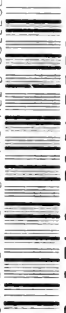
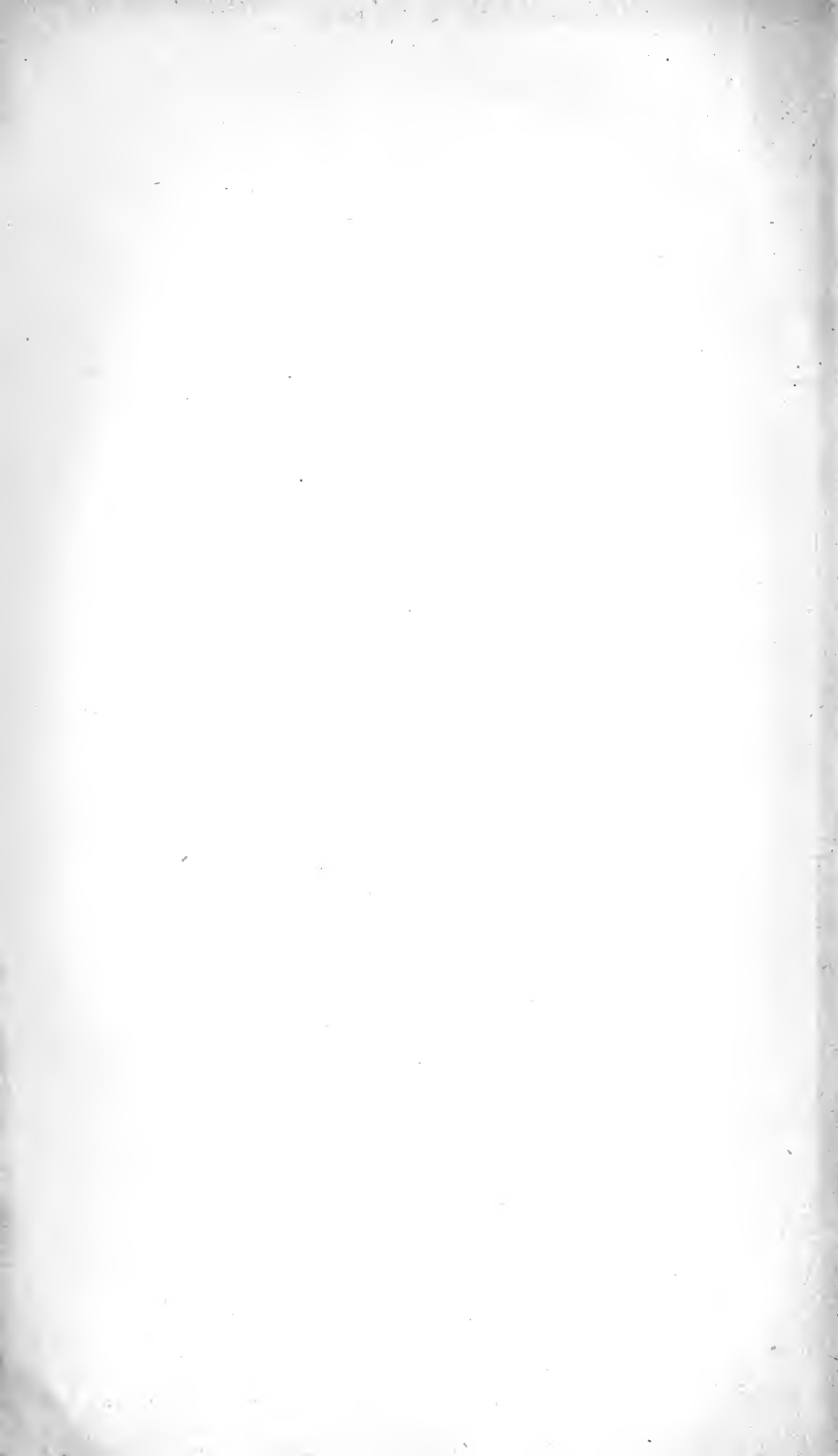


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XIV.

THE REBELLION.

LUST'S DOMINION; OR, THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

ANDROMANA.

LADY ALIMONY.

THE PARSON'S WEDDING.



A SELECT COLLECTION
OF
OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY ROBERT DODSLEY
IN THE YEAR 1744.

FOURTH EDITION,

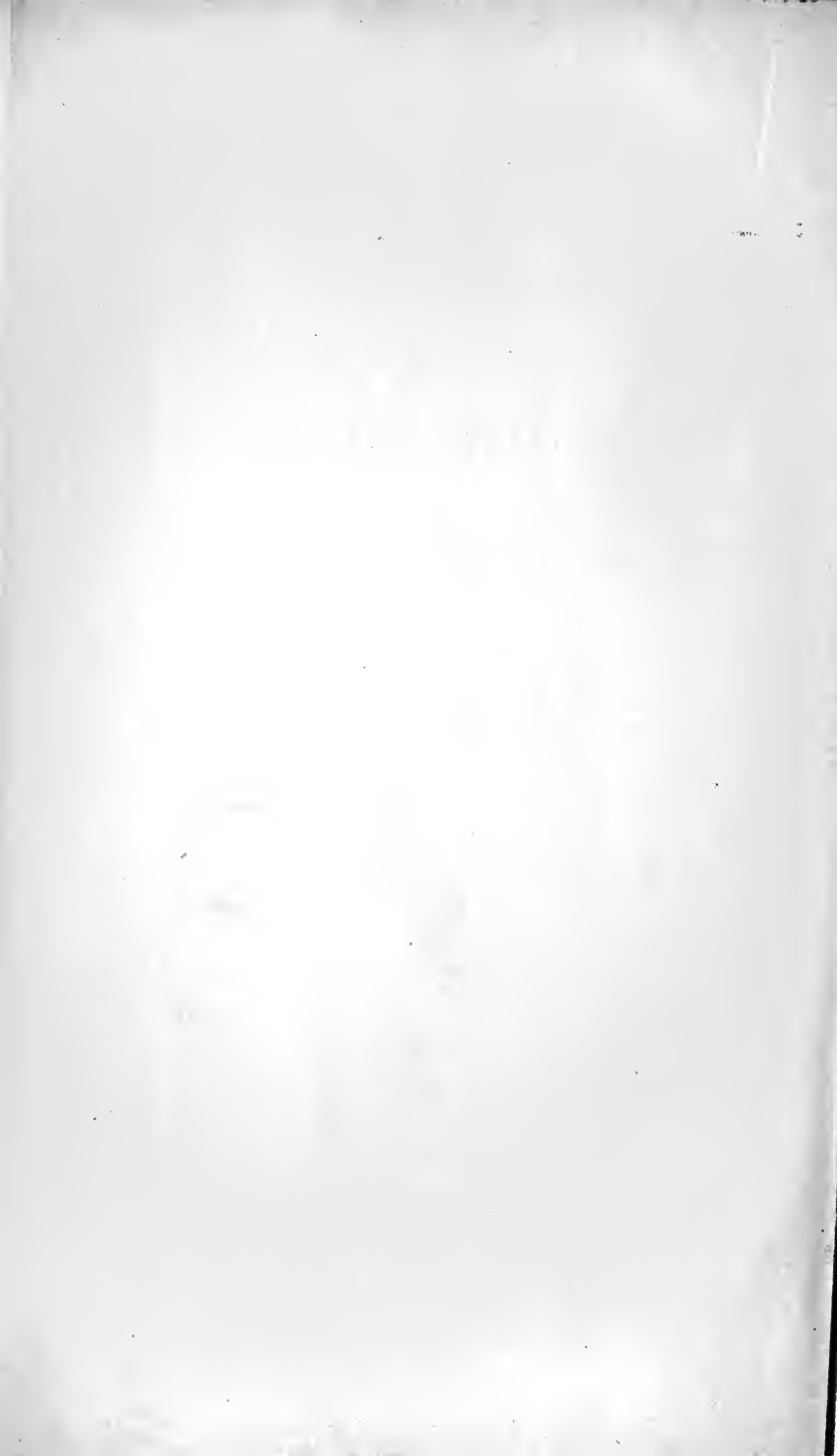
NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, REVISED AND ENLARGED,
WITH THE NOTES OF ALL THE COMMENTATORS,
AND NEW NOTES

BY

W. CAREW HAZLITT.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND,
AND 100 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.
1875.



THE REBELLION.

EDITION.

*The Rebellion ; a Tragedy : As it was acted nine dayes together, and divers times since, with good applause, by his Majesties Company of Revells. Written by Thomas Rawlins. London: Printed by I. Okes, for Daniell Frere, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Red Bull in Little Brittain. 1640. 4°.*¹

¹ [This play was reprinted in 1654, 4°, but not again till it was included in the "Ancient British Drama," 1810, 3 vols. 8°, with a curious mixture of old and modern spelling, a series of the most atrocious blunders, and without any attention to the punctuation ; in fact, the text of 1810 is almost unintelligible.]

INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS RAWLINS, author of "The Rebellion," was a medallist by profession, and afterwards became an engraver of the Mint, a vocation which, in his preface, he prefers to the threadbare occupation of a poet. [He also employed his talents occasionally in engraving frontispieces and portraits for books, of which several signed specimens are known.¹ It is said that he died in 1670.] It is an argument, as well of his personal respectability, as of his easy circumstances, that no fewer than eleven copies of prefatory verses, by the wits of the time, are prefixed to the old edition. Notwithstanding the popularity of the piece, [which, as it appears from the introductory poems, was composed by Rawlins in early life,] and several passages of real merit, it was [only once] republished, perhaps because rebellion soon assumed the whole kingdom for its stage.

[Besides his play, Rawlins published in 1648 an octavo volume of poems, written also in his youth, under the title of "Calanthe."²]

¹ [See further in Walpole's "Anecdotes," edit. 1862, pp. 400-1; but a comedy entitled "Tom Essence," printed in 1677, is there ascribed to his pen.]

² [He has commendatory verses to Chamberlain's "Jocabella," 1640, and the same writer's "Swaggering Damsel," printed in that year.]

TO THE WORSHIPFUL, AND HIS HONOURED KINSMAN,

ROBERT DUCIE,¹

OF ASTON, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD,
ESQUIRE ;

SON TO SIR R. DUCIE, KNIGHT AND BARONET, DECEASED.



SIR,—Not to boast of any perfections, I have never yet been owner of ingratitude, and would be loth envy should tax me now, having at this time opportunity to pay part of that debt I owe your love. This tragedy had at the presentment a general applause ; yet I have not that want of modesty as to conclude it wholly worthy your patronage, although I have been bold to fix your name unto it. Yet, however, your charity will be famous in protecting this plant from the breath of Zoilus, and forgiving this my confidence, and your acceptance cherish a study of a more deserving piece, to quit the remainder of the engagement. In

Your kinsman, ready to serve you,

THOMAS RAWLINS.

¹ [Respecting the Ducie family, see Lysons's "Environs of London," first edit., iv. 327 ; Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," edit. 1862, p. 401 ; and "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies," 1870.]

TO THE READER.

READER, if courteous, I have not so little faith as to fear thy censure, since thou knowest youth hath many faults, whereon I depend, although my ignorance of the stage is also a sufficient excuse. If I have committed any, let thy candour judge mildly of them ; and think not those voluntary favours of my friends (by whose compulsive persuasions I have published this) are commendations of my seeking, or through a desire in me to increase the volume, but rather a care that you (since that I have been over-entreated to present it to you) might find therein something worth your time. Take no notice of my name, for a second work of this nature shall hardly bear it. I have no desire to be known by a threadbare cloak, having a calling that will maintain it woolly. Farewell.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND THE AUTHOR,
UPON HIS TRAGEDY "THE REBELLION."

To praise thee, friend, and show the reason why,
Issues from honest love, not flattery.
My will is not to flatter, nor for spite
To praise or dispraise, but to do thee right.
Proud daring rebels in their impious way
Of Machiavellian darkness this thy play
Exactly shows ; speaks thee truth's satirist,
Rebellion's foe, time's honest artist.
Thy continu'd scenes, parts, plots, and language
can
Distinguish (worthily) the virtuous man

From the vicious villain, earth's fatal ill,
 Intending mischievous traitor Machiavel.
 Him and his treach'rous 'complices, that strove
 (Like the gigantic rebels war 'gainst Jove)
 To disenthroned Spain's king (the Heaven's
 anointed),
 By stern death all were justly disappointed.
 Plots meet with counterplots, revenge and
 blood :
 Rebels' ruin makes thy tragedy good.

NATH. RICHARDS.¹

TO HIS WORTHY ESTEEMED MASTER,
 THOMAS RAWLINS, ON HIS "REBELLION."

I MAY not wonder, for the world does know,
 What poets can, and ofttimes reach unto.
 They oft work miracles : no marvel, then,
 Thou mak'st thy tailor here a nobleman :
 Would all the trade were honest too ; but he
 Hath learn'd the utmost of the mystery,
 Filching with cunning industry the heart
 Of such a beauty, which did prove the smart
 Of many worthy lovers, and doth gain
 That prize which others labour'd for in vain.
 Thou mak'st him valiant too, and such a spirit,
 As every noble mind approves his merit.
 But what renown th' hast given his worth, 'tis fit
 The world should render to thy hopeful wit,
 And with a welcome plaudit entertain
 This lovely issue of thy teeming brain.
 That their kind usage to this birth of thine
 May win so much upon thee, for each line

¹ [A well-known poet and playwright]

Thou hast bequeath'd the world, thou'lt give her ten,
And raise more high the glory of thy pen.

Accomplish these our wishes, and then see,
How all that love the arts will honour thee.

C. G.¹

TO MY FRIEND MASTER RAWLINS,

UPON THIS PLAY, HIS WORK.

FRIEND, in the fair completeness of your play
Y' have courted truth; in these few lines to say
Something concerning it, that all may know
I pay no more of praise than what I owe.
'Tis good, and merit much more fair appears
Appareled in plain praise, than when it wears
A complimentary gloss. Tailors may boast
Th' have gain'd by your young pen what they
long lost

By the old proverb, which says, *Three to a man* :
But to your vindicating muse, that can
Make one a man, and a man noble, they
Must wreaths of bays as their due praises pay.

ROBERT DAVENPORT.²

TO THE AUTHOR, ON HIS "REBELLION."

THY play I ne'er saw : what shall I say then ?
I in my vote must do as other men,
And praise those things to all, which common fame
Does boast of such a hopeful growing flame
Which, in despite of flattery, shall shine,
Till envy at thy glory do repine :

¹ [Probably Charles Gerbier, author of "Elogium Hero-
inum," 1651, and other works.]

² [The dramatist.]

And on Parnassus' cliffy top shall stand,
 Directing wand'ring wits to wish'd-for land ;
 Like a beaçon o' th' Muses' hill remain,
 That still doth burn, no lesser light retain ;
 To show that other wits, compar'd with thee,
 Is but Rebellion i' th' high'st degree.
 For from thy labours (thus much I do scan)
 A tailor is ennobled to a man. R. W.¹

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND, MR. THOMAS
 RAWLINS.

To see a springot of thy tender age
 With such a lofty strain to word a stage ;
 To see a tragedy from thee in print,
 With such a world of fine meanders in't,
 Puzzles my wond'ring soul ; for there appears
 Such disproportion 'twixt thy lines and years,
 That when I read thy lines, methinks I see
 The sweet-tongued Ovid fall upon his knee,
 With (*parce precor*) every line and word
 Runs in sweet numbers of its own accord :
 But I am wonder-struck that all this while
 Thy unfeather'd quill should write a tragic style.
 'This above all my admiration draws,
 That one so young should know dramatic laws.
 'Tis rare, and therefore is not for the span
 Or greasy thumbs of every common man.
 The damask rose, that sprouts before the spring,
 Is fit for none to smell at but a king.
 Go on, sweet friend ; I hope in time to see
 Thy temples rounded with the Daphnean tree.

¹ [It is difficult to appropriate these initials, unless they belong to Robert Wild.]

And if men ask who nurs'd thee, I'll say thus,
It was the ambrosian spring of Pegasus.

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN.¹

TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS
RAWLINS,

ON HIS PLAY CALLED "THE REBELLION."

I WILL not praise thee, friend, nor is it fit,
Lest I be said to flatter what y' have writ :
For some will say I writ to applaud thee,
That when I print, thou may'st do so for me.
Faith, they're deceiv'd, thou justly claim'st thy bays :
Virtue rewards herself ; thy work's thy praise.

T. JOURDAN.²

TO THE AUTHOR, MASTER THOMAS
RAWLINS.

KIND friend, excuse me, that do thus intrude,
Thronging thy volume with my lines so rude.
Applause is needless here, yet this I owe,
As due to th' Muses ; thine ne'er su'd (I know)
For hands, nor voice, nor pen, nor other praise
Whatsoe'er by mortals us'd, thereby to raise
An author's name eternally to bliss.
Were't rightly scann'd (alas !) what folly 'tis !
As if a poet's single work alone
Wants power to lift him to the spangled throne
Of highest Jove ; or needs their lukewarm fires,
To cut his way or pierce the circled spheres.

¹ [The author of "Nocturnal Lucubrations," 1637, the "Swaggering Damsel," 1640, &c.]

² [Thomas Jordan, the well-known poet and pageant-writer.]

Foolish presumption ! whosoe'er thou art,
 Thus fondly deem'st of poet's princely art,
 Here needs no paltry petty pioneer's skill
 To fortify ; nay, thy mellifluous quill
 Strikes Momus with amaze and silence deep,
 And doom'd poor Zoilus to the Lethean sleep.
 Then ben't dismay'd, I know thy book will live,
 And deathless trophies to thy name shall give.
 Who doubts, where Venus and Minerva meet
 In every line, how pleasantly they greet ?
 Strewing thy paths with roses, red and white,
 To deck thy silver-streams of fluent wit ;
 And entertain the graces of thy mind.
 O, may thy early head sweet shelter find
 Under the umbrage of those verdant bays,
 Ordain'd for sacred poesy's sweet lays !
 Such are thy lines, in such a curious dress,
 Compos'd so quaintly, that, if I may guess,
 None save thine own should dare t' approach
 the press. I. GOUGH.¹

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR.

A SOUR and austere kind of men there be,
 That would outlaw the laws of poesy ;
 And from a commonwealth's well-govern'd lists
 Some grave and too much severe Platonists
 Would exclude poets, and have enmity
 With the soul's freedom, ingenuity.
 These are so much for wisdom, they forget
 That Heaven allow'th the use of modest wit.
 These think the author of a jest alone
 Is the man that deserves damnation ;
 Holding mirth vicious, and to laugh a sin :
 Yet we must give these cynics leave to grin.

¹ [John Gough, author of the "Strange Discovery," 1640.]

What will they think, when they shall see thee in
 The plains of fair Elysium? sit among
 A crowned troop of poets, and a throng
 Of ancient bards, which soul-delighting choir
 Sings daily anthems to Apollo's lyre?
 Amongst which thou shalt sit, and crowned thus,
 Shalt laugh at Cato and Democritus.
 Thus shall thy bays be superscrib'd: my pen
 Did not alone make plays, but also men.
 E. B.¹

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

BLESS me, you sacred Sisters! What a throng
 Of choice encomiums 's press'd? such as was sung
 When the sweet singer Stesichorus liv'd;
 Upon whose lips the nightingale surviv'd.
 What makes my sickly fancy hither hie
 (Unless it be for shelter), when the eye
 Of each peculiar artist makes a quest
 After my slender judgment? then a jest
 Dissolves my thoughts to nothing, and my pains
 Has its reward in adding to my stains.
 But as the river of Athamas can fire
 The sullen wood, and make its flames aspire,
 So the infused comfort I receive
 By th' tie of friendship, prompts me to relieve
 My fainting spirits, and with a full sail
 Rush 'mongst your argosies; despite of hail
 Or storms of critics, friend, to thee I come:
 I know th' hast harbour, I defy much room:
 Besides, I'll pay thee for't in grateful verse,
 Since that thou art wit's abstract, I'll rehearse:
 Nothing shall wool your ears with a long phrase
 Of a sententious folly; for to raise

¹ [Possibly Edward Benlowes.]

Sad pyramids of flattery, that may be
 Condemn'd for the sincere prolixity.
 Let envy turn her mantle, and expose
 Her rotten entrails to infect the rose,
 Or pine—like greenness of thy extant wit :
 Yet shall thy Homer's shield demolish it.
 Upon thy quill as on an eagle's wing,
 Thou shalt be led through th' air's sweet whispering :
 And with thy pen thou shalt engrave thy name
 (Better than pencil) in the list of fame.

I. TATHAM.¹

ON MASTER RAWLINS AND HIS TAILOR,
 IN "THE REBELLION."

IN what a strange dilemma stood my mind,
 When first I saw the tailor, and did find
 It so well-fraught with wit ! but when I knew
 The noble tailor to proceed from you,
 I stood amaz'd, as one with thunder struck,
 And knew not which to read ; you or your book.
 I wonder how you could, being of our race,
 So eagle-like look Phœbus in the face.
 I wonder how you could, being so young,
 And teeming yet, encounter with so strong
 And firm a story ; 'twould indeed have prov'd
 A subject for the wisest, that had lov'd
 To suck at Aganippe. But go on,
 My best of friends ; and as you have begun
 With that is good, so let your after-times
 Transcendent be. Apollo he still shines
 On the best wits ; and if a Momus chance
 On this thy volume scornfully to glance,

¹ [The author of these wretched lines was the well-known pageant-writer.]

Melpomene will defend, and you shall see,
That virtue will at length make envy flee.

I. KNIGHT.¹

TO HIS INGENIOUS FRIEND, MASTER
RAWLINS,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE REBELLION."

WHAT need I strive to praise thy worthy frame,
Or raise a trophy to thy lasting name?
Were my bad wit with eloquence refin'd,
When I have said my most, the most's behind.
But that I might be known for one of them,
Which do admire thy wit and love thy pen,
I could not better show forth my good-will,
Than to salute you with my virgin quill,
And bring you something to adorn your head
Among a throng of friends, who oft have read
Your learned poems, and do honour thee
And thy bright genius. How like a curious tree
Is thy sweet fancy, bearing fruit so rare
The learned still will covet. Momus no share
Shall have of it; but end his wretched days
In grief, 'cause now he seeth th' art crown'd with
bays. JO. MERIELL²

¹ [The writer of these lines does not seem to be otherwise known.]

² [This writer is not otherwise known]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Cupid.

KING OF SPAIN.

ANTONIO, *a count.*

MACHIAVEL, *a count.*

ALERZO, }
FULGENTIO, } *three Spanish colonels.*
PANDOLPHO, }

PETRUCHIO, *Governor of Filford.*

RAYMOND (*a Moor*), *General of the French army.*

LEONIS, }
GILBERTI, } *three French colonels.*
FIRENZO, }

SEBASTIANO, *Petruchio's son, in the disguise of a
tailor called Giovanni.*

OLD TAILOR.

VERMIN, *his man.*

Three Tailors more.

Captain of the Banditti.

Two Ruffians and a Bravo.

PHILIPPA, *the Moor's wife.*

AURISTELLA, *Machiavel's wife.*

EVADNE, *Antonio's sister.*

AURELIA, *Sebastiano's sister.*

Nurse, attendant on Evadne.

Attendants.

SCENE—*Seville.*

THE REBELLION.

ACT I.; SCENE 1.

*Enter severally, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, and
PANDOLPHO.*

ALER. Colonel ?

FUL. Signor Alerzo ?

ALER. Here.

PAN. Signors, well-met :

The lazy morn has scarcely trimm'd herself
To entertain the sun ; she still retains
The slimy tincture of the banish'd night :
I hardly could discern you.

ALER. But you appear fresh as a city bride-
groom,
That has sign'd his wife a warrant for the
Grafting of horns ; how fares Belinda
After the weight of so much sin ? you lay with her
To-night ; come, speak, did you take up on trust,
Or have you pawn'd a colony of oaths ?
Or an embroidered belt ? or have you ta'en
The courtier's trick, to lay your sword at mort-
gage ?

Or perhaps a feather ? 'twill serve in traffic,
To return her ladyship a fan, or so.

PAN. Y' are merry.

FUL. Come, be free,
 Leave modesty for women to gild
 Their pretty thriving art of plentitude,
 To enrich their husbands' brows with cornucopias.
 A soldier, and thus bashful! Pox! be open.

PAN. Had I the pox, good colonel, I should
 stride
 Far opener than I do; but pox o' the fashion!

ALER. Count Antonio. [*To them enter ANTONIO.*]

FUL. Though he appear fresh as a bloom
 That newly kiss'd the sun, adorn'd with pearly
 Drops, flung from the hand of the rose-finger'd
 morn,

Yet in his heart lives a whole host of valour.

PAN. He appears
 A second Mars.

ALER. More powerful, since he holds wisdom
 And valour captive.

FUL. Let us salute him.

[*Whilst they salute ANTONIO, enters COUNT
 MACHIAVEL.*]

MACH. Ha! how close they strike, as if they
 heard

A winged thunderbolt [that] threaten'd his death,
 And each ambitious were to lose his life;
 So it might purchase him a longer being:
 Their breath engenders like two peaceful winds,
 That join a friendly league, and fill the air
 With silken music;

I may pass by, and scarce be spar'd a look,
 Or any else but young Antonio.

Rise from thy scorching den, thou soul of mis-
 chief!

My blood boils hotter than the poison'd flesh
 Of Hercules cloth'd in the Centaur's shirt:

Swell me, revenge, till I become a hill,
 High as Olympus' cloud-dividing top;

That I might fall, and crush them into air.
I'll observe. [*Exit behind the hangings.*]

ANT. Command, I prythee, all¹
This little world I'm master of contains,
And be assur'd 'tis granted; I have a life,
I owe to death; and in my country's *cause I
should——

FUL. Good sir, no more,
This ungrateful land owes you too much already.

ALER. And you still bind it in stronger bonds.

PAN. Your noble deeds that, like to thoughts,
outstrip
The fleeting clouds, dash all our hopes of payment :
We are poor, but in unprofitable thanks ;
Nay, that cannot rehearse enough your merit.

ANT. I dare not hear this ; pardon, bashful ears,
For suffering such a scarlet to o'erspread
Your burning portals.

Gentlemen, your discourses taste of court,
They have a relish of known flattery ;
I must deny to understand their folly :
Your pardon, I must leave you :
Modesty commands.

FUL. Your honour's vassals.

ANT. O good colonel, be more a soldier,
Leave compliments for those that live at ease,
To stuff their table-books ; and o'er a board,
Made gaudy with some pageant, beside custards,
Whose quaking strikes a fear into the eaters,
Dispute 'em in a fashionable method.
A soldier's language should be (as his calling)
Rough, to declare he is a man of fire.
Farewell without the straining of a sinew,
No superstitious cringe ! adieu ! [*Exit.*]

¹ [Editor of "A. B. D." printed (with old copy) *commandy the all.*]

ALER. Is't not a hopeful lord?
 Nature to him has chain'd the people's hearts;
 Each to his saint offers a form of prayer
 For young Antonio.

PAN. And in that loved name pray for the king-
 dom's good.

FUL. Count Machiavel!

Enter MACHIAVEL from behind the hangings.

ALER. Let's away.

[Exeunt: manet MACHIAVEL.]

MACH. Heart, wilt not burst with rage, to see
 these slaves
 Fawn like to whelps on young Antonio,
 And fly from me as from infection? Death,
 Confusion, and the list of all diseases, wait upon
 your lives
 Till you be ripe for hell, which when it gapes,
 May it devour you all: stay, Machi'vel,
 Leave this same idle chat, it becomes woman
 That has no strength, but what her tongue
 Makes a monopoly; be more a man,
 Think, think; in thy brain's mint
 Coin all thy thoughts to mischief:
 That may act revenge at full.
 Plot, plot, tumultuous thoughts, incorporate;
 Beget a lump, howe'er deform'd, that may at
 length,
 Like to a cub lick'd by the careful dam,
 Become (like to my wishes) perfect vengeance.
 Antonio, ay, Antonio—nay, all,
 Rather than lose my will, shall headlong fall
 Into eternal ruin; my thoughts are high.
 Death, sit upon my brow; let every frown
 Banish a soul that stops me of a crown. *[Exit.]*

Enter EVADNE and NURSE.

EVAD. The tailor yet return'd, nurse ?

NUR. Madam, not yet.

EVAD. I wonder why he makes gowns so imperfect ;

They need so many says.

NUR. Truly, in sooth, and in good deed, la, madam,

The stripling is in love : deep, deep in love.

EVAD. Ha !

Does his soul shoot with an equal dart
From the commanding bow of love's great god,
Keep passionate time with mine ? or has
She spi'd my error to reflect with eager beams
Of thirsty love upon a tailor, being myself
Born high ? [*Aside.*]—I must know more—
In love, good nurse, with whom ?

NUR. Truly, madam, 'tis a fortune,
Cupid, good lad—prais'd be his godhead for't,
Has thrown upon me, and I am proud on't ;
O, 'tis a youth jocund as sprightly May,
One that will do discreetly with a wife,
Board her without direction from the stars,
Or counsel from the moon to do for physic ;
No, he's a back ;—O, 'tis a back indeed !

EVAD. Fie ! this becomes you not.

NUR. Besides, he is of all that conquering
calling,

A tailor, madam : O, 'tis a taking trade !
What chambermaid—with reverence may
I speak of those lost maidenheads—
Could long hold out against a tailor ?

EVAD. Y' are uncivil.

NUR. What aged female, for
I must confess I am worn threadbare—

Would not be turn'd, and live a marriage life,
To purchase heaven ?

EVAD. Heaven——

NUR. Yes, my dear madam, heaven ; whither,
My most sweet lady, but to heaven ? hell's a
Tailor's warehouse ; he has the keys, and sits
In triumph cross-legg'd o'er the mouth :

It is no place of horror,
There's no flames made blue with brimstone ;
But the bravest silks, so fashionable—
O, I do long to wear such properties !

EVAD. Leave your talk,

One knocks : go, see. [Knocks within.]

NUR. O, 'tis my love ! I come. [Exit.]

EVAD. A tailor ; fie ! blush, my too tardy soul,
And on my brow place a becoming scorn,
Whose fatal sight may kill his mounting hopes.
Were he but one that, when 'twas said he's born,
Had been born noble, high,
Equal in blood to that our house boasts great ;
I'd fly into his arms with as much speed
As an air-cutting arrow to the stake.
But, O, he comes ! my fortitude is fled.

Enter NURSE and GIOVANNO with a gown.

GIO. Yonder she is, and walks, yet in sense
strong enough to maintain argument ; she's under
my cloak ; for the best part of a lady, as this age
goes, is her clothes ; in what reckoning ought we
tailors to be esteemed then, that are the master-
workmen to correct nature ! You shall have a
lady, in a dialogue with some gallant touching his
suit, the better part of man, so suck the breath
that names the skilful tailor, as if it nourished her.
Another Donna fly from the close embracements
of her lord, to be all-over-measured by her tailor.

One will be sick, forsooth, and bid her maid deny her to this don, that earl, the other marquis, nay, to a duke; yet let her tailor lace and unlace her gown, so round the skirts to fit her to the fashion. Here's one has in my sight made many a noble don to hang the head, dukes and marquises, three in a morning, break their fasts on her denials; yet I, her tailor, blessed be the kindness of my loving stars, am ushered; she smiles, and says I have stay'd too long, and then finds fault with some slight stitch, that eyelet-hole's too close, then must I use my bodkin, 'twill never please else; all will not do. I must take it home for no cause but to bring it her again next morning. We tailors are the men, spite o' the proverb, ladies cannot live without. It is we

That please them best in their commodity:

There's magic in our habits, tailors can

Prevail 'bove him honour styles best of man.

EVAD. Bid him draw near.

NUR. Come hither, love, sweet chuck:

My lady calls.

GIO. What means this woman? sure, she loves me too,

Tailors shall speed, had they no tongues to woo:

Women would sue to them. [Aside.]

EVAD. What, have you done it now?

GIO. Madam, your gown by my industry

Is purg'd of errors.

EVAD. Lord, what a neat methodical way you have

To vent your phrases; pray, when did you commence?

GIO. What mean you, madam?

EVAD. Doctor, I mean; you speak so physical.

NUR. Nay, madam; 'tis a youth, I praise my stars

For their kind influence, a woman may be proud
on,

And I am.

O, 'tis a youth in print, a new Adonis,
And I could wish, although my glass tells me
I'm wondrous fair, I were a Venus for him.

GIO. O lady, you are more fairer by far.

NUR. La you there, madam!

GIO. Where art thou, man? art thou trans-
form'd,

Or art thou grown so base, that
This ridiculous witch should think I love her?

EVAD. Leave us. [*Aside.*]

NUR. I go.

Duck, I'll be here anon;

I will, dove.

[*Exit.*]

GIO. At your best leisure.

Protect me, manhood, lest my glutton sense,
Feeding with such an eager appetite on
Your rare beauty, [and] breaking the sluices,
Burst into a flood of passionate tears.

I must, I will enjoy her, though a

Destroying clap from Jove's artillery were the
reward:

And yet, dull-daring sir, by your favour, no,

He must be more than savage can attempt

To injure so much spotless innocence:

Pardon, great powers, the thought of such offence.

[*Aside.*]

EVAD. When Sebastiano, clad in conquering steel,
And in a phrase able to kill, or from a coward's
heart

Banish a thought of fear, woo'd me,

[He] won not so much on my captive soul

As this youth's silence does.

Help me, some power, out of this tangling maze,

I shall be lost else.

[*Aside.*]

GIO. Fear, to the breast of women ; build
Thy throne on their soft hearts ; mine must not
be

Thy slave.—[*Aside.*] Your pleasure, madam ?

EVAD. I have a question must be directly
answer'd ;

No excuse, but from thy heart a truth.

GIO. Command me, madam ; were it a secret,
On whose hinges hung the casements of my life,
Yet your command shall be obey'd to the least
Scruple.

EVAD. I take your word :

My aged nurse tells me you love her :
Answer ; is't a truth ?

GIO. She's jealous, I'll try ;
As oracle.

EVAD. Ha !

GIO. 'Tis so, I'll further ; I love her, madam,
With as rich a flame as anchorites
Do saints they offer prayers unto.
I hug her memory as I would embrace
The breath of Jove when it pronounced me
Happy, or prophet that should speak my
After-life great, even with adoration deified.

EVAD. My life, like to a bubble i' th' air,
Dissolv'd by some uncharitable wind,
Denies my body warmth : your breath
Has made me nothing. [*She faints.*]

GIO. Rather let me lose all external being.
Madam, good madam.

EVAD. You say you love her.

GIO. Madam, I do.

Can any love the beauty of a stone,
Set by some curious artist in a ring,
But he must attribute some [virtue] to
The file that adds unto the lustre ?
You appear like to a gem, cut by the

Steady hand of careful nature into such
 Beauteous tablets, that dull art,
 Famous in skilful flattery, is become
 A novice in what fame proclaim'd him doctor ;
 He can't express one spark of your great lustre.
 Madam, those beauties that, but studied on
 By their admirers, are deifi'd, serve
 But as spots to make your red and white
 Envi'd of cloister'd saints.

EVAD. Have I, ungrateful man, like to the sun,
 That from the heavens sends down his
 Cherishing beams on some religious plant,
 That with a bow, the worship of the
 Thankful, pays the preserver of his life
 And growth : but thou, unthankful man,
 In scorn of me, to love a calendar of many
 Years.¹

GIO. Madam, upon my knees, a superstitious
 rite,
 The Heathens us'd to pay their gods, I offer up
 A life, that until now ne'er knew a price—
 Made déar because you love it.

EVAD. Arise ;
 It is a ceremony due unto none but heaven.

GIO. Here I'll take root, and grow into my
 grave,
 Unless, dear goddess, you forget to be
 Cruel to him adores you with a zeal,
 Equal to that of hermits.

EVAD. I believe you, and thus exchange a
 devout vow
 Humbly upon my knees, that, though the
 Thunder of my brother's rage should force divorce,
 Yet in my soul to love you ; witness all
 The wing'd inhabitants of the highest heaven !

¹ [Evadne alludes, of course, to the old nurse]

GIO. If sudden lightning, such as vengeful Jove
Clears the infectious air with, threaten'd to scorch
My daring soul to cinders, if I
Did love you, lady, I would love you, spite
Of the dogged fates or any power those curs'd
Hags set to oppose me.

To them enter NURSE.

EVAD. Be thyself again.

NUR. Madam, your brother.

EVAD. Fie! you have done it ill; our brother,
say you?

Pray you, take it home and mend it.

GIO. Madam, it shall be done; I take my leave.
Love, I am made thy envy; I am he
This vot'ress prays unto, as unto thee:
Tailors are more than men; and here's the odds:
They make fine ladies: ladies make them gods:
And so they are not men, but far above them.
This makes the tailors proud; then ladies love
them. [Exit,

ANTONIO meets him.

ANT. What's he that pass'd?

EVAD. My tailor.

ANT. There's something in his face I (sure)
should know.

But, sister, to your beads; pray for distress'd
Seville;

Whilst I mount some watchtower,
To o'erlook our enemies: religion's laws
Command me fight for my lov'd country's cause.

[Exit.

EVAD. Love bids me pray, and on his altars
make

A sacrifice for my lov'd tailor's sake. [Exit,

Alarum. Enter RAYMOND, PHILIPPA, LEONIS,
GILBERTI, and FIRENZO.

RAY. Stand.

LEO. Stand.

GIL. Stand.

FIR. Give the word through the army, stand
there.

WITHIN. Stand, stand, stand, stand, ho!

RAY. Bid the drum cease, whilst we embrace
our love:

Come, my Philippa, like the twins of war,
Lac'd in our steelly corselets, we're become
The envy of those brain-begotten gods
Mouldy antiquity lifted to heaven;
Thus we exchange our breath.

[*Kiss.*]

PHIL. My honour'd lord,

Duty commands, I pay it back again.

'Twill waste me into smoke else.

Can my body retain that breath that would

Consume an army dress'd in a rougher habit?

Pray, deliver (come, I'm a gentle thief)

The breath you stole.

[*He kisses her.*]

RAY. Restore back mine. [*She kisses him.*] So,
go, pitch our tent, we'll

Have a combat i' th' field of love with thee

Philippa, ere we meet the foe: thou art

A friendly enemy. How say you, lords?

Does not my love appear

Like to the issue of the brain of Jove,

Governess of arms and arts, Minerva!

Or a selected beauty from a troop of Amazons?

LORDS. She is a mine of valour.

PHIL. Lords, spare your praises till, like Brada-
mant,

The mirror of our sex, I make the foe

Of France and us crouch like a whelp,

Awed by the heaving of his master's hand ;
 My heart runs through my arm, and when I deal
 A blow, it sinks a soul.
 My sword flies nimbler than the bolts of Jove,
 And wounds as deep. Spain, thy proud host shall
 feel
 Death has bequeath'd his office to my steel.

RAY. Come on, brave lords ; upon your general's
 word,
 Philippa loves no parley like the sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GIOVANNO, OLD TAILOR, VERMIN,
 and two more.*

GIO. Come, bullies, come ; we must forsake the
 use of nimble shears, and now betake us to our
 Spanish needles, stiletto blades, and prove the
 proverb lies, lies in his throat : one tailor can erect
 sixteen, nay more, of upstart gentlemen, known by
 their clothes, and leave enough materials in hell to
 damn a broker.

O. TAI. We must to the wars, my boys.

VER. How, master, to the wars ?

O. TAI. Ay, to the wars, Vermin ; what say'st
 thou to that ?

VER. Nothing, but that I had rather stay at
 home : O, the good penny-bread at breakfasts that
 I shall lose ! Master, good master, let me alone to
 live with honest John, noble John Black.

2D TAI. Wilt thou disgrace thy worthy calling,
 Vermin ?

VER. No, but I am afraid my calling will disgrace
 me : I shall be gaping for my morning's loaf and
 dram of ale, I shall ; and now and then look for a
 cabbage-leaf or an odd remnant to clothe my bash-
 ful buttocks.

O. TAI. You shall.

VER. Yes, marry; why, I hope poor Vermin must be fed, and will be fed, or I'll torment you.

GIO. Master, I take privilege from your love to hearten on my fellows.

O. TAI. Ay, ay, do, do, good boy. [Exit.

GIO. Come, my bold fellows, let us eternise,
For our country's good, some noble act,
That may by time be regist'ed at full :
And as the year renews, so shall our fame
Be fresh to after-times : the tailor's name,
So much trod under and the scorn of all,
Shall by this act be high, whilst others fall.

3D TAI. Come, Vermin, come.

VER. Nay, if Vermin slip from the back of a tailor, spit him with a Spanish needle : or torment him in the louse's engine—your two thumb-nails.

[Exit all but GIOVANNO,

GIO. The city's sieged, and thou thus chain'd
In airy fetters of a lady's love !
It must not be ; stay, 'tis Evadne's love ;
Her life is with the city ruined, if
The French become victorious :
Evadne must not die : her chaster name,
That once made cold, now doth my blood inflame.

[Exit.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

A table and chairs.

*Enter (after a shout crying ANTONIO) the GOVERNOR
and COUNT MACHIAVEL.*

Gov. Hell take their spacious throats ! we shall
ere long
Be pointed as a prodigy !

Antonio is the man they load with praise,
And we stand as a cypher to advance
Him by a number higher.

