disperse, and prosper.

SCENE III.

The Fecilian Garden. TITUS solus.

Titus. She's gone, and I shall never see her more!
 Gone to the camp, to the harsh trade of war,
 Driven from thy bed, just warm within thy breast;
 Torn from her harbour by thy father's hand,
 Perhaps to starve upon the barren plains :
 Thy virgin wife, the very blush of maids,
 The softest bosom, sweet, and not enjoy'd :
 Oh the immortal Gods! and as she went,
 How'er she seem'd to bear our parting well,
 Methought she mix'd her melting with disdain,
 A cast of anger through her shining tears :

So to abuse her hopes, and blast her wishes,
By making her my bride, but not a woman!

*Enter TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITELLIUS, and Priests,
with Teraminta.*

Tib. See where he stands, drown'd in his melancholy.

1st Pri. Madam, you know the pleasure of the Queen;
And what the royal command
I've sworn to execute

Ter. I am instructed
Since then my life's [REDACTED] you need not doubt
But I will act with all [REDACTED] I can:
Let me intreat you, [REDACTED] be alone
Some minutes, and I [REDACTED] to the conquest.

[Exit Tib. Acqui. Vitel. Pri.]

Titus. Chuse then the gloomy'st place through all
the grove,

Throw thy abandon'd body on the ground,
With thy bare breast lie wedded to the dew;
Then, as thou drink'st the tears that trickle from thee,
So stretch'd, resolve to lie till death shall seize thee;
Thy sorrowful head hung o'er some tumbling stream;
To rock thy griefs with melancholy sounds;
With broken murmurs and redoubled groans,
To help the gurgling of the water's fall.

Ter. Oh, Titus, Oh, what scene of death is this!

[Aside.]

passion will not be kept in,
Nature thou shalt view
eyes, with the inverted banks,

The tops of willows, and their blossoms turn'd,
 With all the under sky ten fathom down,
 Wish that the shadow of the swimming globe
 Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at fate,
 And hurl thy fortune headlong at the stars :
 Nay, do not bear it, turn thy watry face
 To yon misguided orb, and ask the Gods
 For what bold sin they doom the wretched Titus
 To such a loss as that of Teraminta ?
 Oh Teraminta ! I will groan thy name
 Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition,
 Till all the breathless grove and quiet myrtles
 Shake with my sighs, as if a tempest bow'd 'em—
 Nothing but Teraminta—Oh Teraminta !

Ter. Nothing but Titus—Titus and Teraminta !
 Thus let me rob the fountains and the groves,
 Thus gird me to thee with the fastest knot
 Of arms and spirits that would clasp thee through ;
 Cold as thou art, and wet with night's fall'n dews,
 Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd with sorrows,
 Than if the Gods had hung thee round with kingdoms.
 Oh, Titus ! Oh !

Titus. I find thee, Teraminta,
 Wak'd from a fearful dream, and hold thee fast :
 'Tis real, and I give thee back thy joys,
 Thy boundless love with pleasures running o'er ;
 Nay, as thou art, thus with thy trappings, come,
 Leap to my heart, and ride upon the pants,
 Triumpling thus, and now defy our stars.
 But, oh, why do we lose this precious moment ?

may yet be barr'd, if we delay
before. Come to thy husband's bed ;
I think this true till there I hold thee,
in my arms. Leave this contagious air ;
It will be time for talk how thou can'st hinder
I have been beforehand with the Gods :

Oh, Titus, you must hear me first !
A message from the Queen ;
She said, nay, she swore such you,
I charm'd you to t'arquin.
O, Teraminta ! no, my husband
I prove a villain ?
Titus, no ;

I will not tell you that you are a traitor
I refuse to fight the royal cause,
Hold, Teraminta.

O, my Lord ; 'tis plain,
I am sworn to lay my reasons home.
I am awake, recal your sleeping virtue ;
I will fight the King, and arm against your father ;
I will fight with those that loyally have sworn
I will fight in by night : Vitellius,
I will fight and your brother, wait without ;
I will fight : I charge you haste, subscribe your name,
I will fight your vow'd obedience to the King :
Teraminta that intreats you thus,
I will fight and conjures you ; tell the royal heralds
I will fight their enterprize ; and then, my Lord,
I will fight noble husband, I'll obey you,

And follow to your bed:

Titus. Never, I swear.

Oh, Teraminta, thou hast broke my heart !
 By all the Gods, from thee this was too much,
 Farewel, and take this with thee. For thy sake
 I will not fight against the King, nor for him.
 I'll fly my father, brother, friends for ever;
 Forsake the haunts of men; converse no more
 With ought that's human; dwell with endless
 ness:

For since the sight of thee is now unwelcome,
 What has the world besides that I can bear?

Ter. Come back, my Lord. By those imm
 Pow'rs

You now inyok'd I'll fix you in this virtue.
 Your Teraminta did but try how strong
 Your honour stood; and now she finds it lasting,
 Will die to root you in this solid glory.
 Yes, Titus, though the Queen has sworn to end
 Though both the Fecilians have commission
 To stab me in your presence, if not wrought
 To serve the King; yet by the Gods I charge you
 Keep to the point your constancy has gain'd,
 Tarquin, although my father, is a Tyrant,
 A bloody, black Usurper; so I beg you
 E'en in my death to view him.

Titus. Oh you Gods!

Ter. Yet guilty as he is, if you behold him
 Hereafter with his wounds upon the earth,
 Titus, for my sake, for poor Teraminta,

Who'd rather die than you should lose your hon
Do not you strike him, do not dip your sword
In Tarquin's blood, because he was my father.

Tit. No, Teraminta, no; by all the Gods
I will defend him, e'en against my father.
See, see, my love, behold the flight I take:
What all the charms of thy expected bed
Could not once move my soul to think of acting,
Thy tears and menac'd death, by which thou striv
To fix me to the principles of glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes, yes, you cruel Gods,
Let the eternal bolts that bind this frame
Start from their order: since you push me thus,
E'en to the margin of this wide despair,
Behold I plunge at once in this dishonour,
Where there is neither shore, nor hope of haven,
No floating mark through all the dismal vast;
'Tis rockless too, no cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about and pause upon the ruin.

Ter. Is then your purpos'd honour come to this?
What now, my Lord?