MACH. Now, Mach'vel, plot his ruin. [*Aside.*
It is not to be borne ; are not you our
Master's substitute ? then why should he
Usurp a privilege without your leave
To preach unto the people a doctrine
They ought not hear ?
He incites 'em not to obey your charge,
Unless it be to knit a friendly league
With the opposing French, laying before 'em
A troop of feigned dangers will ensue,
If we do bid 'em battle.

Gov. Dares he do this ?

MACH. 'Tis done already ;
Smother your anger, and you shall see here
At the council-board he'll break into a
Passion, which [*Aside*] I'll provoke him to.

*To them ANTONIO, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, and
PANDOLPHO : they sit in council.*

Gov. Never more need, my worthy partners in
The dangerous brunts of iron war, had we
Of counsel : the hot-reined French, led by
That haughty Moor, upon whose sword sits victory
Enthroned, daily increase ;
And, like the army of another Xerxes,
Make the o'erburthen'd earth groan at their
weight.

We cannot long hold out ; nor have we hope
Our royal master can raise up their siege,
Ere we be forc'd to yield :

My lord, your counsel ; 'tis a desperate grief.

MACH. And must, my lord, find undelay'd
release ?

Noble commanders, since that war's grim god,
 After our sacrifice of many lives,
 Neglects our offerings, and repays our service
 With loss ; 'tis good to deal with policy.
 He's no true soldier, that deals heedless blows
 With the endangering of his life ; and may
 Walk in a shade of safety, yet o'erthrow
 His towering enemy.

Great Alexander made the then known world
 Slave to his powerful will more by the help
 Of politic wit

Than by the rough compulsion of the sword,
 Troy, that endur'd the Grecians ten years' siege,
 By policy was fir'd, and became like to
 A lofty beacon all on flame.

Gov. Hum, hum !

MACH. Suppose the French be mark'd for conquerors ?

Stars have been cross'd, when at a natural birth
 They dart prodigious beams ; their influence,
 Like to the flame of a new-lighted taper,
 Has with the breath of policy been blown
 Out,—even to nothing.

FUL. Hum, hum !

ALER. This has been studied.

[*Aside.*]

PAN. He's almost out.

[*Aside.*]

Gov. Good.

But to the matter. You counsel ?

MACH. 'Tis this, my lord,

That straight, before the French have pitched their
 tents,

Or rais'd a work before our city walls—

As yet their ships have not o'erspread the sea—

We send a regiment, that may with speed

Land on the marshes, and begirt their backs,

Whilst we open our gates, and with a strong
 assault

Force 'em retreat into the arms of death :
 So the revengeful earth shall be their tomb,
 That did erewhile trample her teeming womb.

Gov. Machiavel speaks oracle ; what says
 Antonio ?

ANT. Nothing.

GOV. How ?

ANT. Nothing.

MACH. It takes ; revenge,
 I hug thee ; young lord, thou art lost. [*Aside.*]

GOV. Speak, Antonio, your counsel.

ANT. Nothing.

GOV. How ?

ANT. So ;

And could my wish obtain a sudden grant
 From yon tribunal, I would crave my senses
 Might be all steeped in Lethe, to forget
 What Machiavel has spoken.

MACH. Ha ! it takes unto my wish. [*Aside.*]

Why, Antonio ?

ANT. Because you speak

Not like a man, that were possess'd with a
 Mere soldier's heart, much less a soul guarded
 With subtle sinews. O madness ! can there be
 In nature such a prodigy, so senseless.
 So much to be wondered at,
 As can applaud or lend a willing ear
 To that my blushes do betray ? I've been
 Tardy to hear your childish policy.

Gov. Antonio, you're too bold ; this usurp'd
 liberty

To abuse a man of so much merit is not
 Seemly in you : nay, I'll term it sauciness.

ANT. Nay, then, my lord, I claim the privilege
 Of a councillor, and will object.

This my prophetic fear whisper'd my heart :
 When from a watchtow'r I beheld the French

Erect their spears which, like a mighty grove,
 Denied my eyes any other object :
 The tops show'd by a stolen reflection from
 The sun like diamonds, or as the glorious
 Gilder of the day should deign a lower visit.
 Then my warm blood, that used to play like
 Summer, felt a change ; grey-bearded winter
 Froze my very soul, till I became,
 Like the Pyrenian hills, wrapp'd in a robe of ice :
 My arctic¹ fears froze me into a statue.

ALER. Cowardly Antonio !

FUL. I have lost my faith,
 And can behold him now without a wonder.

Gov. Antonio, y' are too long, and rack our
 patience ;
 Your counsel ?

ANT. I fear'd—but what ? not our proud
 enemies :

No, did they burthen all our Spanish world,
 And I, poor I, only surviv'd to threat defiance
 In the mounseers' ² teeth, and stand defendant
 For my country's cause, naked, unarm'd,
 I'd through their bragging host, and pay my life
 A sacrifice to death for my loved country's safety.

ALER. Fulgentio, thou hast not lost
 Thy faith ?

FUL. No, I'm reform'd ; he's valiant.

[*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*]

Gov. Antonio, your counsel ?

MACH. Ay, your counsel ?

ANT. Our foes increase to an unreckon'd num-
 ber ;

We less than nothing, since we have no hope
 To arrive a number, that may cope with

¹ [The editor of the "A. B. D." printed *atticke.*]

² [Probably an intentional corruption (with old copy).]

Half their army.

'Tis my counsel we strike a league :

'Tis wisdom to sue peace, where powerful fate

Threatens a ruin : lest [we] repent too late.

FUL. 'Tis god-like counsel. [Aside.

ALER. And becomes the tongue of young Antonio. [Aside.

GOV. Antonio, let me tell you, you have lost
Your valiant heart ; I can with safety now
Term you a coward.

ANT. Ha !

GOV. Nay, more,
Since by your oratory you strive
To rob your country of a glorious conquest,
That may to after-times beget a fear,
Even with the thought should awe the trembling
World, you are a traitor.

ANT. Ha ! my lord ! coward and traitor ! 'tis a
damned lie,
And in the heart of him dares say't again
I'll write his error.

MACH. 'Tis as I would have't. [Aside.

FUL. Noble Antonio ! [Aside.

ALER. Brave-spirited lord ! [Aside.

FUL. The mirror of a soldier ! [Aside.

GOV. O, are you mov'd, sir ? has the deserved
name

Of traitor prick'd you ?

ANT. Deserv'd ?

GOV. Yes.

MACH. Yes.

ANT. Machiavel, thou liest ; hadst thou a
heart

Of harden'd steel, my powerful arm
Should pierce it.

[*They fight all in a confused manner : ANTONIO
kills the GOVERNOR, MACHIAVEL falls.*

ALER. The governor
Slain by Antonio's hand?

FUL. No, by the hand of justice; fly, fly, my
lord!

ALER. Send for a chirurgeon to dress Count
Machiavel:

He must be now our governor; the king
Signed it in the dead governor's commission.

[*Exeunt.*

ANT. Now I repent too late my rash contempt;
The horror of a murderer will still
Follow my guilty thoughts, fly where I will.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

MACH. I'm wounded; else, coward Antonio,
Thou shouldst not fly from my revengeful arm:
But may my curses fall upon thy head,
Heavy as thunder! may'st thou die
Burthen'd with ulcerous sins, whose very weight
May sink thee down to hell,
Beneath the reach of smooth-fac'd mercy's arm!

[*A shout within, crying* ANTONIO.

Confusion choke your rash officious throats!
And may that breath that speaks his loathed
name

Beget a plague, whose hot infectious air
May scald you up to blisters, which foretel
A purge of life! Up, Machiavel,
Thou hast thy will, howe'er cross fate
Divert the people's hearts; they must perforce
Sue to that shrine our liking shall erect.
The governor is dead, Antonio's lost
To anything but death; 'tis our glad fate
To gripe the staff of what we look'd for—state.
My blood's ambitious, and runs through my veins,
Like nimble water through a leaden pipe
Up to some barren mountain. I must have more;
All wealth, in my thoughts, to a crown is poor.

Enter GIOVANNO, EVADNE, and NURSE.

GIO. 'Tis a neat gown, and fashionable, madam ; is't not, love ?

NUR. Upon my virginity, wonderful handsome : dear, when we are married, I'll have such a one ; shall I not, chicken, ha ?

GIO. What else, kind nurse ?

NUR. Truly you tailors are the most sanctified members of a kingdom : how many crooked and untoward bodies have you set upright, that they go now so straight in their lives and conversation, as the proudest on them all ?

GIO. That's certain, none prouder.

EVAD. How mean you, sir ?

GIO. Faith, madam, your crooked movables in artificial bodies, that rectify the deformity of nature's overplus, as bunching backs : or scarcity, as scanty shoulders—are the proudest creatures ; you shall have them jet it with an undaunted boldness ; for the truth is, what they want in substance they have in air : they will scold the tailor out of his art, and impute the defect of nature to his want of skill, though his labour make her appearance pride-worthy.

NUR. Well said, my bird's-nye, stand for the credit of tailors whilst thou livest ; wilt thou not, chuck ? Ha, say'st thou, my dear ?

GIO. I were ungrateful else.

EVAD. Nurse, pray leave us, your presence makes your sweetheart negligent of what he comes about ; pray, be won to leave us here.

NUR. Madam, your will's obey'd :
Yet I can hardly pass from thee, my love,
At such a sudden warning.

GIO. Your eager love may be termed dotage ;

For shame ! confine¹ yourself to less expressions,
[And] leave my lady.

NUR. A kiss, and then I go ; so, farewell, my
duck. [Exit.

GIO. Death, she has left a scent to poison me ;
Love her, said she ? is any man so mad to hug a
disease,

Or embrace a colder image than Pygmalion's,
Or play with the bird of
Frosty antiquity ? not I :

Her gums stink worse than a pest-house,
And more danger of infecting. [Aside.

As I'm a mortal tailor, and your servant,
madam,

Her breath has tainted me : I dare not salute
Your ladyship.

EVAD. Come, you are loth to part with't, 'tis
so sweet.

GIO. Sweet, say you, madam ? a muster of dis-
eases

Can't smell worse than her rotten teeth.
Excuse my boldness, to defer your longing ;
Thus I am new-created with your breath.

[Kisses.

My gaping pores will ne'er be satisfied.
Again !—they still are hungry.

EVAD. My dear friend, let not thy lovely person
March with the scolding peace-affrighting drum :
War is too cruel : come, I'll chain
You here—here in my arms ; and stifle you
With kisses ; you sha' not go——by this, you sha'
not go.

GIO. By this, I must. [He kisses her.

¹ [Former edit., *confess.*]

EVAD. I'll smother that harsh breath.

GIO. Again I countercheck it. [*She kisses him.*
[*Kiss.*

Enter ANTONIO, as pursued; he sees them, and stands amazed.

ANT. O sister! ha!

What killing sight is this? cannot be she.

Sister.

EVAD. O my dear friend, my brother! w' are undone.

ANT. Degenerate girl, lighter than wind or air!
Canst thou forget thy birth? or, 'cause thou'rt fair,

Art privileg'd, dost think, with such a zeal
To grasp an under-shrub? dare you exchange
Breath with your tailors without fear of ven-
geance

From the disturbed ghosts of our dead parents,
For their blood's injury? or are your favours
Grown prostitute to all? my unkind fate
Grieves me not half so much as thee forgetful.

GIO. Sir, if on me this language, I must tell
you,

You are too rash to censure. My unworthiness,
That makes me¹ seem so ugly in your eyes,
Perhaps hangs in these clothes, and's shifted
off with them.

I am as noble, but that I hate to make
Comparisons, as any you can think worthy
To be call'd her husband.

¹ [*Her.*—Old copy and "A. B. D."]

ANT. Shred of a slave, thou liest !

GIO. Sir, I am hasty too ; yet, in the presence
of

My mistress [I] can use a temper.

ANT. [O] brave ! your mistress !

Enter MACHIAVEL with Officers.

MACH. Lay hold on him !

Ere we presume to meet the enemy,
We'll purge the city ; lest the wrath of Heaven
Fall heavy on us. Antonio, I arrest thee
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and realm.
To prison with him !

EVAD. O my lost brother !

GIO. 'Tis but an error ; treason, d'ye call it, to
kill

The governor in heat of blood, and not intended ?
For my Evadne's sake, something I'll do
Shall save his life. [Exit.

MACH. To prison with him !

ANT. Farewell, Evadne, as thou lovest the
peace

Of our dead ancestors, cease to love
So loath'd a thing ; a tailor !
Why, 'tis the scorn of all ; therefore be rul'd
By thy departing brother, do not mix
With so much baseness.

Come, officers, bear me e'en where you please,
My oppress'd conscience nowhere can have ease.

[Exit with Officers.

MACH. Lady, we here enjoin you to
Your chamber

As a prisoner, to wait a further censure ;
Your brother's fault has pull'd a punishment
Upon your head, which you must suffer.

EVAD. E'en what you please, your tyranny can't bear

A shape so bad to make Evadne fear :
Strong innocence shall guard my afflicted soul,
Whose constancy shall tyranny control.

[*Exeunt. A noise within, crying Rescue, rescue!*

Enter ANTONIO and Guard; to them GIOVANNO and TAILORS, and rescue him, and beat them off.

Enter an OFFICER, meeting MACHIAVEL.

OFF. A troop of tailors by force have ta'en Antonio from us, and have borne him (spite Of the best resistance we could make) unto some Secret place ; we cannot find him.

MACH. Screech-owl, dost know what thou hast said ?

Death ! find him, or you die ! O my cross stars ! He must not live to torture our vex'd sense,
But die ; though he'd no fault but innocence.

[*Exit.*

Enter GIOVANNO, ANTONIO, and the OLD TAILOR.

GIO. Can this kindness merit your love ?
Do I deserve your sister ?

ANT. My sister ! worthy tailor, 'tis a gift lies not in me to give : ask something else, 'tis thine, although it be gained with the quite extinguishing of this—this breath you gave me.

GIO. Have not I—

ANT. Speak no further ; I confess you have been all unto me, life and being ; I breathe but with your licence : will no price buy out your interest in me but her love ? I tell thee, tailor, I have

blood runs in me, Spain cannot match for greatness next her kings. Yet, to requite thy love, I'll call thee friend ; be thou Antonio's friend—a favour nobles have thirsted for : will this requite thee ?

GIO. Sir, this may, but——

ANT. My sister, thou wouldst say, most worthy tailor ; she's not mine to give ; honour spake in my dying father : 'tis a sentence that's registered here in Antonio's heart—I must not wed her but to one in blood calls honour father. Prythee, be my friend ; forget I have a sister ; in love I'll be more than a brother, though not to mingle blood.

GIO. May I not call her mistress ?

ANT. As a servant, far from the thoughts of wedlock.

GIO. I'm yours, friend : I am proud on't ; you shall find

That, though a tailor, I've an honest mind.
Pray, master, help my lord unto a suit ; his life
Lies at your mercy.

1ST TAI. I'll warrant you.

ANT. But for thy men.

1ST TAI. O, they are proud in that they rescu'd
you,

And my blood of honour ; since you are pleas'd
To grace the now declining trade of tailors
By being shrouded in their homely clothes,
And deck a shop-board with your noble person ;
The taunting scorns the foul-mouth'd world can
throw

Upon our needful calling shall be answered :
They injure honour, since your honour is a
Noble practitioner in our mystery.

GIO. Cheer up, Antonio, take him in.
The rest will make him merry ; I'd go try
The temper of a sword upon some shield

That guards a foe. Pray for my good success.

[*Exit.*]

1ST TAI. Come, come, my lord, leave melancholy

To hired slaves, that murder at a price :

Yours was——

ANT. No more : flatter not [so] my sin.

1ST TAI. You are too strict a convertite ; let's in. [*Exit.*]

After a confused noise within, enter RAYMOND, LEONIS, GILBERTI, hastily.

RAY. What means this capering echo ?
Or whence did this so lively counterfeit
Of thunder break out [in]to liberty ?

GIL. 'Tis from the city.

RAY. It cannot be their voice should outroar
Jove ;

Our army, like a basilisk, has struck
Death through their eyes ; our number, like a
wind,

Broke from the icy prison of the north,
Has froze the portals to their shivering hearts ;
They scarce have breath enough to speak't

They live. [*A shout within.*]

GIL. 'Tis certainly from thence.

LEO. Y' are deceived, poor Spaniards ! Fear
Has chang'd their elevated gait to a dejection :
They're planet-struck.

RAY. 'Tis from our jocund fleet, my genius
prompts me ;

They have already plough'd th' unruly seas,
And with their breasts, proof 'gainst the battering
Waves, dash'd the big billows into angry froth,
And, spite of the contentious foul-mouth'd gods
Of sea and wind, have reach'd the city frontiers,

And [have] begirt her navigable skirts.

Again! 'tis so.

[*Again within.*]

GIL. My creed's another way ;
I have no faith but to the city.

Alarum. Enter a SOLDIER bloody.

LEO. Here's one :
Now we shall know. Ha! he appears
Like one compos'd of horror.

RAY. What speaks thy troubled front ?

LEO. Speak, crimson meteor.

RAY. Speak, prodigy, or on my sword thou
fall'st.

SOL. The bold Spaniards, setting aside all cold
acknowledgment of any odds, or notice of the
number our army is made proud with, sends from
their walls more lightning than great Jove affrights
the trembling world with, when the air is turn'd
to mutiny.

RAY. Villain, thou liest ; 'twere madness to be-
lieve thee. Foolish Spain may, like those giants
that heap hill on hill, mountain on mountain, to
pluck Jove from heaven, who with a hand of
vengeance flung 'em down beneath the centre, and
those cloud-contemning mounts heav'd by the
strength of their ambitious arms, became their
monuments ; so Spain's rash folly from this arm of
mine shall find their graves amongst the rubbish
of their ruin'd cities.

Enter a second SOLDIER.

What, another ! thy hasty news ?

2D MESS. The daring enemies have through

their gates made a victorious sally : all our troops have jointly, like the dust before the wind, made a dishonoured flight. Hark! [*Alarum within.*] The conquering foe makes hitherward.

RAY. Run to my tent, fetch my Philippa, slave. Why movest thou not ?

2D MESS. The enemy's upon us.

RAY. Shall I send thy coward soul down the vaults of horror ? Fly, villain, or thou diest !

[*Strikes him.*]

Alarum. Enter MACHIAVEL, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO, with PHILIPPA prisoner, GIOVANNO with TAILOR.

MACH. Let one post to my castle, and conduct. My lady ; tell her I have a prisoner would become Proud in her forc'd captivity, to wait Upon her beauty : fly, let not the tardy clouds outsail thee.

PHI. Canst thou, proud man, think that Philippa's heart Is humbled with her fortunes ? No, didst thou Bring all the rough tortures From the world's childhood to this hour invented, And on my resolute body, proof against pain, Practis'd Sicilian tyranny, my giant thoughts Should, like a cloud of wind-contemning smoke, Mingle with heaven : And not a look so base as to be pitied Shall give you cause of triumph.

ALER. 'Fore heaven, a fiery girl.

FUL. A masculine spirit.

PAN. An Amazon.

RAY. See, my Philippa, her rich colour's fled,
 and like that soul
 The furrow-fronted fates have made an anvil
 To forge diseases on, she's lost herself
 With her fled beauty ; yet, pale as she stands,
 She adds more glory to our churlish foe,
 Than bashful Titan to the eastern world.
 Spaniards, she is a conquest ; Rome,
 When her two-neck'd eagles aw'd the world,
 Would have swum through her ¹ own blood to purchase :
 Nor must you enjoy that gem the superstitious
 gods
 Would quarrel for, but through my heart.
 Courage, brave friends, they're valiant that can fly
 I' th' mouth of danger ; 'tis they win, though
 die.

GIO. This Moor speaks truth,
 Wrapp'd in a voice of thunder.

RAY. Speak, my Philippa, what untutor'd slave
 Durst lay a rugged hand upon thy softness ?

PHIL. 'Twas the epitome of Hercules :
 No big Colossus, yet for strength far bigger :
 A little person, great with matchless valour.

RAY. What pains thou takest to praise
 Thine enemy !

PHIL. 'Twere sin to rob him that has wasted so
 his blood for praise : this noble soldier, he 'twas
 made me captive ; nor can he boast 'twas in an
 easy combat ; for my good sword, now ravish'd
 from mine arm, forc'd crimson drops that, like a
 gory sweat, buried his manly body in oblivion :
 those that were skill'd in his effigies, as drunk
 with Lethe, had forgot 'twas he ; till by the draw-

¹ [Former edit., *their*.

ing of the rueful curtain, they saw in him their error.

RAY. A common soldier, owner of a strength
worthy
Such praise? Dares he cope with the
French general single?

PHIL. My lord, you must strike quick and sure.

RAY. Why pause you? my Philippa must not
stay
Captivity's infection.

MACH. We have the day.

RAY. Not till you conquer me : which if my arm
Be not by witchcraft robb'd of his late strength,
Shall spin your labour to an ample length.

MACH. Upon him, then.

GIO. Odds is dishonourable combat : my lads,
Lets one to one ; I am for the Moor.

ALER. Thee !

FUL. Tailor, you are too saucy.

GIO. Saucy ?

ALER. Untutor'd groom, mechanic slave !

GIO. You have protection by the governor's
presence,
Else, my plum'd estridges,¹ 'tis not your feathers,
More weighty than your beads, should stop
My vengeance, but I'd text my wrong
In bloody characters upon your pamper'd flesh.

FUL. You would ?

GIO. By heaven, I would !

FUL. You'd be advis'd, and render up your life
A sacrifice to patience.

GIO. Musk-cat, I'd make your civet worship stink
First in your perfumed buff.

ALER. Phlegmatic slave !

¹ [He alludes to the helmets or casquets of Fulgentio, Alerzo, and Pandolpho, plumed with ostrich feathers.]

GIO. Bloodless commanders.

FUL. }
 PAN. } How?
 ALER. }

GIO. So.

FUL. }
 PAN. } Let's reward his boldness.
 ALER. }

[*They fall upon GIOVANNO.*]

MACH. Whence this rashness?

RAY. Bless'd occasion! let's on 'em.

[*The French whisper. The French fly upon 'em: they turn to their Guard, and beat 'em off.*]

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter MACHIAVEL, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO, ALERZO, GIOVANNO, with RAYMOND prisoner, and the rest of the TAILORS.

ALL THE TAI. A tailor, a tailor, a tailor!

GIO. Raymond, y' are now my prisoner:

Blind chance has favour'd, where your thoughts

Had hope she meant to ruin

From our discord, which Heaven has made victorious,

You meant to strike a harmony should glad you.

ALER. 'Tis not to be borne: a tailor! [*Whisper.*]

FUL. 'Twas an affront galls me to think on't: besides,

His saucy valour might have ruin'd all

Our forward fortunes, had the French been stronger:

Let him be banish'd.

MACH. It shall be so;

My fears are built on grounds,

Stronger than Atlas' shoulders : this same tailor
 Retains a spirit like the lost Antonio ;
 Whose sister we will banish in pretence
 Of love to justice ; 'tis a good snare to trap
 The vulgar hearts : his and her goods, to gild
 My lawless doings, I'll give the poor, whose
 tongues

Are i' their bellies ; which being full,
 Is tipp'd with heartless prayers ; but, empty,
 A falling planet is less dangerous ; they'll down
 To hell for curses. You tailor !

GIO. My lord.

MACH. Deliver up your prisoner.

GIO. Y' are obey'd.

MACH. So : now we command, on forfeit of
 thy life,

You be not seen on any ground
 Our master's title circles within three days :
 Such a factious spirit we must not nourish ;
 Lest, like the fabl'd serpent, [once] grown warm
 In your conceited worth, you sting
 Your country's breast, that nurs'd your valour.

GIO. This my reward ?

ALER. More than thy worth deserves.

GIO. Pomander-box, thou liest !

FUL. Go purge yourself ; your country vomits
 you.

GIO. Slaves, y' are not worth my anger.

FUL. Go vent your spleen 'mongst satires ;
 pen a

Pamphlet, and call't the "Scourge of Great-
 ness."

ALER. Or "Spain's Ingratitude."

GIO. Ye are not worth my breath,
 Else I should curse you ; but I must weep,
 Not that I part from thee, unthankful Spain,
 But my Evadne : well, it must be so :

Heart, keep thy still tough temper, spite of woe.

[*Exit.*

MACH. My house shall be your prison. Attend 'em, colonel.

[*Exeunt* RAYMOND, PHILIPPA, ALERZO, FULGENTIO, PANDOLPHO, GIOVANNO,¹ &c.

Manent TAILORS.

FUL. Please you walk.

1ST TAI. My servant banish'd?

3D TAI. Famish'd, master? nay, faith, and a tailor come to be famish'd, 'tis a hard world: no bread in this world here, ho, to save the renown'd corpse of a tailor from famishing! 'Tis no matter for drink: give me bread.

2D TAI. Thou hast a gut would swallow a peck-loaf.

3D TAI. Ay, marry would it with vantage; I tell truth, and, as the proverb says, shame the devil; if our hell afford a devil, but I see none, unless he appear in a delicious remnant of nim'd satin, and, by my faith, that's a courteous devil that suffers the brokers to hang him in their ragged wardrobe; and used to sell his devilship for money: I tell truth. A tailor, and lie? faith, I scorn that.

1ST TAI. Leave your discovery.

3D TAI. Master, a traveller, you know, is famous for lying; and having travelled as far as hell, may not I make description of the unknown land?

1ST TAI. My brain is busy, Sebastiano must not tread an unknown land to find a grave. Unfortunate Sebastiano! First to lose thyself in a disguise,

¹ [He evidently leaves the stage, yet his *Exit* is not marked.]

unfitting for thy birth, and then thy country for thy too much valour :

There's danger in being virtuous in this age
Led by those sinful actors ; the plunged stage
Of this vice-bearing world would headlong fall,
But charitable virtue bears up all.

I must invent : I ha't so :—

As he's a tailor, he is banish'd Spain.

As Sebastiano, 'tis revok'd again. [*Exit cum suis.*]

Enter MACHIAVEL solus.

MACH. How subtle are my springes ! they take
all

With what swift speed unto my chaffy bait
Do all fowls fly unto their hasty ruin ?
Clap, clap your wings and flutter, greedy fools,
Whilst I laugh at your folly ; I have a wire
Set for the Moor and his ambitious consort ;
Which if my wife would second, they are sure.

Enter AURISTELLA.

AUR. What must she second ?

MACH. Art thou there, my love ?

We're in a path that leads us to a height,
We may confront the sun, and with a breath
Extinguish common stars ; be but thou rul'd,
The light, that does create day to this city,
Must be deriv'd from us.

AUR. You fire my soul,
And to my airy wings add quicker feathers :
What task would not I run to be call'd queen ?
Did the life-blood of all our family,
Father and mother, stand as a quick wall
To stop my passage to a throne,

I'd with a poignard open their azure veins,
 And squeeze their active blood up into clods,
 Till they become as cold as winter's snow ;
 And as a bridge upon their trunks I'd go.

MACH. Our souls are twins, and thirst with
 equal heat
 For deity : kings are in all things gods,
 Saving mortality.

AUR. To be a queen, what danger would I run !
 I'd spend my life like to a barefoot nun,
 So I might sit above the lesser stars
 Of small nobility, but for a day.

MACH. 'Tis to be done, sweet love, a nearer
 way :

I have already with the sugar'd baits
 Of justice, liberality, and all
 The fox-like gins that subtle statesmen set
 To catch the hearts o' th' giddy multitude :
 Which, if it fail, as cautious policy
 Forbids, I build too strongly on their drunk,
 Uncertain votes. I'd have thee break with my
 Great prisoner's wife, as I will do with him ;
 Promise (the states equal divided) half
 Himself shall rule :
 So that if need compel us to take arms,
 We may have forces from the realm of France,
 To seat us in the chair of government.

AUR. I never shall endure to walk as equal
 With proud Philippa, no ; my ambitious soul
 Boils in a thirsty flame of total glory :
 I must be all without a second flame
 To dim our lustre.

MACH. Still my very soul !
 Think'st thou I can endure competitor,
 Or let an Ethiop sit by Machiavel's side
 As partner in his honour ? no, as I
 Have seen i' the commonwealth of players,

One that did act the Theban Créon's part :
 With such a life I became ravish'd, and on
 Raymond mean to plot what he did on
 The cavilling boys of Œdipus,
 Whilst we grasp the whole dignity.

AUR. As how, sweet Machiavel?

MACH. It is not ripe, my love.
 The king, I hear, applauds my justice ;
 Wherefore I've sent order that Count Antonio,
 Once being taken, be sent to Filford Mill ;
 There ground to death.

AUR. What for his sister ?

MACH. Thy envy : she I have banish'd ;
 And her goods, to guard a shower of curses
 From my head, I have given the poor.

AUR. Good policy, let's home to our designs :
 I hate to be officious, yet my frown
 Shall be dissolv'd to flattery for a crown. [Exit.

MACH. Attend your lady. So, her forward
 spleen,

Tickled with thought of greatness makes the scene
 Attempts run smooth : the haughty Moor shall be
 The ladder, on whose servile back I'll mount
 To greatness. If calm peace deny me easy way,
 Rough war shall force it ; which done, Raymond
 And his Philippa must go seek an empire in
 Elysium ; for to rule predominant belongs
 Alone to me : slaves are unworthy rule,
 What state would set a crown upon a mule ?

[Exit.

ANTONIO, *disguised, sitting in a closet.*

ANT. My soul is heavy, and my eyelids feel
 The weighty power of lazy Morpheus :
 Each element, that breathes a life within me,
 Runs a contrary course, and conspire[s]

To counterfeit a chaos : whilst the frame
 And weak supporters of my inward man
 Crack as beneath the weight of Atlas' burthen.
 A sudden change ! how my blear'd eyelids strive
 To force a sleep 'gainst nature ! O you powers,
 That rule the better thoughts, if you have ought
 To act on my frail body, let it be
 With eagles' speed, or, if your wills so please,
 Let my forepass'd and undigested wrongs
 O'erwhelm my thoughts, and sink me to the ground
 With their no less than death's remembrances.
 Cease, bastard slave, to clog my senses
 With the leaden weights of an unwilling sleep,
 Unless thy raw-bon'd brother join his force,
 And make a separation 'twixt
 My airy soul and my all-earthly body ;
 I am o'ercome ; Heaven work your wills ;
 My breath submits to this, as 'twould submit to
 death.

[Sleeps.]

Soft music ; LOVE descends half-way, then speaks.

LOVE. Sleep, entranced man, but be
 Wakeful in thy fancy ; see,
 Love hath left his palace fair,
 And beats his wings against the air,
 To ease thy panting breast of ill :
 Love's a physician, and his ¹ will
 Must be obey'd : therefore with haste
 To Flanders fly ; the echoing blast
 Of fame shall usher thee along,
 And leave thee pester'd in a throng
 Of searching troubles, which shall be
 But bugbears to thy constancy.

¹ [Former edit., *our*.]

Enter from one side Death, and from the other side AURELIA; Death strikes three times at ANTONIO, and AURELIA diverts it. Exeunt severally.

What this same shadow seems to be,
 In Flanders thou shalt real see;
 The maid that seem'd to conquer death,
 And give thee longer lease of breath,
 Doats on thy air; report hath been
 Lavish in praising thee unseen.
 Make haste to Flanders; time will be
 Accus'd of slothfulness, if she
 Be longer tortur'd: do not stay,
 My power shall guide thee on the way.

[*Ascendat.*¹

Enter GIOVANNO and the OLD TAILOR.

GIO. He is asleep.

O. TAI. See how he struggles, as if some visions
 had

Assum'd a fuller shape of horror than
 His troubled thoughts.²

GIO. His conscience gripes him to [a] purpose:
 See, [see,] he wakes; let us observe.

ANT. Stay, gentle pow'r, leave hostage that thy
 promise

Thou wilt perform, and I will offer to
 Thy deity
 More than my lazy heart has offer'd yet.
 But stay, Antonio, can thy easy faith
 Give credit to a dream? an airy vision,

¹ [Former edit., *Assended.*]

² [Former edit., prints this passage thus—

“ See, how he struggles, as if some visions
 Had assum'd a shape fuller of horroure
 Than his troubled thoughts.”]

Fram'd by a strangeling¹ fancy, to delude weak
sense

With a gay nothing ? . Recollect thyself ;
Advise thee by thy fears ; it may force hence
This midnight's shade of grief, and gild
It with a morn as full of joy as does
Bright Phœbus to our eastern world, when blush-
ing

He arises from the lap of sea-green Thetis
To give a new day birth.

GIO. Why, how now, friend ? what, talking to
thyself ?

ANT. O Giovanni, 'tis my unpartial thoughts,
That rise in war against my guilty conscience ;
O, it stings me !

O. TAI. Be more a man, shrink not beneath a
weight

So light a child may bear it ; for, believe me,
If my prophetic fear deceive me not,
You'd done an act Spain should for ever praise,
Had you kill'd Machiavel too.

ANT. As how, good master—I must call you so ?
This is your livery.

O. TAI. O, y' are a noble tailor. But to
Machiavel—

It was my chance, being sent for by his wife
To take the measure of their noble prisoner,
Who, when I came, was busy being plac'd
Into a room, where I might easily hear
Them talk of crowns and kingdoms,
And of two that should be partners in this
End of Spain.

GIO. Who were they ?

O. TAI. Machiavel and Raymond ! At last Machi-
avel laugh'd,

¹ [Former edit., *strangling*.]

Saying: for this I made the governor
To cross Antonio at the council-board;
Knowing that one must, if not both, should die:

ANT. Did he say this?

O. TAI. He did, and added more, [and] under
A feigned show of love to justice,
[He] banished your sister.

GIO. Is Evadne banish'd?

O. TAI. She is; and, as I guess, to Flanders;
Her woman too has left her.

ANT. Nay, droop not, friend: host, pray, tell
proud

Mach'vel I have a sword left to chastise
A traitor: come, let's go seek Evadne.

GIO. O Antonio! the sudden grief almost dis-
tracts

Thy friend; but come, let's go, each several
[way.]

And meet at Filford: if thou findest Evadne,
Bear her unto the castle.

ANT. Farewell, good master.

[Exit.
Exit.]

O. TAI. O, you honour me.

Bootless were all persuasions, they'll not stay.

I'll to the king; this treason may become,

Like a disease, out of the reach of physic,

And may infect past cure, if let alone. [Exit.]

Enter RAYMOND *and* PHILIPPA.

PHIL. Erect thy head, my Raymond; be more
tall

Than daring Atlas, but more safely wise:
Sustain no burthen but the politic care
Of being great: till thou achieve the city's
Axletree, and wave it as thou list.

RAY. Hast thou no skill in magic, that thou
fall'st

So just upon my thoughts? thy tongue is tipp'd
 Like nature's miracle, that draws the steel
 With unresisted violence: I cannot keep
 A secret to myself, but thy prevailing
 Rhetoric ravishes and leaves my breast
 Like to an empty casket,
 That once was bless'd with keeping of a jewel
 I durst not trust the air with, 'twas so precious:
 Pray, be careful.

PHIL. You do not doubt me?

RAY. No, were you a woman made of such
 coarse ingredients as the common, which in our
 trivial phrase we call mere women, I would not
 trust thee with a cause so weighty, that the dis-
 covery did endanger this—this hair that, when
 'tis gone, a lynx's [eye] cannot miss it: but you
 are—I want expressions, 'tis not common words
 can speak you truly—you are more than woman.

PHIL. My lord, you know my temper, and how
 to win upon my heart.

RAY. I must be gone, and post a messenger:
 France must supply what wants to make thee
 great—

An army, my Philippa, which these people,
 Snoring in pride of their last victory,
 Do not so much as dream on:
 Nor shall, till they be forced to yield their voices
 At our election; which will be ere long.

PHIL. O, 'tis an age, I'd rather have it said,
 Philippa than a prisoner were dead. [Exit.

*Enter a Criminal Judge and Officers, with AN-
 TONIO; PETRUCHIO and AURELIA meet him,
 with Servants.*

JUD. Captain Petruccio, take this condemn'd
 man

Into your charge ; it is Antonio, once
 A Spanish count, till his rash folly with
 His life made forfeit of his honour ; he
 Was found travelling to your castle ;
 'Twas Heaven's will that his own feet should
 with

A willing pace conduct him to his ruin :
 For the murder he must be ground to death
 In Filford Mill, of which you are the governor :
 Here my commission in its end gives strength
 To yours. He is your charge : farewell.
 His death must be with speed. [*Exit with his.*¹

ANT. Deceive me not, good glasses, [for] your
 lights
 In my esteem never till now was precious,
 It is the same, it is the very same
 I sleeping saw.

AUR. Is this the man fame speaks so nobly of ?
 O love, Aurelia never until now
 Could say he knew thee ; I must dissemble it.

[*Aside.*

PET. Come, sir, to my castle.

AUR. Fie on you, sir ; to kill a governor, it is a
 fact death cannot appear too horrible to punish.

ANT. Can this be truth ? O shallow, shallow
 man,

To credit air ! believe there can be substance in
 A cloud of thick'ned smoke, as truth
 Hid in a dream ; yes, there is truth that, like
 A scroll fetch'd from an oracle,
 Betrays the double-dealing of the gods ;
 Dreams, that speak all of joy, do turn to grief,
 And such bad fate deludes my light belief.

PET. Away with him. [*Exeunt.*

¹ [*i.e., Cum suis.*]

AURELIA *sola.*

AUR. Oft have I heard my brother with a
tongue
Proud of the office, praise this lovely lord ;
And my trapp'd soul did with as eager haste
Draw in the breath ; and now, O Aurelia !
Buried with him must all the joy thou hast
For ever sleep ; and with a pale consumption,
Pitying him wilt thou thyself be ruin'd ?
He must not die ; if there be any way
Reveal'd to the distressed, I will find it.
Assist a poor lost virgin, some good power,
And lead her to a path, whose secret tract
May guide both him and me unto our safety.
Be kind, good wits, I never until now
Put you to any trouble ; 'tis your office
To help at need this little world you live by :
Not yet ! O dulness ! do not make me mad—
I have't, bless'd brains ! now shall a woman's wit
Wrestle with fate, and if my plot but hit,
Come off with wreaths : my duty, nay, my all,
I must forsake, lest my Antonio fall. [Exit.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter GIOVANNO mad, solus.

NOT find Evadne ! sure, some wanton wind
Has snatch'd her from the earth into the air !
Smooth Zephyr fans the tresses of her hair,
Whilst slick¹ Favonius plays the fawning slave,
And hourly dies, making her breasts his grave.

¹ [*Slick* is not obsolete in the sense of smooth, *clean* ; it appears to be identical with *sleek*, and in the present place carries the meaning of softness.]

O false Evadne ! is Giovanno's love,
 That has outdone all merit for thy sake,
 So light that wind outweighs it ?
 No, no, [no,] no ; Evadne is all virtue,
 Sweet as the breath of roses ; and as chaste
 As virgin lilies in their infancy.
 Down, you deluding ministers of air,
 Evadne is not light, though she be fair.
 Dissolve that counterfeit : ha, ha, ha, ha !
 See how they shrink ! why so, now I will love you :
 Go search into the hollows of the earth,
 And find my love, or I will chain you up
 To eternity : see, see, who's this ?
 O, I know him now. So, ho, ho ! so, ho, ho !
 Not hear ? 'Tis Phaeton : no, 'tis an heir
 Got, since his father's death, into a cloak
 Of gold outshines the sun ; the headstrong horses
 of
 Licentious youth have broke their reins, and
 drawn
 Him through the signs of all libidinousness.
 See, from the whorish front of Capreae
 He's tumbling down as low as beggary.
 O, are you come, grim Tartar Rhadamanth !
 Go, ask of Pluto, if he have not ta'en
 Evadne to his smoky commonwealth,
 And ravish'd her ? Begone, why stir you not ?
 Ha, ha, ha ! the devil is afraid.

EVAD. Help, a rape !

[*Within.*

BAN. Stop her mouth.

GIO. Who calls for help ? 'tis my Evadne ; ay,
 It was her voice that gave the echo life,
 That cried a rape. Devil, dost love a wench ?
 Who was thy pander, ha ? What saucy fiend
 Durst lay his unpar'd fangs on my Evadne ?
 Come, I'll swim unarmed o'er Acheron,
 And sink grim Charon in his ferry boat.

EVAD. Murder ! a rape ! [*Within.*

GIO. I come, I come. [*Exit.*

*Enter the BANDIT dragging EVADNE by the hair :
she drops a scarf. Exeunt.*

Enter GIOVANNO again.

GIO. I cannot find her yet. The king of flames
Protests she is not there : but hang him, rogue,
They say he'll lie. O, how my glutton spleen
Tickles to think how I have paid the slave !
I made him lead me into every hole :
Ha, ha, ha ! what crying was there there ?
Here on a wheel, turn'd by a fury's hand,
Hangs a distracted statesman, that had spent
The little wit Heaven to strange purpose lent him
To suppress right, make beggars, and get means
To be a traitor. Ha, ha, ha ! And here
A usurer, fat with the curses of so many heirs
His extortion had undone, sat to the chin
In a warm bath, made of new-melted gold ;
And now and then a draught pass'd through his
throat.