Titus. Thy death, thy death, my love:
I'll think on that, and laugh at all the Gods.
Glory, blood, nature, ties of reverence,
The dues of birth, respect of parents, all,
All are as this, the air I drive before me.
What ho! Vitellius, and Aquilius, come,
And you the Fecilian heralds, haste,
I'm ready for the leap, I'll take it with you,
Though deep as to the fiends.

Ter. Thus hear me, Titus.

Titus. Off from my knees, away.

What, on this theme, thy death? nay, stabb'd before
me!

*Enter Priests, with TIBERIUS, AQUILIUS, VITEL-
LIUS.*

Speak not; I will not know thee on this subject,
But push thee from my heart, with all persuasions
That now are lost upon me. O Tiberius,
Aquilius, and Vitellius, welcome, welcome;
I'll join you in the conjuration, come:
I am as free as he that dares be foremost,

Ter. My Lord, my husband!

Titus. Take this woman from me,

Nay, look you, Sirs, I am not yet so gone,
So headlong neither in this damn'd design,
To quench this horrid thirst with Brutus' blood;
No, by th' eternal Gods I barr you that;
My father shall not bleed,

Tib. You could not think

Your brother sure so monstrous in his kind,
As not to make our father's life his care.

Titus. Thus then, my Lords, I list myself among
you,

And with my stile, in short, subscribe myself
The servant to the King; my words are these:
"Titus to the King."

Sir, you need only know my brother's mind
To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

1st Pri. 'Tis full enough.

Titus. Then leave me to the hire

[Exit. Tib. Aquil. Vit. and Pri.]

Of this hard labour, to the dear-bought prize,
Whose life I purchas'd with my loss of honour:
Come to my breast, thou tempest-beaten flower,
Brim full of rain, and stick upon my heart.
Oh short-liv'd rose! yet I some hours will wear thee
Yes, by the Gods I'll smell thee till I languish,
Rife thy sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding beauties,
And clasp thee dead: ' then, like the morning sun,
' With a new heat kiss thee to life again,
' And make the pleasure equal to the pain.'

ACT IV. SCENE I.

TIBERIUS, VITELLIUS.

Tiberius.

HARK! are we not persu'd?

Vit. No; 'tis the tread
Of our own friends that follow in dark.

Tib. What's now the time?

Vit. Just dead of night.
And 'tis the blackest that e'er mask'd a murder.

Tib. It likes me better; for I love the scowl,
The grimest low'r of Fate on such a deed;
I would have all the charnel-houses yawn,

The dusty urns, and monumental bones,
Remov'd, to make our massacre a tomb.
Hark! Who was that that hollow'd fire?

Tib. A slave,

That snores i' th' hail, he bellows in his sleep,
And cries, the capitol's o' fire.

Tib. I would it were,

And Tarquin at the gates: 'twould be a blaze,
A beacon fit to light a King of blood,
That vows at once the slaughter of the world;
Down with their temples, set 'em on a flame;
What should they do with houses for the Gods,
Fat fools, the lazy magistrates of Rome,
Wise citizens, the politic heads o'th' people,
That preach rebellion to the multitude?
Why, let 'em off, and roll into their graves:
I long to be at work. See, good Aquilius,
Trebonius too, Servilius and Minutius,
Pomponius, hail: nay, now you may unmask,
Brow-beat the Fates, and say they are your slaves.

Aqu. What are those bodies for?

Tib. A sacrifice.

These were two very busy commonwealths-men,
That ere the King was banish'd by the senate,
First set the plot on foot in public meetings;
That would be holding forth:—'Twas possible
That Kings themselves might err, and were but men,
The people were not beasts for sacrifice;

 in jogg'd his brother, this cram'd statesman here,
 bolder rogue, whom ev'n with open mouth

I heard once belch sedition from a stall,
Go, bear him to the priests; he is a victim
That comes as wish'd for them, the cooks of Heav'n,
And they will carve this brawn of fat rebellion,
As if he were a dish the Gods might feed on.

Vin. [From a window.] Oh, the Gods! Oh the
Gods! What will they do with him? Oh these priests,
rogues, cut-throats! A dish for the Gods, but the
devil's cooks to dress him.

Tib. Thus then: the Senate have set down
A platform, copy'd from the Trojan design:
The Pandane, or the Roman, the Roman,
Carmental and Janiculum, the bridge,
The Circus, the Capitol, the bridge,
Must all be seiz'd by us, who are within;
'Twill not be hard, in the surprize of night,
By us, the consuls children and their nephews,
To kill the drowsy guards, and keep the holds,
At least so long till Tarquin force his entrance
With all the royalists that come to join us:
Therefore, to make his broader squadrons way,
Tarquinian is design'd to be the entry
Of his most pompous and resolv'd revenge.

Aqu. The first decreed, in this great execution,
Is here set down—your father and Valerius.

Tib. That's as the King shall please; but for Va-
lerius,

I'll take the honour of his head,
With my spear. The senate all,
In execution, shall be sacrific'd;

And those that are the mutinous heads o'th' people,
Whom I have mark'd to be the soldiers spoil,
For plunder must be given; and who so fit
As those notorious limbs, your commonwealths-men?
Their daughters to be ravish'd, and their sons
Quarter'd like brutes upon the common shambles.

Vit. Now for the letters, which the Fecilians
Require us all to sign, and send to Tarquin,
Who will not else be apt to trust his heralds
Without credentials under every hand;
The bus'ness being indeed of vast import,
On which the hazard of his life and empire,
As well as all our fortunes, does depend.

Tib. It were a break to the whole enterprise
To make a scruple in our great affair;
I will sign first; and for my brother Titus,
Whom his new wife detains, I have his hand
And seal to show, as fast and firm as any.

Vin. O villainy! villainy! What would they do
with me if they should catch me peeping? knock out
my brains at least; another dish for the priests, who
would make fine sauce of 'em for the haunch of a fat
citizen!

Tib. All hands have here subscrib'd; and that your
hearts
Prove resolute to what your hands have giv'n,
Behold the messengers of Heav'n to bind you,
Charms of religion, sacred conjurations,
With sounds of execration, words of horror,
Not to disclose or make least signs or show

Of what you have both heard, and seen, and sworn,
 But bear yourselves as if it ne'er had been;
 Swear by the Gods Celestial and Infernal,
 By Pluto, Mother Earth, and by the Furies,
 Not to reveal, though racks were set before you,
 A syllable of what is past and done.
 Hark how the offer'd brutes begin to roar!
 Oh that the hearts of all the traitor senate,
 And heads of all that Hydra multitude,
 Were frying with the flames upon this pile,
 That we might make the smoking worth an empire;
 And sacrifice rebellious Italy to
 King.

[The scene draws, showing the sacrifice; one burning, and another crucify'd; the Priests coming forward with goblets in their hands, fill'd with human blood.]

1st Pri. Kneel, all you heroes of this black design,
 Each take his goblet fill'd with blood and wine;
 Swear by the Thunderer, swear by Jove,
 Swear by the hundred Gods above;
 Swear by Dis, by Proserpine,
 Swear by the Berecynthian Queen,

2d Pri. To keep it close till Tarquin comes,
 With trumpet's sound and beat of drums;
 But then to thunder forth the deed,
 That Rome may blush, and traitors bleed.
 Swear all.

All. We swear.

• Now drink the blood,
 the conjuration good.

Tib. Methinks I feel the slaves exalted blood
 Warm at my heart; Oh that it wear the spirits
 Of Rome's best life, drawn from her grizzled fathers!
 That were a draught indeed to quench ambition,
 And give new fierceness to the King's revenge,

Vin. Oh the Gods! What, burn a man alive! Oh
 cannibals, hell-hounds! Eat one man, and drink an-
 other! Well, I'll to Valerius; Brutus will not believe
 me, because his sons and nephews are in the business.
 What, drink a man's blood! Roast him, and eat him
 alive! A whole man roasted! Would not an ox serve
 the turn? Priests to do this! Oh you immortal Gods!
 For my part, if this be your worship I renounce you.
 No; if a man can't go to Heaven unless your priests
 eat him, and drink him, and roast him alive, I'll be
 for the broad way, and the devil shall have me at a
 venture.

[Exit.

Enter TITUS.

Titus. What ho, Tiberius! Give me back my hand:
 What have you done? Horrors and midnight murders!
 The Gods, the Gods awake you to repentance,
 As they have me. Would'st thou believe me, brother?
 Since I deliver'd thee that fatal scroll,
 That writing to the King, my heart rebell'd
 Against itself; my thoughts were up in arms,
 All in a roar, like seamen in a storm,
 My reason and my faculties were wreck'd,
 The mast, the rudder, and the tackling gone;
 My body like the hull of some lost vessel,

Beaten and tumbled with my rolling fears ;
Therefore, I charge thee, give me back my writing.

Tib. What means my brother ?

Titus. O Tiberius, Oh !

Dark as it seems, I tell thee that the Gods
Look through a day of lightning on our city ;
The heav'n's on fire ; and from the flaming vault
Portentous blood pour'd a torrent down.
There are a hundred thousand souls to-night,
And every larger spirit
Monuments empty'd, and the earth is shaken,
To fright the state, and the world in arms :
Just now I saw three thousand men and amaz'd
Before a flaming sword, and all were swept down dead,
Myself untouch'd, with a sword though the blazing air
A fleeting head, like a full-riding moon,
Glanc'd by, and cry'd, " Titus, I am Egeria ;
Repent, repent, or certain death attends thee ;
Treason and tyranny shall not prevail :
Kingdom shall be no more ! Egeria says it :
And that vast turn imperial Fate design'd
I saw, O Titus, on th' eternal loom ;
'Tis ripe, 'tis perfect, and is doom'd to stand."

1st Pri. Fumes, fumes ; the phantoms of an ill digestion ;

The Gods are as good quiet Gods as may be,
If asleep, and mean not to disturb us,
If they were wazy wake 'em.
If they were wazy, fury, peace !
If they were wazy, doom me to the pains of hell

If I enjoy'd the beauties that I sav'd :
 The horror of my treason shock'd my joys,
 Enervated my purpose, while I lay
 Colder than marble by her virgin side ;
 As if I had drunk the blood of elephants,
 Drowsy mandragora, or the juice of hemlock.

1st Pri. I like him not ; I think we had best dis-
 patch him.

Titus. Nothing but images of horror round me ;
 Rome all in blood, the ravish'd vestals raving,
 The sacred fire put out ; robb'd mothers shrieks,
 Deaf'ning the Gods with clamours for their babes
 That sprawl'd aloft upon the soldiers spears ;
 The beard of age pluck'd off by barbarous hands,
 While from his piteous wounds and horrid gashes
 The labouring life flow'd faster than the blood.

*Enter VALERIUS, VINDITIUS, with Guards, who
 seize all but the Priests, who slip away ; VINDITIUS
 follows them.*

Val. Horror upon me ! What will this night bring
 forth ?

Yes, you immortal Gods, strike, strike the consul !
 Since these are here, the crime will look less horrid
 In me than in his sons. Titus, Tiberius !
 Oh from this time let me be blind and dumb !
 But haste there ; Mutius, fly ; call hither Brutus,
 Bid him for ever leave the down of rest,
 And sleep no more : if Rome were all on fire,
 And Tarquin in the streets bestriding slaughter,

He would less wonder than at Titus here:

Titus. Stop there, Oh stop that Messenger of Fate!
 Here, bind Valerius, bind this villain's hands,
 Tear off my robes, put me upon the forks,
 And lash me like a slave, till I shall howl
 My soul away; or hang me on a cross,
 Rack me a year within some horrid dungeon;
 So deep, so near the hells that I must suffer,
 That I may groan my torments to the damn'd;
 I do submit, this traitor, this curs'd villain,
 To all the stings of most ingenious horror,
 So thou dispatch me ere my father comes.
 But hark, I hear the tread of fatal Brutus;
 By all the Gods, and by the lowest furies,
 I cannot bear his face: away with me;
 Or like a whirlwind I will tear my way
 I care not whither. *[Exit with Tiberius.]*

Val. Tak 'em hence together.

Enter VINDITIUS, with the Priests.

Vin. Here, here my Lord, I have unkennell'd two:
 Those there are rascals made of flesh and blood,
 Those are but men, but these are the Gods' rogues.

Val. Go, good Vinditius, haste, and stop the people,
 Get 'em together to the capitol;
 Where all the senate, with the consuls, early,
 Will see strict justice done upon the traitors.
 For thee the senate shall decree rewards
 Great as thy service.

Vin. I humbly thank your Lordship.



Handwritten text, possibly a list or notes, written in dark ink on a light background. The text is mostly illegible due to blurring and is arranged in several lines, some of which appear to be numbered or bulleted.