He fed upon his god ; but he being angry
Scalded his chaps. Right against him
Stood a fool'd gallant, chain'd unto a post,
And lash'd by folly for his want of wit.
The reeling drunkard and plump glutton stood
Making of faces, close by Tantalus :
But drank and fed on air. The whoremaster,
Tied to a painted punk, was by a fury,
Termed insatiate lust, whipped with a blade
Of fire. And here——

What's here ? 'tis my Evadne's veil ; 'tis hers, I
know't :

Some slave has ravish'd my Evadne ! Well,

There breathes not such an impious slave in hell.
 Nay, it is hers, I know it too-too plain.
 Your breath is lost : 'tis hers : you speak in vain.
 [Exit.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter the BANDIT, with
 EVADNE by the hair.*

CAPT. Come, bring her forward; tie her to that tree, each man shall have his turn: come, minion, you must [now] squench the raging flames of my concupiscence: what, do you weep, you puritanical punk? I shall tickle mirth into you by and by. Trotter, good Trotter, post unto my cell, make compound of muskadine and eggs; for the truth is I am a giant in my promises, but in the act a pigmy: I am old, and cannot do as I have done; good Trotter, make all convenient speed.

TROT. Faith, master, if you cannot, here's them that can ferret in a coney-burrow without a provocative; I'll warrant you, good master.

CAPT. No more, I say, it is a parcel of excellent mutton: I'll cut it up myself. Come, minion.

[Exit TROTTER. *The Captain takes his dagger and winds it about her hair, and sticks it in the ground. Thunder and lightning.*

EVAD. Kill me! O, kill me! Rather let me die

Than live to see the jewel that adorns
 The souls of virtuous virgins ravish'd from me.
 Do not add sin to sin, and at a price
 That ruins me, and not enriches you,
 Purchase damnation: do not, do not do't.
 Sheathe here your sword, and my departing soul,
 Like your good angel, shall solicit Heaven

To dash out your offences : let my flight
 Be pure and spotless : do not injure that
 Manhood would blush to think on : it is all
 A maid's divinity : wanting her life,
 She's a fair corse ; wanting her chastity,
 A spotted soul of living infamy.

CAPT. Hang chastity !

3D BAN. A very voice.

Enter TROTTER.

TROT. O captain, captain ! yonder is the mad
 Orlando the furious, and I think he takes me for
 ——— What do you call him ?

CAPT. What, Medor ?¹

TROT. Ay, ay, Medor : the devil Medor him, he
 has so nuddled² me—— O, here he comes : I'll
 be gone. [*Exit.*]

Enter GIOVANNO.

GIO. Stay, satyr, stay ; you are too light of
 foot,
 I cannot reach your paces, prythee, stay.
 What goddess have you there ? Sure, 'tis Evadne !
 Are you the dragons that ne'er sleep, but watch
 The golden fruit of the Hesperides ?
 Ha ! then I am Hercules ; fly ye ! Sure,
 That face dwelt on Evadne's shoulders.

[*He beats them off, and unbinds EVADNE.*]

¹ [*i.e.*, Medoro, the character so called in the "Orlando Furioso." Trotter has just called Giovanni *Orlando*, which was, by the way, a common name for any mad-brained person, and often occurs in poems and plays.]

² [Shaken me by the nape of the neck ; from *nuddler*, the nape.]

EVAD. O thou preserver of near-lost Evadne !
What must my weakness pay ?

GIO. 'Tis [she,] 'tis she ; she must not know I'm mad.

EVAD. Assist me, some good pow'r ; it is my friend. [*Aside.*]

Make me but wise enough to resolve myself.

GIO. It may be 'tis not she ; I'll ask her name.

What are you call'd, sweet goddess ?

EVAD. They that know me mortal term me Evadne.

GIO. 'Tis she : ay, ay, 'tis she.

EVAD. Pray you, sir, unto the bond of what I owe you, which is a poor distressed virgin's life, add this one debt : [tell me,] what are you ?

GIO. Not worth your knowledge : I am a poor, a very, very poor despised thing : but say, I pray, are you sure your name's Evadne ?

EVAD. 'Tis questionless my tailor. [*Aside.*] I am she ; receive me to your arms not alter'd in my heart, though in my clothes.

GIO. I do believe you, indeed I do ; but stay, I don't. Are you a maid, a virgin, pray, tell me ? for my Evadne could not tell a lie ; speak, I shall love you, though that jewel's gone.

EVAD. I am as spotless, thank your happy self that sav'd

Me from those robbers, as the child which yet
Is but a jelly, 'tis so young.

GIO. No more, no more, trust me, I do believe you.

[They are] so many slaves, whose flaming appetites
Would in one night ravish a throng of virgins,
And never feel digression in their heat.
I'll after, and murder all.

EVAD. How do you ?

GIO. Well, very well: belike, you think I am mad.

EVAD. You look distractedly.

GIO. 'Tis but your thoughts; indeed I am wondrous well.

How fair she looks after so foul a deed!

It cannot be she should be false to me:

No, thou art mad to think so. Fool, O fool!

Think'st thou those slaves, having so fair a mark,
Would not be shooting? Yes, they would: they have.

Evadne is fly-blown: I cannot love her. [*Aside.*]

EVAD. What say you, sweet?

GIO. The innocence that sits upon that face

Says she is chaste; the guilty cannot speak

So evenly as she does: guilty, said I?

Alas! it were not her fault, were she ravish'd.

O madness, madness! whither wilt thou bear me?

[*Aside.*]

EVAD. His senses are unsettled; I'll go seek
Some holy man to rectify his wits.

Sweet, will you go unto some hermit's cell?

You look as you lack'd rest.

GIO. She speaks

Like to an angel, she's the same as when

I saw her first: as pure, as chaste. Did she

Retain the substance of a sinner—for she is
none—

Her breath would then be sour, and betray

The rankness of the act: but her chaste sighs

Beget as sweet a dew as that of May.

Why weeps Evadne? truly I am not mad.

See, I am tame; pray, lead me where you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

A banquet is set forth : enter PETRUCHIO, AURELIA, with two Servants bringing ANTONIO asleep in a chair, and set him to the table.

PET. The drink has done its part effectually ;
'Twas a strong powder that could hold his senses
So fast, that this removing, so full of noise,
Had not the power to wake him.

AUR. Good father, let Aurelia, your daughter,
Do this same act of justice ; let me tread
The pin :¹ the fact of his being so foul, so hateful,
Has lent me, though a maid, such fortitude.

PET. Thou hast thy wish, do't boldly ; 'tis a
deed
That, in the ignorance of elder ages,
Would be thought full of merit. Be not daunted.

AUR. I have a thought tells me it is religious
To sacrifice a murtherer to death ;
Especially one that did act a deed
So generally accounted odious.

PET. By holy Jaques,² I am a governor,
And should my life (though by the hand of him
My duty does call king) be stroke i' th' air ;
My injur'd corpse should not forsake the earth
Till I did see't reveng'd : be resolute, thy foot
Is guided by a power that, though unseen,
Is still a furtherer of good attempts.

AUR. Pray, sir, lend me the key of the back-
ward,
For though my conscience tells me 'tis an act
I may hereafter boast of, yet I'll pass
Unto our Lady's chapel, when 'tis done,
To be confess'd, ere I am seen of any.

¹ [The pin of the wheel by which Antonio was to be executed. Aurelia pretends to desire to tread it herself.]

² [St James.]

PET. I am proud to see thee so well given.
Take 'em, [my] girl, and with 'em take my
prayers.

AUR. He wakes ; pray, leave me, sir.

[Exit PETRUCHIO.]

So I'll make fast
The door : goodness, bear witness 'tis a potent
Power outweighs my duty.

ANT. Amazement ! on what tenters do you
stretch [me].

O, how this alteration wracks my reason ! I
m[ust try]

To find the axletree on which it hangs !

Am I asleep ?

AUR. Shake off thy wonder ; leave that seat ;
'twas set

To sink thy body for ever from the eyes
Of human-sight ; to tell thee how would be
A fatal means to both our ruins——briefly,
My love has broke the bands of nature
With my father to give you being.

ANT. Happy, [O] happy vision ! the bless'd pre-
parative

To this same hour ; my joy would burst me else.

AUR. Receive me to thy arms.

ANT. I would not wish to live but for thee :
[but for thee,]

Life were a trouble ; welcome to my soul.

AUR. Stand ; I have a ceremony

To offer to our safety, ere we go.

[She takes a dog, and ties it to the chair : she
stamps : the chair and dog descend : a
pistol-shot within : a noise of a mill.]

Had not my love, like a kind branch
Of some o'erlooking tree, catch'd thee,
Thou'dst fallen, never to look upon the world again.

ANT. What shall I offer to my life's preserver ?

AUR. Only thy heart, crown'd with a wreath of
love.

Which I will ever keep ; and in exchange
Deliver mine.

ANT. Thus I deliver : in this kiss receive't.

AUR. In the same form Aurelia yields up hers.

ANT. What noise is that ? [*A noise.*]

AUR. I fear my father.

ANT. What's to be done ?

AUR. Through the back-ward, of which I have
The key, we'll suddenly make 'scape ;
Then in two gowns, of which I am provided,
We'll clothe ourselves, till we be pass'd all fear.

ANT. Be't as you please : 'tis my good genius'
will

That I obey—command ; I'll follow still. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO *with servants.*

PET. She's gone unto her prayers ; may every
head

Draw down a blessing on her, that like seed
May grow into a harvest : 'tis a girl
My age is proud of ; she's indeed the model
Of her dead mother's virtues, as of shape.
Bear hence this banquet. [*Exit with the banquet.*]

GIOVANNO *is discovered sleeping in the lap of*
EVADNE.

EVAD. Thou silent god, that with the leaden
mace

Arresteth all save those prodigious birds,
That are fate's heralds to proclaim all ill ;
Deafen Giovanni : let no fancied noise
Of ominous screech-owl's or night-raven's voice
Affright his quiet senses : let his sleep

Be free from horror or unruly dreams ;
 That may beget a tempest in the streams
 Of his calm reason : let 'em run as smooth,
 And with as great a silence, as those do
 That never took an injury ; where no wind
 Had yet acquaintance : but like a smooth crystal
 Dissolv'd into a water that ne'er frown'd,
 Or knew a voice but music.

Enter ANTONIO and AURELIA in hermits' gowns.

Holy hermits, for such your habits speak you,
 Join your prayers with a distressed virgin's,
 That the wits of this distracted young man may
 Be settled.

ANT. Sure, 'tis my sister, and that
 Sleeping man, Giovanno. She loves him still.

[He wakes.]

GIO. O, what a blessedness am I bereft of !
 What pleasure has the least part of a minute
 Stolen from my eyes ? methought I did embrace
 A brother and a friend ; and both Antonio.

EVAD. Bless'd be those gentle powers that——

GIO. What, Evadne——have deceived my eyes,
 Take heed, Evadne, worship not a dream,
 'Tis of a smoky substance, and will shrink
 Into the compass of report that 'twas,
 And not reward the labour of a word.
 Were it substantial ! could I now but see
 That man of men, I'd by my practice
 Of religious prayers add to the calendar
 One holy-day, and keep it once a year.

ANT. Behold Antonio !

EVAD, Brother !

[To ANTONIO.]

AUR. Brother !

[To GIOVANNO.]

ANT. What earthquake shakes my heart !
 With what a speed she flew into his arms !

EVAD. Some power, that hearkens to the prayer
of virgins,
Has been distill'd to pity at my fortunes,
And made Evadne happy.

AUR. Now my longing,
That was grown big, is with your sight delivered
Of a joy that will become a giant, and o'ercome
me.

Welcome, thrice welcome, brother.

ANT. Ha, her brother ! Fortune has bound me so
Much in their debts, I must despair to pay 'em :
Twice has my life been by these twins of good-
ness

Pluck'd from the hand of death ; that fatal emnity
Between our houses here shall end,
Though my father at his death commanded me
To eternity of hatred.

What tie binds stronger than reprieve from death ?
Come hither, friend. Now, brother, take her,
Thou'st been a noble tailor.

GIO. Be moderate, my joys, do not o'erwhelm
me :

Here, take Aurelia : may you live happy !
O Antonio ! this, this was the cause of my dis-
guise ;

Sebastiano could not win Evadne's love,
But Giovanni did ; come now to our father's castle.

ANT. Pardon me ; there is a bar, that does
Concern my life, forbids you as a friend
To think on going to any place
But to the tailor's house, which is not far.
Come : as we go, I will relate the cause.

AUR. Do, good brother.

EVAD. Go, good Sebastiano.

GIO. Sebastiano is your page, and bound to
follow :

Lead on.

ANT. O noble temper, I admire thee ! may
The world bring forth such tailors every day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three TAILORS on a shop-board.

1ST TAI. Come, come, let's work ; for if my
guesses point the right, we shan't work long.

3D TAI. I care not how soon. I have a notable
stomach to bread.

2D TAI. Dost hear, I suspect that courtier my
master brought in last night to be the king ;
which if it be, bullies, all the bread in the town
shan't satisfy us, for we will eat *Cum privilegio*.

1ST TAI. Come, let's have a device, a thing, a
song, boy.

3D TAI. Come, an air——

THE SONG.

1ST TAI. *'Tis a merry life we live,
All our work is brought unto us ;
Still are getting, never give,
For their clothes all men do woo us :
Yet (unkind) they blast our names
With aspersions of dishonour :
For which we make bold with their dames,
When we take our measure on her.*

ALL TAI. *For which we, &c.*

Enter ANTONIO, GIOVANNO, and the OLD TAILOR.

O. TAL. You see the life we live ; (*To the
TAILORS*) cease.

ANT. O, 'tis a merry one.

GIO. It is no news to me, I have been us'd to't.

O. TAI. Now for discovery; the king as yet
Is ignorant of your names, and shall be
Till your merits beg your pardon.

My lord, you are for Machiavel; take this gown.

ANT. Pray for success. *[Exit ANTONIO.]*

O. TAI. You, in this French disguise, for proud
Philippa;

This is her garment. I hear the king: begone:
The Frenchman's folly sit upon your tongue.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the KING, EVADNE, and AURELIA.

KING. Believe me, tailor, you've outstripp'd the
court,

For such perfections live not everywhere;
Nature was vex'd (as she's a very shrew),
She made all others in an angry mood;
These only she can boast for masterpieces:
The rest want something or in mind or form,
These are precisely made: a critic jury
Of cavilling arts cannot condemn a scruple.

AUR. But that your entrance in this formal
speech

Betray'd you are a courtier, I had been angry
At your rank flattery.

KING. Can you say so?

EVAD. Sir, she has spoke my meaning.

KING. Friend, what are those beauties call'd.

[Aside.]

O. TAI. Your grace's pardon.

KING. Are they oracle, or is the knowledge
fatal?

But that I know thy faith, this denial
Would conjure a suspicion in my breast;

Use thy prerogative ; 'tis thy own house,
 In which you are a king, and I your guest.
 Come, ladies. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONIO disguised like a physician.

ANT. This habit will do well, and less suspected ;
 Wrapp'd i' this cover lives a kingdom's plague ;
 They kill with licence ; Machi'vel's proud dame,
 'Tis famed, is sick : upon my soul, howe'er
 Her health may be, the aguish commons cry ;
 She's a disease they groan for : this disguise
 Shall sift her ebon soul, and if she be
 Infectious, like a megrim or rot limb,
 The sword of justice must divide the joint
 That holds her to the state-endanger'd body—
 She comes.

*Enter MACHIAVEL, AURISTELLA leaning on his arm,
 with two Servants.*

MACH. Look up, my Auristella ;
 Better the sun forsake his course to bless
 With his continuing beams th' Antipodes,
 And we grovel for ever in eternal night,
 Than death eclipse thy rich and stronger light.
 Seek some physician : horror to my soul !
 She faints ; I'd rather lose the issue of my hopes
 Than Auristella.

ANT. Issue of his hopes ? strange !— [*Aside.*]

MACH. The crown's enjoyment can yield no
 content

Without the presence of my Auristella.

ANT. Crown's enjoyment !

O villain !

MACH. Why stir you not ? fetch me some skilful
 man,

My kingdom shall reward him ; if his art
Chain her departing soul unto her flesh
But for a day, till she be crown'd a queen :
Fly, bring him unto this walk.

ANT. Stay,

Most honoured count—now for a forged link
Of flattery to chain me to his love. [*Aside.*
Having with studious care gone o'er the art
Folly terms magic, which more sublime souls
Skill'd i' the stars know is above that mischief,
I find you're born to be 'bove vulgar greatness,
Even to a throne : but stay, let's fetch this lady.

MACH. All greatness without her is slavery.

ANT. Use modest violence.

AUR. O !

ANT. Stand wider, give her air.

MACH. God-like physician, I and all that's mine,
Will at thy feet offer a sacrifice.

ANT. Forfend it, goodness ; I—nay all,
Ere many hours [do] make the now young day
A type of sparkling youth, shall on their knees
Pray for your highness.

MACH. Look up, my Auristella, and be great ;
Rise with the sun, but never to decline.

AUR. What have you done ?

MACH. Wak'd thee to be a queen.

AUR. A queen ! O, don't dissemble ; you have
robb'd me

Of greater pleasure than the fancied bliss
Elysium owns : O, for a pleasure real, that
Would appear in all unto my dream : that I may
Frown, and then kill : smile, and create again.
Were there a hell, as doating age would have,
To fright from lawless courses heedless youth :
For such a short-liv'd happiness as that
I would be lost unto eternity.

MACH. The day grows old in hours :

Come, Auristella, to the capital ;
 The greybeard senate shall on humble knees
 Pay a religious sacrifice of praise
 Unto thy demi-deity : the stars
 Have in a general senate made thee queen
 Of this our world. Great master of thy art,
 Confirm my love.

ANT. Madam——

MACH. Nay, hear him, love ;
 Believe me, he's a man that may
 Be secretary to the gods ; he is alone
 In art ; 'twere sin to name a second : all are
 Dunces to him.

ANT. How easy is the faith of the ambitious !

[*Aside.*]

MACH. Follow me to the council.

[*Exit.*]

AUR. Are you the man my husband speaks so
 high of ?

Are you skill'd i' the stars ?

ANT. Yes, madam.

AUR. Your habit says, or you abuse the custom,¹
 You're a physician ?

ANT. Madam, I'm both.²

AUR. And d'ye find no let that stops my
 rising ?

ANT. Not any.

AUR. Away, your skill is dull—dull to derision.
 There is a star fix'd i' the heaven of greatness,
 That sparkles with a rich and fresher light
 Than our sick and defective taper.

ANT. It may be so the horoscope is troubled.

AUR. Confusion take your horoscope and you !
 Can you with all your art advise my fears,
 How to confound this constellation ?

¹ [*i.e.*, The customary garb.]

² [*i.e.*, An astrologer and a physician.]

ANT. Death, how she conjures ! [Aside.]
Madam, I must search into the planets.

AUR. Planet me no planets ; be a physician,
And from your study of industrious poisons
Fetch me your best-experienc'd speedy one,
And bring it to me straight : what 'tis to do,
Like unresolved riddles, [is] hid from you. [Exit.]

ANT. Planet, said I ? upon my life, no planet
Is so swift as her never-resting evil—
That is her tongue : well, I'll not question
What the poison is for ; if for herself,
The common hangman's eas'd the labour
Of a blow ; for if she live, her head
Must certain off ; the poison I'll go get,
And give it her, then to the king :
If Sebastiano's Frenchified disguise
Purchase the like discovery, our eyes
Will be too scanty ; we had need to be.
All eye to watch such haughty villany. [Exit.]

Enter GIOVANNO and PHILIPPA.

GIO. Begare, madam, me make de gowne so
brave ; O, de hole vorle¹ be me patrou ; me ha
vorke for le grand duches le Shevere, le royne de
Francia, Spagna, de Angleter, and all d' fine mada-
mosels.

PHI. Nay, monsieur, to deprive desert of praise
is unknown language ; troth, I use it not ; nay, it
is very well.

GIO. Be me trot, a, madam, me ner do ill, de
English man do ill, de Spanere do, de Duch, de all
do ill but your Franchman, and, begare, he do
incomparable brave.

PHI. Y' are too proud on't.

¹ [Former edition, *vorke*.]

GIO. Begare, me no proud i de vorle, me speak be me trot de trut, ang me no lie : metra, madam, begare, you have de find bode a de vorle, O de fine brave big ting me have ever measure, me waire fit it so pat.¹

Enter RAYMOND.

PHIL. Welcome, my lord !
Shall I still long, yet lose my longing still ?
Is there no art to mount the lofty seat ?
No engine that may make us ever great ?
Must we be still styl'd subjects, and for fear
Our closest whispers reach the awing ear,
Not trust the wind ?

RAY. Be calm, my love ;
Ha ! who have we here ? an eavesdropper ?

GIO. Me, signor, be pover a jentle homa a
Franch

A votre commandement.

PHIL. My tailor.

GIO. Oui, monsieur, de madam tailor.

RAY. Some happy genius does attend my wishes,
Or, spirit-like, a page conducts unto me
The ministers whose sweat must send me ease :²
Come hither, Frenchman, canst thou rule thy
tongue ?

Art not too much a woman ?

GIO. No, begare, me show someting for de
man.

RAY. Or canst thou be like a perverse one—
profess doggedness ?
Be as a dead man dumb, briefly be this :

¹ [This gibberish is left much as it stands in the old copy.]

² [The editor of 1810 printed deliberately *sweet must seat me ease*.]

A friend to France, and with a silent speed
 Post to our now approaching armed friends :
 Tell them that Raymond, ere the hasty sand
 Of a short hour be spent, shall be impal'd,
 And on his brow, a deputy for France,
 Support a golden wreath of kingly cares :
 Bid 'em make haste to pluck my partner down
 Into his grave ; begone, as thou nursest
 In thy breast thoughts that do thirst
 For nobleness : be secret, and thou'rt made ;
 If not, thou'rt nothing. Mark, 'tis Raymond says it :
 And, as I live, I breathe not, if my deeds
 Appear not in a horror 'bove my words.

GIO. Begare, me no ned de threaten, me be as
 close to your secret, or my lady's secrets, as de skin
 to de flesh—de flesh to de bone : if me tell, call me
 de—vat de ye call de moder o de dog, de bich ;
 call me de son o de bich.

Enter FULGENTIO.

FUL. Count Machiavel waits your honour i' th'
 hall.

RAY. Do't, and be more than common in our
 favour ;

Here, take this ring for thy more credit :

Farewell, be quick and secret. [*Exeunt.*]

GIO. Folly go

From my tongue, the French so nigh. And thou,
 Half-ruin'd Spain, so wretchedly provided :

[O] strange, yet not ; all countries have bred mon-
 sters :

'Tis a proverb—plain as true, and aged as 'tis
 both :¹

One tainted sheep mars a whole flock.

¹ [Old copy has *as plain—'tis true.*]

Machiavel, that tainted beast, whose spreading ills
 Infecteth all, and by infecting kills.
 I'll to the French, what he intends to be
 Our ruin shall confound their villany. [*Exit.*]

ACT V., SCENE 1.

*Enter the KING, ANTONIO, OLD TAILOR, EVADNE,
 AURELIA. The KING and ANTONIO whisper.*

KING. For this discovery be still Antonio ;
 The frowning law may with a furrowed face
 Hereafter look upon, but ne'er shall touch
 Thy condemn'd body. Here from a king's hand
 Take thy Aurelia ; our command shall smoothe
 The rising billows of her father's rage,
 And charm it to a calm : let one be sent
 To certify our pleasure. We would see him.

O. TAI. Your grace's will shall be in all obey'd.

KING. Thy loyal love makes thy king poor.

O. TAI. Let not your judgment, royal sir, be
 question'd.

To term that love was but a subject's duty. [*Exit.*]

KING. You sent the poison, did you ?

ANT. Yes, and it like your grace ; the apothecary

Call'd it a strong provocative to madness.

KING. Did not he question what you us'd it
 for ?

ANT. O, my disguise sav'd him that labour, sir ;
 My habit, that was more physician than myself,
 Told him 'twas to despatch some property,¹

¹ [Here used, apparently, in the sense of something of no value, and from the context it may be surmised that *vermin* is intended.]

That had been tortur'd with five thousand drugs
 To try experiment : another man
 Shan't buy the quantity of so much ratsbane
 Shall kill a flea, but shall be had, forsooth,
 Before a justice, be question'd ; nay, perhaps
 Confin'd to peep through an iron grate :
 When your physician may poison who [pleaseth
 him],
 Not, *cum privilegio* : it is his trade.

Enter GIOVANNO.

EVAD. O my Sebastiano !

GIO. Peace, my Evadne, the king must not yet
 know me.

EVAD. My brother has already made you known.

GIO. Will't please your highness ?

KING. What, Sebastiano, to be still a king
 Of universal Spain without a rival ?
 Yes, it does please me, and you ministers
 Of my still growing greatness shall ere long
 Find I am pleas'd with you, that boldly durst
 Pluck from the fixed arm of sleeping justice
 Her long-sheath'd sword, and whet the rusty blade
 Upon the bones of Mach'vel, and his
 Confederate rebels.

GIO. That, my lord, is yet
 To do : let him mount higher, that
 His fall may be too deep for resurrection ;¹
 They're gone to the great hall, whither will't please
 Your grace disguis'd to go ? your person by
 Our care shall be secure. Their French troops I
 Have sent as useless into France, by virtue
 Of Raymond's ring, which he gave me to bid

¹ [Old copy, a resurrection.]

The general by that token to march
To this city.

KING. What say the colonels?
Will they assist me?

ANT. Doubt not, my lord.

KING. Come, then, let's go guarded, with such
as you
'Twere sin to fear, were all the world untrue.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter TAILORS.

O. TAI. Now for the credit of tailors.

3D TAI. Nay, master, and we do not act, as
they say, with any players in the globe of the
world, let us be baited like a bull for a company
of strutting coxcombs: nay, we can act, I can
tell you.

O TAI. Well, I must to the king; see you be
perfect. I'll move it to his highness. [*Exit.*]

1ST TAI. Now, my masters, are we to do; d'ye
mark me? do——

3D TAI.¹ Do! what do?—Act, act, you fool
you: do, said you, what do? you a player, you a
plasterer, a mere dirt-dauber, and not worthy to
be mentioned with Vermin, that exact actor: do,
I am ashamed on't, fie!

2D TAI. Well said, Vermin, thou ticklest him,
faith.

4TH TAI. Do, pah!

1ST TAI. Well, play; we are to play a play.

3D TAI. Play a play a play, ha, ha, ha! O egre-
dious nonsensical widgeon, thou shame to our
cross-legged corporation; thou fellow of a sound,

¹ [*i.e.*, Vermin.]

play a play ! why forty-pound Golding of the beggars' theatre speaks better, yet has a mark for the sage audience to exercise their dexterity, in throwing of rotten apples, whilst my stout actor pockets, and then eats up, the injury : play a play ! it makes my worship laugh, i' faith.

2D TAI. To him, Vermin ; thou bitt'st him, i' faith.

1ST TAI. Well, act a play before the king.

2D TAI. What play shall we act ?

3D TAI. To fret the French the more, we will act *Strange but True, or the Stradling Mounsieur, with the Neapolitan gentleman between his legs.*

2D TAI. That would not act well.

3D TAI. O giant of incomparable ignorance ! that would not act well, ha, ha ! that would not do well, you ass, you !

2D TAI. You bit him for saying *do* : Vermin, leave biting ; you'd best.

1ST TAI. What say you to our Spanish Bilbo ?

3D TAI. Who, Jeronimo ?

1ST TAI. Ay.

3D TAI. That he was a mad rascal to stab himself.

1ST TAI. But shall we act him ?

2D TAI. Ay, let us do him.

3D TAI. Do again, ha !

2D TAI. No, no, let us act him.

3D TAI. I am content.

1ST TAI. Who shall act the ghost ?

3D TAI. Why, marry that will I—I Vermin.

1ST TAI. Thou dost not look like a ghost.

3D TAI. A little player's deceit, howe'er,¹ will do't. Mark me.

¹ [Former edit., *flower*.]

I can rehearse, make me rehearse some :¹

“When this eternal substance of the soul
Did live emprison’d in my wanton flesh,
I was a tailor in the court of Spain.”

2D TAI. Courtier Vermin in the court of Spain.

3D TAI. Ay, there’s a great many courtiers
Vermin indeed :

Those are they beg poor men’s livings ;
But, I say, tailor *Vermin* is a court-tailor.

2D TAI. Who shall act Jeronimo ?

3D TAI. That will I :

Mark if I do not gape wider than the widest
Mouth’d fowler of them all, hang me !

“Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed ? ha-ugh ?”

Now for the passionate part—

“Alas ! it is my son Horatio.”

1ST TAI. Very fine : but who shall act Horatio ?

2D TAI. Ay, who shall do your son ?

3D TAI. What do, do again ? well, I will act
Horatio.

2D TAI. Why, you are his father.

3D TAI. Pray, who is fitter to act the son than
the father

That begot him ?

1ST TAI. Who shall act Prince Balthazar and
the king ?

3D TAI. I will do Prince Balthazar too : and, for
the king,

Who but I ? which of you all has such a face for
a king,

Or such a leg to trip up the heels of a traitor ?

2D TAI. You will do all, I think.

3D TAI. Yes, marry, will I ; who but *Vermin* ?
yet I will

¹ [He quotes a passage from the “First Part of Hieronimo,” 1605].

Leave all to play the king :

Pass by, Jeronimo !

2D TAI. Then you are for the king ?

3D TAI. Ay, bully, ay.

1ST TAI. Let's go seek our fellows, and to this gear.

3D TAI. Come on then. [*Exeunt.*]

A table and stools set. Enter BRAVO.

BRA. Men of our needful profession, that deal in such commodities as men's lives, had need to look about 'em ere they traffic : I am to kill Raymond, the devil's cousin-german, for he wears the same complexion : but there is a right devil that hath hired me—that's Count Machiavel. Good table, conceal me ; here will I wait my watchword : but stay, have I not forgot it—*Then*—Ay, then is my arm to enter. I hear them coming.

[*Goes under the table.*]

Enter the KING, ANTONIO, OLD TAILOR, EVADNE, AURELIA, above. MACHIAVEL, RAYMOND, PHILIPPA, AURISTELLA, GIOVANNO, the Colonels with a Guard below.

MACH. Pray, take your seats.

RAY. [*To PHILIPPA*]. Not well ? prythee, retire.

PHIL. Sick, sick at heart.

AUR. Well-wrought poison ! O, how joy swells me ! [*A side.*]

ANT. You see, my lord, the poison is box'd up, [*Above.*]

PHIL. Health wait upon this royal company.

KING. Knows she we are here ?

ANT. O no, my lord, 'tis to the twins of treason : Machiavel and Raymond,

FUL. Royal ! there's something in't.

ALER. It smells rank o' th' traitor.

PAN. Are you i' th' wind on't ?

AUR. Will you leave us ?

PHIL. I cannot stay ; O, I am sick to death !

[*Exit.*

AUR. Or I'll never trust poison more. [*Aside.*

MACH. Pray, seat yourselves,

Gentlemen ; though your deserts have merit,

[*They sit about the table.*

And your worths have deserv'd nobly ;

But ingratitude, that should be banish'd

From a prince's breast, is Philip's favourite.

KING. [*Above.*] Philip, traitor ! why not king ?

I am so.

ANT. Patience, good my lord ; I'll down.

[*Exit.*

MACH. It lives too near him :

You, that have ventur'd with expense of blood

And danger of your lives, to rivet him

Unto his seat with peace : you, that in war

He term'd his Atlases, and press'd with praises

Your brawny shoulders ; call'd you his Colossuses,

And said your looks frighted tall war

Out of his territories : now in peace [*behold*]

The issue of your labour. This bad man—

Philip, I mean—made of ingratitude,

Wo' not afford a name, that may distinguish

Your worthy selves from cowards ; [*while*]

Civet cats spotted with rats'-dung,

Or a face, like white broth strew'd o'er with currants

For a stirring caper or itching dance, to please

My lady Vanity, shall be made a smock-knight.

KING. [*Above.*] Villain ! must our disgrace
mount thee ?

FUL. To what tends this ?

ALER. What means Count Machiavel ?

Enter ANTONIO below.

AUR. To be your king; fie on this circumstance!
My longing will not brook it: say,
Will you obey us as your kings and queens.

[*Aside.*

FUL. My Lord Antonio!

ANT. Confine yourselves, the king is within hearing; therefore make show of liking Machiavel's plot: let him mount high, his fall will be the deeper: my life, you shall be safe.

[*Aside.*

AUR. Say, are you agreed?

RAY. If not, we'll force you to't:
Speak, Frenchman, are our forces i' th' city?

GIO. Oui, mounsier.

ALER. }

FUL. }

PAN. }

KING. More traitors!

MACH. Why——*then.*

[*The BRAVO stabs RAYMOND.*

RAY. Ha! from whence this sudden mischief?
Did you not see a hand arm'd with the fatal
Ruin of my life?

GIO. Non pas, signor.

MACH. Ha, ha, ha! lay hold on those French
soldiers:

Away with them!

[*Exeunt Guard with the French Colonels.*

RAY. Was't thy plot, Machiavel? go laughing
to thy grave.

[*Stabs him.*

AUR. Alas! my lord is wounded.

RAY. Come hither, Frenchman, make a dying
man

Bound to thy love; go to Philippa,
Sickly as she is, bring her unto me;

Or my flying soul will not depart in peace else :
 Prythee, make haste : yet stay, I have not breath
 To pay thy labour.

Shrink ye, you twin-born Atlases, that bear
 This my near-ruin'd world ; have you not strength
 To bear a curse, whose breath may taint the air,
 That this globe may feel an universal plague ?
 No ; yet bear up, till with a vengeful eye
 I outstare day, and from the dogged sky
 Pluck my impartial star. O, my blood
 Is frozen in my veins—farewell, revenge—me——

[Dies.

ALER. They need no law.

FUL. Nor hangman.

PAN. They condemn and execute without a
 jury.

Enter PHILIPPA mad.

PHIL. I come, I come ; nay, fly not, for by hell
 I'll pluck thee by the beard, and drag thee thus
 Out of thy fiery cave. Ha ! on yonder hill
 Stand troops of devils waiting for my soul :
 But I'll deceive 'em, and, instead of mine,
 Send this same spotted tiger's.

[Stabs AURISTELLA.

AUR. O !

PHIL. So, whilst they to hell
 Are posting with their prize, I'll steal to heaven :
 Wolf, dost thou grin ? ha ! is my Raymond dead ?
 So ho, so ho ! come back
 You sooty fiends, that have my Raymond's soul,
 Or¹ lay it down, or I will force you do't :
 No, won't you stir ? by Styx, I'll bait you for't :
 Where is my crown ? Philippa was a queen,
 Was she not, ha ? Why so, where is my crown ?

¹ [Former edit. *And.*]

O, you have hid it—ha, was't thou

[Overthrows the table.

That robb'd Philippa of her Raymond's life?

Nay, I will nip your wings, you shall not fly;

I'll pluck you by the guarded front, and thus

Sink you to hell before me. [Stabs the BRAVO.

BRAVO. O, O!

PHIL. What, down, ho, ho, ho!

Laugh, laugh, you souls that fry in endless flames;

Ha, whence this chilness—must I die? Nay, then

I come, I come; nay, weep not, for I come:

Sleep, injur'd shadow; O, death strikes [me]

dumb!

[Dies.

AUR. Machi'vel, thy hand, I can't repent, fare-
well:

My burthened conscience sinks me down to hell.

[Dies.

MACH. I cannot tarry long, farewell; we'll
meet,

Where we shall never part: if here be any

My life has injur'd; let your charity

Forgive declining Machi'vel: I'm sorry.

ANT. His penitence works strongly on my tem-
per.

Off, disguise; see, falling count, Antonio forgives
thee.

MACH. Antonio? O my shame!

Can you, whom I have injur'd most, pardon my
guilt?

Give me thy hand yet nearer: this embrace

Betrays thee to thy death: ha, ha, ha! [Stabs him.

So weeps the Egyptian monster when it kills,

Wash'd in a flood of tears; couldst ever think

Machi'vel's repentance could come from his heart?

No, down, Colossus, author of my sin,

And bear the burthen mingled with thine own,

To finish thy damnation.

Enter the KING, AURELIA, EVADNE, OLD TAILOR.

KING. Accursed villain ! thou hast murder'd him,
That holds not one small drop of royal blood,
But what is worth thy life.

EVAD. O my brother !

GIO. Give him some air, the wound cannot be mortal.

AUR. Alas ! he faints : O my Antonio !
Curs'd Machi'vel, may thy soul——

ANT. Peace, peace, Aurelia ; be more merciful :
Men are apt to censure, and will condemn
Thy passion, call it madness, and say thou
Want'st religion : nay, weep not, sweet,
For every one must die : it was thy love
For to deceive the law, and give me life :
But death, you see, has reach'd me : O, I die ;
Blood must have blood, so speaks the law of
heaven :

I slew the governor ; for which rash deed
Heaven, fate, and man thus make Antonio bleed.

[Dies.

MACH. Sleep, sleep, great heart, thy virtue made
me ill :

Authors of vice, 'tis fit the vicious kill :
But yet forgive me : O, my once great heart
Dissolves like snow, and lessens to a rheum,
Cold as the envious blasts of northern wind :
World, how I lov'd thee, 'twere a sin to boast ;
Farewell, I now must leave thee ; [for] my life
Grows empty with my veins : I cannot stand ;
my breath

Is, as my strength, weak ; and both seiz'd by death.
Farewell, ambition ! catching at a crown,
Death tripp'd me up, and headlong threw me
down.

[Dies.

KING. So falls an exhalation from the sky,
And's never miss'd because unnatural ;
A birth begotten by incorporate ill ;
Whose usher to the gazing world is wonder.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Alas ! good man, thou'rt come unto a sight
Will try thy temper, whether joy or grief
Shall conquer most within thee ; joy lies here,
Scatter'd in many heaps : these, when they liv'd,
Threaten'd to tear this balsam from our brow,
And rob our majesty of this elixir.

[*Points to his crown.*]

Is't not my right ? Was I not heir to Spain ?

PET. You are our prince, and may you live
Long to enjoy your right !

KING. But now look here, 'tis plain grief has a
hand
Harder than joy ; it presses out such tears.
Nay, rise.

PET. I do beseech your grace not to think me
Contriver of Antonio's 'scape from death ;
'Twas my disloyal daughter's breach of duty.

KING. That's long since pardon'd.

PET. You're still merciful.

KING. Antonio was thy son ; I sent for thee
For to confirm it, but he is dead :
Be merciful, and do not curse the hand
That gave it him, though it deserve it.

AUR. O my griefs, are you not strong enough
To break my heart ? Pray, tell me—tell me true
Can it be thought a sin ? or is it so
By my own hand to ease my breast of woe ?

KING. Alas ! poor lady, rise ; thy father's here.

PET. Look up, Aurelia ; ha ! why do you kneel ?

[*To* GIOVANNO.

GIO. For a blessing.

PET. Why she is not Aurelia——do not mock mé.

KING. But he is Sebastiano, and your son ;
Late by our hand made happy by enjoying
The fair Evadne, dead Antonio's sister :
[Her,] for whose sake he became a tailor,
And so long lived in that mean disguise.

PET. My joy had been too great if he had liv'd ;
The thrifty heavens mingle our sweets with gall,
Lest, being glutt'd with excess of good,
We should forget the giver. Rise, Sebastiano,
With thy happy choice ; may'st thou live crown'd
With the enjoyment of those benefits
My prayers shall beg for [thee] : rise, Aurelia,
And in some place, bless'd with religious prayers,
Spend thy left remnant.¹

AUR. You advise well : indeed, it was a fault
To break the bonds of duty and of law ;
But love, O love ! thou, whose all-conquering
pow'r
Builds castles on the hearts of easy maids,
And makes 'em strong e'en to² attempt those
dangers
That, but rehears'd before, would fright their souls
Into a jelly. Brother, I must leave you ;
And, father, when I send to you a note
That shall desire a yearly stipend to
That holy place my tired feet has found
To rest them in, pray, confirm it.
And now, great king, Aurelia begs of you
To grace Antonio in the mournful march
Unto his grave, which be where you think fit :
We need not be interr'd both in one vault.

KING. Bless'd virgin, thy desires I will perform.

¹ [i.e., The left remnant of thy days.]

² [Former edit., unto.]

AUR. Then I leave you ; my prayers shall still attend you,
As I hope yours shall accompany me.
Father, your blessing, and ere long expect
To hear where I am entertain'd a nun.
Brother and sister, to you both adieu ;
Antonio dead, Aurelia marries new. *[Exit.*

PET. Farewell, [my] girl ; when I remember thee,
The beads I drop shall be my tears.

Enter VERMIN in a cloak for the prologue.

KING. She's to all virgins a true mirror.
They that would behold true love, reflect on her :
There 'tis engross'd.

3D TAL. Great king, our grace——

O. TAL. The king is sad, you must not act.

3D TAL. How ? not act ? Shall not Vermin act ?

O. TAL. Yes, you shall act, but not now ; the king is indispos'd.

3D TAL. Well, then, some other time, I, Vermin ; the king will act before the king.

O. TAL. Very good ; pray, make your *exit*.

3D TAL. I'll muster up all the tailors in the town, and so tickle their sides.

[The KING and GIOVANNO whisper.