You shame of earth, and scandal of the heav'ns ;
 You deeper fiends than any of the furies,
 That scorn to whisper envy, hate, sedition ;
 But with a blast of privilege proclaim it ;
 Priests that are instruments design'd to damn us,
 Fit speaking trumpets for the mouth of hell ;
 Hence with 'em, guards ; secure 'em in the prison
 OF ANCUS MARTIUS. Read the packets o'er,
 I'll bear it as I'm able, read 'em out.

Val. "The sum of the conspiracy to the King.
 It shall begin with both the consuls deaths ;
 And then the senate ; every man must bleed,
 But those that have engag'd to serve the King.
 Be ready, therefore, Sir, to send your troops
 By twelve to-morrow night, and come yourself
 In person, if you'll re-ascend the throne :
 All that have sworn to serve your Majesty
 Subscribe themselves by name your faithful subjects—
 Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius,
 Trebonius, Servilius, Minutius,
 Pomponius, and your Fecilian Priests."

Brut. Ha! my Valerius, is not Titus there?

Val. He's here, my Lord ; a paper by itself.
 "Titus to the King.

Sir, you need only know my brother's mind
 To judge of me, who am resolved to serve you."
 What do you think, my Lord ?

Brut. Think, my Valerius!

By my heart, I know not :

I'm not's loss of thought : and must acknowledge

The counsels of the Gods are fathomless ;
 Nay, 'tis the hardest task, perhaps, of life
 To be assur'd of what is vice or virtue :
 Whether, when we raise up temples to the Gods
 We do not then blaspheme 'em : Oh, behold me,
 Behold the game that laughing fortune plays ;
 Fate, or the will of Heaven, call't what you please,
 That mars the best designs that prudence lays,
 That brings events about, perhaps, to mock
 At human reach, and sport with expectation.
 Consider this, and wonder not at Brutus,
 If his philosophy seems at a stand ;
 If thou behold'st him shed unmanly tears,
 To see his blood, his children, his own bowels
 Conspire the death of him that gave 'em being.

Val. What heart, but yours, could bear it without
 breaking ?

Brut. No, my Valerius, I were a beast indeed
 Not to be mov'd with such prodigious suffering ;
 Yet after all I justify the Gods,
 And will conclude there's reason supernatural
 That guides us through the world with vast discretion,
 Although we have not souls to comprehend it ;
 Which makes by wond'rous methods the same causes
 Produce effects, though of a different nature ;
 Since then, for man's instruction, and the glory
 Of the immortal Gods, it is decreed
 There must be patterns drawn of fiercest virtue,
 Brutus submits to the eternal doom.

Val. May I believe there can be such perfection,

Such a resolve in man ?

Brut. First, as I am their father,
I pardon both of 'em this black design ;
But, as I am Rome's consul, I abhor 'em,
And cast 'em from my soul with detestation.
The nearer to my blood, the deeper grain'd
The colour of their fault, and they shall bleed.
Yes, my Valerius, both my sons shall die :

Enter TERAMINTA.

Nay, I will stand unswell'd by the altar,
See something dearer to me than my entrails
Display'd before the Gods and Roman people :
The sacrifice of Justice and Revenge.

Ter. What sacrifice, what victims, Sir, are these
Which you intend ? Oh you eternal Powers,
How shall I vent my sorrows ! Oh, my Lord,
Yet ere you seal the death you have design'd,
The death of all that's lovely in the world,
Hear what the witness of his soul can say,
The only evidence that can, or dare
Appear for your unhappy guiltless son ;
The Gods command you—Virtue, Truth, and Justice,
Which you with so much rigour have ador'd,
Beg you would hear the wretched Teraminta.

Brut. Cease thy laments : though of the blood of
Tarquin,
Yet more, the wife of my forgotten son,
Thou shalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then ?

Have you forgot yourself? the image of you,
 The very picture of your excellence,
 The portraiture of all your manly virtues,
 Your visage stamp'd upon him; just those eyes,
 The moving greatness of 'em, all the mercy,
 The shedding goodness, not quite so severe,
 Yet still most like: and can you then forget him?
 Brut. Will you proceed?

Ter. My Lord, I will. Know then,
 After your son—your son that loves you more
 Than I love him—after our common Titus,
 The wealth o'th' world, unless you rob 'em of it,
 Had long endur'd th' assaults of the rebellious,
 And still kept fix'd to what you had enjoin'd him;
 I, as fate order'd it, was sent from Tullia,
 With my death menac'd, ev'n before his eyes,
 Doom'd to be stabb'd before him by the priests,
 Unless he yielded not t'oppose the King:
 Consider, Sir; Oh make it your own case;
 Just wedded, just on the expected joys,
 Warm for my bed, and rushing to my arms,
 Still loving too, alas, as we did love:
 Granted in haste, in heat, in flame of passion,
 He knew not what himself, and so subscrib'd.
 But now, Sir, now, my Lord, behold a wonder,
 Behold a miracle to move your soul!
 Though in my arms, just in the grasps of pleasure,
 His noble heart, struck with the thoughts of Brut
 Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
 Leapt in his breast, and dash'd him from enjoyments

He shriek'd, "Ye immortal Gods, what have I done!
 No, Teramints, let us rather perish,
 Divide for ever with whole seas betwixt us,
 Rather than sin against so good a father."
 Though he before had barr'd your life and fortune,
 Yet would not trust the traitors with the safety
 Of him he call'd the image of the Gods.

Val. Oh saint-like virtue of a Roman wife!
 Oh eloquence divine! now all the arts
 Of women's tongues, the rhetoric of the Gods,
 Inspire thy soft and tender soul to move him.

Ter. On this he rous'd: swore by the Powers divine
 He would fetch back the paper that he gave,
 Or leave his life amongst 'em: kept his word,
 And came to challenge it, but oh! too late;
 For, in the midst of all his piety,
 His strong persuasions to a swift repentance,
 His vows to lay their horrid treasons open,
 His execration of the barbarous priests,
 How he abhorr'd that bloody sacrament
 As much as you, and curs'd the conjuration;
 Vinditius came, that had before alarm'd
 The wise Valerius, who with all the guards
 Found Titus here, believ'd him like the rest,
 And seiz'd him too, as guilty of the treason.

Val. But, by the Gods, my soul does now acquit
 him.