O. TAL. Nay, thou'rt a right Vermin ; go, be not troublesome. *[Exit VERMIN.*

GIO. Upon my truth and loyalty, great king, what they did was but feign'd, merely words without a heart : 'twas by Antonio's counsel.

KING. Thou art all truth : rise.

[The Colonels kneel.

OMNES. Long live King Philip in the calm of peace to exercise his regal clemency !

KING. Take up Antonio's body, and let the rest
 Find Christian burial : mercy befits a king.
 Come, trusty tailor,
 And to all countries let swift fame report
 King Philip made a tailor's house his court.

O. TAI. Your grace much honours me.

KING. We can't enough pay thy alone deserts ;
 Kings may be poor when subjects are like thee,
 So fruitful in all loyal virtuous deeds :
 March with the body, we'll perform all rites
 Of sable ceremony : that done,
 We'll to our court, since all our own is won.

[*Exeunt.*¹

¹ [“ This strange jumble (which it seems was acted with applause) may be taken as the most singular specimen extant of the serious mock-heroic. There is nothing in “ The Tailors ” itself so ludicrous as the serious parts in which the tailors appear. Nevertheless there are a few happy passages in the play.”—*MS. note in a copy of the former edit.*]

LUST'S DOMINION

OR

THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

EDITION.

Lusts Dominion ; or, The Lascivious Queen. A Tragedie.
Written by Christofer Marloe, Gent. London, Printed
for F. K., and are to be sold by Robert Pollard, at the
sign of Ben Johnsons head, on the back-side of the Old-
Exchange. 1657. 12^{mo}.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELEAZAR, *the Moor, Prince of Fez and Barbary.*

PHILIP, *King of Spain, father to Fernando, Philip, and Isabella.*

FERNANDO, *King of Spain,* }
PHILIP, *Prince of Spain.* } *sons to Philip.*

ALVERO, *a nobleman, and father-in-law to Eleazar, and*
father to Hortenzo and Maria.

MENDOZA, *the cardinal.*

CHRISTOFERO, }
RODERIGO, } *two noblemen of Spain.*

HORTENZO, *lover to Isabella, and son to Alvero.*

ZARACK, }
BALTHAZAR, } *two Moors attending Eleazar.*

COLE, }
CRAB, } *two friars.*

EMMANUEL, *King of Portugal.*

CAPTAIN, SOLDIERS, *cum aliis.*

Two Pages attending the queen.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER OF SPAIN, *and wife to King Philip.*

ISABELLA, *the Infanta of Spain.*

MARIA, *wife to Eleazar, and daughter to Alvero.*

The Scene, Spain.

PREFACE.

[THIS play was printed in 12^o, 1657 and 1661, with the name of Christopher Marlowe on the title as the author, than which few things are more improbable. Yet Dilke, who printed the piece in his series (1816), believed it to be really by Marlowe, and considered it superior to his "Faustus." He observes:] "In particular passages, and some whole scenes, 'Faustus' has great beauties; but it must have been principally indebted for its success to the superstitious ignorance of the times; 'Lust's Dominion' is a much better play." Dilke continues, "It was altered by Mrs Behn, and performed at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1671, under the title of 'Abdelazar;' and probably furnished hints for the admirable tragedy of 'The Revenge.' But, notwithstanding the luxuriance of inagery in the first scenes, the exquisite delicacy of the language that is throughout given to Maria, and the great beauty of parts, 'it has too much of "King Cambyzes'" vein—rape, and murder, and superlatives; and if the stage be intended as a portraiture of real character, such representations tend only to excite a disgust and abhorrence of human nature; with the

exception of the innocent Maria, the fiery Philip, Isabella, Alvero, and Hortenzo, there is not one with whom our feelings hold communion. The open representation of the Devil in 'Faustus' is less offensive than the introduction of him here in the garb of a Moor; but the philanthropy of our ancestors was not shocked at any representation of an African or an Israelite."

Mr Collier¹ remarks, "Thomas Dekker, in partnership with William Haughton and John Day, was the author of 'The Spanish Moor's Tragedy,' which Malone, by a strange error, calls 'The Spanish Morris,' but he gives the right date, January 1599-1600. The mistake was more important than it may appear at first sight, as 'The Spanish Moor's Tragedy' was most likely the production called 'Lust's Dominion,' not printed until 1657, and falsely attributed to Marlowe. A Spanish Moor is the hero of it, and the date in Henslowe, of January 1599-1600, corresponds with that of a tract upon which some of the scenes are even verbally founded. That Marlowe, who was killed in 1593, and could not, therefore, be the author of it, requires no further proof."

¹ "History of English Dram. Poetry," iii. p. 97.

LUST'S DOMINION:
OR,
THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

*Enter ZARACK, BALTHAZAR, two Moors, taking tobacco ; music sounding within. Enter QUEEN-MOTHER OF SPAIN with two PAGES. ELEAZAR, sitting on a chair, suddenly draws the curtain.*¹

ELE. On me does music spend this sound ! on me,

That hate all unity ! ah, Zarack ! [ah,] Balthazar !

QUEEN-M. My gracious lord.

ELE. Are you there with your beagles ! hark, you slaves !

Did not I bind you on your lives to watch

That none disturb'd us ?

QUEEN-M. Gentle Eleazar.

ELE. There, off : is't you that deaf me with this noise ?

[Exeunt two Moors.]

¹ The curtain in front of the old theatres divided in the middle, and was drawn to the sides ; but it may save further explanation to add here that, "beside the principal curtain, they sometimes used others as substitutes for scenes."

—Malone.

QUEEN-M. Why is my love's aspect so grim and horrid ?

Look smoothly on me ;
Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.
Come, let's kiss.

ELE. Away, away !

QUEEN-M. No, no says ay ; and twice away
says stay :

Come, come, I'll have a kiss ; but if you strive,
For one denial you shall forfeit five.

ELE. Nay, prythee, good queen, leave me ;
I am now sick and heavy, dull¹ as lead.

QUEEN-M. I'll make thee lighter by taking something from thee.

ELE. Do : take from me this ague and these fits

That, hanging on me,
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood
A-boiling with the fire of rage : away, away !
Thou believ'st I jest,
And laugh'st to see
My wrath wear antic shapes ! Begone, begone !

QUEEN-M. What means my love ?

Burst all those wires, burn all those instruments ;
For they displeas'd my Moor. Art thou now pleas'd ?

Or wert thou now disturb'd ? I'll wage all Spain
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device
To make me fond and long. O, you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

ELE. What, die for me ? away !

¹ [Former edit., *sick, heavy, and.*]

QUEEN-M. Away, what way? I prythee, speak more kindly;

Why dost thou frown? at whom?

ELE. At thee.

QUEEN-M. At me!

O, why at me? For each contracted frown
 A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
 Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
 Like to a beldame of one hundred years.
 I prythee, speak to me, and chide me not.
 I prythee, chide, if I have done amiss;
 But let my punishment be this and this. [Kiss.
 I prythee, smile on me, if but awhile,
 Then frown on me, I'll die: I prythee, smile.
 Smile on me, and these two wanton boys,
 These pretty lads that do attend on me,
 Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup,
 And fill thee nectar: their enticing eyes
 Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
 To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
 Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl
 And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
 In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
 And dive to make thee sport:
 Bestow one smile, one little, little smile,
 And in a net of twisted silk and gold
 In my all-naked arms thyself shall lie.

ELE. Why, what to do? Lust's arms do stretch so wide

That none can fill them. I lie there? away!¹

QUEEN-M. Where hast thou learn'd this language, that can say

No more but two rude words, *away, away?*

Am I grown ugly now?

ELE. Ugly as hell.

¹ [Old copy, *I'll lay there away.*]

QUEEN-M. Thou lov'dst me once.

ELE. That can thy bastards tell.

QUEEN-M. What is my sin ? I will amend the same.

ELE. Hence, strumpet ! use of sin makes thee past shame.

QUEEN-M. Strumpet !

ELE. Ay, strumpet.

QUEEN-M. Too true 'tis, woe is me ;
I am a strumpet, but made so by thee.

ELE. By me !

No, no, by these young bawds : fetch thee a glass,
And thou shalt see the balls of both thine eyes
Burning in fire of lust. By me ! There's here,
Within this hollow cistern of thy breast,
A spring of hot blood : have not I, to cool it,
Made an extraction to the quintessence
Even of my soul : melted all my spirits,
Ravish'd my youth, deflow'r'd my lovely cheeks,
And dried this, this to an anatomy,
Only to feed your lust ?—these boys have ears—
[*In a whisper.*]

Yet wouldst thou murder me.

QUEEN-M. I murder thee !

ELE. I cannot ride through the Castilian streets
But thousand eyes, through windows and through
doors,

Throw killing looks at me ; and every slave
At Eleazar darts a finger out,
And every hissing tongue cries, "There's the Moor ;
That's he that makes a cuckold of our king ;
There goes the minion of the Spanish queen ;
That's the black prince of devils ; there goes he
That on smooth boys, on masques and revellings,
Spend[s] the revenues of the King of Spain."
Who arms this many-headed beast but you ?
Murder and lust are twins, and both are thine.

Being weary of me, thou wouldst worry me,
Because some new love makes thee loathe thine
old.

QUEEN-M. Eleazar !

ELE. Harlot, I'll not hear thee speak.

QUEEN-M. I'll kill myself unless thou hear'st
me speak.

My husband-king upon his deathbed lies,
Yet have I stol'n from him to look on thee :
A queen hath made herself thy concubine,
Yet dost thou now abhor me ; hear me speak,
Else shall my sons plague thy adult'rous wrongs,
And tread upon thy heart for murdering me :
This tongue hath murder'd me. Cry murder, boys.
[*The QUEEN shouts.*]

TWO BOYS. Murder ! the queen's murder'd !

ELE. Love, slaves, peace !

TWO BOYS. Murder ! the queen's murder'd !

ELE. Stop your throats !

Hark ! hush, you squaller. Dear love, look up :
Our chamber-window stares into the court,
And every wide-mouth'd ear, hearing this news,
Will give alarum to the cuckold king :
I did dissemble when I chid my love,
And that dissembling was to try my love.

QUEEN-M. Thou call'dst me strumpet.

ELE. I'll tear out my tongue

From this black temple for blaspheming thee.

QUEEN-M. And when I woo'd thee but to smile
on me,

Thou cri'dst away, away, and frown'dst upon me.

ELE. Come, now

I will kiss thee ; now I'll smile upon thee ;
Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red ;
Come, frown not, pout not ; smile, smile upon me,
And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,
And quaff carouses to thee of my blood ;

Whilst in moist nectar kisses thou dost pledge me.
How now, why star'st thou thus ? [Knock.

Enter ZARACK.

ZAR. The king is dead !

ELE. Ah, dead ! [ah, dead !] You hear this ?
Is't true, is't true ? The king [is] dead !

Who dare knock thus ?

ZAR. It is the cardinal
Making inquiry if the queen were here.

ELE. See, she is here, [go] tell him ; and yet
[no—]
Zarack, stay.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BAL. Don Roderigo's come to seek the queen.

ELE. Why should Roderigo seek her here ?

BAL. The king hath swooned thrice ; and, being
recovered,

Sends up and down the court to seek her grace.

ELE. The king was dead with you. [*To ZARACK.*]

Run, and with a voice

Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten,
To Roderigo and the cardinal :

Seek no queens here, I'll broach them. if they do,
Upon my falchion's point : [Knock again.
Again ! more knocking !

ZAR. Your father is at hand, my gracious lord.

ELE. Lock all the chambers, bar him out, you apes :
Hither, a vengeance ! stir, Eugenia,
You know your old walk underground ; away !
So down, hie to the king ; quick, quick, you squalls,
Crawl with your dam i' th' dark ; dear love, fare-
well :

One day I hope to shut you up in hell.

[ELEAZAR shuts them in.

SCENE II.

Enter ALVERO.

ALV. Son Eleazar, saw you not the queen ?

ELE. Hah !

ALV. Was not the queen here with you ?

ELE. Queen with me !

Because, my lord, I'm married to your daughter,
 You, like your daughter, will grow jealous :
 The queen with me ! with me a Moor, a devil,
 A slave of Barbary, a dog—for so
 Your silken courtiers christen me. But, father,
 Although my flesh be tawny, in my veins
 Runs blood as red, as royal, as the best
 And proudest in Spain ; there does, old man.
 My father, who with his empire lost his life,
 And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant,—
 O ! Go tell him, *Spanish tyrant* ; tell him, do.
 He that can lose a kingdom, and not rave,
 He's a tame jade ; I am not : tell old Philip
 I call him tyrant ; here's a sword and arms,
 A heart, a head, and so, pish !—'tis but death.
 Old fellow, she's not here : but ere I die,
 Sword, I'll bequeath thee a rich legacy.

ALV. Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs than
 now ;

Death's frozen hand holds royal Philip's heart ;
 Half of his body lies within a grave ;
 Then do not now by quarrels shake that state,
 Which is already too much ruinate.
 Come, and take leave of him, before he die. [*Exit.*]

ELE. I'll follow you. Now, purple villany,
 Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
 That under thee I closelier may contrive
 My vengeance ; foul deeds hid do sweetly thrive.

Mischief, erect thy throne, and sit in state
 Here, here upon this head ; let fools fear fate,
 Thus I defy my stars. I care not, I,
 How low I tumble down, so I mount high :
 Old Time, I'll wait bareheaded at thy heels,
 And be a footboy to thy winged hours ;
 They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
 But I'll set down the number ; I'll still wake,
 And waste these balls of sight by tossing them
 In busy observations upon thee.
 Sweet opportunity ! I'll bind myself
 To thee in base apprenticeship so long,
 Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
 As mine ; and all hands shall lay hold on thee,
 If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
 To cut down all that stand within my wrongs
 And my revenge. Love, dance in twenty forms
 Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame
 May be bewitch'd and doat ; her amorous flames
 Shall blow up the old king, consume his sons,
 And make all Spain a bonfire. This
 Tragedy being acted, hers doth begin :
 To shed a harlot's blood can be no sin. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*The Curtain being drawn, there appears in his bed
 KING PHILIP, with his Lords ; the PRINCESS
 ISABELLA at the feet, MENDOZA, ALVERO,
 HORTENZO, FERNANDO, RODERIGO ; and to
 them enter QUEEN in haste.*

QUEEN-M. Whose was that screech-owl's voice
 that, like the sound
 Of a hell-tortur'd soul, rung through mine ears
 Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death ?

Whilst I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,
 Drowning my wither'd cheeks in my warm tears,
 And stretching out my arms to pull from heaven
 Health for the royal majesty of Spain,
 All cried, the majesty of Spain is dead !
 That last word *dead* struck through the echoing
 air

Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down
 Breathless to the cold earth, and made me leave
 My prayers for Philip's life; but, thanks to heaven,
 I see him live, and lives (I hope) to see
 Unnumber'd years to guide this empery.

KING P. The number of my years ends in one
 day :

Ere this sun's down, all a king's glory sets,
 For all our lives are but death-counterfeits.
 Father Mendoza, and you peers of Spain,
 Dry your wet eyes; for sorrow wanteth force
 T' inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse;
 Such is your king. Where's Isabella, our daughter?

MEN. At your bed's feet, confounded in her
 tears.

KING P. She of your grief the heaviest burthen
 bears;

You can but lose a king, but she a father.

QUEEN-M. She bear the heaviest burthen! O,
 say rather

I bear, and am borne down; my sorrowing
 Is for a husband's loss, loss of a king.

KING P. No more. Alvero, call the princess
 hither.

ALV. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

KING P. Come hither, Isabella, reach a hand,
 Yet now it shall not need: instead of thine,
 Death, shoving thee back, clasps his hands in
 mine,

And bids me come away: I must, I must,

Though kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.
Is not Prince Philip come from Portugal ?

ROD. The prince as yet is not return'd, my lord.

KING P. Commend me to him, if I ne'er behold him.

This tells the order of my funeral ;
Do it as 'tis set down ; embalm my body ;
Though worms do make no difference of flesh,
Yet kings are curious here to dig their graves ;
Such is man's frailty : when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe,
According to the custom of the land ;
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine,
Which death hath builded for my ancestors ;
I cannot name death, but he straight steps in
And pulls me by the arm.

FER. His grace doth faint ;
Help me, my lords, softly to raise him up.

Enter ELEAZAR, and stands sadly by.

KING P. Lift me not up, I shortly must go down.

When a few dribbling minutes have run out,
Mine hour is ended. King of Spain, farewell ;
You all acknowledge him your sovereign ?

ALL. When you are dead, we will acknowledge him.

KING P. Govern this kingdom well ; to be a king

Is given to many, but to govern well
Granted to few. Have care to Isabel ;
Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass ;
Reverence the queen your mother ; love your sister
And the young prince your brother : even that day,
When Spain shall solemnise my obsequies,

And lay me up in earth, let them crown you.
Where's Eleazar, Don Alvero's son ?

FER. Yonder, with cross'd arms, stands he mal-
content.

KING P. I do commend him to thee for a man
Both wise and warlike ; yet beware of him :
Ambition wings his spirit ; keep him down.
What will not men attempt to win a crown ?
Mendoza is protector of thy realm,
I did elect him for his gravity ;
I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.
Call help, Fernando, now I faint indeed.

FER. My lords !

KING. P. Let none with a distracted voice
Shriek out, and trouble me in my departure.
Heaven's hands, I see, are beckoning for my soul ;
I come, I come ; thus do the proudest die ;
Death hath no mercy, life no certainty. [*Dies.*

MEN. As yet his soul's not from her temple gone :
Therefore forbear loud lamentation.

QUEEN-M. O, he's dead, he's dead ! lament and
die ;

In her king's end begins Spain's misery.

ISA. He shall not end so soon. Father, dear
father !

FER. Forbear, sweet Isabella : shrieks are vain.

ISA. You cry forbear ; you by his loss of breath
Have won a kingdom, you may cry forbear :
But I have lost a father and a king,
And no tongue shall control my sorrowing.

HOR. Whither, good Isabella ?

ISA. I will go

Where I will languish in eternal woe.

HOR. Nay, gentle love.

ISA. Talk not of love to me,
The world and the world's pride henceforth I'll
scorn. [*Exit.*

HOR. My love shall follow thee ; if thou deny'st
To live with poor Hortenzo as his wife,
I'll never change my love, but change my life.

Enter PHILIP hastily.

PHIL. I know he is not dead ; I know proud
death
Durst not behold such sacred majesty.
Why stand you thus distracted ? Mother, brother,
My Lord Mendoza, where's my royal father ?

QUEEN-M. Here lies the temple of his royal
soul.

FER. Here's all that's left of Philip's majesty ;
Wash you his tomb with tears : Fernando's moan,
Hating a partner, shall be spent alone. [*Exit.*]

PHIL. O happy father ! miserable son !
Philip is gone to joy, Philip's forlorn :
He dies to live, my life with woe is torn.

QUEEN-M. Sweet son.

PHIL. Sweet mother : O, how I now do shame
To lay on one so foul so fair a name :
Had you been a true mother, a true wife,
This king had not so soon been robb'd of life.

QUEEN-M. What means this rage, my son ?

PHIL. Call not me your son.
My father, whil'st he liv'd, tir'd his strong arms
In bearing Christian armour 'gainst the Turks,
And spent his brains in warlike stratagem
To bring confusion on damn'd infidels :
Whilst you, that snorted here at home, betray'd
His name to everlasting infamy ;
Whilst you at home suffer'd his bedchamber
To be a brothelry ; whilst you at home
Suffer'd his queen to be a concubine,
And wanton red-cheek'd boys to be her bawds ;
Whilst she, reeking in that lecher's arms——

ELE. Me!

PHIL. Villain, 'tis thee ;
Thou hell-begotten fiend, at thee I stare.

QUEEN-M. Philip, thou art a villain to dishonour
me.

PHIL. Mother, I am no villain : 'tis this villain
Dishonours you and me, dishonours Spain,
Dishonours all these lords ; this devil is he,
That——

ELE. What ! O, pardon me, I must throw off
All chains of duty, wert thou ten kings' sons ;
Had I as many souls as I have sins,
As this from hence, so they from this should fly,
In just revenge of this indignity.

PHIL. Give way, or I'll make way upon your
bosoms.

ELE. Did my dear sovereign live, sirrah, that
tongue——

QUEEN-M. Did but King Philip live, traitor, I'd
tell——

PHIL. A tale that should rid both your souls to
hell.

Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his queen,
That Philip's queen is a Moor's concubine ;
Did the king live, I'd tell him how you two
Ripp'd up the entrails of his treasury
With masques and antic revellings.

ELE. Words insupportable ! dost hear me, boy ?

QUEEN-M. Stand you all still, and see me thus
trod down ?

PHIL. Stand you all still, yet let this devil stand
here ?

MEN. Forbear, sweet prince. Eleazar, I am now
Protector to Fernando, King of Spain ;
By that authority, and by consent
Of all these peers, I utterly deprive thee
Of all those royalties thou holdst in Spain.

QUEEN-M. Cardinal, who lends thee this commission?

ELE. Cardinal, I'll shorten thee by the head for this.

PHIL. Forward, my Lord Mendoza; damn the fiend.

ELE. Princes of Spain, consent you to this pride?

ALL. We do.

QUEEN-M. For what cause? Let his faith be tried.

MEN. His treasons need no trial, they're too plain.

Come not within the court; for, if you do,
To beg with Indian slaves I'll banish you.

[*Exeunt all but ALVERO, QUEEN and ELEAZAR.*]

SCENE IV.

ALV. Why should my son be banished?

Enter MARIA.

QUEEN-M. Of that dispute not now. Alvero,
I'll to the king my son; it shall be tried,
If Castile's king can cool a cardinal's pride.

[*Exeunt QUEEN and ALVERO.*]

ELE. If I digest this gall—O my Maria,
I am whipp'd, and rack'd, and torn upon the
wheel

Of giddy Fortune; she and her minions
Have got me down, and treading on my bosom,
They cry, *Lie still*: the cardinal
(O rare!) would bandy me away from Spain,
And banish me to beg—ay, beg with slaves.

MARIA. Conquer with patience these indignities.

ELE. Patience ! ha, ha ! yes, yes, an honest cardinal !

MARIA. Yet smother [still] the grief, and seek revenge.

ELE. Ha ! banish me ! s'foot, why, say they do, There's Portugal—a good air, and France—a fine country,

Or Barbary—rich, and has Moors ; the Turk,

Pure devil, and allows enough to fat

The sides of villany—good living there !

I can live there, and there, and there ;

'Troth, 'tis a villain can live anywhere.

But say I go from hence : I leave behind me

A cardinal that will laugh ; I leave behind me

A Philip that will clap his hands for joy.

And dance lavoltoes through the Castile court ;

But the deep'st wound of all is this, I leave

My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents—

O, unreveng'd ; my bedrid enemies

Shall never be rais'd up by the strong physical

Curing of my sword ; therefore stay still ;

Many have hearts to strike, that dare not kill

Leave me, Maria. Cardinal, this disgrace

Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face.

Pish !—hence, Maria.

Enter ALVERO.

MARIA. To the king I'll fly,
He shall revenge my lord's indignity. [Exit.

ALV. Mendoza woos the king to banish thee.

Startle thy wonted spirits, awake thy soul,

And on thy resolution fasten wings,

Whose golden feathers may outstrip their hate.

ELE. I'll tie no golden feathers to my wings.

ALV. Shall they thus tread thee down, which
once were glad

To lacquey by thy conquering chariot-wheels ?

ELE. I care not : I can swallow more sour wrongs.

ALV. If they triumph o'er thee, they'll spurn me down.

ELE. Look : spurn again !

ALV. What ice hath cool'd that fire,
Which sometimes made thy thoughts to heaven
aspire ?

This patience had not wont to dwell with thee.

Enter FERNANDO and MARIA.

ELE. 'Tis right, but now the world is chang'd,
you see ;

Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire—
No more, here comes the king and my Maria :
The Spaniard loves my wife ; she swears to me
She's chaste as the white moon ; well, if she be ;
Well, too, if she be not, I care not, I ;
I'll climb up by that love to dignity.

FER. Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husband's
wrong,

I woo thy fair self not to wrong thyself ;
Swear but to love me, and to thee I'll swear
To crown thy husband with a diadem.

MARIA. Such love as I dare yield, I'll not deny.

FER. When in the golden arms of majesty—
I am broke off—yonder thy husband stands ;
I'll set him free, if thou unite my bands ;
So much for that. Durst then the cardinal
Put on such insolence ? tell me, fair madam,
Where's your most valiant husband ?

ELE. He sees me, and yet inquires for me.

MARIA. Yonder, my lord.

FER. Eleazar, I have in my breast writ down
From her report your late receiv'd disgrace ;
My father lov'd you dearly, so will I.

ELE. True, for my wife's sake.

[*Aside.*]

FER. This indignity

Will I have interest in ; for, being your king,
 You shall perceive I'll curb my underling.
 This morning is our coronation, and
 [Our] father's funeral solemnised.
 Be present, step into your wonted place,
 We'll gild your dim disgraces with our grace.

ELE. I thank my sovereign that you love my
 wife ;

I thank thee, wife, that thou wilt lock my head
 In such strong armour to bear off all blows ;
 Who dare say such wives are their husbands' foes ?
 Let's see now, by her falling I must rise ;
 Cardinal, you die if the king bid me live ;
 Philip, you die for railing at me ;
 Proud lord, you die, that with Mendoza cried,
 Banish the Moor.
 And you, my loving liege, you're best sit fast :
 If all these live not, you must die at last.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

*Enter two LORDS, PHILIP, MENDOZA, ELEAZAR,
 with him the KING crowned ; QUEEN-MOTHER,
 ALVERO, ZARACK, BALTHAZAR, and Atten-
 dants.*

MEN. Why stares this devil thus, as if pale
 death

Had made his eyes the dreadful messengers
 To carry black destruction to the world ?
 Was he not banish'd Spain ?

PHIL. Your sacred mouth
 Pronounc'd the sentence of his banishment :
 Then spurn the villain forth.

ELE. Who spurns the Moor,

Were better set his foot upon the devil.
 Do spurn me, and this confounding arm of wrath
 Shall, like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds,
 Divide his body from his soul! Stand back.
 Spurn Eleazar!

ROD. Shall we bear this pride?

ALV. Why not? he underwent much injury.

MEN. What injury have we perform'd, proud
 lord?

ELE. Proud cardinal, my unjust banishment.

MEN. 'Twas we that did it, and our words are
 laws.

KING. 'Twas we repeal'd him, and our words
 are laws.

ZAR. BAL. If not, these are.

[*All the Moors draw.*]

PHIL. How! threaten'd and outdar'd!

KING. Shall we give arm to hostile violence?
 Sheathe your swords, sheathe them: it's we com-
 mand.

ELE. Grant Eleazar justice, my dread liege.

MEN. Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,
 And he stands banish'd from the court of Spain.

KING. Have you done justice? Why, Lord
 Cardinal,

From whom do you derive authority
 To banish him the court without our leave?

MEN. From this, the staff of our protectorship;
 From this, which the last will of your dead father
 Committed to our trust; from this high place,
 Which lifts Mendoza's spirits beyond the pitch
 Of ordinary honour, and from this——

[*KING takes the staff from MENDOZA, and gives
 it to ELEAZAR.*]

KING. Which too much overweening insolence
 Hath quite ta'en from thee. Eleazar, up,
 And from us sway this staff of Regency.

ALL. How's this!

PHIL. Dare sons presume to break their father's will?

KING. Dare subjects countercheck their sovereign's will?

'Tis done, and who gainsays it, is a traitor.

PHIL. I do, Fernando, yet am I no traitor.

MEN. Fernando, I am wrong'd; by Peter's chair,

Mendoza vows revenge. I'll lay aside
My cardinal's hat, and in a wall of steel,
The glorious livery of a soldier,
Fight for my late-lost honour.

KING. Cardinal!

MEN. King! thou shalt be no king for wronging me.

The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts,
To put on armour of the Mother Church.
Curses shall fall like lightnings on thy head,
Bell, book, and candle: holy water, prayers,
Shall all chime vengeance to the court of Spain,
Till they have power to conjure down that fiend,
That damn'd Moor, that devil, that Lucifer,
That dares aspire the staff the card'nal sway'd.

ELE. Ha, ha, ha! I laugh yet, that the cardinal's vex'd.

PHIL. Laugh'st thou, base slave! the wrinkles of that scorn

Thine own heart's blood shall fill. Brother, farewell;

Since you disprove the will our father left
For base lust of a loathed concubine.

ELE. Ha! concubine! who does Prince Philip mean?

PHIL. [To ELEAZAR.] Thy wife. [To ALVERO.]
Thy daughter. Base, aspiring lords,

Who to buy honour are content to sell
 Your names to infamy, your souls to hell.
 And stamp you now ? Do, do, for you shall see
 I go for vengeance, and she'll come with me.

ELE. Stay, for she's here already, see, proud
 boy. [*They both draw.*]

QUEEN-M. Hold ! stay this fury ; if you long
 for blood,

Murder me first. Dear son, you are a king ;
 Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

KING. Shall kings be overstay'd in their
 desires ?

ROD. Shall subjects be oppress'd by tyranny ?

QUEEN-M. No state shall suffer wrong ; then
 hear me speak :

Mendoza, you have sworn you love the queen ;
 Then by that love I charge you leave these
 arms.

Eleazar, for those favours I have given you,
 Embrace the cardinal, and be friends with him.

ELE. And have my wife call'd strumpet to my
 face !

QUEEN-M. 'Twas rage made his tongue err ; do
 you not know

The violent love Mendoza bears the queen ?
 Then speak him fair, for in that honey'd breath
 I'll lay a bait shall train him to his death. [*Aside.*]
 Come, come, I see your looks give way to peace ;
 Lord Cardinal, begin ; and [*Aside*] for reward,
 Ere this fair setting sun behold his bride,
 Be bold to challenge love, yet be denied.

MEN. That promise makes me yield. [*Aside.*]

My gracious lord,

Though my disgrace hath graven its memory
 On every Spaniard's eye, yet shall the duty
 I owe your sacred highness, and the love
 My country challengeth, make me lay by

Hostile intendments, and return again
To the fair circle of obedience.

KING. Both pardon and our favour bids you
welcome ;

And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,
We here create you Salamanca's Duke :
But first, as a true sign all grudges die,
Shake hands with Eleazar, and be friends ;
This union pleaseth us. Now, brother Philip,
You are included in this league of love,
So is Roderigo. To forget all wrongs,
Your castle for awhile shall bid us welcome ;
Eleazar, shall it not ? It is enough.
Lords, lead the way, that [*Aside*] whilst you feast
yourselves,
Fernando may find time all means to prove,
To compass fair Maria for our love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

QUEEN-MOTHER and ELEAZAR.

ELE. Madam, a word : now have you wit or
spirit ?

QUEEN-M. Both.

ELE. Set them both to a most gainful task.
Our enemies are in my castle-work.

QUEEN-M. Ay ; but the king's there too ; it's
dangerous pride
To strike at those that crouch by a lion's side.

ELE. Remove them.

QUEEN-M. How ?

ELE. How ! a thousand ways :
By poison, or by this [*Points to his sword*] ; but
every groom
Has skill in such base traffic ; no, our policies

Must look more strange, must fly with loftier
wings ;

Vengeance, the higher it falls, more honour brings ;
But you are cold—you dare not do.

QUEEN-M. I dare.

ELE. You have a woman's heart ; look you, this
hand— [Takes her hand.

O, 'tis too little to strike home.

QUEEN-M. At whom ?

ELE. Your son.

QUEEN-M. Which son ? the king ?

ELE. Angels of heaven

Stand like his guard about him ! how, the king !

Not for so many worlds as there be stars

Sticking upon th' embroider'd firmament.

The king ! he loves my wife, and should he die,

I know none else would love her ; let him live

In heaven.¹

[*Aside.*

Good Lord Philip——

QUEEN-M. He shall die.

ELE. How ? good, good.

QUEEN-M. By this hand.

ELE. When ? good, good ; when ?

QUEEN-M. This night, if Eleazar give consent.

ELE. Why, then, this night Philip shall not
live

To see you kill him ! Is he not your son ?

A mother be the murd'rer of a brat

That liv'd within her ! ha !

QUEEN-M. 'Tis for thy sake.

ELE. Pish ! What excuses cannot damn'd sin
make

To save itself ! I know you love him well ;

But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye.

¹ [The Moor pretends that he meant to refer to the dead King.]

To others, our two hearts seem to be lock'd
 Up in a case of steel ; upon our love others
 Dare not look ; or, if they dare, they cast
 Squint, purblind glances. Who care, though all
 see all,

So long as none dare speak ? But Philip
 Knows that iron ribs of our villains
 Are thin : he laughs to see them, like this hand,
 With chinks and crevices ; how [with] a villanous,
 A stabbing, [a] desperate tongue the boy dare
 speak :

A mouth, a villanous mouth ! let's muzzle him.

QUEEN-M. How ?

ELE. Thus :

Go you, and with a face well-set do
 In good sad colours, such as paint out
 The cheek of that foul penitence, and with a
 tongue

Made clean and glib, cull from their lazy swarm
 Some honest friars whom that damnation, gold,
 Can tempt to lay their souls to the stake ;
 Seek such—they are rank and thick.

QUEEN-M. What then ? I know such—what's
 the use ?

ELE. This is excellent !

Hire these to write books, preach, and proclaim
 abroad

That your son Philip is a bastard.

QUEEN-M. How ?

ELE. A bastard. Do you know a bastard ?
 do't :

Say conscience spake with you, and cried out do't ;
 By this means shall you thrust him from all hope
 Of wearing Castile's diadem, and, that spur
 Galling his sides, he will fly out and fling,
 And grind the cardinal's heart to a new edge
 Of discontent ; from discontent grows treason,

And on the stalk of treason, death : he's dead,
 By this blow and by you ; yet no blood shed.
 Do't then ; by this trick he is gone.
 We stand more sure in climbing high ;
 Care not who fall, 'tis real policy : are you
 Arm'd to do this, ha ?

QUEEN-M. Sweet Moor, it is done.

ELE. Away then ; work with boldness and with
 speed :

On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

[*Exit* QUEEN-MOTHER.

Ha, ha ! I thank thee, provident creation,
 That seeing¹ in moulding me thou didst intend
 I should prove villain ; thanks to thee and nature,
 That skilful workman : thanks for my face :
 Thanks that I have not wit to blush !
 What, Zarack ! ho, Balthazar !

Enter the two MOORS.

BOTH. My lord.

ELE. Nearer. So : silence !

Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips ;
 Let them devour my speech, suck in my breath,
 and in.

Who let's it break prison, here is his death.
 This night the card'nal shall be murder'd.

BOTH. Where ?

ELE. And to fill up a grave Philip dies.

BOTH. Where ?

ELE. Here.

BOTH. By whom ?

ELE. By thee, and, slave, by thee.

Have you [the] hearts and hands to execute ?

BOTH. Here's both.

¹ [Edits., *That seeing.*]

1ST MOOR. He dies, were he my father.

ELE. Ho, away.

Stay—go, go—stay ; see me no more till night.
Your cheeks are black ; let not your souls look
white.

BOTH. Till night ?

ELE. Till night : a word ! the Mother-Queen
Is trying, if she can, with fire of gold
Warp the green consciences of two covetous friars
To preach abroad Philip's bastardy.

1ST MOOR. His bastardy ! who was his father ?

ELE. Who ?

Search for these friars : hire them to work with
you.

Their holy callings will approve the fact
Most good and meritorious : sin shines clear,
When her black face religion's mask doth wear.
Here comes the queen—good—and the friars.

SCENE III.

*Enter two friars, CRAB and COLE, and QUEEN-
MOTHER.*

COLE. Your son a bastard ? say, we do ;
But how then shall we deal with you ?
I tell you, as I said before,
His being a bastard, you are so poor
In honour and in name, that time
Can never take away the crime.

QUEEN-M. I grant that, friar ; yet rather I'll
endure
The wound of infamy to kill my name,
Than to see Spain bleeding with civil swords.
The boy is proud, ambitious ; he woos greatness ;
He takes up Spanish hearts on trust to pay them,

When he shall finger Castile's crown. O, then,
Were it not better my disgrace were known,
Than such a base aspirer fill the throne ?

COLE. Ha, brother Crab, what think you ?

CRAB. As you, dear brother Cole.

COLE. Then we agree.

Cole's judgment is as Crab's, you see.

Lady, we swear to speak and write

What you please, so all go right.

QUEEN-M. Then, as we gave directions, spread
abroad

In Cadiz, Madrid, Granada, and Medina,

And all the royal cities of the realm,

Th' ambitious hopes of that proud bastard Philip :

And sometimes, as you see occasion,

Tickle the ears of the rude multitude

With Eleazar's praise ; gild his virtues,

Naples' recovery, and his victories

Achiev'd against the Turkish Ottoman.

Will you do this for us ?

ELE. Say, will you ?

BOTH. Ay.

ELE. Why start you back and stare ?

Ha ! are you afraid ?

COLE. O, no, sir, no ! but, truth to tell,
Seeing your face, we thought of hell.

ELE. Hell is a dream.

COLE. But none do dream in hell.

ELE. Friars, stand to her and me ; and by your sin

I'll shoulder out Mendoza from his seat,

And of two friars create you cardinals.

O, how would cardinals' hats on their heads sit ?

COLE. This face would look most goodly under it.

Friar[s] Crab and Cole do swear

In those circles still to appear,

In which she or you do charge us rise ;

For you our lives we'll sacrifice.

*Valete, gaudete :
Si pereamus, flete ;
Orate pro nobis,
Oremus pro vobis.*

Cole will be burnt and Crab be press'd,
Ere they prove knaves ; thus are you cross'd and
bless'd.

ELE. Away ! you know. [*Exeunt* FRIARS.] Now,
madam, none shall throw

Their leaden envy in an opposite scale,
To weigh down our true golden happiness.

QUEEN-M. Yes, there is one.

ELE. One ! who ?

Give me his name, and I will turn
It to a magic spell to bind
Him here, here. Who ?

QUEEN-M. Your wife Maria.

ELE. Ha ! my Maria !

QUEEN-M. She's

The Hellespont divides my love and me :
She being cut off——

ELE. Stay, stay ; cut off !

Let's think upon't ; my wife !

Humph ! kill her too !

QUEEN-M. Does her love make thee cold ?

ELE. Had I a thousand wives, down go they all.
She dies ; I'll cut her off. Now, Balthazar !

Enter BALTHAZAR.

BAL. Madam, the king entreats your company.

QUEEN-M. His pleasure be obey'd. Dear love,
farewell ;

Remember your Maria.

[*Exit.*

ELE. Dear,¹ adieu ;

¹ [Old copy, *Here.*]

With this I'll guard her, whilst it stabs at you.

[Points to his sword.

My lord,¹ the friars are won to join with us.

Be prosperous ! about it, Balthazar.

BAL. The watchword ?

ELE. O, the word ; let it be *Treason*.

When we cry treason, break ope chamber doors :

Kill Philip and the cardinal. Hence !

BAL. I fly.

[Exit.

ELE. Murder, now ride in triumph ; darkness,
horror,

Thus I invoke your aid ; your act begin ;

Night is a glorious robe for th' ugliest sin.

SCENE IV.

*Enter COLE and CRAB in trousers ; the CARDINAL
in one of their weeds, and PHILIP putting on
the other.*

FRIARS. Put on, my lord, and fly, or else you
die.

PHIL. I will not, I will die first. Cardinal,
Prythee, good cardinal, pluck off, friars ; slave !
Murder us two ! he shall not, by this sword.

CAR. My lord, you will endanger both our
lives.

PHIL. I care not ; I'll kill some before I die.
Away ! s'heart ! take your rags ! Moor, devil,
come.

FRIARS. My lord, put on, or else——

PHIL. God's foot ! come, help.

¹ [The edits. give this speech to Balthazar, but he was not present when the arrangement with the friars was concluded.]

CAR. Ambitious villain ! Philip, let us fly
Into the chamber of the mother-queen.

PHIL. Thunder beat down the lodgings.

CAR. Else

Let's break into the chamber of the king.

PHIL. Agreed.

A pox upon these lousy gabardines.

Agreed ; I am for you, Moor ; stand side by side ;
Come, hands off ; leave your ducking.¹ Hell cannot
fright

Their spirits that do desperately fight.

COL. You are too rash, you are too hot ;

Wild desperateness doth valour blot.

The lodging of the king's beset

With staring faces black as jet,

And hearts of iron : your deaths are vow'd,

If you fly that way ; therefore shroud

Your body in friar Cole's grey weed ;

For is't not madness, man, to bleed,

When you may 'scape untouch'd away ?

Here's hell, here's heaven : here if you stay,

You're gone, you're gone ; friar Crab and I

Will here dance friskin, whilst you fly.

Gag us, bind us, come put on ;

The gag's too wide ; so gone, gone, gone !

PHIL. O, well, I'll come again. Lord Cardinal,

Take you the castle, I'll to Portugal.

I vow I'll come again, and if I do——

CAR. Nay, good my lord.

PHIL. Black devil, I'll conjure you. [Exeunt.]

¹ [Bowling.]

SCENE V.

To the FRIARS making a noise, gagged and bound, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTHAZAR, and other Moors, all with their swords drawn.

ELE. Guard all the passages. Zarack, stand there ;

There Balthazar, there you. The friars ?

Where have you plac'd the friars ?