Blest be thy tongue, blest the auspicious Gods
 That sent thee, Oh true pattern of perfection!
 To plead his bleeding cause. There needs no more,



I see his father's mov'd: behold a joy,
 A wat'ry comfort rising in his eyes,
 That says, " 'tis more than half a heav'n to hear thee."

Brut. Haste, Oh Valerius, haste, and send for Titus!

Ter. For Titus! Oh, that is a word too distant;
 Say, for your son, for your beloved son,
 The darling of the world, the joy of Heav'n,
 The hope of earth, your eyes not dearer to you,
 Your soul's best wish, and comfort of your age.

Enter TITUS, with VALERIUS.

Titus. Ah, Sir! Oh whither shall I run to hide me?
 Where shall I lower fall? How shall I lie
 More grovelling in your view, and howl for mercy?
 Yet 'tis some comfort to my wild despair,
 Some joy in death that I may kiss your feet,
 And swear upon 'em by these streaming tears,
 Black as I am with all my guilt upon me,
 I never harbour'd ought against your person:
 Ev'n in the height of my full-fraught distraction,
 Your life, my Lord, was sacred; ever dear,
 And ever precious to unhappy Titus.

Brut. Rise, Titus: rise, my son.

Titus. Alas, I dare not;
 I have not strength to see the majesty
 Which I have brav'd: if thus far I aspire,
 If on your knees I hang and vent my groans,
 It is too much, too much for thousand lives.

Brut. I pity thee, my son, and I forgive thee:
 And, that thou may'st believe my mercy true,

in thee in my arms.

Titus. Oh all the Gods!

Ant. Now rise; I charge thee, on my blessing, rise!

Titus. Ah! see, Sir, see, against his will, behold
 he does obey, though he would chuse to kneel
 before you; see how he stands and trembles!
 O, by my hopes of mercy he's so lost,
 his heart's so full, brimful of tenderness,
 his sense of what you've done has struck him speech-
 less;

can he thank you now but with his tears.

Ant. My dear Valerius, let me now intreat thee
 withdraw awhile with gentle Teraminta,
 leave us to ourselves.

Titus. Ah, Sir, I fear you now;

can I leave you with the humble Titus,
 as you promise me you will not chide,
 fall again to anger: do not, Sir,
 nor upbraid his soft and melting temper
 with what is past. Behold he sighs again!

Ant. **By the Gods that hitherto have blest us,**
 his heart forebodes a storm, I know not why:

say, my Lord; give me your god-like word
 I'll not be cruel, and I'll not trust my heart,
 ere'er it leaps, and fills me with new horror.

Titus. I promise thee,

Ant. Why, then I thank you, Sir;

and from my soul I thank you for this goodness:

O great, good, gracious Gods reward and bless you,
 Titus, ah, my soul's eternal treasure,

Luc.
for I leave thee with a hard usage.
But I perforce must trust thee. Oh farewell!
[Exit with Val.]

Brut. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
That I might see the tempest were quite o'erblown,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
Speak then, and tell me, Oh my best belov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again?

Titus. So well, that I could wish *how* must make it nothing;
For so my heart with pow'rful throbs persuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my Lord, to thank you home, to die,
And that for Titus, too, would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death for
be happy?

Titus. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I see
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
And those reproaches which the eyes, and finger
From whom of Rome will daily cast upon me
Each single scorn would be far worse than do
Besides, I escape the stings of my own conscience
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance
Harm me by day, and torture me by night
Casting my blotted honour in the way

Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Titus. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:

Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

Yes, Sir, I call the p heaven to witness
Titus dares die, if s decreed;
Nay, he shall die wit honour Brutus,
To make your justic through the world,
And fix the liberty or ever:
Not but I must conf weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of th' immortal Gods.

Brut. Oh Titus! Oh thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
G Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
I Instead of tears weep blood, if possible,
I Ood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child,
O Or thou must die, my Titus—die, my son;
I We ar the Gods have doom'd thee to the grave,
I e violated genius of thy country
I S his sad head, and passes sentence on thee;
I s morning sun, that lights my sorrows on

The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people ;
 Then with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
 See thy head taken by the common axe,
 Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
 If that the Gods can hold me to my purpose,
 To make my justice quite transcend example.

Titus. Scourg'd like a bondman! Ha! A beaten slave!
 But I deserve it all; yet here I fail;
 The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me;
 Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
 O Sir! O Brutus! Must I call you father,
 Yet have no token of your tenderness?
 No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that?
 Can you resolve, Oh all th' extremity
 Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
 To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
 Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
 Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
 That all your late compassion was dissembled?

How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
 By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
 These sighs that twitch the very strings of life:
 Think that no other cause on earth could move me
 To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
 Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
 But Titus' death: Oh, do not call it shameful
 That thus shall fix the glory of the world!
 Own thy suff'rings ought t'unman me thus,
 To make me throw my body on the ground,

To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
 To tear my hair, to curse the cruel Fates
 That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Titus. Oh rise, thou violated majesty,
 Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those Fates
 Which you would curse to bolt me to the centre!
 I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
 Come forth, you executioners of justice,
 Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
 Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
 And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
 And when you have scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
 For want of spirits grovelling in the dust,
 Then take my head, and give it his revenge:
 By all the Gods I greedily resign it.

Brut. No more, farewell, eternally farewell!
 If there be Gods they will reserve a room,
 A throne for thee in Heav'n. One last embrace.
 What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Titus. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
 When I am ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care.
 See her thou must not, for thou can'st not bear it.
 Oh for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-strings!
 Farewel for ever!

Titus. Oh Brutus! Oh my father!

Brut. Can'st thou not say farewell?

Titus. Farewel for ever!

Brut. For ever then; but Oh my tears run o'er!
 Groans choak my words, and I can speak no more!

[*Exit*]

Then looks as if he had a patent for it
To take account of all this great expanse,
And see the layings out of the round world.

Her. What shall be done then? For it grieves my
soul

To think of Titus' loss.

Val. There is no help;
But thus to shake your head, and cross your arms,
And wonder what the Gods and he intend.

Her. There's scarce one man of this conspiracy
But is some way related, if not nearly,
To Junius Brutus: some of the Aquilians
Are nephews to him; and Vitellius' sister,
The grave Sempronia, is the consul's wife.

Val. Therefore I have engag'd that groaning matron
To plead the cause of her unhappy sons.

Enter TITUS, with Licōtors.

But see, Oh Gods, behold the gallant Titus,
The mirror of all sons, the white of virtue,
Fill'd up with blots, and writ all o'er with blood,
Bowing with shame his body to the ground,
Whipt out of breath by these inhuman slaves!
Oh Titus! Is this possible? This shame?