ALL. My lord, a noise !¹

BAL. The friars are gagg'd and bound.

ELE. 'Tis Philip and the cardinal ; shoot :—ha !
stay—

Unbind them. Where's Mendoza and the prince ?

COLE. Santa Maria, who can tell !

By Peter's keys, they bound us well,

And having crack'd our shaven crowns,

They have escap'd you in our gowns.

ELE. Escap'd ! escap'd away ! I am glad, it's
good ;

I would their arms may turn to eagles' wings,

To fly as swift as time. Sweet air, give way :

Winds, leave your two-and-thirty palaces,

And meeting all in one, join all your might

To give them speedy and a prosperous flight.

Escaped, friars ! which way ?

BOTH. This way.

ELE. Good !

Alas, what sin is't to shed innocent blood ?

For look you, holy men, it is the king :

The king, the king. See, friars, sulphury wrath

Having once entered into royal breasts,

In the original this speech is given to Alvero ; but it is evidently an error, as he does not enter till some time after.

Mark how it burns. The queen, Philip's mother,
O, most unnatural ! will have you two
Divulge abroad that he's a bastard. O,
Will you do it ?

CRAB. What says my brother friar ?

COLE. A prince's love is balm, their wrath is fire.

CRAB. 'Tis true ; but yet I'll publish no such
thing ;

What fool would lose his soul to please a king ?

ELE. Keep there—good, there ; yet, for it wounds
my soul

To see the miserablest wretch to bleed,
I counsel you, in care unto your lives,
T' obey the mother-queen ; for by my life,
I think she has been prick'd [in] her conscience.
O, it has stung her for some fact misdome,
She would not else disgrace herself and son.
Do't therefore ; hark ! she'll work your deaths
else, hate.

Bred in woman is insatiate. Do't, friars.

CRAB. Brother Cole, zeal sets me in a flame :
I'll do't.

COLE. And I : his baseness we'll proclaim.

[*Exeunt* FRIARS.]

ELE. Do, and be damn'd ; Zarack and Balthazar,
Dog them at the heels ; and when their poisonous
breath

Hath scatter'd this infection on the hearts
Of credulous Spaniards, here reward them thus :

[*Points to his sword.*]

Slaves too much trusted do grow dangerous.

Why this shall feed and fat suspicion

And my policy.

I'll ring through all the court this loud alarum,

That they contriv'd the murder of the king,

The queen, and me ; and, being undermin'd,

To 'scape the blowing up, they fled. O, good !

There, there, thou there, cry treason ; each one take
A several door ; your cries my music make.

BAL. Where is the king ? treason pursues him.

Enter ALVERO in his shirt, his sword drawn.

ELE. Where is the sleeping queen ?
Rise, rise, and arm against the hand of treason.

ALV. Whence comes this sound of treason ?

Enter the KING in his shirt, his sword drawn.

KING. Who frights our quiet slumbers with
This heavy noise ?

Enter QUEEN in her night attire.

QUEEN.-M. Was it a dream, or did the sound
Of monster treason call me from my rest ?

KING. Who rais'd this rumour ? Eleazar, you ?

ELE. I did, my liege, and still continue it,
Both for your safety and mine own discharge.

KING. Whence comes the ground then ?

ELE. From the cardinal

And the young prince who, bearing in his mind
The true idea of his late disgrace
In putting him from the protectorship,
And envying the advancement of the Moor,
Determined this night to murder you ;
And for your highness lodged within my castle,
They would have laid the murder on my head.

KING. The cardinal and my brother ! bring them
forth :

Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

ELE. Alas ! my lord, it is impossible ;
For when they saw I had discovered them,
They train'd two harmless friars to their lodgings.

Disrob'd them, gagg'd them, bound them to two posts,
And in their habits did escape the castle.

KING. The cardinal is all ambition,
And from him doth our brother gather heart.

QUEEN-M. Th' ambition of the one infects the
other,

And, in a word, they both are dangerous :
But might your mother's counsel stand in force,
I would advise you, send the trusty Moor
To fetch them back, before they have seduc'd
The squint-ey'd multitude from true allegiance,
And drawn them to their dangerous faction.

KING. It shall be so. Therefore, my state's
best prop,
Within whose bosom I durst trust my life,
Both for my safety and thine own discharge,
Fetch back those traitors ; and till your return
Ourselves will keep your castle.

ELE. My liege, the tongue of true obedience
Must not gainsay his sovereign's impose.
By heaven ! I will not kiss the cheek of sleep,
Till I have fetched those traitors to the court !

KING. Why, this sorts right : he gone, his
beauteous wife
Shall sail into the naked arms of love. [*Aside.*]

QUEEN-M. Why, this is as it should be ; he once
gone,
His wife, that keeps me from his marriage-bed,
Shall by this hand of mine be murdered. [*Aside.*]

KING. This storm is well-nigh past ; the swell-
ing clouds
That hang so full of treason, by the wind
In awful majesty are scattered.
Then each man to his rest. Good night, sweet friend !
Whilst thou pursu'st the traitors that are fled,
Fernando means to warm thy marriage-bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ELE. Many good nights consume and damn
your souls !

I know he means to cuckold me this night,
Yet do I know no means to hinder it :
Besides, who knows whether the lustful king,
Having my wife and castle at command,
Will ever make surrender back again ?
But if he do not, with my falchion's point
I'll lance those swelling veins, in which hot lust
Does keep his revels ; and with that warm blood,
Where Venus' bastard cooled his swelt'ring spleen,
Wash the disgrace from Eleazar's brow.

SCENE VI.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. Dear Eleazar !

ELE. If they lock the gates,
I'll toss a ball of wildfire o'er the walls.

MARIA. Husband ! sweet husband !

ELE. Or else swim o'er the moat,
And make a breach th[rough] the flinty sides
Of the rebellious walls.

MARIA. Hear me, dear heart.

ELE. Or undermine the chamber where they
lie,
And by the violent strength of gunpowder
Blow up the castle and th' incestuous couch,
In which lust wallows ; but my labouring thoughts,
Wading too deep in bottomless extremes,
Do drown themselves in their own stratagems.

MARIA. Sweet husband, dwell not upon cir-
cumstance,
When weeping sorrow, like an advocate,
Importunes you for aid ; look in mine eye,

There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears,
 Invocating succour. O, succour!

ELE. Succour! zounds! for what?

MARIA. To shield me from Fernando's unchaste
 love,

Who with uncessant prayers importun'd me——

ELE. To lie with you! I know't.

MARIA. Then seek some means how to pre-
 vent it.

ELE. 'Tis [im]possible :

For, to the end that his unbridled lust
 Might have more free access unto thy bed,
 This night he hath enjoined me
 To fetch back Philip and the cardinal.

MARIA. Then this ensuing night shall give an
 end

To all my sorrows ; for before foul lust
 Shall soil the fair complexion of mine honour,
 This hand shall rob Maria of her life.

ELE. Not so, dear soul ; for in extremities
 Choose out the least : and ere the hand of death
 Should suck this ivory palace of thy life,
 Embrace my counsel, and receive this poison
 Which, in the instant he attempts thy love,
 Then give it him : do, do,
 Do poison him. [*Aside.*] He gone, thou'rt next—
 Be sound in resolution, and farewell.
 By one and one I'll ship you all to hell. [*Aside.*]
 Spain, I will drown thee with thine own proud
 blood,

Then make an ark of carcasses : farewell !
 Revenge and I will sail in blood to hell. [*Exit.*]

MARIA. Poison the king! alas! my trembling
 hand
 Would let the poison fall ; and through my cheeks
 Fear, suited in a bloodless livery,
 Would make the world acquainted with my guilt.

But thanks, prevention : I have found a means,
Both to preserve my royal sovereign's life
And keep myself a true and loyal wife. *[Exit.*

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter QUEEN-MOTHER with a torch.

QUEEN-M. Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night,
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep,
Who with thy black cheeks' pure complexion,
Mak'st lovers' eyes enamour'd of thy beauty,
Thou art like my Moor ; therefore will I adore thee
For lending me this opportunity,
O, with the soft-skinn'd negro. Heavens, keep back
The saucy staring day from the world's eye,
Until my Eléazar make return :
Then in his castle shall he find his wife
Transform'd into a strumpet by my son :
Then shall he hate her, whom he would not kill ;
Then shall I kill her, whom I cannot love.
The king is sporting with his concubine.
Blush not, my boy ; be bold like me thy mother.
But their delights torture my soul like devils,
Except her shame be seen : wherefore awake !
Christophero ! Roderigo ! raise the court ;
Arise, you peers of Spain ; Alvero, rise ;
Preserve your country from base infamies.

Enter at several doors, with lights and rapiers drawn, ALVERO, RODERIGO, and CHRISTOPHERO, with others.

ALL. Who rais'd these exclamations through the court ?

QUEEN-M. Sheathe up your swords ; you need
not swords, but eyes
To intercept this treason.

ALV. What's the treason ?
Who are traitors ? ring the larum-bell ;
Cry *Arm* through all the city : once before
The horrid cry of treason did affright
Our sleeping spirits.

QUEEN-M. Stay ;
You need not cry *Arm, arm !* for this black deed
Works treason to your king, to me, to you,
To Spain, and all that shall in Spain ensue.
This night Maria (Eleazar's wife)
Hath drawn the king by her lascivious looks
Privately to a banquet ; I (unseen)
Stood and beheld him in her lustful arms ;
O God ! shall bastards wear Spain's diadem ?
If you can kneel to baseness, vex them not ;
If you disdain to kneel, wash off this blot.

ROD. Let's break into the chamber, and sur-
prise her.

ALV. O miserable me ! do, do, break in ;
My country shall not blush at my child's sin.

QUEEN-M. Delay is nurse to danger, follow me ;
Come you and witness to her villany.

ALV. Hapless Alvero, how art thou undone
In a light daughter and a stubborn son !

[*Exeunt OMNES.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter KING, with his rapier drawn in one hand,
leading MARIA, seeming affrighted, in the other.*

MARIA. O, kill me, ere you stain my chastity.
KING. My hand holds death ; but love sits in
mine eye.

Exclaim not, dear Maria ; do but hear me.
 Though thus in dead of night, as I do now,
 The lustful Tarquin stole to the chaste bed
 Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shall thou be
 No Lucrece, nor thy king a Roman slave,
 To make rude villany thine honour's grave.

MARIA. Why from my bed have you thus
 frightened me ?

KING. To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.

MARIA. Begin it, then ; I'll gladly lose my
 life,

Rather than be an emperor's concubine.

KING. By my high birth, I swear thou shalt be
 none ;

The tragedy I'll write with my own hand ;
 A king shall act it, and a king shall die,
 Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine
 eye.

If this affright thee, it shall sleep for ever.
 If still thou hate me, thus this noble blade
 This royal purple temple shall invade.

MARIA. My husband is from hence : for his
 sake spare me.

KING. Thy husband is no Spaniard : thou art
 one :

So is Fernando ; then for country's sake,
 Let me not spare thee : on thy husband's face
 Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell ;
 But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,
 When to the west his fiery horses run.

MARIA. True, here you look on me with sunset
 eyes,

For by beholding you my glory dies.

KING. Call me thy morning then ; for, like the
 morn,

In pride Maria shall through Spain be borne.

[*Music plays within.*]

This music was prepar'd to please thine ears:¹
Love me, and thou shalt hear no other sounds.

[*A banquet brought in.*

Lo, here's a banquet set with mine own hands;
Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a queen.
I might command thee, being thy sovereign;
But love me, and I'll kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the crown
Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragon,
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.

MARIA. I cannot love you whilst my husband
lives.

KING. I'll send him to the wars, and in the
front

Of some main army shall he nobly die.

MARIA. I cannot love you if you murder him.

KING. For thy sake then I'll call a parliament,
And banish by a law all Moors from Spain.

MARIA. I'll wander with him into banishment.

KING. It shall be death for any negro's hand
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.
Come, come, what needs such cavils with a king?
Night blinds all jealous eyes, and we may play.
Carouse that bowl to me: I'll pledge all this;
Being down, we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.
Begin, I'll lock all doors: begin, Spain's queen:

[*Locks the doors.*

Love's banquet is most sweet when 'tis least seen.

MARIA. O thou conserver of my honour's life:
Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep.
Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,
I'll drink this off—let fire conquer love's fire. [*Aside.*

¹ In the original it runs, *This music was prepar'd thine ears.* An omission was evident. I trust the right reading is restored.—*Dilke.*

KING. Were love himself in real substance here;
Thus would I drink him down; let your sweet
strings

Speak louder : pleasure is but a slave to kings,
In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy king :

Circle me in this ring of ivory ;

O, I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep

Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,¹

And made a frost within me. Sweet, one kiss
To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.

MAR. Your majesty hath overwatch'd yourself.

He sleeps already—not the sleep of death,

But a sweet slumber, which the powerful drug

Instill'd through all his spirits. O bright day,

Bring home my dear lord ere his king awake,

Else of his unstain'd bed he'll shipwreck make.

[*Offers to go.*]

*Enter OBERON, and FAIRIES dancing before him;
and Music with them.*

MARIA. O me ! what shapes are these ?

OBER. Stay, stay, Maria.

MARIA. My sovereign lord awake, save poor
Maria.

OBER. He cannot save thee : save that pain ;

Before he wake, thou shalt be slain :

His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,

Thinking her own son is done to death :

And she that takes away thy life,

Does it to be thy husband's wife :

Adieu, Maria, we must hence :

Embrace thine end with patience.

¹ " And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw."

—" King John," act v. sc. 7.

Elves and fairies make no stand,
Till you come in fairyland.

[*Exeunt dancing and singing.*]

MARIA. Fairies or devils, whatsoe'er you be,
Thus will I hide me from your company.

[*Offers to go.*]

SCENE III.

*To her enter QUEEN-MOTHER suddenly, with ALVERO
and RODERIGO with rapiers.*

QUEEN-M. Lay hold upon the strumpet ! where's
the king ?

Fernando ! son ! Ah me ! your king is dead !
Lay hands upon the murd'ress.

MARIA. Imperious queen,
I am as free from murder as thyself ;
Which I will prove, if you will hear me speak.
The king is living.

ROD. If he liv'd, his breath would beat within
his breast.

QUEEN-M. The life he leads, Maria, thou shalt
soon participate.

MARIA. O father, save me !

ALV. Thou'rt no child of mine.

Hadst thou been owner of Alvero's spirit,
Thy heart would not have entertain'd a thought
That had convers'd with murder : yet mine eyes,
Howe'er my tongue wants words, brimful with
tears

Entreat her further trial.

QUEEN-M. To what end ?

Here lies her trial ; from this royal breast
Hath she stolen all comfort—all the life
Of every bosom in the realm of Spain.

ROD. She's both a traitor and [a] murd'ress.

QUEEN-M. I'll have her forthwith strangled.

ALV. Hear her speak.

QUEEN-M. To heaven let her complain, if she
have wrong ;

I murder but the murd'ress of my son.

ALL. We murder [but] the murd'ress of our king.¹

ALV. Ah me ! my child ! O, O, cease your
torturing !

MARIA. Heaven ope your windows, that my
spotless soul,
Riding upon the wings of innocence,
May enter Paradise. Fairies, farewell ;
Fernando's death in mine you did foretell.

[*She dies.* KING *wakes.*

KING. Who calls Fernando ? Love — Maria,
speak ;

O, whither art thou fled ? Whence flow these
waters,
That fall like winter-storms from the drown'd
eyes ?

ALV. From my Maria's death.

KING. My Maria dead !

Damn'd be the soul to hell that stopp'd her breath.
Maria ! O me ! who durst murder thee ?

QUEEN-M. I thought my dear Fernando had
been dead,

And in my indignation murder'd her.

KING. I was not dead, until you murder'd me
By killing fair Maria.

QUEEN-M. Gentle son——

KING. Ungentle mother, you a deed have
done

Of so much ruth, that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you of. O my dear love !

¹ In the original this is given to Alvero, but evidently in error.

Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine.
Spain's wonder was Maria.

QUEEN-M. Sweet, have done.

KING. Have done! for what? For shedding
zealous tears

Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
You cry *Have done*, now I am doing good;
But cried *Do on*, when you were shedding blood.
Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
That which will undo your unhappy son.

ROD. These words become you not, my gracious
lord.

KING. These words become not me! no more it
did

Become you, lords, to be mute standers-by,
When lustful fury ravish'd chastity:
It ill becomes me to lament her death;
But it became you well to stop her breath!
Had she been fair, and not so virtuous,
This deed had not been half so impious.

ALV. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair.
O me!

KING. O me! she was true honour's heir.
Hence, beldam, from my presence! all, fly hence;
You are all murderers. Come, poor innocent,
Clasp thy cold hand in mine; for here I'll lie,
And since I liv'd for her, for her I'll die.

SCENE IV.

Enter ELEAZAR with a torch, his rapier drawn.

ELE. Bar up my castle gates! fire and confusion
Shall girt these Spanish curs. Was I for this
Sent to raise power against a fugitive?

To have my wife deflower'd? Zounds! where's
my wife?

My slaves cry out she's dallying with the king :
Stand by ; where is your king? Eleazar's bed
Shall scorn to be an Emperor's brothelry.

QUEEN-M. Be patient, Eleazar ; here's the king.

ELE. Patience and I am foes. Where's my
Maria?

ALV. Here is her hapless corse, that was Maria.

KING. Here lies Maria's body, here her grave,
Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shall have.

ELE. Now, by the proud complexion of my
cheeks,

Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun,
Were he ten thousand kings that slew my love,
Thus should my hand, plum'd with revenge's wings,
Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

[Stabs the KING.]

QUEEN-M. Ah me ! my son !

ALL. The king is murder'd !

Lay hold on the damn'd traitor.

ELE. In his breast,

That dares but dart a finger at the Moor,
I'll bury this sharp steel, yet reeking warm
With the unchas'd¹ blood of that lecher-king,
That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

ALV. She was my daughter, and her timeless
grave

Did swallow down my joys as deep as yours.

But thus——

ELE. But what? Bear injuries that can :
I'll wear no forked crest.

ROD. Damn this black fiend ! cry treason through
the court :

The king is murder'd.

¹ i.e., Unchaste.

ELE. He that first opes his lips, I'll drive his words

Down his wide throat upon my rapier's point.
 The king is murder'd, and I'll answer it.
 I am dishonour'd, and I will revenge it.
 Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breast ;
 Think where you are : this castle is the Moor's ;
 You are environ'd with a wall of flint,
 The gates are lock'd, portcullises let down ;
 If Eleazar spend one drop of blood,

[ZARACK and BALTHAZAR above with calivers.¹]

On those high turret-tops my slaves stand arm'd,
 And shall confound your souls with murd'ring
 shot :

Or if you murder me, yet underground
 A villain, that for me will dig to hell,
 Stands with a burning linstock in his fist,
 Who, firing gunpowder, up in the air
 Shall fling your torn and mangled carcases.

QUEEN-M. O, sheathe your weapons : though my
 son be slain,

Yet save yourselves ; choose a new sovereign.

ALL. Prince Philip is our sovereign, choose him
 king !

ELE. Prince Philip shall not be my sovereign.
 Philip's a bastard, and Fernando's dead.
 Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem :
 Philip has sworn confusion to this realm.
 They both are up in arms ; war's flames do shine
 Like lightning in the air. Wherefore, my lords,
 Look well on Eleazar ; value me,
 Not by my sunburnt cheeks, nor by my birth,
 But by my loss of blood,
 Which I have sacrific'd in Spain's defence.
 Then look on Philip and the cardinal ;

¹ Muskets.

Look on those gaping curs, whose wide throats
 Stand stretch'd wide open like the gates of death,
 To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
 Philip cries fire and blood : the cardinal
 Cries likewise fire and blood. I'll quench those flames.
 The Moor cries blood and fire, and that shall burn,
 Till Castile, like proud Troy, to cinders turn.

ROD. Lay by these ambassadors ; what seeks the
 Moor ?

ELE. A kingdom, Castile's crown.

ALV. Peace, devil ; for shame !

QUEEN-M. Peace, doating lord, for shame ! O
 misery,

When Indian slaves thirst after empery !
 Princes and peers of Spain, we are beset
 With horror on each side ; [if] you deny him,
 Death stands at all our backs : we cannot fly him.
 Crown Philip king : the crown upon his head
 Will prove a fiery meteor ; war and vengeance
 And desolation will invade our land.
 Besides, Prince Philip is a bastard born.
 O, give me leave to blush at mine own shame ;
 But I, for love to you, love to fair Spain,
 Choose rather to rip up a queen's disgrace
 Than, by concealing it, to set the crown
 Upon a bastard's head : wherefore, my lords,
 By my consent, crown that proud blackamoor.
 Since Spain's bright glory must so soon grow dim—
 Since it must end, let it end all in him.

ALL. Eleazar shall be king !

ALV. O treachery !

Have you so soon ras'd out Fernando's love ?
 So soon forgot the duty of true peers ?
 So soon, so soon, buried a mother's name,
 That you will crown him king that slew your king ?

ELE. Will you hear him or me ? who shall be king ?

ALL. Eleazar shall be Castile's sovereign !

ALV. Do, do : make haste to crown him. Lords,
 adieu :
 Here hell must be, when the devil governs you.

[*Exit.*

ELE. By heaven's great star, which Indians do
 adore,
 But that I hate to hear the giddy world
 Shame, that I waded to a crown through blood,
 I'd not digest his pills : but since, my lords,
 You have chosen Eleazar for your king,
 Invest me with a general applause.

ALL. Live, Eleazar, Castile's royal king !

ROD. A villain and a base-born fugitive.

[*Aside.*]

CHRIS. A bloody tyrant and usurping slave.

[*Aside.*]

ELE. Thanks to you all : 'tis not the Spanish
 crown

That Eleazar strives for, but Spain's peace.
 Amongst you I'll divide her empery :
 Christofero shall wear Granada's crown ;
 To Roderigo I'll give Arragon ;
 Naples, Navarre, and fair Jerusalem
 I'll give to other three ; and then our viceroys
 Shall shine about our bright Castilian crown,
 As stars about the sun. Cry all, arm, arm ;
 Prince Philip and the cardinal do ride
 Like Jove in thunder ; in a storm we'll meet them.
 Go, levy powers ; if any man must fall,
 My death shall first begin the funeral. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter ZARACK and BALTHAZAR, with calivers.

BAL. Is thy cock ready, and thy powder dry ?

ZAR. My cock stands perching like a cock o' the

game, with a red coal for his crest, instead of a comb ; and for my powder, 'tis but touch and take.

BAL. I have tickling gear too ; anon I'll cry, here I have it, and yonder I see it. But, Zarack, is't policy for us to kill these bald-pates ?

ZAR. Is't policy for us to save ourselves ? If they live, we die. Is't not wisdom then to send them to heaven, rather than be sent ourselves ? Come, you black slave, be resolute. This way they come ; here they will stand, and yonder will I stand.

BAL. And in yonder hole I.

ZAR. Our amiable faces cannot be seen if we keep close ; therefore hide your cock's head, lest his burning cock's-comb betray us. But soft ; which of the two shall be thy white ?¹

BAL. That black villain friar Cole.

ZAR. I shall have a sharp piece of service ; friar Crab shall be my man. Farewell, and be resolute.

BAL. Zounds ! Zarack, I shall never have the heart to do it.

ZAR. You rogue, think who commands—Eleazar. Who shall rise—Balthazar. Who shall die—a lousy friar. Who shall live—our good lord and master, the negro-king of Spain.

BAL. Cole, thou art but a dead man, and shalt turn to ashes. [Exit.

ZAR. Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcase. [Exit.

¹ "The mark at which an arrow is shot, which used to be painted white."—*Johnson*.

Enter CRAB and COLE, two friars, with a rout of stinkards following them.

CRAB. Ah! brother, 'tis best so. Now we have drawn them to a head, we'll begin here i' the market-place. Tut, so long as we be commanded by the mother-queen, we'll say her son is a bastard, an' he were ten Philips.

COLE. Take you one market-form, I'll take another.

CRAB. No, God's-so,¹ we must both keep one form.

COLE. Ay, in oration, but not in station. Mount, mount.

1ST STINK. Well, my masters, you know him not so well as I, on my word. Friar Crab is a sour fellow.

2D STINK. Yet he may utter sweet doctrine, by your leave. But what think you of friar Cole?

1ST STINK. He? all fire: an' he be kindled once, a hot catholic.

3D STINK. And you mark him, he has a zealous nose, and richly inflamed.

1ST STINK. Peace, you rogues! Now they begin.

CRAB. *Incipe, Frater.*

COLE. *Non ego, Domine.*

CRAB. *Nec ego.*

COLE. *Quare?*

CRAB. *Quia?*

COLE. *Quæso.*

ALL. Here's a queasy beginning, methinks. Silence! silence!

¹ [An abbreviated form of *God's sonties*, which again is a corruption, though of what is rather doubtful; probably, however, of *God's saints*.]

CRAB. Brethren, citizens, and market-folks of Seville.

COLE. Well-beloved and honoured Castilians.

CRAB. It is not unknown to you.

COLE. I am sure you are not ignorant.

CRAB. How villanous and strong !

COLE. How monstrous and huge !

CRAB. The faction of Prince Philip is.

COLE. Philip, that is a bastard.

CRAB. Philip, that is a dastard.

COLE. Philip, that killed your king.

CRAB. Only to make himself king.

COLE. And, by Gad's blessed lady, you are all damned, and you suffer it.

1ST STINK. Friar Cole says true : he speaks out to the heat of his zeal : look how he glows !

2D STINK. Well, friar Crab for my money ; he has set my teeth an edge against this bastard.

1ST STINK. O, his words are like vergis to whet a man's stomach.

ALL. Silence ! silence !

CRAB. Now contrariwise.

COLE. Your noble king the Moor——

CRAB. Is a valiant gentleman ;

COLE. A noble gentleman ;

CRAB. An honourable gentleman ;

COLE. A fair black gentleman.

CRAB. A friend to Castilians,

COLE. A champion for Castilians,

CRAB. A man fit to be a king.

COLE. If he were not borne down by him that would be king, who (as I said before) is a bastard, and no king.

1ST STINK. What think you, my masters ? Do you mark his words well ?

CRAB. Further, compare them together.

ALL. S'blood! there's no comparison between them.

COLE. Nay, but hear us, good countrymen.

ALL. Hear friar Cole! hear friar Cole!

COLE. Set¹ that bastard and Eleazar together.

1ST STINK. How? mean you by the ears?

CRAB. No, but compare them.

COLE. Do but compare them.

2D STINK. Zounds! we say again, comparisons are odious.

1ST STINK. But say on, say on.

[Pieces go off; friars die.]

ALL. Treason! treason! every man shift for himself. This is Philip's treason. Arm, arm, arm!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, and BALTHAZAR.

ELE. Zarack and Balthazar, are they despatch'd?

ZAR. We saw 'em sprawl, and turn up the white of the eye.

ELE. So shall they perish that lay countermines
To cross our high designments: by their habits
The cardinal and Philip 'scap'd our nets,
And by your hands they tasted our revenge.

Enter QUEEN-MOTHER.

Here comes the queen; away! under our wings
You shall stand safe, and brave the proudest kings.

[Exeunt.]

QUEEN-M. O, fly, my Eleazar; save thy life,

¹ [Edits., See.]

Else 'point a guard about thee ; the mad people,
 Tempestuous like the sea, run up and down,
 Some crying *kill the bastard*, some, *the Moor* ;
 Some cry, *God save King Philip* ; and some cry,
God save the Moor, some others, *he shall die*.

ELE. Are these your fears? Thus blow them
 into air.

I rushed amongst the thickest of their crowds,
 And with a countenance majestical,
 Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their clouds ;
 I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
 And by the magic of true eloquence
 Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
 This pied chameleon, this beast multitude,
 Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,
 Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth,
 This heap of fools who, crowding in huge swarms,
 Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,
 Reeking and shouting out contagious breath
 Of power to poison all the elements—
 This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him tame,
 And made them tremble at the Moor's great name :
 No, we must combat with a grimmer foe ;
 That damn'd Mendoza overturns our hopes.
 He loves you dearly.

QUEEN-M. By his secret letters
 He hath entreated me to leave the court,
 And fly into his arms.

ELE. The world cannot devise a stratagem
 Sooner to throw confusion on his pride.
 Subscribe to his desires, and in dead night
 Steal to his castle ; swear to him his love
 Hath drawn you thither ; undermine his soul,
 And learn what villanies are there laid up ;
 Then for your pleasure walk to take the air :
 Near to the castle I'll in ambush lie,
 And seem by force to take you prisoner :

This done, I have a practice (plotted here)
 Shall rid him of his life and us of fear.
 About it, madam, this is all in all ;
 We cannot stand, unless Mendoza fall. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter EMANUEL, *King of Portugal*, PRINCE PHILIP,
 MENDOZA, ALVERO, *with drums and soldiers*
marching.

K. OF PORT. Poor Spain ! how is the body of
 thy peace
 Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor.
 How is thy prince and councillors abus'd,
 And trodden under the base foot of scorn.
 Wrong'd lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes
 A falling share in all your miseries ;
 And though the tardy hand of slow delay
 Withheld us from preventing your mishaps
 Yet shall revenge dart black confusion
 Into the bosom of that damned fiend.

PHIL. But is it possible our mother-queen
 Should countenance his ambition ?

ALV. Her advice is as a steersman to direct his
 course ;
 Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,
 She means to marry him.

PHIL. Then, here upon my knees,
 I pluck allegiance from her ; all that love,
 Which by innative duty I did owe her,
 Shall henceforth be converted into hate.
 This will confirm the world's opinion
 That I am base-born, and the damned Moor
 Had interest in my birth ; this wrong alone
 Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage ;

I may be well transform'd from what I am,
When a black devil is husband to my dam.

K. OF PORT. Prince, let thy rage give way to
patience,
And set a velvet brow upon the face
Of wrinkled anger ; our keen swords
Must right these wrongs, and not light airy words.

PHIL. Yet words may make the edge of rage
more sharp,
And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

ALV. Here's none wants whetting, for our keen
resolves
Are steel'd unto the back with double wrongs ;
Wrongs that would make a handless man take
arms :

Wrongs that would make a coward resolute.

CAR. Why, then, join all our several wrongs
in one,

And from these wrongs assume a firm resolve
To send this devil to damnation. [*Drums afar off.*]

PHIL. I hear the sound of his approaching
march.

Stand fair ; Saint Jacques for the right of Spain !

*Enter the MOOR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOFERO, with
drums, colours, and soldiers marching bravely.*

ELE. Bastard of Spain !

PHIL. Thou true-stamp'd son of hell,
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.

[*Alarum and a battle ; the MOOR prevails: all exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL.

PHIL. Move forward with your main battalion,
Or else all 's lost.

CAR. I will not move a foot.

PHIL. S'heart! will you lose the day?

CAR. You lose your wits,
You're mad; it is no policy.

PHIL. You lie.

CAR. Lie!

PHIL. Lie! a pox upon't, cardinal, come on,
Second the desperate vanguard which is mine,
And where I'll die or win. Follow my sword
The bloody way I lead it, or, by heaven,
I'll play the devil, and mar all! we'll turn our
backs

Upon the Moors, and set on thee; ay, thee,
Thee, cardinal! s'heart! thee.

CAR. Your desperate arm
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of
hope:

Our fortunes lie a-bleeding by your rash
And violent onset.

PHIL. O, O, s'life! s'foot! will you [not] fight?

CAR. We will not hazard all upon one cast.

PHIL. You will not?

CAR. No.

PHIL. Coward!

CAR. By deeds I'll try.

Whether your venomous tongue says true. Fare-
well;

Courage shines both in this and policy. [*Exit.*]

PHIL. To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy.
You whoreson fat-chapp'd guts, Ill melt away
That larded body by the heat of fight,
Which I'll compel thee to, or else by flying:
To work which I'll give way to the proud foe,
Whilst I stand laughing to behold you run.
Cardinal, I'll do't, I'll do't; a Moor, a Moor!
Philip cries a Moor! holla! la! whoo!

Enter KING OF PORTUGAL.

K. OF PORT. Prince Philip ! Philip !

PHIL. Here : plague, where's the Moor ?

K. OF PORT. The Moor's a devil : never did
horrid fiend,

Compell'd by some magician's mighty charm,
Break through the prisons of the solid earth
With more strange horror than this prince of hell,
This damned negro, lion-like doth rush
Through all, and spite of all knit opposition.

PHIL. Puh, puh ! where, where ?

I'll meet him : where ? You mad me !

'Tis not his arm

That acts such wonders, but our cowardice.

This cardinal, O, this cardinal is a slave.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Sound a retreat, or else the day is lost !

PHIL. I'll beat that dog to death that sounds
retreat.

K. OF PORT. Philip !

PHIL. I'll tear his heart out that dares name
that sound.

K. OF PORT. Sound a retreat.

PHIL. Who's that ? you tempt my sword, sir ;

Continue this alarum, fight pell-mell ;

Fight, kill, be damn'd. This fat-back, coward
cardinal

Lies heavy on my shoulders ; this, ay, this,

Shall fling him off. Sound a retreat ? Zounds !
you mad me !

Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair,
Offering to tear from him the diadem

Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,

And to act deeds beyond astonishment.

But Philip is the night that darks his glories :
 This sword, yet reeking with his negro's blood,
 Being grasp'd by equity and this strong arm,
 Shall through and through.

ALL. Away, then !

PHIL. From before me.

Stay, stand, stand fast : fight. A Moor, a Moor

SCENE III.

*Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTHAZAR, RODERIGO
 CHRISTOFERO, and others ; they fight : Moors
 are all beat in. Exeunt omnes. Manet ELEA-
 ZAR, weary ; a Moor lies slain.*

ELE. O, for more work, more souls to post to
 hell,
 That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
 Until it topple o'er ! O, 'twould be sport
 To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.
 Ha, ha ! there's one going thither : sirrah ! you,
 You slave, who kill'd thee ? How he grins ! this
 breast,
 Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
 It never would have been a mark for fools
 To hit afar off with their dastard bullets.
 But thou didst well ; thou knew'st I was thy lord,
 And out of love and duty to me here,
 Where I fell weary, thou laidst down thyself
 To bear me up thus : God-a-mercy, slave,
 A king for this shall give thee a rich grave.

As he sits down, enter PHILIP with a broken sword.

PHIL. I'll wear thee to the pommel, but I'll find
 The subject of mine honour and revenge.

Moor, 'tis for thee I seek ! come, now, now take
me

At good advantage. Speak ! where art thou ?

ELE. Here !

PHIL. Fate and revenge, I thank you. Rise !

ELE. Leave and live.

PHIL. Villain, it is Philippo that bids rise.

ELE. It had been good for thee to have hid thy
name ;

For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,
Hurts him that finds it. Wherefore do those
bloodhounds,

Thy rage and valour, chase me ?

PHIL. Why ? to kill thee.

ELE. With that ? what, a blunt axe ! Think'st
thou, I'll let

Thy fury take a full blow at this head,
Having these arms ? Be wise, go change thy
weapon.

PHIL. O sir !

ELE. I'll stay thy coming.

PHIL. Thou'lt be damn'd first.

ELE. By all our Indian gods——

PHIL. Puh ! never swear.

Thou know'st 'tis for a kingdom which we fight,
And for that who'll not venture to hell-gates ?
Come, Moor, I'm arm'd with more than complete
steel—

The justice of my quarrel : when I look
Upon my father's wrongs, my brother's wounds,
My mother's infamy, Spain's misery,
And lay my finger here ; O, 'tis too dull
To let out blood enough to quench them all.
But when I see your face, and know what fears
Hang on thy troubled soul, like leaden weights,
To make it sink, I know this finger's touch
Has strength to throw thee down ; I know this iron

Is sharp and long enough to reach that head.

Fly not, devil ; if thou do——

ELE. How ? fly ? O, base !

PHIL. Come then.

ELE. Stay, Philip ; whosoe'er begat thee——

PHIL. Why, slave, a king begat me.

ELE. May be so ;

But I'll be sworn thy mother was a queen ;

For her sake will I kill thee nobly.

Fling me thy sword ; there's mine. I scorn to strike
A man disarm'd.

PHIL. For this dishonouring me,
I'll give thee one stab more.

ELE. I'll run away,

Unless thou change that weapon, or take mine.

PHIL. Neither.

ELE. Farewell.

PHIL. S'heart ! stay ; and if you dare,
Do as I do, oppose thy naked breast
Against this poniard ; see ! here's this for thine.

ELE. I am for thee, Philip.

PHIL. Come, nay, take more ground,
That with a full career thou may'st strike home.

ELE. Thou'lt run away then ?

PHIL. Ha !

ELE. Thou'lt run away then ?

PHIL. Faith I will ; but first on this I'll bear
Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy spear.

ELE. Come.

*Enter CARDINAL and KING OF PORTUGAL on the
one, and MOORS on the other side.*

CAR. Side, upon the Moors.

1ST MOOR. Side, upon the cardinal.

PHIL. Hold, cardinal ; strike not any of our side.

ELE. Hold, Moors ; strike not any of our side.

PHIL. We two will close this battle.

ELE. Come, agreed.

Stand, armies, and give aim, whilst we two bleed.

CAR. With poniards ! 'tis too desperate, dear Philip.

PHIL. Away ! have at the Moor ! s'heart ! let me come.

KING OF P. Be arm'd with manly weapons : 'tis for slaves

To dig their own and such unworthy graves.

ELE. I am for thee any way : thus or, see, thus ;

Here try the vigour of thy sinewy arm.

The day is ours already ; brainless heads

And bleeding bodies, like a crown, do stand

About the temples of our victory.

Yet, Spaniards, if you dare, we'll fight it out

Thus, man to man alone. I'll first begin

And conquer, or in blood wade up to the chin.

PHIL. Let not a weapon stir but his and mine.

ELE. Nor on this side ; conquest in blood shall shine.

[Alarum ; they fight, the Moor is struck down, which his side seeing, step all in and rescue him ; the rest join, and drive in the Moors. Alarum continuing, Spaniards and Moors, with drums and colours, fly over the stage, pursued by PHILIP, CARDINAL, KING OF PORTUGAL, and others.]

Enter ZARACK, CHRISTOFERO, and ELEAZAR, at several doors.

CHRIS. Where is my lord ?

ZAR. Where is my sovereign ?

ELE. What news brings Zarack and Christofero ?

ZAR. O, fly, my lords, fly, for the day is lost !

ELE. There are three hundred and odd days in a year,
And cannot we lose one of them ? come, fight.

CHRIS. The lords have left us, and the soldiers faint ;

You are round-beset with proud fierce enemies ;
Death cannot be prevented but by flight.

ELE. He shall, Christofero. I have yet left
One stratagem that, in despite of fate,
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more.
The mother-queen hath all this while sat sadly
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom
White-winged peace and victory will fly :
Her have I us'd as a fit property
To stop this dangerous current ; her have I sent,
Arm'd with love's magic, to enchant the cardinal,
And bind revenge down with resistless charms ;
By this time does she hang about his neck,
And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss
Has she disarm'd him. Hark ! they sound
retreat ;
She has prevail'd ; a woman's tongue and eye
Are weapons stronger than artillery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter CARDINAL, QUEEN-MOTHER, SOLDIERS,
drums and colours.

QUEEN-M. By all those sighs which thou, like
passionate tunes,
Hast often to my dull ears offered,
By all thy hopes to enjoy my royal bed,
By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,
Weeping in black, to tell thy languishment ;
By love's best, richest treasure, which I swear

I will bestow, and which none else shall wear,
As the most prized jewel, but thyself ;
By that bright fire which, flaming through thine
eyes,

From thy love-scorched bosom does arise,
I do conjure thee, let no churlish sound,
With war's lewd horror my desires confound.
Dear, dear Mendoza ; thus I do entreat,
That still thou wouldst continue this retreat ;
I'll hang upon thee, till I hear thee say,
Woman, prevail ; or chiding, cri'st *Away*.

CAR. Is there no trick in this, forg'd by the
Moor ?

QUEEN-M. I would the Moor's damnation were
the ransom

Of all the innocent blood that has been shed
In this black day : I care not for the Moor ;
Love to my kingdom's peace makes me put on
This habit of a suppliant ; shall I speed ?

CAR. You shall, were it to have my bosom
bleed ;

I have no power to spare the negro's head,
When I behold the wounds which his black hand
Has given mine honour : but when I look on you,
I have no power to hate him ; since your breath
Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him ;
In you my life must drown itself or swim.
You have prevail'd : drum, swiftly hence ; call
back

Our fierce-pursuing troops, that run to catch
The laurel wreath of conquest : let it stand
Awhile untouch'd by any soldier's hand.

[*Exit drum.*]

Away ! stay you and guard us. Where's the
Moor ?

I'll lose what I have got, a victor's prize,
Yielding myself a prisoner to your eyes.

QUEEN-M. Mine eyes shall quickly grant you liberty.

The Moor stays my return ; I'll put on wings,
And fetch him ; to make peace belongs to kings.

As she goes out, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTHAZAR, and Soldiers well armed ; at sight of each other, all draw.

CAR. Soldiers, call back the drum : we are betray'd.

ELE. Moors, stand upon your guard ; avoid, look back.

QUEEN-M. What means this jealousy ? Mendoza, Moor,

Lay by your weapons and embrace ; the sight
Of this and this begets suspicion.

Eleazar, by my birth, he comes in peace :

Mendoza, by mine honour, so comes he.

CAR. Discharge these soldiers then.