Titus. Oh my Valerius, call it not my shame!
By all the Gods it is to Titus' honour,
My constant sufferings are my only glory:
What have I left besides? But ask, Valerius,
Ask these good men that have perform'd their duty,
If all the while they whipt me like a slave,

n the blood from every part ran down,
 one groan, or shed a woman's tear:
 I swear I think, Oh my Valerius,
 I have borne it well, and like a Roman.
 h, far better shall I hear my death,
 t, as it brings less pain, has less dishonour.

Enter TERAMINTA, wounded.

Where is he! Where, where is this God-like son
 inhuman, barbarous, bloody father?
 r me to him.

t. Ha! my Teraminta!
 ssible? The very top of beauty,
 erfect face drawn by the Gods at council,
 they were long a making, as they had reason,
 y shall never hit the like again,
 and mangled thus! What barbarous wretch
 us blasphem'd this bright original?

For me it matters not, nor my abuses;
 h, for thee, why have they us'd thee thus?
 , Titus, whipt! And could the Gods look oh?
 ory of the world thus basely us'd?
 , whipt, and beaten by these upright dogs?
 souls, with all the virtue of the senate,
 e but foils to any fault of thine,
 ast a beauty e'en in thy offending.
 d thy father doom thee thus? Oh Titus,
 : thy dying part, if she believes
 ch so barbarous ever could produce thee:
 od, some God, my Titus, watch'd his absence,

Slept to thy mother's bed, and gave thee to the world.

Titus. Oh, this last wound, this stab to all my courage!
Had'st thou been well I could have borne more lashes:
And is it thus my father does protect thee?

Ter. Ah Titus! What, thy murd'rer my protector!
No, let me fall again among the people,
Let me be whooted like a common strumpet,
Toes'd as I was, and dragg'd about the streets,
The bastard of a Tarquin, foil'd in dirt,
The cry of all those bloodhounds that did hunt me
Thus to the goal of death, this happy end
Of all my miseries, here to pant my last,
To wash thy gashes with my farewell tears,
To murmur, sob, and lean my aching head
Upon thy breast—thus, like a cradle babe,
To suck thy wounds, and bubble out my soul.

Enter SEMPRONIA, AQUILIA, VITELLIA, *Mourners, &c.*

Semp. Come, Ladies, haste, and let us to the senate:
If the Gods give us leave we'll be to-day
Part of the council. Oh, my son, my Titus!
See here the bloody justice of a father,
See how the vengeance rains from his own bowels!
Is he not mad? If he refuse to hear us
We'll bind his hands as one bereft of reason.
Haste then: Oh Titus, I would stay to moan thee,
But that I fear his orders are gone out
For something worse, for death, to take the heads
Of all the kindred of these wretched women.

Ter. Come then, I think, I have some spirits left

To join thee, Oh most pious, best of mothers,
To melt this rocky heart! give me your hand;
Thus let us march before this wretched host,
And offer to that God of blood our vows:
If there be ought that's human left about him,
Perhaps my wounds and horrible abuses,
Help'd with the tears and groans of this sad troop,
May batter down the best of his resolves.

Titus. Hark, Teraminta!

Ter. No, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt.*

Titus. Oh, my Valerius! Was there ever day
Through all the legends of recorded time
So sad as this? But see, my father comes!

Enter BRUTUS, TIBERIUS, with LicTORS.

Tiberius too has undergone the lash.
Give him the patience, Gods, of martyr'd Titus,
And he will bless those hands that have chastis'd him.

Tib. Enjoy the bloody conquest of thy pride,
Thou more tyrannical than any Tarquin,
Thou fiercer sire of these unhappy sons,
Than impious Saturn, or the gorg'd Thiestes:
This cormorant sees, and owns us for his children,
Yet preys upon his entrails, tears his bowels,
With thirst of blood and hunger fetch'd from hell,
Which famish'd Tantalus would start to think on!
But end, Barbarian, end the horrid vengeance
Which thou so impiously hast begun,
Perfect thy justice, as thou, tyrant, call'st it;
Sit like a fury on thy black tribunal,

Grasp with thy monstrous hands these gory heads,
 And let thy flatt'ring orators adore thee,
 For triumphs which shall make thee smile at horror!

Brut. Lead to the senate.

Tib. Go then to the senate,
 There make thy boast how thou hast doom'd thy
 children

To forks and whips, for which the Gods reward thee;
 Away; my spirit scorns more conference with thee.
 The axe will be as laughter; but the whips
 That drew these stains, for this I beg the Gods
 With my last breath, for every drop that falls
 From these vile wounds, to thunder curses on thee.

[*Exit.*

Brut. Valerius, haste; the senate does attend us.

[*Exit.*

Titus. Valerius, ere you go let me conjure thee
 By all the earth holds great or honourable,
 As thou art truly Roman, stamp a man,
 Grant to thy dying Titus one request.

Val. I'll grant thee any thing, but do not talk
 Of dying yet; for much I dare confide
 In that sad company that's gone before:
 I know they'll move him to preserve his Titus;
 For, though you mark'd him not, as hence he parted
 I could perceive with joy a silent shower
 Run down his silver beard, therefore have hope.

Titus. Hope, say'st thou! Oh the Gods! What, hope
 of life?

To live, to live! and after this dishonour!

No, my Valerius, do not make me rave;
 But if thou hast a soul that's sensible,
 Let me conjure thee, when we reach the senate,
 To thrust me through the heart.

Val. Not for the world.

Titus. Do't, or I swear thou hast no friendship for me
 First, thou wilt save me from the hated axe,
 The hangman's hand; for by the Gods I tell thee,
 Thou may'st as well stop the eternal sun,
 And drive him back, as turn my father's purpose:
 Next, and what most my soul intreats thee for,
 I shall perhaps in death procure his pity;
 For to die thus, beneath his killing frown,
 Is damning me before my execution.

Val. 'Tis granted; by the Gods I swear to end thee
 For when I weigh with my more serious thought
 Thy father's conduct in this dreadful justice,
 I find it is impossible to save thee.
 Come then, I'll lead thee, Oh thou glorious victim,
 Thus to the altar of untimely death,
 Thus in thy trim, with all thy bloom of youth,
 These virtues on thee, whose eternal spring
 Shall blossom on thy monumental marble
 With never-fading glory!