ELE. And these. [*Soldiers stand aloof.*]

CAR. Away !

ELE. Go !

QUEEN-M. Soul, rejoice, to see this glorious day. [*She joins them together ; they embrace.*]

CAR. Your virtues work this wonder. I have met

At her most dear command : what's your desires ?

ELE. Peace and your honour'd arms : how loathingly

I sounded the alarums, witness heaven.

'Twas not to strike your breast, but to let out

The rank blood of ambition. That Philip

Makes you his ladder, and being climb'd so high

As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.

He's base-begotten,—that's his mother's sin.

QUEEN-M. God pardon it.

ELE. Ah ! amen. But he's a bastard,
 And rather than I'll kneel to him, I'll saw
 My legs off by the thighs, because I'll stand
 In spite of reverence : he's a bastard, he's !
 And to beat down his usurpation
 I have thrown about this thunder : but, Mendoza,
 The people hate him for his birth ;
 He only leans on you, you are his pillar ;
 You gone, he walks on crutches, or else falls.
 Then shrink from under him ; are not they
 Fools that, bearing others up, themselves seem
 low,
 Because they above sit high ; why, you do so.

CAR. 'Tis true.

QUEEN-M. Behold this error with fix'd eyes.

CAR. 'Tis true. Well ?

ELE. O, have you found it ? Have you smelt
 The train of powder that must blow you up,
 Up into air ? What air ? Why this, a breath ;
 Look you ; in this time may a king meet death.
 [Have] an eye to't, check it, check it.

CAR. How ?

ELE. How ? thus—

Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood,
 Where ravish'd honour and Philippo lies ;
 Leave him ; divide this huge and monstrous body
 Of armed Spaniards into limbs thus big :
 Part man from man, send every soldier home ;
 I'll do the like : peace with an olive branch
 Shall fly with dovelike wings about all Spain ;
 The crown, which I as a good husband keep,
 I will lay down upon the empty chair ;
 Marry you the queen, and fill it : for my part,
 These knees are yours, sir.

CAR. Is this sound ?

ELE. From my heart.

CAR. If you prove false—

ELE. If I do, let fire fall——

CAR. Amen.

ELE. Upon thy head [*Aside*]; and so it shall.

CAR. All of myself is yours; soldiers, begone.

ELE. And that way you.

CAR. The rest I will divide:

The lords shall be convented.

ELE. Good.

CAR. Let's meet.

QUEEN-M. Where?

ELE. Here anon: this [*Aside*] is thy winding-sheet.

[*Exit* CARDINAL. *The Moor walks up and down musing.*]

QUEEN-M. What shape will this prodigious womb bring forth,

Which groans with such strange labour?

ELE. Excellent!

QUEEN-M. Why, Eleazar, art thou rapt with joys,

Or does thy sinking policy make to shore?

ELE. Ha!

QUEEN-M. Eleazar, madman! hear'st thou, Moor?

ELE. Well so; you turn my brains; you mar the face

Of my attempts i' the making; for this chaos,

This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd over,

'Tis like a bear's conception; stratagems,

Being but begot and not got out, are like

Charg'd cannons not discharg'd—they do no harm

Nor good. True policy, breeding in the brain,

Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken

And soften'd in the fire, you then may forge it

Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet to defend,

Life. 'Tis therefore wit to try all fashions,

Ere you apparel villany. But—but

I ha' suited him; fit, fit, O, fit!

QUEEN-M. How, prythee, how ?

ELE. Why, thus ;—yet, no ;—let's hence
My heart is nearest of my council, yet
I scarce dare trust my heart with't ; what I do,
It shall look old the hour wherein 'tis born ;
Wonders twice seen are garments overworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter CARDINAL *at one door* ; PHILIPPO *half-armed,*
and two SOLDIERS following him with the rest
of the armour ; the CARDINAL, seeing him, turns
back again.

PHIL. Sirrah ! you, cardinal ! coward ! run
away !

So ho, ho ! what, cardinal !

CAR. I am not for your lure.

[*Exit.*]

PHIL. For that then, O, [*Touching his sword*]
that it had nail'd thy heart

Up to the pommel to the earth ; come, arm me.

Ha ! 'sfoot ! when all our swords were royally gilt
with blood,

When with red sweat, that trickled from our
wounds,

We had dearly earn'd a victory ; when hell

Had from their hinges heav'd off her iron gates,

To bid the damn'd Moor and the devils enter,

Then to lose all, then to sound base retreat ;

Why, soldiers, ha !

1ST SOL. I am glad of it, my lord.

PHIL. Ha, glad ! art glad I am dishonoured,

That thou and he [*have me*] dishonoured ?

1ST SOL. Why, my lord,

I am glad that you so cleanly did come off.

PHIL. Thou hast a lean face and a carrion heart ;

A plague on him and thee too : then, 'sheart ! then
To crack the very heart-strings of our army—
To quarter it in pieces—I could tear my hair,
And in cursing spend my soul ;
Cardinal ! what, Judas ! come, we'll fight,
Till there be left but one ; if I be he,
I'll die a glorious death.

1ST SOL. So will I, I hope, in my bed. [*Aside.*]

2D SOL. Till there be but one left, my lord ?
Why, that's now ; for all our fellows are crawled
home ; some with one leg, some ne'er an arm,
some with their brains beaten out, and glad they
'scaped so.

PHIL. But, my dear countrymen, you'll stick
to me ?

1ST SOL. Stick ! ay, my lord, stick like ban-
dogs, till we be pulled off.

PHIL. That's nobly said : I'll lead you but to
death,

Where I'll have greatest share ; we shall win fame
For life, and that doth crown a soldier's name.

1ST SOL. How ! to death, my lord ? Not I, by
Gad's-lid : I have a poor wife and children at
home, and, if I die, they beg : and do you think
I'll see her go up and down the wide universal
world ?

PHIL. For every drop of blood which thou shalt
lose,
Coward, I'll give thy wife a wedge of gold.

2D SOL. Hang him, meacock ! my lord, arm
yourself ; I'll fight for you, till I have not an eye
to see the fire in my touch-hole.

PHIL. Be thou a king's companion ; thou and I
Will dare the cardinal and the Moor to fight
In single combat ; shall we, ha ?

2D SOL. Agreed.

PHIL. We'll beat'm to hell-gate; shall we, ha?

2D SOL. Hell-gate's somewhat too hot, somewhat too hot; the porter's a knave: I'd be loth to be damned for my conscience; I'll knock any body's costard, so I knock not there, my lord; hell-gates!

PHIL. A pox upon such slaves!

1ST SOL. Hang him, a peasant! my lord, you see I am but a scrag; my lord, my legs are not of the biggest, nor the least, nor the best that e'er were stood upon—nor the worst; but they are of God's making; and for your sake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again, by Gad's-lid, if I run not after them like a tiger, hough¹ me.

PHIL. But wilt thou stand to't ere they fly, ha, wilt thou?

1ST SOL. Will I, quoth-a! by this hand and the honour of a soldier.

PHIL. And by a soldier's honour I will load thee

With Spanish pistolets: to have this head,
Thy face, and all thy body stuck with scars,
Why 'tis a sight more glorious than to see
A lady hung with diamonds. If thou lose
A hand, I'll send this after; if an arm,
I'll lend thee one of mine; come then, let's fight.
A mangled, lame, true soldier is a gem
Worth Cæsar's empire, though fools spurn at them.

1ST SOL. Yet, my lord, I have seen lame soldiers not worth the crutches they leant upon; hands and arms, quoth-he! Zounds! not I. I'll double my files, or stand sentry, or so; but I'll be hanged and quartered, before I'll have my members cut off.

¹ [Hamstring me.]

2D SOL. And I too : hold thee there.

PHIL. Hold you both there ; away, you rogues,
you dirt ! *[Beats them both in.*

Thus do I tread upon you ; out, begone !
One valiant is an host : fight then alone.

Enter CARDINAL, ALVERO, CHRISTOFERO, and
Soldiers.

CAR. Prince Philip.

PHIL. For the crown of Spain, come all.

CAR. We come in love and peace.

PHIL. But come in war ;

Bring naked swords, not laurel boughs, in peace !
Plague on your rank peace ! will you fight and cry,
Down with the Moor ? and then I'm yours ; I'll
die.

I have a heart, two arms, a soul, a head ;
I'll lay that down ; I'll venture all—'sfoot, all !
Come, tread upon me, so that Moor may fall.

CAR. By heaven, that Moor shall fall.

PHIL. Thy hand and thine.

[Flings down his weapons.

Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine ;
By heaven, shall he fall ?

CAR. Yes, upon thee,
Like to the ruins of a tower, to grind
Thy body into dust. Traitor and bastard,
I do arrest thee of high treason.

PHIL. Ha !

Traitor and bastard ! and by thee ? my weapons !

CAR. Lay hands upon him !

PHIL. Ah ! you're best do so.

CAR. Alvero, there's the warrant ; to your
hands

The prisoner is committed. Lords, let's part :
Look to him, on your life. *[Exeunt* CARDINAL, &c.

Manent PHILIP and ALVERO.

PHIL. Heart ! heart ! heart ! heart !

[*Tears the warrant.*

The devil and his dam, the Moor and my mother,
Their warrant I will not obey : old greybeard,
Thou shalt not be my jailer ; there's no prison,
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong,
That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.
What, dost thou weep ?

ALV. I would fain shed a tear,
But from mine eyes so many show'rs are gone ;
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one.
You must to prison.

PHIL. Dost thou speak to me ?

ALV. You must to prison.

PHIL. And from thence to death.

I thought I should have had a tomb hung round
With tatter'd colours, broken spears ; I thought
My body should have fallen down full of wounds ;
But one can kill an emperor, fool ; then why
Wouldst thou have many ? Curse, be mad, and
die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter RODERIGO and CHRISTOFERO, *two bare-headed before them* ; CARDINAL *alone* ; ZARACK and BALTHAZAR *bearing the crown on a cushion* ; ELEAZAR *next* ; QUEEN-MOTHER *after him* ; *other Lords after her* ; ALVERO, *sad, meets them.*

CAR. Alvero, 'tis the pleasure of the king,
Of the queen-mother, and these honoured states,
To ease you of Philippo ; there's a warrant
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.

ALV. I thank you ; you shall rid me of much care.

ELE. Sit down, and take your place.

ALV. If I might have the place I like best,
It should be my grave.

[Sits down. *The Moors stand aside with the crown* : ELEAZAR, rising, takes it.

ELE. Stand in voice-reach, away !

BOTH MOORS. We are gone. [Exeunt.

ELE. Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man that, having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth
away ;

Let such a man step forth ; what, do none rise ?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities ;
And who'd not (as the sun) in brightness shine ?
To be the greatest is to be divine.

Who, among millions, would not be the mightiest,
To sit in godlike state : to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers : to rob every heart
Of love : to have the strength of every arm :
A sovereign's name ? why, 'tis a sovereign charm.
This glory roundabout me hath thrown beams :
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turn'd the iron screw of fate.

The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life ; yet, noble Spaniards, see
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee

[Kneels : the CARDINAL fetches the crown, and
sets it on the chair.

To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation ; wiping off your fears,
Which stuck so hard upon me ; let a hand,
A right and royal hand, take up this wreath,

And guard it ; right is of itself most strong ;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

CAR. Proceed to new election of a king.

ALL. Agreed.

ELE. Stay, peers of Spain : if young Philippo
Be Philip's son, then is he Philip's heir ;
Then must his royal name be set in gold ;
Philip is then the diamond to that ring.
But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,
For baseness has no gall, till it grow great.
First, therefore, let him bleed, if he must bleed,
Yet in what vein you strike him, best take heed ;
The Portugal's his friend ; you saw he came,
At holding up a finger, arm'd : this peace
Rid hence his dangerous friendship ; he's at home.
But when he hears that Philip is tied up,
Yet hears not why, he'll catch occasion's lock,
And on that narrow bridge make shift to lead
A scrambling army through the heart of Spain :
Look to't ; being in, he'll hardly out again.
Therefore first prove and then proclaim him
bastard.

ALV. How shall we prove it ?

ELE. He that put him out to making,
I am sure can tell ; if not,
Then she that shap'd him can : here's the queen-
mother,
Being prick'd in conscience, and preferring Spain
Before her own respect, will name the man.
If he be noble, and a Spaniard born,
He'll hide th' apparent scars of their infamies
With the white hand of marriage ; that and time
Will eat the blemish off : say, shall it ?

ALL. No.

CAR. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall
die.

HOR. Death is too easy for such villany.

ELE. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die!

I would he might; I know myself am clear,
As is the new-born infant. Madam, stand forth.
Be bold to speak: shame in the grave wants sense,
Heaven with sin's greatest forfeits can dispense.

QUEEN-M. Would I were cover'd with the veil
of night,
You might not see red shame sit on my cheeks;
But being Spain's common safety stands for truth,
Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush and say,
Philippo's father sits here.

ROD. Here! name him.

QUEEN-M. The Lord Mendoza did beget that
son;
O, let not this dishonour further run.

ALV. What, Cardinal Mendoza?

QUEEN-M. Yes, yes, even he.

ELE. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

CAR. I Philip's father?

[Comes down, the rest talk.]

QUEEN-M. Nay, deny me not;
Now may a kingdom and my love be got.

CAR. Those eyes and tongue bewitch me, shame
lie here;
That love has sweetest taste that is bought dear.

CHRIS. What answers Lord Mendoza to the
queen?

CAR. I confess guilty, Philip is my son;
Her majesty hath nam'd the time and place.

ALV. To you, but not to us; go forward,
madam.

QUEEN-M. Within the circle of twice ten years
since,
Your deceas'd king made war in Barbary,
Won Tunis, conquer'd Fez, and hand to hand

Slew great Abdela, King of Fez, and father
To that Barbarian prince.

ELE. I was but young, but now methinks
I see my father's wounds : poor Barbaria !
No more—

QUEEN-M. In absence of my lord, mourning his
want,

To me alone, being in my private walk—
I think at Salamanca :—yes, 'twas there ;
Enters Mendoza, under show of shrift,¹
Threatens my death if I denied his lust ;
In fine, by force he won me to his will :
I wept, and cried for help, but all in vain.
Mendoza there abus'd the bed of Spain.

ELE. Spaniard or Moor, that saucy slave shall
die.

ALV. Why did you not complain of this vile
act ?

QUEEN-M. Alas ! I was alone, young, full of
fear,

Bashful and doubtful of my own defame ;
Knowing King Philip rash and jealous,
I hid his sins, thinking to hide my shame.

HOR. What says the cardinal ?

CAR. Such a time there was ;
'Tis pass'd : I'll make amends with marriage,
And satisfy with trentals,² dirges, prayers,
The offended spirit of the wronged king.

[QUEEN and they talk.

ELE. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.
O, 'twould seem best it should be thus, Mendoza ;
She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude
Your marriage, like a comic interlude.

¹ *Under show of shrift*, or, in other words, as coming to hear me confess.

² Thirty masses on the same account.

Lords, will you hear this hateful sin confess'd,
And not impose upon the ravisher death,
The due punishment? O, it must be so.

ALV. What does the queen desire?

QUEEN-M. Justice, revenge,
On vile Mendoza for my ravishment.
I kiss the cold earth with my humble knees,
From whence I will not rise, till some just hand
Cast to the ground the traitor cardinal.

ALL. Stand forth, Mendoza.

ELE. Swells your heart so high?

Down, lecher; if you will not stand, then lie.

CAR. You have betray'd me by my too much
trust;

I never did this deed of rape and lust.

ROD. Your tongue confess'd it.

CAR. True, I was entic'd.

ELE. Entic'd! do you believe that?

QUEEN-M. Justice, lords;
Sentence the cardinal for his hateful sin.

ALV. We will assemble all the states of Spain,
And as they judge, so justice shall be done.

ELE. A guard! To prison with the cardinal.

Enter ZARACK, BALTHAZAR, and others.

CAR. Damn'd slave, my tongue shall go at
liberty

To curse thee, ban that strumpet; dogs, keep off.

ELE. Hist, hist! on, on!

QUEEN-M. I cannot brook his sight.

ALV. You must to prison, and be patient.

CAR. Weep'st thou, Alvero? all struck dumb?
My fears

Are that those drops will change to bloody tears.

This woman and this serpent——

QUEEN-M. Drag him hence.

- CAR. Who dares lay hands upon me ? Lords of Spain,
 Let your swords bail me : this false queen did lie.
 ELE. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.
 CAR. I'll fight thee, damned hellhound, for my life.
 ELE. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.
 CAR. I'll prove upon thy head——
 ELE. The slave shall die.
 CAR. Lords, stop this villain's throat. .
 ELE. Shall die, shall die.
 CAR. Hear me but speak.
 ELE. Away.
 ALV. Words are ill-spent,
 Where wrong sits judge ; you're arm'd, if innocent.
 CAR. Well then, I must to prison : Moor, no more.
 Heavens, thou art just ! Prince Philip I betray'd,
 And now myself fall ; guile with guile is paid. [Exit.
- QUEEN-M. Philip being prov'd a bastard, who shall sit
 Upon this empty throne ?
 ELE. Strumpet, not you.
 QUEEN-M. Strumpet ! and I not sit there, who [shall] then ?
 ELE. Down !
 Back ! if she touch it, she'll bewitch the chair ;
 This throne belongs to Isabel the fair.
 Bring forth the princess dress'd in royal robes,
 The true affecter of Alvero's son,
 Virtuous Hortenzo. Lords, behold your queen.

SCENE II.

Enter ISABELLA in royal robes, and HORTENZO.

QUEEN-M. Thou villain, what intend'st thou,
savage slave ?

ELE. To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread
On lust, on murder, on adultery's head.
Look, lords, upon your sovereign Isabel ;
Though all may doubt the fruits of such a womb,
Is she not like King Philip ? Let her rule.

QUEEN-M. She rule !

ELE. She rule : ay, she.

QUEEN-M. A child
To sway an empire ? I am her protectress ;
I'll pour black curses on thy damned head
If thou wrong'st me. Lords, lords !

ELE. Princes of Spain,
Be deaf, be blind ; hear not, behold her not ;
She kill'd my virtuous wife.

QUEEN-M. He kill'd your king.

ELE. 'Twas in my just wrath.

QUEEN-M. 'Twas to get his crown.

ELE. His crown ! why, here 'tis : thou slew'st
my Maria,
To have access to my unstained bed.

QUEEN-M. O heaven !

ELE. 'Tis true : how often have I stopp'd
Thy unchaste songs from passing through mine
ears.

How oft, when thy luxurious arms have twin'd
About my jetty neck, have I cried out :
Away, those scalding veins burn me—'tis true.

QUEEN-M. Devil, 'tis a lie !

ELE. Thou slew'st my sweet Maria ;
Alvero, 'twas thy daughter, 'twas ; Hortenzo,

She was thy sister ; justice, Isabella ;
This serpent poison'd thy dear father's bed,
Setting large horns on his imperial head.

QUEEN-M. Hear me !

ELE. Ha, why ?

ALV. Madam, you shall be heard
Before the courts, before the courts of Spain.

ELE. A guard ! a guard !

Enter two Moors and others.

QUEEN-M. A guard ! for what ? for whom ?

HOR. To wait on you ;

So many great sins must not wait with few.

QUEEN-M. Keep me in prison ! dare you, lords ?

ALV. O no !

Were your cause strong, we would not arm you so ;
But honour fainting needeth many hands ;
Kingdoms stand safe when mischief lies in bands.
You must to prison. [*Exeunt.*

QUEEN-M. Must I ! must I ! Slave,
I'll damn thee, ere thou triumph'st o'er my grave.
[*Exit with a guard.*

SCENE III.

Manet ELEAZAR.

ELE. Do, do, my jocund spleen
It does, it will, it shall. I have at one throw
Rifed away the diadem of Spain ;
'Tis gone, and there's no more to set but this
At all. Then, at this last cast, I'll sweep up
My former petty losses, or lose all,
Like to a desperate gamester.

Enter ZARACK.

Ha, how? fast?

ZAR. Except their bodies turn to airy spirits,
And fly through windows, they are safe, my lord:
If they can eat through locks and bars of iron,
They may escape; if not, then not.

ELE. O Zarack!

Wit is a thief; there's picklock policy,
To whom all doors fly open; therefore go;
In our name charge the keeper to resign
His office; and if he have tricks of cruelty,
Let him bequeath 'em at his death—for kill him.
Turn all thy body into eyes,
And watch them; let those eyes, like fiery comets,
Sparkle out nothing but the death of kings.
And ah! now thus: thou know'st I did invent
A torturing iron chain.

ZAR. O, for necks, my lord?

ELE. Ay; that, that, that; away, and yoke
them. Stay,

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Here's Balthazar: go both, teach them to preach
Through an iron pillory. I'll spread a net
To catch Alvero; O, he is old and wise;
They are unfit to live that have sharp eyes.
Hortenzo, Roderigo, to't to't: all
They have supple knees, sleek'd brows, but hearts
of gall;

The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood:
Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.

BAL. I come to tell your grace that Isabella
Is with Hortenzo arm in arm at hand;
Zarack and I may kill them now with ease.
Is't done? and then 'tis done.

ZAR. Murther thou the man,
And I'll stab her.

ELE. No, I'll speed ¹ her myself.
Arm in arm? so, so; look upon this ring;
Whoever brings this token to your hands,
Regard not for what purpose, seize on them,
And chain them to the rest: they come—away!
Murder, be proud; and, tragedy, laugh on,
I'll seek a stage for thee to jet ² upon.

*Enter ISABELLA and HORTENZO; seeing the Moor,
they turn back.*

ELE. My lord, my Lord Hortenzo.

HOR. Ah, is't you?

Trust me, I saw you not.

ELE. What makes your grace so sad?

HOR. She grieves for the imprison'd queen her
mother

And for Philipppo; in the sandy heap
That wait upon an hour, there are not found
So many little bodies, as those sighs
And tears which she hath every minute spent,
Since her lov'd brother felt imprisonment.

ELE. Pity, great pity; would it lay in me
To give him liberty.

ISA. It does.

ELE. In me!

Free him, your mother-queen and cardinal too.
In me? alas! not me; no, no, in you!
Yet, for I'll have my conscience white and pure,
Here, madam, take this ring; and if my name
Can break down castle-walls and open gates,
Take it, and do't; fetch them all forth,—and yet
'Tis unfit you should go.

¹ Despatch.

² Strut.

HOR. That happy office I'll execute myself.

ELE. Will you? Would I

Stood gracious in their sight! Well, go:
Do what you will: Hortenzo, if this charm
Unbinds them, here 'tis: lady, you and I
Aloof will follow him, and when we meet,
Speak for me, for I'll kiss Philippo's feet.

HOR. I shall be proud to see all reconcil'd.

[Exit.

ELE. Alas, my lord! why, true; go, go.

ISA. Make haste, dear love.

ELE. Hortenzo is a man

Compos'd of sweet proportion; has a foot,
A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit—
The best, Hortenzo, in the Spanish court.
O, he's the nonpareil.

ISA. Your tongue had wont
To be more sparing in Hortenzo's praise.

ELE. Ah! I may curse his praises, rather ban
Mine own nativity: why did this colour
Dart in my flesh so far! O, would my face
Were of Hortenzo's fashion; else would yours
Were as black as mine is.

ISA. Mine like yours? why?

ELE. Hark,

I love you; yes, faith, I said this—I love you.
I do—leave him.

ISA. Damnation! vanish from me.

ELE. Coy!

Were you as hard as flint, O, you should yield
Like soften'd wax; were you as pure as fire,
I'd touch you; yes, I'll taint you: see you this?
I'll bring you to this lure.

ISA. If I want hands

To kill myself, before thou dost it, do.

ELE. I'll cut away your hands. Well, my de-
sire

Is raging as the sea, and mad as fire.

Will you ?

ISA. Torment me not, good devil.

ELE. Will you.

ISA. I'll tear mine eyes out, if they tempt thy
lust.

ELE. Do.

ISA. Touch me not ; these knives——

ELE. Ha, ha ! kill yourself,

Because I jest with you ! I wrong Hortenzo.

Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick to try
That which few women have, true constancy.

ISA. If then my speeches taste of gall——

ELE. Nay, faith,

You are not bitter ; no ; you should have rail'd,
Have spit upon me, spurn'd me ; you're not
bitter :

Why, do you think that I would nurse a thought,
To hurt your honour ? If that thought had brains,
I'd beat them out. But come ; by this Hortenzo
Is fast.

ISA. Ha ! fast ?

ELE. Ay, fast—in Philip's arms ;

Wrestling together for the prize of love ;

By this they're on the way : I'll be your guard ;

Come, follow me ; I'll lead you in the van,

Where [*Aside*] thou shalt see four chins upon one
chain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

HORTENZO, QUEEN - MOTHER, CARDINAL, *and*
PHILIP, *chained by the necks.* ZARACK *and*
BALTHAZAR *busy about fastening* HORTENZO.

HOR. You damned ministers of villany,
Sworn to damnation by the book of hell ;

You maps of night, you element of devils,
Why do you yoke my neck with iron chains ?

BAL. Many do borrow chains, but you have
this

Gratis for nothing.

CAR. Slaves, unbind us.

BOTH. No. [*Exeunt the two Moors.*]

PHIL. I am impatient ; veins, why crack you
not,

And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,
To make red clouds, like ensigns in the sky,
Displaying a damn'd tyrant's cruelty !
Yet can I laugh in my extremest pangs
Of blood and spirit to see the cardinal
Keep rank with me, and my vile mother-queen,
To see herself where she would have me seen.
Good fellowship, i' faith !

HOR. And I can tell,
True misery loves a companion well.

PHIL. Thou left'st me to the mercy of a Moor
That hath damnation dyed upon his flesh ;
'Twas well ; thou, mother, didst unmotherly
Betray thy true son to false bastardy ;
Thou left'st me then : now thou art found and
staid,

And thou, who didst betray me, art betray'd.
A plague upon you all !

CAR. Thou cursest them
Whom I may curse : first, may I curse myself,
Too credulous of loyalty and love ;
Next may I curse the Moor, more than a devil ;
And last thy mother, mother of all evil.

QUEEN-M. All curses and all crosses light on
thee !

What need I curse myself, when all curse me ?
I have been deadly impious, I confess :
Forgive me, and my sin will seem the less.

This heavy chain, which now my neck assaults,
Weighs ten times lighter than my heavy faults.

PHIL. Hortenzo, I commend myself to thee ;
Thou that are near'st, stand'st furthest off from
me.

HOR. That mould of hell, that Moor, has chain'd
me here ;
'Tis not myself, but Isabel I fear.

SCENE V.

Enter ELEAZAR, ISABELLA, ZARACK, *and* BAL-
THAZAR.

ELE. It's strange !

Will not Prince Philip come with Hortenzo ?

ZAR. He swears he'll live and die there.

ELE. Marry, and shall. [*Aside.*]

I pray, persuade him, you, to leave the place.
A prison ! why, it's hell. 'Las, here they be !
Ha ! they are they, i' faith ; see, see, see, see.

ALL. Moor, devil, toad, serpent !

ELE. O sweet airs, sweet voices !

ISA. O my Hortenzo !

ELE. Do not these birds sing sweetly, Isabella ?
O, how their spirits would leap aloft and spring,
Had they their throats at liberty to sing !

PHIL. Damnation dog thee !

CAR. Furies follow thee !

QUEEN.-M. Comets confound thee !

HOR. And hell swallow thee !

ELE. Sweeter and sweeter still. O harmony !
Why, there's no music like to misery.

ISA. Hast thou betrayed me thus ?

ELE. Not I, not I.

PHIL. Sirrah hedgehog.

ELE. Ha ! I'll hear thee presently.

ISA. Hear me then, hellhound ; slaves, unchain
my love,

Or by——

ELE. By what ? Is't not rare walking here ?
Methinks this stage shows like a tennis-court ;
Does it not, Isabel ? I'll show thee how—
Suppose that iron chain to be the line,
The prison-doors the hazard, and their heads,
Scarce peeping o'er the line, suppose the balls !
Had I a racket now of burnish'd steel,
How smoothly could I bandy every ball
Over this globe of earth, win set, and all.

PHIL. How brisk the villain jets in villany !

ELE. Prating ! he's proud because he wears a
chain :

Take it off, Balthazar, and take him hence.

[They unbind him.]

PHIL. And whither then, you dog ?

ISA. Pity my brother.

ELE. Pity him ! no ; away !

PHIL. Ay, come, do come.¹ I pray thee kill
me : come.

ELE. I hope to see

Thy own hands do that office. Down with him !

PHIL. Is there another hell ?

TWO MOORS. Try, try ; he's gone.

ELE. So him next, he next, and next him ; and
then——

ALL. Worse than damnation ! fiend, monster of
men !

ELE. Why, when ! Down, down !

CAR. Slave, as thou thrust me down
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.

QUEEN.-M. Amen, amen.

ELE. Together so ; and you——

¹ [Edits. give these words to Eleazar.]

ISA. O, pity my Hortenzo !

HOR. Farewell, my Isabel ; my life, adieu.

ALL. Mischief and horror let the Moor pursue !

ELE. A concert ! that amain ; ¹ play that amain ;
 Amain, amain. No ; so soon fallen asleep !
 Nay, I'll not lose this music ; sirrah, sirrah,
 Take thou a drum, a trumpet thou ; and hark,
 Mad them with villanous sounds.

ZAR. Rare sport ; let's go.

[*Exeunt ZARACK and BALTHAZAR.*]

ELE. About it : music will do well in woe.

How like you this ?

ISA. Set my Hortenzo free,
 And I'll like anything.

ELE. A fool, a fool.

Hortenzo free ! why, look you, he free ! no ;
 Then must he marry you ; you must be qu
 He in a manner king ; these dignities,
 Like poison, make men swell ; this ratsbane
 honour,

O, 'tis so sweet ! they'll lick it, till all burst :
 He will be proud ; and pride, you know, must
 fall.

Come, come, he shall not ; no, no, 'tis more meet
 To keep him down safe standing on his feet.

ISA. Eleazar !

ELE. Mark, the imperial chair of Spain
 Is now as empty as a miser's alms :
 Be wise, I yet dare sit in't ; it's for you,
 If you will be for me ; there's room for two.
 Do—meditate—muse on't : its best for thee
 To love me, live with me, and lie with me.

ISA. Thou know'st I'll first lie in the arms of
 death.

My meditations are how to revenge

¹ With force, vigour, energy, vehemence.

Thy bloody tyrannies. I fear thee not,
 Inhuman slave, but to thy face defy
 Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarous villany,

ELE. Zarack.

Enter ZARACK.

ZAR. My lord.

ELE. Where's Balthazar ?

ZAR. A-drumming.

ELE. I 'have made them rave and curse, and
 so guard her.

Your court shall be this prison; guard her,
 slaves,

With open eyes: defy me! see my veins
 Struck't out, being overheated with my blood,
 Boiling in wrath; I'll tame you.

ISA. Do, do.

ELE. Ha,

I will! and once more fill a kingdom's throne.

Spain, I'll new-mould thee: I will have a chair

Made all of dead men's bones; and the ascents

Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks:

I will have Philip's head, Hortenzo's head,

Mendoza's head, thy mother's head, and this—

This head, that is so cross, I'll have't.

The scene wants actors; I'll fetch more, and
 clothe it

In rich cothurnal pomp: a tragedy

Ought to be grave: graves this shall beautify.

Moor, execute to th' life my dread commands;

Vengeance, awake, thou hast much work in hand.

[*Exit.*

ZAR. I am weary of this office and this life;

It is too thirsty, and I would your blood

Might 'scape the filling out. By heaven, I swear,

I scorn these blows and his rebukes to bear.

ISA. O Zarack, pity me ; I love thee well ;
Love deserves pity ; pity Isabel.

ZAR. What would you have me do ?

ISA. To kill this Moor.

ZAR. I'll cast an eye of death upon my face ;
I'll be no more his slave. Swear to advance me,
And, by yon setting sun, this hand and this
Shall rid you of a tyrant.

ISA. By my birth,
No Spaniard's honour'd place shall equal thine.

ZAR. I'll kill him then.

ISA. And Balthazar ?

ZAR. And he.

ISA. I pray thee, first fetch Philip and Hortenzo
Out of that hell ; they two will be most glad
To aid thee in this execution.

ZAR. My Lord Philippo and Hortenzo, rise.
Your hands ; so, talk to her : at my return
This sword shall reek with blood of Balthazar.

[*Exit.*
PHIL. Three curses (like three commendations
To their souls) I send : thy tortured brother ;
Does curse the cardinal, the Moor, thy mother.

ISA. Curse not at all ! dear souls, revenge is
hot,
And boils in Zarack's brains ; the plot is cast
Into the mould of hell : you freemen are :
Zarack will kill the Moor and Balthazar.

HOR. How can that relish ?

ISA. I'll tell you how :
I did profess, ay, and protested too,
I lov'd him well ; what will not sorrow do !
Then he profess'd, ay, and protested too,
To kill them both ; what will not devils do !

PHIL. Then I profess, ay, and protest it too,
That here's for him ; what will not Philip do !

HOR. See where he comes.

Enter the two Moors.

BAL. Zarack, what do I see?
Hortenzo and Philippo? who did this?

ZAR. I, Balthazar.

BAL. Thou art half-damn'd for it;¹
I'll to my lord.

ZAR. I'll stop you on your way;
Lie there, thy tongue shall tell no tales to-day.

[Stabs him.]

PHIL. Nor thine to-morrow: this revenge was
well.

[Stabs him.]

By this time both the slaves shake hands in hell.

ISA. Philippo and Hortenzo, stand you still?
What, doat you both? Cannot you see your play?
Well fare a woman then to lead the way.
Once rob the dead; put the Moors' habits on,
And paint your faces with the oil of hell:
So, waiting on the tyrant——

PHIL. Come, no more,
'Tis here and here: room there below; stand wide,
Bury them well, since they so godly died.

HOR. Away then, fate: now let revenge be plac'd.

PHIL. Here.

HOR. And here; a tyrant's blood doth sweetly
taste.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

*Enter ELEAZAR, ALVERO, RODERIGO, CHRISTO-
FERO, and other Lords.*

ELE. What, I imprison! Who?

ALL. Philip and Hortenzo.

¹ In the original the remainder of this play is jumbled together in strange confusion.

ELE. Philip and Hortenzo ! ha, ha, ha !

ROD. Why laughs the Moor ?

ELE. I laugh, because you jest :

Laugh at a jest. Who, I imprison them ?
I prize their lives with weights, their necks with
chains,

Their hands with manacles ! do I all this ?
Because my face is in night's colour dyed,
Think you my conscience and my soul is so ?
Black faces may have hearts as white as snow ;
And 'tis a general rule in moral schools,¹
The whitest faces have the blackest souls.

ALV. But touching my Hortenzo——

ELE. Good old man,

I never touch'd him ; do not touch me then
With thy Hortenzo.

CHRIS. Where's Philip too ?

ELE. And where is Philip too ?

I pray, I pray, is Philip a tame Spaniard ?

What, can I philip him hither, hither make him
fly ?

First, where's Hortenzo ? Where's Philip too ?

ROD. And where is Isabel ? She was with
you.

ELE. And where is Isabel ? She was with me !

Enter PHILIP and HORTENZO, like Moors.

And so are you ; yet are you well, you see :
But in good time, see where their keepers come.
Come hither, Zarack ; Balthazar, come hither :
Zarack, old Lord Alvero asks of thee
Where young Hortenzo is.

HOR. My lord, set free.

ELE. O, is he so ? Come hither, Balthazar :

¹ [Edits., *rows.*]

Lord Christofero here would ask of thee
Where Prince Philippo is.

PHIL. My lord, set free.

ELE. O, is he so?

Roderigo asketh me for Isabel.

PHIL. I say, my lord, she's free.

ELE. O, is she so?

PHIL. Believe me, lords.

HOR. And me.

PHIL. I set Philippo——

HOR. I, Hortenzo free.

ELE. My lords, because you shall believe me
too,

Go to the castle : I will follow you.

ALV. Thanks to the mighty Moor ; and, for his
fame,

Be more in honour than thou art in name :

But let me wish the other prisoners well,

The queen and cardinal : let all have right,

Let law absolve them, or dissolve them quite.

ELE. Grave man, thy grey hairs paint out
gravity,

Thy counsels wisdom, thy wit policy.

There let us meet, and with a general brain

Erect the peace of spirit and of Spain.

ALV. Then will Spain flourish.

ELE. Ay, when it is mine.

ROD. O heavenly meeting !

ELE. We must part in hell.

CHRIS. True peace of joy.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

Manent ELEAZAR, PHILIP, and HORTENZO.

ELE. 'Tis a dissembling knell ;

Farewell, my lords ; meet there ; so, ha, ha, ha !

[*Draws his rapier.*

Now, tragedy, thou minion of the night,

Rhamnusia's¹ pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
 Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones,
 The proudest instrument the world affords ;
 When thou in crimson jollity shalt bathe
 Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
 Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
 To thee, that never blushest, though thy cheeks
 Are full of blood—O Saint Revenge, to thee
 I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
 My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
 The volume of all wounds that wound from me ;
 Mine is the stage, thine is the tragedy.
 Where am I now ? O, at the prison ; true.
 Zarack and Balthazar, come hither ; see,
 Survey my library. I study, ha,
 Whilst you two sleep ; marry, 'tis villany.
 Here's a good book, Zarack, behold it well,
 It's deeply written, for 'twas made in hell :
 Now, Balthazar, a better book for thee ;
 But for myself, this, this, the best of all ;
 And therefore do I claim it every day,
 For fear the readers steal the art away.
 Where thou stand'st now, there must Hortenzohang,
 Like Tantalus in a maw-eating pang.
 There, Balthazar, must Prince Philip stand,
 Like damn'd Prometheus ; and to act his part,
 Shall have a dagger sticking at his heart.
 But in my room I'll set the cardinal,
 And he shall preach repentance to them all.
 Ha, ha, ha !

PHIL. Damnation tickles him ; he laughs again.
 Philip must stand there, and bleed to death.
 Well, villain, I only laugh to see
 That we shall live to outlaugh him and thee.

ELE. O, fit, fit, fit ! stay, a rare jest, rare jest !

¹ [Nemesis.]

Zarack, suppose thou art Hortenzo now;
I pray thee stand in passion of a pang,
To see, by thee, how quaintly he would hang.

HOR. I am Hortenzo; tut, tut, fear not, man;
Thou lookest like Zarack. *[Aside.]*

ELE. Ay, Hortenzo,
He shall hang here, i' faith; come, Zarack, come,
And, Balthazar, take thou Philippo's room:
First let me see you plac'd.

PHIL. We're plac'd.

ELE. Slaves; ha, ha, ha!
You are but players, that¹ must end the play;
How like Hortenzo and Philippo! ha!
Stand my two slaves, were they as black as you.
Well, Zarack, I'll unfix thee first of all,
Thou shalt help me to play the cardinal:
This iron engine on his head I'll clap,
Like a pope's mitre or a cardinal's cap;
Then manacle his hands, as thou dost mine;
So, so, I pray thee, Zarack, set him free,
That both of you may stand and laugh at me.

PHIL. 'Tis fine, i' faith; call in more company;
Alvero, Roderigo, and the rest:
Who will not laugh at Eleazar's jest?

ELE. What? Zarack, Balthazar!

PHIL. Ah! anon, anon;
We have not laugh'd enough: it's but begun.
[Knocking.]

Who knocks?

ELE. Unmanacle my hands, I say.

PHIL. Then shall we mar our mirth, and spoil
the play. *[Knocking again.]*

Who knocks?

ALV. *[Within.]* Alvero.

PHIL. Let Alvero in.

ELE. And let me out.

¹ [Old copies, *they.*]

Enter all below.

PHIL. I thank you for that flout,¹
To let Alvero in, and let you out.

ELE. Villains! slaves! am not I your lord, the
Moor?

And Eleazar?

QUEEN-M. And the devil of hell;
And more than that, and Eleazar too.

ELE. And, devil's dam, what do I here with
you?

QUEEN-M. My tongue shall torture thee.

ELE. I know thee then;
All women's tongues are tortures unto men.

QUEEN-M. Spaniards, this was the villain; this
is he

Who, through enticements of alluring lust
And glory, which makes silly women proud
And men malicious, did incense my spirit
Beyond the limits of a woman's mind
To wrong myself and that lord cardinal;
And (that which sticks more near unto my blood),
He that was nearest to my blood, my son,
To dispossess him of his right by wrong:
O, that I might embrace him on this breast,
Which did enclose him, when he first was born:
No greater happiness can heav'n show'r upon
Me than to circle in these arms of mine
That son, whose royal blood I did defame,
To crown with honour an ambitious Moor.

PHIL. Thus then thy happiness is complete;

[Embraces her.]

Behold thy Philip ransom'd from that prison,
In which the Moor had cloistered him.

HOR. And here's Hortenzo.

¹ For that piece of mockery.

ELE. Then am I betrayed and cosen'd in
 My own designs: I did contrive
 Their ruin; but their subtle policy
 Hath blasted my ambitious thoughts. Villains!
 Where's Zarack? Where's Balthazar?
 What have you done with them?

PHIL. They're gone to Pluto's kingdom, to provide

A place for thee, and to attend thee there.
 But, lest they should be tired with too long
 Expecting hopes, come, brave spirits of Spain,
 This is the Moor, the actor of these evils;
 Thus thrust him down to act among the devils.

[Stabs him.

ELE. And am I thus despatch'd!
 Had I but breath'd the space of one hour longer,
 I would have fully acted my revenge:
 But O, now pallid death bids me prepare,
 And haste to Charon for to be his fare.
 I come, I come: but ere my glass is run,
 I'll curse you all, and, cursing, end my life.
 May'st thou, lascivious queen, whose damned
 charms

Bewitch'd me to the circle of thy arms,
 Unpiti'd die, consum'd with loathed lust,
 Which thy venereous mind hath basely nurs'd:
 And for you, Philip, may your days be long,
 But clouded with perpetual misery:
 May thou, Hortenzo, and thy Isabel
 Be fetch'd alive by furies into hell,
 There to be damn'd for ever. O, I faint;
 Devils, come claim your right, and when I am
 Confin'd within your kingdom, then shall I
 Outact you all in perfect villany. [Dies.

PHIL. Take down his body, while his blood
 streams forth;
 His acts are pass'd, and our last act is done.

Now do I challenge my hereditary right
To the roy'l Spanish throne, usurp'd by him,
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant my-
self.

Lord Cardinal, and you the queen my mother,
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

QUEEN-M. I'll now repose myself in peaceful
rest,

And fly unto some solitary residence,
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life
In true contrition for my pass'd offences.

PHIL. And now, Hortenzo, to close up your
wound,

I here contract my sister unto thee,
With comic joy to end a tragedy.
And, for the barbarous Moor and his black train,
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain.

ANDROMANA

OR

THE MERCHANT'S WIFE.

VOL. XIV.

N

EDITION.

Andromana; or, The Merchant's Wife. The Scene Iberia. By J. S. London: Printed for John Bellinger; and are to be sold at his shop, in Clifford's Inn Lane, in Fleet-street. 1660. 4°.

This play was printed in the year 1660, and has the letters J. S. in the title-page. Chetwood, in his "British Theatre," p. 47, says that it was revived in 1671, when a prologue was spoken before it, in which were the following lines—

"'Twas Shirley's muse that labour'd for its birth,
Though now the sire rests in the silent earth.

[But there is in fact no authority whatever for believing it to be from Shirley's pen; nor is it included in Gifford and Dyce's edition of that writer.¹]

The plot is taken from the story of Plangus, in Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia." The same subject had before been made use of by Beaumont and Fletcher in their play of "Cupid's Revenge."

¹ [It is, however, printed in the "Ancient British Drama," 1810, and it formed part of the original edition of Dodsley, 1744.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EPHORBAS, *King of Iberia.*

PLANGUS, *his son.*

EUBULUS, }
ANAMEDES, } *three lords, and councillors to the king.*
RINATUS, }

INOPHILUS, *son to Rinatus, and friend to the prince.*

ZOPIRO, }
NICETES, } *captains.*
ARAMNES, }

ARTESIO, *an informing courtier.*

ANDROMANA, *a merchant's wife.*

LIBACER, *her servant.*

Messenger.

Captains and Soldiers.

Scene, Iberia.



ANDROMANA

OR

THE FATAL AND DESERVED END OF
DISLOYALTY AND AMBITION.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter NICETES and ARAMNES.

NIC. I have observ'd it too; but the cause is
As unknown to me as actions done
In countries not found out yet.

ARA. Some wench, my life to a brass farthing!

NIC. As like as may be:

We soldiers are all given that way; especially,
When our blood boils high, and [our] pulses beat
Alarms to Cupid's battles; we are apter
To sally on a young [in]flaming girl,
Than on an enemy that braves it
Before our trenches.

ARA. I ask it not to know his privacies; for if
His freedom doth not acquaint me with them,
Let them be secret still: yet I could wish
An opportunity to tell him
A little circumspection would
Be handsome, and set a gloss upon all.
Times might be chosen of less public notice:

It looks so poorly in a prince to be
 Thus careless of his own affairs : men do
 So talk on it. Here comes Inophilus ;
 If anybody knows, it must be he.

Enter INOPHILUS.

INO. Your servant, captains. Saw you the
 prince to-day ?

NIC. Not we : we hop'd to hear of him from
 you.

INO. 'Tis strange a man, adorn'd with so much
 wisdom,

Should on the sudden fall off from the care
 Of his own fame ! I am his friend, and so,
 I know, are you ; but to speak plainly to you,
 He's grown my wonder now as much
 As other men's. I, that have found a sweetness
 In his company beyond whatever
 Lovers dream of in a mistress, that as
 He spoke, methought have smell'd the air perfum'd ;
 Nor could have wished a joy greater
 Than living with him, next those of heaven ;
 And those preferr'd the more, because I knew
 Plangus would be there.

I say, even I of late am grown out of love
 With anything that's mortal ; since I've found
 Plangus so far beneath (I will not say
 My expectations) but the assurances
 All good men had of future gallantry.
 He's melancholy now, and hath thrown off
 The spirit which so well became him ; and all
 That sweetness which bewitch'd men's hearts is
 grown

So rugged, so incompos'd to all commerce,
 Men fear he'll shortly quarrel with himself.
 Nay more, he doth not answer the fondness

Of his father's love with half that joy
He us'd to do.

ARA. 'Tis now about a week I have observ'd
This alteration ; it shakes him, like an ague,
Once in two days, but holds him longer
Than a fit o' th' gout. They whisper about the
court

As if the king had chid him for it,
And now at length [had] found his haunts——

INO. A poor discovery ! Who might not find
'em out,

That would be so uncivil ? I was about
To follow him, but thought it an ignoble way,
Beneath the name of friendship, and so desisted.
About four days ago, meeting him i' th' long
gallery,

I ask'd him how he did ? Taking me by the hand,
He wrung it, and after a sigh or two, told me,
“Not very well, but he had business”—and so we
parted.

I saw him not again in twenty hours after ;
And then I ask'd him where he'd been so long ?
He told me (as if he was ashamed
To deny me such a poor request) I must not
know :

And when I told him his often absence was
observ'd,

Is it ? (saith he) I cannot help it ; but it shall
No more be so ; and at the last he stole away :
Since when I saw him not.

NIC. O this wicked peace ! Inophilus,
Is there no hopes of war ?

To lie at home to see our armours rust ;
We could keep the prince sober and merry too,
If he would but exchange his court for a camp.

INO. The king is old, and doats upon his son ;
Is loth to venture him to danger :

Yet at this time there is occasion.
 The Argives have refus'd to pay their tribute,
 And are for certain preparing for invasion :
 Some say they have got into Iberia already.

ARA. Nay, then there's hopes ;
 If we could but find the prince with a buff-coat
 again,
 I should be once more merry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter EPHORBAS *the King*, RINATUS, EUBULUS,
 and ARAMNES, *three Lords.*

EPH. See the ambassadors entertain'd
 With such an evenness as should be us'd to men
 We neither fear nor love ; let neither
 Too much obsequiousness teach them insolency,
 Nor any ill-usage brand us with incivility :
 Stay you, Rinatus.

[*He sighs. Exeunt* EUBULUS *and* ARAMNES.

Open thy bosom, and receive torrents of sorrow,
 That lie like rocks of lead upon my soul ;
 Honest Rinatus, experience bids me trust thee
 With a mighty secret. Thou canst not choose
 But know my son of late is much retir'd.
 I do not like that youth should be thus melan-
 choly :

Let them enjoy themselves ; for age will come,
 Whose impotency will deny all pleasures.
 I do believe he loves me. Ha ?

RIN. Yes, doubtless, better than sick men
 health ;

Or those who are penn'd up in darkness
 Love the sun.

EPH. I speak not, as if I thought he did not ;

For thou know'st I humour him, afford him
 Liberty enough ; I never chide him, nor express
 The least dislike of any action. Am not I a gentle
 father ?

Methinks, were I a son again to such a father,
 I should not think he liv'd too long ; shouldst
 thou, Rinatus ?

RIN. No more doth he, upon my soul :
 One command of yours would make him venture
 upon

Lightning, nay, almost make him act a sin,
 A thing he fears to name.

EPH. I do believe thee :

But yet, methinks, should he be grown so impious,
 There might be found excuses.

A crown is a temptation ; especially so near one :
 'Tis not with princes as with other sons ;

And I am told too—

Hath not my hand the palsy ?—

Doth a crown become grey hairs ? To be a king
 Might make some men forswear all conscience.
 But I know Plangus hath far nobler thoughts ;
 And yet an empire might excuse a parricide.

RIN. Sir, sure, you are a stranger to your son ;
 For, give me leave to say, your fears are vain :
 So great a virtue as the prince's cannot
 Anticipate his hopes by any sin.

Honour and duty have been acquainted with him
 now

Too long to be divorc'd. Some sycophants there
 are

(Such creatures still will haunt the court), I know,
 Love not the prince, because he loves not them.

Sir, shut your ears to them : they will betray you
 To your ruin. Jealousy's a disease

Should be below a king, as that which seizeth
 On the basest spirits. O, shut it from your soul !

One may read in story what dire effects
The fury hath brought forth. Kings make away
Their only sons, and princes their fathers ;
And when they have done, they may despair at
leisure.

EPH. I do not think Plangus
Hath plots or on my crown or me ;
He was virtuous always, and is still, I hope :
But why is he so much from court then, and alone
too ?

I do but ask the question.

RIN. It can be no design, believe me, sir ;
For crowns are won by other courses.
Aspirers must grow popular, be hedg'd about
With their confederates. Then would he flatter
you,
Be jolly still, as if no melancholy thought were in
him.

A guilty conscience would then teach him policy,
And he would seek to take suspicion from all his
carriages ;

Innocence makes him careless now.

EPH. Thou hast almost resolv'd me,
The tempest in my soul is almost laid,
And wants but time to calm it.
Youth hath its whimsies, nor are we
To examine all their paths too strictly.
We went awry ourselves when we were young.

RIN. Sir !

EPH. Thou may'st be gone, Rinatus.

[Exit RINATUS.]

SCENE III.

EPHORBAS *solus.*

The blessing of an honest servant !
This Rinatus is truer unto me.

He loves the king as well as I Ephorbas ;
 And may I live but to reward him,
 For he's too honest for a court.

Enter ARTESIO.

How now, Artesio ? thy looks speak strong amaze-
 ment ;

I am with child to hear the news : prythee,
 Be quick in the delivery.

ART. The prince, an't please your majesty——

EPH. What of him, Artesio ?

ART. I have observ'd, is much retir'd of late.

EPH. So have I too ; this is no news.

ART. And I can whisper in your ear the cause.
 'Twas chance, no policy of mine, betray'd his
 privacies :

Ill-offices are not the engines I desire
 To rise by, only love to the young prince
 Makes me reveal them.

EPH. Nay, nay, without apology ;
 If it were treason, it should not go down
 The sooner for all the gilded preparation.
 Nor am I of so feminine a humour
 As to mistrust affection delivered bluntly :
 Plain meaning should be plainly told ;
 Bad wares may have false lights, good can abide
 the day.

ART. But I know the nature of my office ;
 Though kings still hug suspicion in their bosoms,
 They hate the causers ; love to hear secrets too,
 Yet the revealers still fare the worse,
 Being either thought guilty of ends or weakness ;
 And so esteem'd by those they tell them to
 Either unfit or dangerous to be trusted.
 Perhaps, sir, when the prince and you are friends
 again

You'll tell me that, had my love been real,
I should have whisper'd the prince's errors to him-
self.

EPH. Without a syllable of prologue more,
Or I shall verify your fears.

ART. In this brave city (take it as brief as may
be)

There lives a beauty, fit to command
Them that command the world,
And might be Alexander's mistress, were he yet
alive,

And had added empires as large as his desires :
She's but a private merchant's wife ;
Yet the prince is so far gravell'd in her affection,
I fear——

EPH. Then there is hopes I may recall him :
Love is a childish evil, though the effects
Are dangerous. A prince's errors grown public
Will be scandalous. Poor boy ! perhaps
The jealous husband may commit a murder ;
I would not have him cut off so young :
Love should be princes' recreation, not their
business.

What physic must we give him for his cure ?

ART. I dare not counsel you ;

But in my poor judgment some gentle
Fatherly persuasions will work upon so good a
nature.

EPH. Couldst thou but possibly effect, how I
Might take him napping ?

ART. That is beyond my skill :

But I can show you the house and time he walks
From hence in, which will be about an hour
Hence ; for then her husband comes home from
The Rialto.

EPH. Time will not tarry for a king ; let's go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

INO. What is become of this young prince? or where
 Doth he bestow himself? Doth he walk invisible?
 Where have I [not] been to look him? the horses
 Are in the stables, his page and I at home too,
 That us'd to be as inseparable companions.

Enter NICETES, ARAMNES.

ARA. Well met, gentlemen! where is the hermit
 Plangus?

NIC. We cannot tell, nor have we been to seek
 him.

If at the court, we should hear presently; if not,
 We might be too officious in his search, and our
 Inquiry might make his absence
 But so much the more notorious; and I'm confi-
 dent
 He's well: his virtue guards him still from all
 mischances.

INO. Though his company's the dearest thing I
 love,

Yet for his good I could digest his absence,
 But that I doubt a mighty mischief might spring
 From this small grain of indiscretion.
 The king is old, and there are knaves about the
 court
 That (if he knew it not) would tell him so:
 And men, conscious to themselves of a deficiency,
 Are still most jealous of a growing worth.
 Perhaps a thinking father (for plodding
 Is old age's sickness) may take notice of
 His son's retirement, and misconstrue it so:
 Nothing is impossible: heaven send it otherwise!

ARA. This care becomes you, sir ; but I dare
swear

'Tis needless : the king is but an ill dissembler ;
and had he

But the least thought of such a thing, he'd hide it
Less than the sun conceals his brightness :

Besides, a man as great as Ephorbas is, whose rule
Of living hath been directed by the line

Of virtue, cannot mistrust that vice in his
Own son, of which himself was never guilty ;

Had his younger years been tainted with inor-
dinate

Desires, or had his crown been the effect
Of some audacious crime, perhaps his guilty

Conscience might have mistrusted.

But 'tis impossible, where there is no guilt,
To fear a punishment.

INO. You speak my hopes :

But this for certain, gentlemen : the king,
Who was admired for his matchless sleeping,
Whose night no noise disturb'd, and it was diffi-
cult

To wake before his hour, sleeps but unquietly of
late,

Will start at midnight, and cry *Plangus* :

Is greedy after news, and walks unevenly,
And sometimes on the sudden looks behind him ;
And when one speaks to him, scarcely marks one
syllable.

Surely the mind of some distemper shakes
His soul into this looseness.

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. My lord, the prince desires
To meet you half an hour hence i' th' gallery.

INO. Me ?

MES. Yes, my lord.

INO. I shall. Your servant, captains.

ALL. Yours, my lord. [*Exeunt at several doors.*]

SCENE V.

PLANGUS, ANDROMANA.

PLAN. It cannot be so late.

AND. Believe't, the sun is set, my dear,
And candles have usurp'd the office of the day.

PLAN. Indeed, methinks a certain mist,
Like darkness, hangeth ¹ on my eyelids.
But too great lustre may undo the sight :
A man may stare so long upon the sun
That he may look his eyes out ; and certainly
'Tis so with me : I have so greedily
Swallow'd thy light that I have spoil'd my own.

AND. Why shouldst thou tempt me to my ruin
thus ?

As if thy presence were less welcome to me
Than day to one who, 'tis so long ago
He saw the sun, hath forgot what light is.
Love of thy presence makes me wish this absence.
Phœbus himself must suffer an eclipse,
And clouds are still foils to the brightest splendour :
Some short departure will (like [to] a river
Stopp'd) make the current of our pleasures run
The higher at our next meeting.

PLAN. Alas, my dearest ! tell those so
That know not what it is to part from blessing ;
Bid not him surfeit to taste health's sweetness,
That knows what 'tis to groan under a disease.

AND. Then let us stand and outface danger,
Since you will have it so ; despise report,

¹ [Edits., hangs.]

And contemn scandals into nothing,
 Which vanish with the breath that utters 'em ;
 Love is above these vanities. Should the
 Innocent thing my husband take thee here,
 He could not spite me but by growing jealous ;
 And jealousy's black[est] effect would be a cloister,
 Perhaps to kill me too : but that's impossible—
 I cannot die so long as Plangus loves me.
 Yet say this piece of earth should play the coward,
 And fall at some unlucky stroke,
 Love would transport my better half to its centre
 [In] Plangus' heart, and I should live in him.
 But, sir, you have a fame to lose, which should be
 A prince's only care and darling : which
 Should have an eternity beyond his life :
 If he should take that from you, I should be
 Killed indeed.

PLAN. Why dost thou use
 These arguments to bid me go,
 Yet chain me to thy tongue, while the angel-like
 Music of thy voice, ent'ring my thirsty ears,
 Charms up my fears to immobility ?
 'Tis more impossible for me to leave thee
 Than for this carcase to quoit¹ away its gravestone,
 When it lies destitute of a soul t' inform it.
 Mariners might with far greater ease
 Hear whole shoals of Sirens singing,
 And not leap out to their destruction,
 Than I forsake so dangerous a sweetness.

AND. I will be dumb then.

PLAN. I will be deaf first. I have thought
 a way now,
 I'll run from hence, and leave my soul behind me.
 It shall be so—and yet it shall not neither :
 What ! shall a husband banish a prince his house

¹ [Old copy, *quait*.]

For fear? A husband! 'tis but an airy title;
 I will command there shall be no such thing,
 And then Andromana is mine, or his,
 Or any man's she will herself. These ceremonies
 Fetter the world, and I was born to free it.
 Shall man, that noble creature, be afraid
 Of words, things himself made? Shall sounds,
 A thing of seven small letters, give check
 T'a prince's will?

AND. Did you not promise me, dear sir?
 Have you not sworn, too, you would not stay
 beyond the time?
 Have oaths no more validity with princes?
 Let me not think so.

PLAN. Come, I will go; thou shalt not ask in
 vain.

But let us kiss at parting; it may be
 Our last, perhaps—
 I cannot now move one foot, though all the furies
 Should whip me forward with their snakes.
 Woman, thou stol'st my heart—just now thou
 stol'st it.

A cannon bullet might have kiss'd my lips,
 And left me as much life.

[*The KING, having listened, comes in softly.*
 Are we betray'd?

What art? speak, or resolve to die.

KING. A well-wisher of the prince's.

PLAN. The king? It cannot be! [*He starts.*

KING. Though thou hast thrown all nature off,
 I cannot what's my duty. Ungracious boy!
 Hadst been the offspring of a sinful bed,
 Thou might'st have claim'd adult'ry as inherit-
 ance;

Lust would have been thy kinsman,
 And what enormity thy looser life
 Could have been guilty of had found excuse

In an unnatural conception.
 Prythee, hereafter seek another father :
 Ephorbas cannot call him son that makes
 Lust his deity. Had I but known
 (But we are hoodwink'd still to all mischances)
 I should have had a son that would make it
 His study to embrace corruption, and
 Take delight in unlawful sheets. I would
 Have hugg'd a monster in mine arms
 Before thy mother. Good, O heavens !
 What will this world come to at last ?
 When princes, that should be the patterns
 Of all virtue, lead up the dance to vice !
 What shall we call our own, when our own
 wives
 Banish their faith, and prove false to us ?
 Have I with so much care promis'd myself
 So pleasing a spring of comfort, and are all
 Those blossoms nipp'd, and buds burnt up by th'
 fire
 Of lust and sin ?—
 Have I thus long labour'd against the billows,
 That did oppose my growing hopes,
 And must I perish in the haven's mouth ?
 No gulf but this to be devoured in ?
 Could not youth's inclination find out
 Another rock to split itself upon ?
 Hadst thou hugg'd drunkenness, the wit
 Or mirth of company might have excus'd it.
 Prodigality had been a sin a prince
 Might have been proud in compared to this.
 Or had thy greener years incited thee
 To treason and attempt a doubting father's
 crown,
 T' had been a noble vice. Ambition
 Runs through the veins of princes ; it brings
 forth

Acts [as] great as themselves and it ; spurs on
 To honour, and resolves great things.
 But this—this lechery is such a thing, sin is
 Too brave a name for it. A prince (I might say
 son,¹

But let that pass), and dare to show himself
 To nought but darkness and black chambers,
 Whose motions, like some planet, are all eccentric :
 Not two hours together in his own sphere,
 The court ?—but I am tame to talk thus ;
 Begone, with as much speed as a coward would
 Avoid his death ; and never more presume
 To look upon this woman, [upon] this whore :
 Thou lovest both thy eyes and me else.

[PLANGUS *is going out, but comes again.*

PLAN. [O] sir, the reverence that I owe my
 father,

And the injury I have done this gentlewoman,
 Had charm'd me up to silence ; but I must
 Speak something for her honour :
 When I have done, command me to the altar.
 Whilst (I confess) you tainted me with sin,
 I did applaud you, and condemn myself—
 It looked like a father's care—but when
 You us'd that term of whore to her that stands
 there,

I would have given ten thousand kingdoms,
 You had had no more relation to me
 Than hath the northern to the southern pole. I
 should

Have flown to my revenge swifter than lightning.
 But I forbear ; and pray, imagine not
 What I had done——

KING. Upon my life, she's very handsome.

[*Aside.*

¹ [Edits., *my son.*]

PLAN. To be a whore is more unknown to her,
Than what is done in the Antipodes ;
She is so pure she cannot think a sin,
Nor ever heard the name to understand it.

KING. No doubt, these private meetings were
to read

Her moral lectures, and teach her chastity !

PLAN. Nay, give me leave, sir. I do not say
My addresses have been all so virtuous ;
For whatsoever base desires a flaming
Beauty could kindle in a heart, were all alive
In me, and prompted me to seek some ease
By quenching burnings hotter than Ætna.
Imagine but a man that had drunk mercury,
And had a fire within his bones,
Whose blood was hotter than the melted ore !
If he should wish for drink, nay, steal it too,
Could you condemn him ?

EPH. Marri'd, do they say ? [*Aside.*

PLAN. I did endure a heat seas could not cool ;
It would have kill'd a salamander.
Then, taught both impudence and wit,
I singled out my foe, us'd all the arts
That love could think upon, and in the end
Found a most absolute repulse.

KING. Well, Plangus, youth excuses the first
fault ;
But a relapse exceeds all pardon.

[*Exeunt KING and PLANGUS.*

SCENE IV.

AND. Curs'd be old age, and he that first]
Number'd fourscore !
What devil has betray'd us to a doating fool ?
Did I but now promise myself, what hopes

Ambitious thoughts could reach ; and shall I sink
Down to my first foundation without the pleasure
of

A tasted greatness ? Death and disgrace !
I dare provoke the utmost of your malice,
After the sweetness of some sharp revenge.

Enter LIBACER in haste.

LIB. Madam, my master.

AND. You may both hang together.

LIB. Why, this it is, if a man should kill his
father

For you, he should be thus rewarded ; as soon as
Your turn's served, I may be hang'd that did it.

AND. Since he is dead, how was it done ?

LIB. Why, nothing ; only as he was taking
water

At the Rialto, his foot slipp'd a little,
And he came tumbling in the sea ;
Whence he was taken up, but not alive.

AND. Heav'n prospers not these courses,
I see it plainly ; let them be acted with as much
closeness,

Or to what end soever, they never thrive. Li-
bacer,

We are undone, undone ; the king hath found
His son here, and I have lost him to eternity.

LIB. You women are the shallowest creatures ;
You never look beyond the present.
Rome was not built in one day, madam ;
Greatness is never sweet that comes too easily.
Should Plangus be a fool now, and obey his
father—

Pox o' this virtue, it spoils most men living.
We have hopes yet : revenge is something ;
And if my old trade fail not.

Princes are mortal as well as other men ;
 Yet my soul inspires me with half a confidence
 That Leon hath not died in vain. I use to see
 As far into mischief as another : I'll go to him,
 And if I bring him not within this half hour,
 As hot and eager on the scent as e'er he was,
 Take me and hang me at my coming home—
 Madam, here is a messenger from court.

[*As he is going out he meets ARTESIO.*

AND. If from thence, I may be bold to ask
 How Plangus, the noblest prince alive, doth ?

ART. Madam, as well as soldiers can
 That are sick for honour ; I suppose by this time
 H' hath left the court, and is gone in quest for
 glory,
 Which h' intends to ravish from young Argo's
 brow,
 The valiant leader of the Argives' army.

AND. I'm confident then, sir,
 Your business is not to me ; if anybody else
 Hath sent you, sir, be pleas'd to spare the message,
 And tell them, I neither have learned the tricks
 O' th' court, nor yet intend it ; I want no new
 gowns,
 And have heard men forswear themselves
 In better language and to better purpose
 Than gaining of a lady's honour.

ART. Madam, my business is from the king,
 Who doth entreat you would be pleas'd to bless
 The court this afternoon with your fair presence,
 And bring an answer ; I must not stay for one.

[*Exit ARTESIO.*

AND. Now we do see an end of all our mis-
 chiefs ;
 The prince hath gone from court, and the king
 Hath sent for us. Doth not the name
 Strike terror to thy curdling blood ?

LIB. No, by my troth, not at all.
 As far as I see, you're better than you were.
 I'll lay my life the old man would turn gamester.
 Take my counsel, play deep, or not at all :
 Not an ace under a kingdom. Your grace,
 I hope, will remember your poor friends.

AND. If I do find any such thing,
 Let me alone to melt his ice.
 Go, get me mourning with all haste.

[*Exit* LIBACER.]

Let froward Fortune do her worst ; I shall
 Create my greatness, or attempting fall :
 And when I fall, I will deserve my ruin. [*Exit.*]

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter PLANGUS, NICETES, ARAMNES.

NIC. What, sir, and are you melancholy, when
 fate

Hath shower'd a happiness so unexpected on us ?
 This ugly, sneaking peace is the soldier's rock
 He splits his fortunes on. Bawdry's a virtue to't.
 Pox o' these beaver hats, they make one's head
 ache

Worse than a cap of steel : and bear not off a
 knock

The tenth part so well.

PLAN. You're mad for fighting, gentlemen,
 And we shall have enough of it.
 The Argives, fifty thousand strong,
 Have like a whirlwind borne down all before 'em ;
 And I, with thirteen thousand, that remain
 Undisbanded of the last expedition,
 Have command to fight that multitude
 Of old tough soldiers : while ours,

In a month or two, won't have pick'd up that
valour

That in this idle time hath slipp'd from them.

They have forgot what noise a musket makes ;

And start if they but hear a drum.

Are these fellows either enow, or fit,

On whom a kingdom's safety should be built ?

Indeed, were they to encounter some mistress,

Or storm a brothel-house, perhaps they'd venture ;

But for my part I yield ; nor would I oppose my
father :

If he sees good we perish, I am already

Sacrific'd ; yet our enemies shall dearly purchase

Their victory. Pray look to your charge, Nicetes,

And you, Aramnes, with all care and speed ; and
when

You come into the field, then let me see

This countenance, that frowning smile, and I

Shall like it : I love a man runs laughing

Upon death. But we lose time in talk.

[*Exeunt* NICETES and ARAMNES.]

SCENE II.

Enter INOPHILUS.

INO. Your servant, captains. Sir, pray a word
with you.

PLAN. Prythee, be short, Inophilus ; thou
know'st

My business.

INO. Sir, I am mad to see your tameness :

A man bound up by magic is not so still as you ;

Nothing was ever precipitated thus,

And yet refus'd to see its ruin.

PLAN. Thou art tedious, I shall not tarry.

INO. You are made general.

PLAN. I know it.

INO. Against the Argives.

PLAN. So.

INO. With thirteen thousand men, no more, sir.

PLAN. I am glad on't, the honour is the greater.

INO. The danger is the greater; you will be
kill'd, sir,

And lose your army.

PLAN. Is this all? I care not.

INO. But so do I, and so do all your friends.

I smell a rat, sir; there's juggling in this busi-
ness;

I am as confident of it as I am alive.

The king might within this twenty-four hours

Have made a peace on fair conditions.

PLAN. But dishonourable.

INO. And would not—

On a sudden useth the ambassadors scurvily,

And provokes the Argives, yet himself

In no posture of defence.

PLAN. But—

INO. Pray give me leave, sir.

After this, you are on a sudden created general,

And pack'd away with a crowd of unhewn fellows,

Whose courage hangs as loose about them

As a slut's petticoats. Sir, he had other spirits

In the court created for such perils.

Excuse me, I know you fear not to meet destruc-
tion;

But where men are sure to perish,

'Twere well the persons were of less concernment.

He might have let you stay'd till you had gather'd

An army fit for your command, and sent

Some petty things upon this expedition

Whose loss would have been nothing, and of whom

It might have been recorded in our story
 As an honour, that they died monuments
 Of the king's folly. But let that pass ;
 You'll say perhaps, you only have a spirit
 Fit for such undertakings ? I wish you had not ;
 Your want then would not be half so grievous.
 But here is the prodigy ! you must fight them pre-
 sently.

Come, 'tis a project put into the king's head
 By some who have a plot on you and him.

PLAN. It may be so, Inophilus, and I believe
 All this is true you tell me, and 't might startle
 A man were less resolv'd than I.
 But danger and I have been too long acquainted
 To shun a meeting now ; I am engaged, and
 Cannot any ways come off with reputation.
 Hadst told me this before, perhaps I might
 Have thought on't ; and yet I should not neither.
 If the king thinks I am grown dangerous,
 It is all one to me which way he takes
 Me from his fears. He could not do it
 Handsomer than thus ; it makes less noise now—
 But come, I must not fear such things, Inophilus :
 The king hath more virtue and honour than
 To do these actions, fit only for guilty souls ;
 Nor must I fear, when my Inophilus fights by
 me.

INO. Troth, sir, for all your compliment, if
 you've
 No valour but what owes itself to my company,
 you're like
 To make cold breakfast of your enemies :
 I have other business than to throw away
 My life, when there is so much odds against it :
 I'll stay at home, and pray for you, that's all,
 sir.

PLAN. How ! wilt not go then, Inophilus ?

INO. The time hath been, I thought it better sport
 To bustle through a bristly grove of pikes ;
 When I have courted rugged danger with
 Hotter desires than handsome faces,
 And thought no woman half so beautiful
 As bloody gaping wounds :

But, sir,

To go and cast away myself now would not
 Be gallant, nor an action worth my envy :
 'Tis weakness to make those that seek my ruin
 Laugh at my folly,
 With jaws stretch'd wider than the gulf that swal-
 lows us.

I know when honour calls me, and when treason
 counterfeits

Her voice.

PLAN. Well, stay at home and freeze,
 And lose all sense of glory in
 A mistress' arms. Go, perish tamely, drunk
 With sin and peace ; and may'st thou, since thou
 dar'st

Not die with them,

Outlive thy noble friends.

INO. I thank you, sir, but I cannot be angry.

SCENE III.

*Enter NICETES and ARAMNES, with some Captains
 and Soldiers.*

NIC. Yonder's the bones o' th' army ralli'd up
 Together, but they look'd rather as if
 They came home from being soundly beaten.
 Methinks such tatter'd rogues should never con-
 quer,

Victory would look so scurvily among 'em,
 They'd so bedaub her if she wore clean linen.

CAPT. Sir, we wear as sound hearts in these torn
 breeches,
 As e'er a courtier of them all.
 We are not afraid of spoiling our hands for want
 Of gloves, nor need we almond-butter, when
 We go to bed. And though my lieutenant
 Is pleased to be a little merry, you
 Shall see us die as handsomely in these old clothes
 As those wear better, and become our wounds
 As well, and perhaps smell as sweet
 When we are rotten.

PLAN. We hope it.
 Captains and fellow-soldiers, we are proud
 Of this occasion to try your valours ;
 You shall go no farther than your prince doth,
 I'll be no bringer up of rears. Let not
 The number of the foe affright you,
 The more they are, the more will the honour be.
 The lion scorns to prey upon a hare,
 Nor is the blinking taper fit to try eagles' eyes.
 The weight of glory makes our danger light.
 When victory comes easily, 'tis half
 A shame to conquer. [*Soldiers shout, and exeunt.*]

INO. I'll stay at home, and grieve, that so many
 Daring souls should die on such advantage.

[*Exit* INOPHILUS.]

SCENE IV.

Enter the KING solus.

KING. Her husband dead too ! Fates, let me
 die,
 I am too happy to remain long thus
 Without a ruin, great as the height I fell from.
 Plangus was my only obstacle ; but him I have
 Removed. But love commanded :

His presence would have countermanded all attempts ;
 I need not fear his magic at this distance.
 His looks and actions were one entire enchantment,
 All¹-powerful over a lady's heart.
 I sent for her ; but she's not come yet.
 Who waits without ?

Enter ARTESIO.

ART. There's a mourning lady, sir,
 Would speak with the king.
 KING. Admit her, and begone.

SCENE V.

Enter ANDROMANA in mourning, with a hood over her face, which she throws up when she sees the KING.

KING. So riseth Phœbus from the gloomy night,
 While pale-fac'd Dian maketh haste to hide
 Her borrow'd glory in some neighb'ring cloud,
 Envyng the beauty of the new-born day,
 When darkness crowds into the other world.
 Madam, why kneel you ? You, at whose name
 monarchs [*She kneels.*
 Themselves might tremble, and mortals bow
 With reverence great as they pay to altars :
 Sceptres should break in pieces and adore you ;
 At whose sight the sun and moon should blush
 Themselves to blood and darkness, and falling

¹ [Edits., *And.*]

From their sphere, crush the audacious world to
atoms,

For daring to behold a lustre so much greater
Than their own.

AND. Sir, give me leave to wonder
What sin I have committed, which calling
Down the vengeance of the gods,
Hath made me author of all this blasphemy.
Sir, I beseech your majesty, if you are angry
With your creature, speak some cruel word and
blast me.

Scorn me not into the other world, where I have
Sins enough of my own to blush for, and shall not
need

To dye his cheeks for other men's offences.

KING. Lady, though Parthian darts are not so
sharp

As are those killing words ; yet that breath, which
Utters them is sweeter than the morning dew.
I'll be dumb, for praises cannot add, but rather
Diminish Andromana's worth.

AND. I wonder now no longer at this language,
'Tis such as kings are bred in.

But I beseech you, sir, if there be aught
You will command your servant—if Andromana
Must do or suffer anything for great Ephorbas,
Lay by yourself a minute, and remember
A merchant's wife must hear you.

KING. Your husband Leon's dead, I hear, lady—

[*She weeps.*]

Nay, spare those pearls, madam ; cast not away
Such treasure upon the memory of one
Who, if the best of men, deserves them not.
Come, come, forget these sorrows, lady,
And wear not mourning weeds before the world's
Destruction ; hide not those fair eyes, whose splen-
dour

Would enrich our court. Madam, though none
 There be in court can merit such a beauty,
 Yet I myself have taken pains to search
 A husband for you : what think you of myself ?

AND. Great sir, your care is, like yourself, all
 noble ;

But suits with me no better
 Than Phœbus' horses did with Phaeton,
 Ruin'd the world and him. First, sir, you do
 Debase yourself to honour her, whose worth
 Is less considerable than lovers' oaths :
 My husband's ashes are scarce cold yet,
 And would your majesty have me forsake
 My honour and his memory so soon ? I have
 Not paid oblations due to's ashes yet.

KING. You compliment away the worth we
 know
 You have, Andromana : what say you to the
 prince ?

AND. I say he is the prince, and great Ephor-
 bas' son ;
 He's Plangus : and if you think there yet re-
 mains

A title that can be either better or greater,
 I think him worthy of it.

KING. But dost [thou] think him worthy Andro-
 mana ?

AND. O heavens ! Is Jove worth heav'n,
 Or doth the sun deserve to be a light
 To all the world ? Can virtue deserve honour,
 Or labour riches ? Can gods merit altars ?
 It might have been a puzzling question
 To them whose ears have not been bless'd
 With Plangus' worth. But this is so below
 him——

KING. But say he loves thee ?

AND. I dare not say so :

For when I think a prince pretends to such poor things

As I am, I feel an ice runs through my veins,
And my blood curdles into flakes of snow,
And bids me fear him—not with an awe or reverence,

But as a spotted sinful thing, which is
The worse for being great. 'Tis such a fear,
As I should conceive 'gainst an armed ravisher.

KING. These things may be expected, lady, I confess,

From blood that boils in flames hot as the sun
In scorching Libra, or sturdy Hercules,
When he unmaiden'd fifty in one night ;
But from a man whose years have tam'd those vices,

Whose love is dotage and not lust,
Who doth adore a handsome virtue, and pays
His vows to't, you should have other hopes.
Plangus is young, a soldier, and by consequence
Something which youth excuses. But Ephorbas
Hath left these toys behind him, when he shook off
His youth.

AND. Sir, now my fears are out. O virtue !
Are there just pow'rs which men adore, and throw
Away their pray'rs upon, that lend their eyes
To human actions ? or was the name of heaven
Invented to still petty sinners ?

Sir, sure, I am mistaken,
You are not great Ephorbas, sir, whose virtue
Is a theme of wonder to all neighbour nations ;
Pray help me to him, I would see that angel ;
The kingdom's honour and [all] good men's sanctuary.

But if you are the man, whom I have pray'd for
Oft'ner than I have slept ; pray, sir, belie not
A virtue which I've hitherto admired.

KING.

I see

You are a stranger, lady—give me leave
 To say so—to Ephorbas ;
 But if a lady of thy melting years
 Can love this greyness, I vow my sceptre,
 Throne, kingdom, and myself are thine ;
 Thou'rt fit to be a queen. *[She starts back.*

AND. A queen ! sir, have your subjects anger'd
 you ?

Have they rebell'd, or done some sin that wants
 A name ? I'll cleave to the pavement, till I have
 begg'd

A vengeance great as their crime ; but this
 You mention is a punishment, which your subjects
 Must study years to curse you for ; no sin
 Deserves it. You would blind my eyes with
 throwing gold

Before 'em,

Or set me up so high on the steep pinnacle
 Of honour's temple, that you would have me not be
 Able to look down on my own simplicity.

You can create me great, I know, sir,
 But good you cannot. You might compel,
 Entice me too, perhaps, to sin. But

Can you allay a gnawing conscience,
 Or bind up bleeding reputation ?

I did never hear that physic could afford
 A remedy for a wounded honour.

EPH. Thou'rt a fool, Andromana. You must be
 mine.

Consider on't.

AND. You may command your vassal.

KING. That's kindly said.

AND. But—I humbly take my leave ;
 Goodness protect you !

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter RINATUS, EUBULUS, and ARAMNES.

EPH. Wait on that lady forth.

RIN. Would there were not a woman in the world,

So we had our prince again ! Sir, are you mad ?
Or have forgot you are a father ? You
Have undone us all.

EPH. Why, what's the matter ?

RIN. O sir, the prince——

EPH. He is not dead, Rinatus, is he ?

RIN. Sir, if he be, 'tis you have murder'd him :
Was it for this you were so jealous t'other day ?

May my Inophilus never pretend to virtue,
I'll teach him a more thriving art.

Come to the window a little, sir, and hear
How the good people curse you. As cold weather
As it is, some are so hard at it, they sweat again.

EPH. Prythee, unriddle ; hast thou drunk
hemlock,

Since I saw thee last ?

RIN. I would not be in my wits for anything
I' th' world ; my grief would kill me if I were.

He's mad that will speak sense or reason,
Now you have thrown away our prince thus :
Whose innocence was clearer than his own eyes :
Can you think how you have murder'd so much
virtue,

And not blush yourself to death ?

EPH. I think indeed I sent him general
Against the Argives ; but—'twas his own desire.

RIN. 'Twas not his own desire, sir, to have
But thirteen thousand men, sir, was it ?
Was that army fit to oppose great Argo ?

There came a messenger just now, that saw
The prince not sixteen miles from hence
(For thither is the foe marched) draw up his men
T' engage the enemy.

EPH. For heav'n's sake,
Rinatus, post him back again, bid him retreat ;
Command my son from me
Not to go on till greater forces follow him.
If it be possible, redeem the error ;
I'd give my kingdom, life, or anything,
It were to do again.

RIN. I am glad to see this now ;
Heav'n send it be n't too late !

EPH. Nay, stand not prating. [*A horn within.*]

RIN. 'Tis from the army, sir. O heaven, I fear !

EPH. If from the army, prythee, put on better
looks.

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. Your son—nay more, your dying son—
Commanded me to bring you word,
He died true to his honour, king, and countrymen ;
Nor let me stay to see the brightest lamp
Go out, that ever grac'd this orb.

[*The KING faints.*]

RIN. O heaven, the king ! why this is worse, sir,
Than the other ; let us not lose you both.

EPH. Let me but hear how 'twas he made his
exit,
And then my glass is run : I will not live
One minute longer.