Titus. Let me clasp thee,
 Boil out my thanks thus with my farewell spirits:
 And now away; the taper's almost out,
 Never, Valerius, to be kindled more:
 Or if it be, my friend, it shall continue,
 Burn through all winds against the north wind,

To dazzle still, and shine, like the fix'd stars,
 With beams of glory that shall last for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

SENATE.

Brut. Health to the senate! To the fathers hail!
 Jupiter, Horscius, and Diespiter,
 Hospital and Feretrian, Jove the stayer,
 With all the hundred Gods and Goddesses,
 Guard and defend the liberty of Rome.
 It has been found a famous truth in story,
 Left by the antient sages to their sons,
 That on the change of empires, or of kingdoms,
 Some sudden execution, fierce and great,
 Such as may draw the world to admiration,
 Is necessary to be put in act
 Against the enemies of the present state.
 Had Hector, when the Greeks and Trojans met
 Upon the truce, and mingled with each other,
 Brought to the banquet of those demy Gods
 The fatal head of that illustrious whore,
 Troy might have stood till now; but that was wanting:
 Jove having from eternity set down
 Rome to be head of all the under-world,
 Rais'd with this thought, and big with prophecy
 Of what vast good may grow by such examples,
 Brutus stands forth to do a dreadful justice:
*I come, Oh Conscript Fathers, to a deed
 Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful,*

Such as, perhaps, have never yet been found
 In all memorials of former ages,
 Nor ever will again. My sons are traitors,
 Their tongues and hands are witnesses confest,
 Therefore I have already past their sentence,
 And wait with you to see their execution.

Hor. Consul, the senate does not ask their deaths;
 They are content with what's already done,
 And all intreat you to remit the axe.

Brut. I thank you, fathers, but refuse the offer.
 By the assaulted majesty of Rome
 I swear there is no way to quit the grace,
 To right the commonwealth and thank the Gods,
 But by the sacrificing of my bowels:
 Take then, you sad revengers of the public,
 These traitors hence; strike off their heads, and then
 My sons. No more: Their doom is past. Away.
 Thus shall we stop the mouth of loud sedition;
 Thus show the difference betwixt the sway
 Of partial tyrants, and of free-born people,
 Where no man shall offend because he's great,
 Where none need doubt his wife's or daughter's honour,
 Where all enjoy their own without suspicion,
 Where there's no innovation of religion,
 No change of laws, nor breach of privilege,
 No desperate factions gaping for rebellion,
 No hopes of pardon for assassinated,
 No rash advancements of the base or stranger,
 For luxury, for wit, or glorious vice;
 But, on the contrary, a balanc'd

Patriots encourag'd, manufactures cherish'd,
 Vagabonds, walkers, drones, and swarming braves,
 The froth of states, scum'd from the commonwealth,
 Idleness banish'd, all excess repress'd,
 And riots check'd by sumptuary laws.

Oh conscript fathers! 'tis on these foundations
 That Rome shall build her empire to the stars,
 Send her commanders with her armies forth,
 To tame the world, and give the nations law;
 Consuls, proconsuls, who to the capitol
 Shall ride upon the necks of conquer'd kings,
 And when they die, mount from the gorgeous pile
 In flames of spice, and mingle with the Gods.

Her. Excellent Brutus! All the senate thank thee,
 And say, that thou thyself art half a God.

*Enter SEMPRONIA, TERAMINTA; with the rest of the
 Mourners; TITUS, VALERIUS, JUNIUS.*

Semp. Gone, gone, to death! Already sentenc'd!
 doom'd!

To lose the light of this dear world for ever!
 What, my Tiberius too! Ah, barbarous Brutus!
 Send, haste, revoke the order of their fate.
 By all the pledges of our marriage bed,
 If thou, inhuman judge, hast left me one
 To put thee yet in mind thou art a father,
 Speak to him, oh you mothers of sad Rome,
 Sisters and daughters, ere the execution
 Of all your blood; haste, haste, and run about him,
 Groan, sob, howl out the terrors of your souls;

ACT V. FATHER OF HIS CO

**Nay, fly upon him like robb'd
And tear him for your young.**

Brut Away, and leave me.

Semp. Or if you think it better
Because he has the pow'r of life:
Intreat him thus: Throw all you
Low at his feet, and like a God
Nay, make a rampire round him
And block him up: I see he wo
Yet that's a sign that our compl
Continu'd falls of ever-streaming
Such, and so many, and the cha
Of all the pious matrons through
Perhaps may melt this adamantin
Not yet! Nay, hang your bodies
Some on his arms, and some upo
And lay this innocent about his
This little smiling image of his f
See how he bends, and stretches
Oh all you pitying pow'rs of the
His pretty eyes, ruddy and wet w
Like two burst cherries rolling in
Plead for our griefs more than a t

Jun. Yes, yes, my father will
And spare my brothers; oh, I kr
Why, do you think he ever was in
What, to cut off their heads? I v
He will not; no, he only meant t
As he will me, when I have done

[Faint, mostly illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

I have
been?

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nce ;
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so long ;
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ton,

ri

And do you think he has the heart to kill 'em?
 No, no, he would not cut their little fingers
 For all the world; or if he should I'm sure
 The Gods would pay him for't.

Brut. What ho! Without there!
 Slaves, villains, ha! Are not my orders heard?

Hor. Oh Brutus, see, they are too well perform'd!
 See here the bodies of the Roman youth
 All headless by your doom, and there Tiberius.

Ter. See, Sir, behold, is not this horrid slaughter,
 This cutting off one limb from your own body,
 Is't not enough? Oh, will it not suffice
 To stop the mouth of the most bloody law?
 Oh, it were highest sin to make a doubt,
 To ask you now to save the innocent Titus,
 The common wish and general petition
 Of all the Roman senate, matrons, wives,
 Widows, and babes; nay, e'en the madding people
 Cry out at last that treason is reveng'd,
 And ask no more: oh, therefore spare him, Sir!

Brut. I must not hear you: hark, Valerius.

Ter. By all these wounds upon my virgin breast,
 Which I have suffer'd by your cruelty,
 Aitho' you promis'd Titus to defend me—

Sempr. Yet hold thy bloody hand, tyrannic Brutus,
 And I'll forgive thee for that headless horror:
 Grant me my Titus, oh in death I ask thee!
 Thou hast already brokè Sempronia's heart,
 Yet I will pardon that so Titus live.
 Ah, cruel judge! thou pitiless avenger!

What, art thou whisp'ring? Speak the horror out,
For in thy glaring eyes I read a murder.

Brut. I charge thee by thy oath, Valerius,
As thou art here deputed by the Gods,
And not a subject for a woman's folly,
Take him away, and drag him to the axe.

Val. It shall be thus then, not the hangman's hand.

[Runs him through, the women shriek.]

Titus. Oh bravely struck, I hast hit me to the
earth
So nobly that I shall rebound to heav'n,
Where I will thank thee for my ant wound.

[Senip. swoons.]

Brut. Take hence this woman in haste, and bear her
home.

Why, my Valerius, did'st thou rob my justice?

Titus. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in death
I might have leave to pay my last obedience,
And beg your blessing for the other world.

Ter. Oh do not take it, Titus; whate'er comes
From such a monstrous nature must be blasting.

Ah, thou inhuman tyrant! but alas
I loiter here, when Titus stays for me:
Look here, my love, thou shalt not be before me.

[Stabs herself.]

Thus, to thy arms then: oh, make haste, my Titus,
I'm got already in the grove of death;
The heav'n is all benighted, not one star
To light us through the dark and pathless maze
I have lost thy spirit; oh, I grope about

But cannot find thee: Now I sink in shadows.

[*Dies.*]

Titus. I come, thou matchless virtue. Oh my heart!
Farewel, my love, we'll meet in heav'n again!
My Lord, I hope your justice is aton'd;
I hope the glorious liberty of Rome,
Thus water'd by the blood of both your sons,
Will get imperial growth and flourish long.

Brut. Thou hast so nobly borne thyself in dying,
That not to bless thee were to curse myself;
Therefore I give thee thus my last embrace,
Print this last kiss upon thy trembling lips:
And ere thou goest I beg thee to report me
To the great shades of Romulus and Numa,
Just with that majesty and rugged virtue
Which they inspir'd, and which the world has seen.
So, for I see thou'rt gone, farewel for ever!
Eternal Jove, the King of Gods and men,
Reward and crown thee in the other world!

Titus. What happiness has life to equal this?
By all the Gods I would not live again;
For what can Jove, or all the Gods, give more,
To fall thus crown'd with virtue's fullest charms,
And die thus blest in such a father's arms? [*Dies.*]

Val. He's gone; the gallant spirit's fled for ever.
How fares this noble vessel, that is robb'd
Of all its wealth, spoil'd of its topmost glory,
And now lies floating in this world of ruin?

Brut. Peace, consul, peace! let us not soil the pomp
this majestic fate with woman's brawls.

Kneel fathers, friends, kneel, all you Roman people,
Hush'd as dead calms, while I conceive a pray'r
That shall be worthy Rome, and worthy Jove.

Val. Inspire him, Gods, and thou, oh Rome, attend!

Brut. Let Heav'n and Earth for ever keep their
bound,

The stars unshaken go their constant round ;
In harmless labour be our steel employ'd,
And endless peace through all the world enjoy'd :
Let every bark the waves in safety plough,
No angry tempest curl the ocean's brow ;
No darted flames from Heav'n make mortals fear,
Nor thunder fright the weeping passenger ;
Let not poor swains for storms at harvest mourn,
But smile to see their hoards of bladed corn :
No dreadful comets threaten from the skies,
No venom fall, nor pois'nous vapours rise.
Thou Jove, who dost the fates of empires doom,
Guard and defend the Liberty of Rome.



have sworn to stand, and ev'ry judge defy;
But why each bullying critic shou'd I name
A judge, whose only business is to damn?
While you your arbitrary fist advance
At wit, and dust it like a boor of France;
Who without show of reason or pretence
Condemn a man to die for speaking sense;
Howe'er we term'd you once the wise, the strong,
Know we have borne your impotence too long;
You that above your sires presume to soar,
And are but copies daub'd in miniature;
You that have nothing right in heart nor tongue,
But only to be resolute in wrong;
Who sense affect with such an awkward air,
As if a Frenchman should become severe;
Or an Italian make his wift a jest,
Like Spaniards pleasant, or like Dutchmen drest;





The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be supported by a valid receipt or invoice. This not only helps in tracking expenses but also ensures compliance with tax regulations.

In the second section, the author outlines the various methods used for data collection and analysis. These include surveys, interviews, and focus groups. Each method has its own strengths and limitations, and the choice depends on the specific research objectives.

The third section delves into the statistical analysis of the collected data. It covers topics such as descriptive statistics, inferential statistics, and regression analysis. The goal is to identify patterns and trends in the data that can inform decision-making.

Finally, the document concludes with a summary of the findings and recommendations. It highlights the key insights gained from the research and provides practical suggestions for future actions. The author also acknowledges the limitations of the study and suggests areas for further research.



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. This includes the use of surveys, interviews, and focus groups to gather insights from stakeholders and customers.

3. The third part details the process of identifying and addressing key challenges and opportunities. It highlights the need for a proactive approach to problem-solving and the importance of collaboration across different departments.

4. The fourth part discusses the role of technology in enhancing operational efficiency and data management. It mentions the implementation of various software solutions and the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest technological advancements.

5. The fifth part focuses on the importance of continuous improvement and innovation. It encourages the organization to regularly evaluate its processes and seek out new ways to optimize performance and create value.

6. The sixth part addresses the need for strong leadership and effective communication. It stresses that clear communication and a strong vision are essential for driving the organization towards its goals.

7. The seventh part discusses the importance of building a strong organizational culture. It highlights the role of values and norms in shaping the organization's identity and influencing its long-term success.

8. The eighth part outlines the various strategies and initiatives used to support the organization's growth and expansion. This includes market research, product development, and strategic partnerships.

9. The ninth part discusses the importance of risk management and contingency planning. It emphasizes the need to identify potential risks and develop effective strategies to mitigate them.

10. The tenth part concludes the document by summarizing the key findings and recommendations. It reiterates the importance of a holistic approach to organizational management and the need for ongoing commitment and effort.

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4. The fourth part of the document addresses the challenges associated with data management, such as data quality, security, and privacy. It provides strategies to mitigate these risks and ensure that data is used responsibly and ethically.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by summarizing the key findings and recommendations. It stresses the importance of ongoing monitoring and evaluation to ensure that data management practices remain effective and aligned with the organization's goals.

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