MES. Sir, thus it was——
'Tis scarce three hours ago, since the brave Plangus
Marched from Lixa with an army,
Whose souls were richer than their clothes by far,
Though their valour had put on all the bravery

That soldiers ever wore. The prince, whose presence
Breathed new fire into these flaming spirits,
Resolv'd to meet the enemy with his handful,
And with a winged speed fell down to th' Elean
Straits,
Determining to try it with him there.¹ His soldiers
also,
True sons of war, contemning so great odds,
When victory and their country was to crown
The conquerors, whetted their eager valours
With impatient expectation of the enemy
Who, trusting to his multitude, came on
Wing'd both with scorn and anger to see, that
paucity
Should dare dispute victory against their odds.
Plangus who, though he saw, yet could not fear
Destruction, and scorn'd to avoid it,
When the king commanded him to meet it,
Marshall'd his army to the best advantage,
And having given Zopiro the left wing,
The body to Evarnes, himself chose out the right ;
Because he would be opposite to Argo.
And keeping a reserve, as great as could be hop'd
for
From so small a company—not above five hundred
men,
He gave the command of them to Zenon,
Who with his fellows took it ill they should
Be so long idle, and had not the honour
To be thought worthy
To die with the most forward, and would, no
question,
Have refused the charge ; but that the smiling
Prince promis'd them they should have time to die.

¹ [Edits., *There to try it with him.*]

Words here were useless, nor had he time to use them.

RIN. What, was Inophilus idle all this while?

MES. I only heard the prince wish, just as he Spurred his horse against the valiant Argo, He had fewer by a thousand men : So he had Inophilus.

RIN. O traitorous boy!

MESS. The prince and Argo met ; and like Two mighty tides encountered. Here death Put on her sable livery, and the two gallants, Whose valour animated each army, bandied a long time

With equal force, till at last Great Argo fell.

And, on a sudden, multitudes of men Accompani'd him, so that the wing Went presently to rout and execution. Zopiro also and Evarnes, having slain Their opposite leaders, breath'd death and destruction

To their reeling foes. Thus flush'd With victory and blood, th' Iberians revell'd Th[rough] the flying field, till there came on The enemy's reserve of twenty thousand men, Who, fresh and lusty, grinded their teeth for anger At their fellows' overthrow, and pouring on Our weary soldiers, turn'd the stream of victory. But the prince's valour and good fortune soon O'ercame this opposition, and having rallied His broken troops, went to relieve his friends, Who had far'd worse ; when presently he saw Evarnes, who had pil'd up enemies about him, As an obelisk of his own death and victory, Fall bleeding at his foot, and having kiss'd it With his dying lips, entreated him to save Himself for a more happy day, and died.

'Twas not long after the gallant Zenon
Who had perform'd that day deeds of eternal
fame,

And with his few, spite of opposition, thrice
charg'd

And routed some thousands of the enemy,
Expir'd ; which when the prince beheld,
Weeping for anger, he flew amongst his enemies,
Sustain'd only by the greatness of his courage,
For blood and strength had both forsook him ;
He spent that spark of life was left in him,
In slaughter and revenge, when leaning on
His weapon's point, that dropp'd with blood as
fast

As he, he then conjur'd me with all speed
Only to tell the king I saw him
Die worthy of his father and himself.

[*A horn without. A shout.*

EPH. O heaven ! what mean these acclama-
tions ? What, do

[*A shout again.*

The Iberians welcome their bloody conquerors
With so much joy ?

SCENE VII.

*Enter PLANGUS, INOPHILUS, and ZOPIRO,
Captains.*

EPH. O, O !

[*He faints.*

RIN. O cowardly boy ! for that base word in-
cludes

All baseness, doth not shame kill thee,
Or fear chill thy dastard blood to an ice,
At sight of that most noble injur'd ghost ?
'Tis well, dear Plangus (if thy divinity deserve not
A more lasting name) that thou art come
To take revenge on that most traitorous son,

In's father's presence, who detests his baseness
More than thyself can do——

PLAN. Excuse us, dear Rinatus,
That wonder froze to such a silence,
If when we expected such a welcome
As had that Roman son whose mother died
For joy to see him, we found so cold
An entertainment, something made us look'd upon
So like an inconvenience, that we could
Not but put on some small amazement.

EPH. And do I hear thee speak again,
And see thee, or only dream a happiness,
Whose reality stars and my genius deny me?
Or art thou Plangus' angel, come to rouse
Me from despair?

PLAN. Sir, pray, believe it; and be not
Backward in th' entertainment of these soldiers,
If you esteem't a happiness; in a word,
You are a conqueror: and th' audacious Argives
Have paid their lives as sacrifices
To your offended sword.

EPH. A messenger of comfort to a despairing
lover
Is a less acceptable thing than this thy presence;
If what yon fellow told me were untruth,
Thy welcome sight hath amply made amends
For those tormenting fears he put me to.
But if it were not, let me know what chance
Redeem'd you?

PLAN. If you have heard how things then went,
when I
Sent away that messenger——

EPH. Yes, I have heard it.

PLAN. Then know, when death and our own
fates had sworn
Our ruin, and we, like some strong wall that long
Resists the iron vomits of the flaming cannon,

At last shakes itself into a dreadful ruin
 To those who throw it down ; so had the Iberians,
 With valour great as the cause they fought for,
 Strove with a noble envy, who should first ¹
 Outgo his fellow in slaughtering the Argives :
 At last, oppress'd with multitude and toil,
 We sunk under the unequal burden ;
 Then was our emulation chang'd, and who before
 Strove to outdo each other, now eagerly contended
 To run the race of death first. Sir, there it was
 I (and many other braver captains) fell,
 Being one wound from head to foot. O, then
 It was Inophilus came in,
 With about twenty other gallants, and with what
 speed
 The nimble lightning flies from east to west,
 Redeem'd this bleeding trunk, which the
 Insulting Argive had encompass'd,
 Blown up with victory and pride ; he with
 A gallantry like none but great Inophilus,
 Being bravely back'd by his own soldiers,
 Whose actions spoke them more than men, had
 not
 Inophilus been by, redeem'd the honour
 Of a bleeding day. And thus are ² [now] our
 troops,
 As little in number ³ as their valour great,
 Enrich'd with victory, blood, and jewels,
 Of which the opposite army wanted no store,
 Return'd with the renown of an achievement,
 As full of glory and honour to the conquerors,
 As ruin to the Argives.
 INO. My liege,
 Had this action and my merit been so great
 As our prince would make it, I then might

¹ [Old copy, *at first.*] ² [Edits., *were.*] ³ [Edits., *now.*]

Own it, and expect reward.—
 But it was so small, so much below my duty,
 That I must, upon my knees, beg pardon
 That I came no sooner.

EPH. This is a prodigy
 Beyond whatever yet was wrote in story.
 Inophilus, we have been too backward
 In cherishing thy growing virtue, we will
 Hereafter mend it.
 And, dear Rinatus, be proud of thy brave son,
 And let the people honour the remaining army;
 We shall esteem it as a favour done to us.
 We have a largess for your valorous captains,
 You have not fought in vain.
 This day let our court put on its greatest jollity,
 And let none wear a discontented brow;
 For where a frown is writ, we'll think it reason
 To say, that face hath characters of treason.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter PLANGUS and INOPHILUS.

INO. But, sir, when you consider she's a
 woman—

PLAN. O dear Inophilus!
 Let earth and heav'n forget there are such
 things;
 Or if they ever name them, let it be
 With a curse heavy as are the ills they act. A
 mandrake's note
 Would ring a better peal of music in my ears,
 Than those two syllables pronounc'd again.

INO. Pray, sir, put off this humour,
 This peevish pet, and reason tamely. Sir,

You've lost a wench, and will you therefore lose
Yourself too? Hear me but patiently a word.¹

PLAN. Prythee, go teach the galley-slaves that
word,
Things that dare own no thought beyond their
chains,

And stand in fear of whipping and wanting bread.
Bid them be tame and patient that fry in sulphur:
'Tis a word I've forsworn to know the mean-
ing of;

Or if I must, 'tis but to shun it, and hate it more.
O, were thy wrongs as great as mine, Inophilus,
Or didst thou love but half so well as Plangus,
Thou wouldst instil into me the poison of revenge,
And puff me up with thought of vengeance
Till I did burst, and, like a breaking cloud,
Spread a contagion on those have injur'd me.

INO. Why, this were handsome in some coun-
try-fellow,

Whose soul is dirty as the thing he's mad for:
'Twere pretty in a lady that had lost her dog;
[Her dog;] but——

PLAN. I know what thou wouldst say—
But for Plangus. O, 'tis for none but him to
Be so. Those that have injur'd me are persons
I once held dearer than my eyes; but how much
Greater was my love, so much more is th' offence;
Wounds from our friends are deepest.

Had any but my father—and yet methinks
That name should have protected me; or was it
Made only to secure offenders?

My life was his, he gave it me: my honour, too,
I could have parted with; but, 'las, my love
Was none of mine, no more than vows made to

¹ [Edits., *word or two*, which seems to be a redundancy,
both in the metre and sense.]

A deity and not perform'd. And for that creature,
Who must be lost for ills, through which I must
Make way to my revenge—

Had she betray'd my honour to anything
But him that gave me being, she had made
Me half amends, in that my way to vengeance
Had been open. Now I am spurr'd forward
To revenge by fury, and yet held in by the rein
Of a foolish piety, that doth no man good
But them that use it not.

'Tis like the miser's idol, it yielded him
No gold till he had broke the head off.
Nay, Inophilus, one secret more,
And the horror of it blow thee from earth to
heaven,

Where there are no such things as women :

'Twill turn thy soul the inside outward :

I cannot get it out. Prythee what is't, Inophilus?

INO. Alas, I know not, sir.

PLAN. Do but imagine the worst of ills
Earth ever groan'd under; a sin nothing but
woman,

Nay, such a woman as Andromana, durst think on;
And it is that.

INO. How revenge transports you!
Princes have lost their mistresses before,
Nay, and to those have not such right to them,
As hath Ephorbas to what Plangus hath.
Who could command her, if not Ephorbas?

PLAN. But I have—O Inophilus, I burst—
Yet it will out—dost thou not see it here?

[*Unbuttons his doublet.*

O, I have known Andromana as
Ephorbas did last night.—

INO. Why, sir,
The sin done by your father is not yours,
If you could not help it.—

PLAN. Why, there it is :

'Tis that which gnaws me here.

But I swore by all the gods that she was

As innocent from my unclean embraces as is

The new-fall'n snow, or ermines that will meet

Ten deaths before one spot: I made my father
think

The thoughts of angels were less innocent than she.

No, it was I betray'd him ; his virtue was too great

To¹ have suspected it. How do I look, Inophilus ?

INO. Like some bless'd man that, griev'd for
others' sins,

Could,² out of a good nature, part with half

His own whiteness to purge the others' stains.

PLAN. Now thou soothest, and, like some flat-
tering glass,

Present'st me to advantage. I am, in short,

One born to make Iberia unhappy.

Had I as black a face as is my soul, you would

Find in respect of it Ægyptians were snow-white.

Methinks I hear Heaven tell me I am slow,

And it is time I had begun revenge.

Ephorbas has done him wrong, who lov'd him

More than heaven or his happiness, and would

Have run out of the world to have left him

Free [to] whatever he would lay claim to, but
Andromana—

Nay, she also had been

His, so it could have been without a sin.

But she knew the sin she acted, and yet did it ;

And [yet she] lives free from the stroke of thunder!

Is there such a thing as heaven, or such a one

As Justice dwells there ? and can I ask the ques-
tion ?

O, the tameness of a conscience loaded with sin,

¹ [Edits., *not to.*]

² [Edits., *and could.*]

Which reasons and talks, when it should do !
 But I will be reveng'd, and thus I begin. Ino-
 philus, [*He draws.*]
 Be sure, when I am dead, to meet my ghost,
 And do as that instructs thee. 'Twill tell all the
 particulars

Of my revenge, who must die first, who last, and
 What way too. I have my lesson perfect.

[*He leans the pommel on the ground to fall on
 it: INOPHILUS kicks it by with his foot.*]

INO. Is this the revenge befits great Plangus?

PLAN. Had this been done two days ago, thou
 durst

As well have met the lightning naked
 As have opposed my will thus. [*He draws.*]

INO. Hear me ;

Ask me no questions, nor answer me ; or if you do,
 By Heav'n, I'll never speak more. It is revenge
 You'd have, and 'tis a great one, a very noble one,
 To kill yourself ! Be confident, your greatest foes
 Wish nothing more.

When after-ages come to hear your story,
 What will they say ? Just as they did of Cato :
 He durst not look great Cæsar in the face—
 So Plangus was afraid, and died.

A very pretty story, and much to a man's credit :
 For shame, dear Plangus (let friendship use that
 title) :

Show your great soul the world believes you're
 master of—

And I dare swear you are in this action.

Nay, rally up yourself, and fight it stoutly.

Shake from your mind revenge, and having laid

That passion by, put on that virtue the world

Admires in you ; 'tis now the time to show it.

The sun, broke from a cloud, doubles his light ;

And fire, the more resisted, flames more bright.

Andromana has injur'd you ; scorn her, therefore,
As though¹ she had done nothing ; I'd not do her
the favour

To have one thought of her, or could be troubled
At that she did. As for your father, sir,
Besides the tie of nature, he knows not
He hath wrong'd you : or if he doth,
'Tis love that caus'd him ;
A word that once made an excuse with Plangus
For what offence soever.

PLAN. Thou hast wrought upon me,
And I am resolved to live a day or two more :
But if I like it not—well, I'll go try
To sleep a little ; perhaps that may—I am
Strangely melancholy : prythee, lie down by me,
Inophilus, I'm safe while in thy company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter PLANGUS, as from sleep.

PLAN. Lord ! how this spirit of revenge still
haunts me,
And tempts me with such promis'd opportunity,
And magnifies my injuries ! Sometimes
It calls me coward, and tells me conscience,
In princes who are injur'd like myself,
Is but an excuse they find for what is in truth
Poorness of spirit or something baser.
It tells me 'tis a sin to be good, when all
The world is bad.
It makes me look upon myself, whilst wearing
This garb of virtue, like some old antiquary
In clothes that are out of fashion in Iberia.

¹ [Edits., *And shew.*]

But I will not yield to it : I know it is a greater
 glory
 To a man's self (and he that courts opinion
 Is of a vulgar spirit) to disobey than satisfy
 An appetite which I know is sinful.
 Good Heaven, guard me, how am I tempted

Enter ANDROMANA.

To put on my former temper ! but thus
 I fling it from me. [*Throws away his sword.*]

SCENE III.

AND. Why, how now, prince ? if you part with
 your darling
 So easily, there is small hopes but you
 Have thrown all love behind you.

PLAN. Heaven, how she's alter'd !
 I, that once swore Jove from the well-tun'd sphere
 Ne'er heard such harmony as I did when
 She spake : methinks I can now, in comparison
 Of her voice, count screech-owls' music,
 Or the croaking toad. [*Aside.*]

AND. Who is't you speak of, sir ?

PLAN. Tempt me not, madam, with another
 word ;
 For, by Heaven, you know I'm apt, being in-
 cens'd——

Wake not those wrongs, that bellow louder in
 My soul than wretches in the brazen bull, or Jove
 Who speaks in thunder ; those wrongs my good-
 ness

Had half laid aside—or if you do,
 I have a soul dares what you dare tempt me to.

AND. Sir, I must speak,

Though Jove forbad me with a flash of lightning.
 You think perhaps, sir, I have forgot my Plangus ?
 But, sir, I have infinitely injur'd you,
 And could not satisfy my conscience—if I
 Should say my love too, I should not lie—
 Till I had ask'd your pardon.

PLAN. Madam, the fault's forgiven and forgotten,
 Without you move me to remember't with
 A worse apology. Live and enjoy your sins
 And the angry gods. Nay, the severest plague
 I wish you is, that you may die
 Without one cross (for afflictions commonly teach
 Virtues to them that know them not while prosperous)
 Secure, without one thought or sense of a repentance.

AND. Methinks you have a steely temper on,
 to that
 Which the other day you wore, when you were
 More soft than down of bees. But, sir, if you
 But knew the reason why I've done the action
 Which you perhaps call treason to our loves,
 You would forbear such language.

PLAN. Reason !
 No doubt the man that robs a church, or profanes
 altars,
 Hath reason for what he doth : to satisfy your
 lust,
 You have that reason, madam.

AND. That I have loved you once,
 I call Heaven, my own heart, and you to witness ;
 Now, by that love, by all those vows have pass'd
 Betwixt us, hear me.

PLAN. O Heaven ! is that a conjuration !
 Things you have broke, with as much ease as politicians

Do maxims of religion ! But I will hear,
To know you and to hate you more. Speak on.

AND. You know whilst Leon liv'd, whose due
they were,
I out of love resign'd my love and honour
Unto your—

PLAN. Lust, madam.

AND. I know not, sir :
Your eloquence gave it that title then.
How many dangers walk'd I fearless through
To satisfy your pleasures, your very will—
Nay more, your word—nay, if I thought by sym-
pathy
A thought of yours, that I imagin'd you
Might blush to speak, I made it straight my
own,
And work'd and studied as much to put it into
act,
As doth a gamester upon loss to compass money.
At last we were betray'd, sir, to your father's
spies, who
Denied us afterwards those opportunities we
stole
Before, befriended by my husband's ignorance.
Now was I brought to that which is the worst of
ills,
A seeing, but not enjoying of that which I held
dearest.

To see you daily, and to live without you,
Was a death many degrees beyond my own.
I knew the love was great, so great
I durst not own it. Nay more, I knew
It was noble too, so noble, I knew
My husband being dead, you would not stick
To ask your father's leave for public marriage.

PLAN. Heaven and the gods can witness I
intended it.

AND. Nay, farther yet, I knew your father's love,
Which would not have denied you anything,
Would also have granted that.

PLAN. Madam, you riddle strangely.

AND. When I had
Forecast these easy possibilities, I yet
Foresaw one thing that crossed our designs—
That was a sense of honour I had in me.
Methought in honour I could not condescend
You should debase yourself so low. It pleas'd
me

Better to be your mistress than your queen ;
And stol'n embraces, without the scandal
Of a public eye, were sweeter than those
Which might bring upon me—for rising greatness
Is still envied—the rancour of the people,
And consequent distaste¹ against their prince.
Sir, now we may act safely what might have
Been less secure. Your father's name gives a pro-
tection——

Or, if that startle you, we'll call him husband !

PLAN. Are you in earnest ?

AND. As serious as love can be.

PLAN. Then I want words to tell you how I hate
you :

I would sooner meet Megæra 'tween a pair of
sheets.

And can you think I should have so small pity,
As to be false unto my father's bed ?
That I lov'd you once, I confess with shame ;
And that I should have done so still, had you
Preserv'd those flames, I think of now with horror.
But for those sins, and whatsoever else
I must repent, I shall no doubt have great

¹ [Edit. 1810 prints *Consequently distate.*]

Occasion, when I shall see th' kingdom
 Envelop'd in those swarms of plagues your sins
 Call down, and feel a share of them myself.
 For heaven's sake, madam ! for my father's sake,
 Nay, for my own, if that have any interest,
 Learn now at last a virtue, that may make us
 As happy as much as hitherto unfortunate,
 And render your story to posterity so burnish'd
 With your shining goodness, that their eyes may
 not

Perceive the error of your former years.
 Perhaps I then shall have a reverence for you,
 As great as any son hath for a father's wife.
 You wonder, lady, to see me talk thus different
 From what you saw me half an hour ago.
 I look'd upon myself as one that had lost
 A blessing. But heaven hath been happier to me ;
 For I am now so far from thinking you one,
 That I look upon you as a plague no sin
 Of good Ephorbas could deserve. But love
 To you——

AND. Sir !

PLAN. Answer me not in words, but deeds ;
 I know you always talk'd unhappily,¹
 And if your heart dare do what's ill,
 I know it can well teach your tongue excuses.
 [Exit PLANGUS.]

SCENE IV.

AND. And is my love then scorn'd ?
 The chaos of eternal night possess my breast,

¹ *Mischievously* or *wickedly*. . So in "All's Well that Ends Well," act iv. sc. 5—

"A shrewd knave and an *unhappy*."

See also Mr Steevens's note on "Henry VIII.," act i. sc. 4.

That it may not see to startle at any
 Undertakings, though they would make
 Medusa's snakes curl into rings for fear.
 If greatness have inspired me with thoughts
 Of a more brave revenge, they shall be acted.
 A husband's murder was such a puny sin,
 I blush to speak it ; but it was great enough
 For a merchant's wife : a queen must be more
 Daring in her revenge, nor must her wrath
 Be pacifi'd under a whole kingdom's ruin.

SCENE V.

Enter LIBACER.

My better genius, thou art welcome as
 A draught of water to a thirsty man :
 I ne'er had need of thee till now.
 Muster those devils dwell within thy breast,
 And let them counsel me to a revenge
 As great as is my will to act it.

LIB. Madam, leave words. The rest you take
 In breathing makes your anger cool. Out with it,
 And if I do it not ; if I startle at
 Any ill to do you service, though it be
 To kill my mother, let me be troubled with
 The plague of a tender conscience, and lie
 Sick of repentance a half year after.

AND. What need I tell thee more ?
 Plangus must die, and after him Ephorbas,
 Because he is his father.

LIB. Madam, he shall. But give me leave to
 ask you
 How he, for whom alone of all the world
 You had a passion, is now become

An object of your hatred so great, as others
Must die because they have relation to him ?

AND. The air is hot yet with those words I
proffer'd him

In satisfaction, and he refus'd it.

What need I speak ?

Is't safe that he should live knows so much by us ?

LIB. He had been happy had he never known
What virtue meant. I wonder that paltry thing
Is not banish'd earth, it ne'er did any good yet.

Beggary's a blessing to't ; who'er grew rich
By virtue ? Madam, we are not troubled with it.
But to our business :—I have thought a way.

You know his father loves him. 'Tis he shall ruin
him,

And let's alone for him.

AND. Pish ! pish ! that cannot be.

LIB. These women are always with their *cannots*.
What cannot be ? Have you but read
The *Sophy*,¹ you will find that Haly
(O, how I hug that fellow's name !) ruin'd
Great Mirza by his father, and his father by his
son.

That great politician, while all the court
Flam'd round about him, sat secure, and laugh'd,
Like those throw fireworks among the waving
people

That have nothing but fire and smoke about them,
And yet not singe one hair. Indeed he fell at
last,

'Tis true ; but he was shallow in that part o' th'
plot.

What have we his example [for] but to learn by
it ?

¹ A tragedy by Sir John Denham, acted at Black Friars,
and printed in folio, 1642.

Praise Plangus to Ephorbas then so far,
 That first he may fear for his kingdom ;
 And if you do proceed till he grew jealous of
 His bed, 'twill do the better.
 The king is coming, I must be gone.

[*Exit* LIBACER.]

SCENE VI.

Enter EPHORBAS.

EPH. How fares Andromana ?

I'm glad this greatness sits so well about thee ;
 My court was bless'd that hour I knew thee
 first.

We'll live and still grow happy ; we shall
 flourish

Like some spreading tree that shall never cease
 Till its proud height o'erlook the skies. I hope
 I bad fair for a boy to-night. How happy
 Should I count myself could I but leave
 My kingdom something that had thy image in't.

AND. Sir, never think

Iberia can be happy in another son,
 When such a prince as Plangus lives the heir,
 Who is the subject of all men's pray'rs—nay,
 The deserver too. There's not a man or woman
 In the kingdom hath one good wish within their
 breast

But they straight bestow it upon Plangus :—
 A prince whom mothers show their little children
 As something they should learn betime
 To worship and admire.

EPH. I know, Andromana ; but——

AND. Sir, virtue's perfection
 Is at the height in him. Whatever after
 Ages bear, or give the name of worth to,

Must, if compar'd to him, be but as foils
 To set his glory off the brighter.
 Nor are the men only thus taken with him ;
 There's not a lady in the land but sighs
 With passion for him, and dreams on him a-
 nights.

Husbands grow jealous of him, yet with joy
 That they are Plangus' rivals.

EPH. All this is nothing.

Men talk'd as loud of me when I was young.

AND. Yea, but they say, sir, you were
 Not half so mincing in your carriage, nor so ma-
 jestic.

Besides——

EPH. I hope they do not make comparisons.

[Starts.

AND. Sir, I thought we could not have dis-
 cours'd on a

More welcome theme than what is full of Plangus.

EPH. No more you cannot. Let him as a less
 star

Enjoy his splendour, but it must not be so great
 To darken me ; but, prythee, do they compare us
 then ?

AND. You're discompos'd, sir!--I have done.

EPH. Nay, nothing

But the remembrance of a foolish dream—what
 say they ?

AND. Why, sir, some went so far to say, they
 wonder'd

A lady of my years could marry the father,
 Though a king, when I might have had Plangus
 himself.

EPH. They did not ?

AND. Then I confess I blush'd, and had been
 out

Of temper, but that I thought it might be

The court fashion to talk boldly.

EPH. This story jump'd
Just with my dream to-night;¹ but methought I
saw

Him threat'ning to kill me 'cause thou hadst
married me——

But the young saucy boy shall know I hold
My sceptre strong enough to crush him into
atoms.

Did they not name Inophilus ?

AND. I think they did. He had some share
Of praises too ; but it was so as gleanings
To a loading cart, they sometimes fell beside.

EPH. Then I am satisfied. 'Tis an aspiring
youth : 'tis something

That unites Plangus and him so. I must
Be speedy in resolves. [*Exit* EPHORBAS.]

SCENE VII.

AND. Who waits without there ?

Enter LIBACER.

O, art thou come ? Stay, let me breathe, or
else——

LIB. Nay, spare your pains, I know it all ; I saw
him

Drink it with as great greediness as usurers
Do unthrifths' lands, or jealous husbands confirm
Their cuckoldships by ocular testimony.

AND. It took most rarely,
Beyond our hopes. I'll leave the rest to thee,

¹ [A very common phrase, in the sense of *accorded, agreed.*]

Thou art so fortunate in all designs. Go on and prosper.

LIB. And I'll attend for an opportunity to meet With Plangus, and betray him to ruin As great as unavoidable. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter EPHORBAS, *solus.*

EPH. For aught I know, my bed may be the next ;

Men are not bad by halves, nor doth one mischief Stop a man in his career of sin.

There's as much reason i' th' one as th' other.

Doth he affect my kingdom, 'cause I'm old ?

No, that's not it ; he knows I must die shortly.

'Tis not a desire of rule, and glory of

Their bending knees makes him forget his duty.

He may as well covet Andromana, 'cause she's handsome.

He satisfies a lust alike in both. Well, let him be My rival in the kingdom ; 'tis but what

He was born to, and I must leave it him ;

But for my wife he must excuse me—nay,

He shall [*Pauses.*]—Yet now I think on't better,

The grounds are slender, and my suspicions slight ;

No evidence against him but the people's love,

And that's no fault of his, unless deserving

Be a crime. Who is without there ?

Enter LIBACER.

Go, call in Plangus, and bid him not stay,

For I must speak with him.

[*Exit* KING.]

SCENE II.

LIB. Nay, then, all's dashed, if once he comes to parley.
I must not have them talk. But here he is.

SCENE III.

Enter PLANGUS.

LIB. All health and happiness attend the prince.

PLAN. Pray, tell me if you saw the king?
Be short, for I am very melancholy.

LIB. He parted hence just now, but with such
A fury revelling in his looks, there had been
Less danger in a basilisk.

PLAN. Went he this way?

LIB. Yes, sir. [*He is going out, but turns short.*]

PLAN. But dost not thou know what mov'd him?

LIB. I heard some such words as these :

My rival in the kingdom—There's evidence
against him——

The people's love——Deserving is a crime——
And somewhat else my fear made me forget.

PLAN. Who was there with him lately?

LIB. I cannot tell : but about a quarter of an
hour ago

He ask'd for you ; and every time he nam'd you
He seem'd angry.

PLAN. Named me ! thou art mistaken.

LIB. I had almost forgot, sir,
I have a message to you from Andromana.

PLAN. I will not hear one syllable.

LIB. No !—so she told me ; but charged me to
speak it,

Or die ; for it concerned your life, which she
Held dearer than her own.

PLAN. I value it not ; but speak the mystery.

LIB. When first her lips began to move, a blush
O'erflow'd her face, as if her heart had sent
Her tainted blood to seek a passage out. Then
with

A show'r of tears she told me how inordinate
Desires had made her but this morning tempt you
To th' acting of a sin she would not name ;
And that your virtue had so wrought upon her,
She had not left one thing unchang'd.
She loves you still, but with affection
That carries honour and converted thoughts.
And next, she bad me whisper in your ear
(For time was short) that, if you lov'd her or your-
self,

Or intended to cherish the people's growing hopes,
You should not come when the king sent for
you,

For something had incensed him so highly
Against you, that there was mighty danger in it.
She bad me haste, for time would not permit her
To say more. I was scarce out o' th' chamber,
When your father came and ask'd for you, and
bad

Me seek you out with speed. Sir, I should be
Most proud to serve you.

PLAN. I thank thee, friend ;
But prythee, tell thy mistress
Innocence knows no fear : 'tis for guilty souls
To doubt their safety. If she would have me safe,
My only way is by present appearance to clear
Myself ; for I believe my false accusers
Wish nothing more than that I should be absent.

LIB. The devil's in him, sure, he guesseth so
right. [*Aside.*

She told me so, sir, and would have wish'd you
to it ;

But that there was a way to serve you better by.
She say'th Ephorbas told her, a few minutes
hence

He'd call a council, where they'd consult about
you.

The place is hang'd so, that behind the wall, sir,
You may stand secure, and hear what passeth ;
And according to what they determine, you may
Provide for your safety ; only for more security
She wisheth you, would arm yourself. Sir, pray
resolve :

She'll pacify the king, that you appear
Not presently.

PLAN. Well I will be persuaded :
Tell her, I am resolv'd I will not come.

LIB. Happiness attend you ! Half an hour
hence I'll wait

Upon you. [Exit LIBACER.

PLAN. We shall reward thee.

SCENE IV.

PLAN. Whence should this kindness come ? and
on a sudden too ?

A strange alteration ! She who a day ago
Forgot the vows her soul was fetter'd in,
And but this morning tempted me to a sin
I can scarce think on without fear, should on
An instant be careful for my safety, and
That from a principle of virtue too !

SCENE V.

Enter INOPHILUS.

INO. Who was that with you, sir, just now?

PLAN. An honest fellow certainly, but one I know not.

INO. An honest fellow call you him?

If he have not rogue writ in great letters in's face,

I have no physnomy.¹ Pray, sir, what was His business to you?

PLAN. A message from Andromana Who, out of love, desires me not to go to My father, because something hath put him in A fume against me.

INO. Did the king send for you?

PLAN. He did so.

INO. But upon her entreaty you forbore to go?

PLAN. What then?

INO. Then you are mad, sir.

And tacitly conspire to your own ruin.

Do, take an enemy's advice, and die, the object

Both of their joy and scorn. Where are

Your senses, sir, or pray, whence springs

This friendship of Andromana's? Alas! you should not

Measure her malice by the smallness of your own.

She has injur'd you, she knows it, sir; and though

At present she enjoys her treachery, she may

Soon fall beside it; Ephorbas is not immortal,

Nor can she promise to herself security,

When you have power to call her ill in question.

¹ [i.e., No skill in physiognomy.]

Were't nothing else, her safety would make her
To plot your death. I hinder you in talking ;
But pray begone, and when you see your father,
Speak boldly to him, or you're gone for ever.

PLAN. I tell thee once again, Inophilus,
Since I have said I would not go
Both heaven and thee shall want a motive
To make me stir one foot. Were danger just
Before me, running with open jaws upon me ;
And had my word been giv'n to remain here,
I would be forc'd from life before my place.

INO. Here is a bravery now would make a man
Forswear all gallantry ! to fool away
Your life thus in a humour !—

I met the court just now, sir : as full of whispers,
Every man's eyes spoke strong amazement.
My father's sent for, with two other lords,
Eubulus and Anamedes ; and the Court-gates are
lock'd.

Resolve, sir, and command me something,
Wherein I may have an occasion to serve you. !

PLAN. Then I resolve to do as I am caution'd.
Walk in ; I'll tell thee more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter EPHORBAS *and* LIBACER.

EPH. What was his answer, then ?

LIB. "Tell him, I am resolv'd I will not
come,"

Those were the very words, sir.

EPH. 'Twas very pretty
[And] resolute, methinks. If he be grown
So stubborn already, the next we must expect
Is action.

LIB. But yet he bids me, if you
Ask'd why he came not, to find some excuse or
other.

EPH. He could find none himself then? Call in
The lords: we must be sudden in our execution.
But prythee, one thing more: who was there
with him?

LIB. Nobody;
But I met going to him young Inophilus;
And heard one servant tell another in great
haste,
Their lord would speak with some o' the captains
o' the army. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Enter RINATUS, EUBULUS, and ANAMEDES.

EPH. Sit down, my lords, we have business with
you
Requires your hands and hearts, both speed and
counsel.
Our danger's such, that I could wish't had flown
Upon us, without warning, for so cross the fates
are,
Our safety must be bought at such a price,
That we must lose what is as dear to us
Almost as it. 'Tis Plangus' death or mine
Must secure the other's life. Nay, startle not:
If I am grown as wearisome to you as
To him, your calling is in vain, my lords;
Nor shall I labour longer to preserve
A life denied me by the gods and you.
But if there's any here who hath a son
Brought to these years with so much care and
love

As mine hath been, think what a grief it is
 To lose him, and shed one tear with me.
 But for that son to plume himself with feathers
 Pluck'd from his father's wings, would melt one's
 eyeballs.

Yet Plangus, who hath vizarded his ends with
 virtue,
 Finding it useless now, hath thrown it from
 him,

And openly attempts my crown and life.
 When mischief's wheel once runs, how fast it
 speeds

Headlong to put in act the blackest deeds !
 Were my crown his, had he my life to give,
 Though he would let me, I would scorn to live.

EUB. Sir, we are called upon a great affair, and
 if it

Be true, the speed of our resolves
 Shall be as great as it.

Your majesty hath reign'd so happily and long,
 We will not think a time beyond it.

And such, so great your virtue still hath been,
 Strangers have been enamour'd, and admir'd it.

Our enemies, that could have wish'd it less,
 Yet have sat down with envy, nor attempted
 Aught against you, knowing (I am confident)
 By such unjust attempts the gods would be
 Their foes. Methinks 'tis therefore much less
 likely

That Plangus, who hath hitherto been found
 A miracle of filial piety, and one

That we may say was born the heir to all
 Your virtues, all your goodness, as well as
 The kingdom ; who counts it glory as much
 To be an honest man as a great prince :

I say, for him who, as he is your son,
 And as we hitherto have found him full

Of worth and honour, we cannot but behold
 As him in whom the spreading hopes of all
 Iberia grow, and promise to themselves
 A still green happiness, that ne'er shall know,
 What autumn or a naked winter means.
 For him that hath scarce yet put off
 Those clothes, which still wear the badges
 Of the great danger he was in, not for
 Himself, my liege, but you and us; for had
 He wish'd the ruin of his father and his country,
 The Argives would have done that for him,
 And he not have been call'd in question.
 But when we must remember with what wings
 He flew to meet the torrent, both against
 The counsel of his friends and his own hopes;
 How love to you and us spurr'd him on forward
 To those impossibilities, which nothing
 But love and valour durst have attempted,
 Why then, methinks, 'tis strange, yea, very
 strange,

Thus in a moment t' have flung all nature off
 And all religion; and that, sir, against you,
 Whom we all well know and think with fear
 (But our fading hopes spring fresh from Plangus),
 Must shortly pay your tribute to the grave.
 Nor that we doubt your majesty hath cause
 To apprehend a danger; only 'tis wish'd,
 Those who inform'd you were examin'd strictly,
 And Plangus sent for to answer for himself.
 Slanders, like mists, still vanish at the sight
 Of innocents, who bring their lies to light.

EPH. If an oration could have made him clear,
 No doubt my fears are vain, and we shall lie
 Still sleeping in security as great
 And lasting as Plangus and his accomplices
 Can wish upon us, nor wake till we are bound
 In the securest chains, death's fetters.

That I am old is true, and Plangus knows it.
 He would have catch'd a cannon-bullet sooner
 Else 'tween his naked hands, than have provok'd
 My fury : but [old] age hath froze[n] me
 To an icy numbness : yet shall he know
 My veins have fire as well as his, and when
 Incens'd, my eyes shoot as much poison too.
 What you allege about his battle 'gainst the
 Argives

As an excuse, it is a proof against him.
 Though thieves rob others, yet they fight them-
 selves

For those that rob, when strangers set on them,
 And all unite against a common enemy.
 Had Plangus' private interest not held
 Him to us, no doubt he'd [have] left us naked
 Of all defence ; but an intestine fury,
 To see the Argives bear away the fruits
 Of all his labours, all his treasons,
 Shot him into despair, and made him play
 A game was almost lost, rather than give all o'er.
 Besides, that action hath endear'd him to the
 people ;

Gain'd him the soldiers' hearts with so great ease,
 The danger's nothing in respect o' th' rise
 He takes from hence to climb up to his ends.
 And for the virtue that hath gull'd us all,
 I'd blush to speak it, that a son of mine
 Should ever be so base to seek a cloak
 For what he doth, but that I have disclaim'd
 All my relations to him, and would adopt
 A cannibal sooner for a son than he.
 The evidence we have is what we wish were less,
 Then might I hug my Plangus, and he me ;
 But since the Fates and his own ills deny
 That intercourse, what can remain,
 But that we should proceed to sentence

Speedy as themselves, and stop the ill, which
 may
 Strike when 'tis night, or while 'tis call'd to-day?
 He knows his guilt too well, and hath denied
 To come, that so he might be justified:
 Once disobey'd as father, the next thing
 Will be rebellion to me as his king.

SCENE VIII.

Enter LIBACER.

RIN. As sure as death, this is one of the rogues
 That hath his roguery to act, and comes in like
 Something that hath brought news in th' latter
 end

Of a play. Now shall we have some strange dis-
 covery—

How the rogue stares!

LIB. No sooner had we shut the gates, my
 liege,
 Than an uncertain rumour spread among the
 people

That Plangus was in danger.

When, if you ever saw a hive of bees:

How, if you stir but one, the whole swarm moves,
 And testify their anger; so straight whole crowds
 Of people, the greatest half not knowing what
 They came for, swarm'd to the gates, and with con-
 fus'd

Cries hinder'd themselves from being understood;
 Till some having divers times cried *Plangus*:

[And] some *their prince*: all with one note, made
 up

A common voice, and so continued, till some
 Captains, with one or two selected troops, made up

To them, and having promised them they would
 Secure the prince, desir'd them to withdraw.
 And when they came so nigh as to be heard,
 They did in earnest what the other had
 Attempted with such¹ noise, and fail'd in ;
 For they told the porter, in plain soldier's lan-
 guage,
 They would either see Plangus safe, or force
 The gates upon him. He, in this exigence,
 Hath sent to know your pleasure.

EPH. How say you now, my lords? where is
 The innocence, the love to you and us?
 For my part, I will meet the danger ;
 Tame expectation is beneath a king.
 Only let me entreat you to see my queen safe.
 'Tis pity she should smart who hath no sin
 To answer for but calling me her husband.
 Plangus, Iberia shall be thine ; but with curses
 O' th' angry gods, and a kind injur'd dying
 father.

[*He goes to stab himself, RINATUS stays him.*]

RIN. Heav'n bless you, sir, what a despair is
 this ?

Because you hate a hangman, you will be
 Your executioner yourself. Believe me,
 That which presents so great danger to you,
 I look upon with joy. There is no subject
 That loves you or the prince, but must be glad
 To see the zeal Iberians bear to a true virtue,
 When bending under an unjust oppression ;
 No doubt their love had been as great to you,
 Had you been in like danger. Besides, my
 lord,
 You are not sure 'tis with the prince's consent,
 The soldiers do this. My life for yours, you will

¹ [Edits., *so much.*]

Be safe, let the worst come. Let us
Go meet your fears.

[*They begin to rise, when at the instant ANDROMANA enters undressed, and in a fright.*

AND. Happy am I, my lord, [She weeps.
This sudden flight¹ hath rescu'd me from being
Made the subject of some villain's lust, who
With his sword drawn just now was forcing me
To lewd embraces ; if you command to search the
court,

He cannot be far hence, for he ran that way.

RIN. O impudence!

That durst attempt a sin darkness and woods
Have too many eyes for in the open court.

[PLANGUS stirs behind the hangings.

I shall be with you. The devil hath
Armour on !

[RINATUS draws, and runs at him.

EPH. Drag him to torture——

[*They fetch him out.*

My son ! why have I liv'd to see this ?
Away with him to death ; the air will grow in-
fectious.

Why stay you ?

SCENE IX.

Enter ZOPIRO and INOPHILUS, with Soldiers.

INO. Unhand the prince, or else by heav'n he
treads

Into his grave that moves a foot to touch him.
Madam, though Plangus' noble self was blind,
And could not see the deep black darkness of

¹ [Edits., *fright.*]

Your hellish actions, his friends had eyes about
them.

Was this your love? this your repentance?

This your advice, your counsel? Had I, I must
confess,¹

And these his noble friends, been² rul'd by him,
ere this

He'd been a sacrifice to your revenge and you.

Why stand you mute, sir? Want you a tongue
to justify

Your innocence our swords and we maintain?

And now, my liege, we turn to you, whom we
Have serv'd as truly as e'er subjects did

Any prince alive; and whilst you're worthy, we

Will do so still; but we'll be no man's slaves

Alive, much less be his that is another's,

While this base witch (for so she is) constrains

You to do actions children would blush at,

And wise men laugh at, which will after leave
you

Both to repentance and despair. This beggar,
whom

T'other day you took up as some lost thing,

Gave your honour to, and in that our safety;

That knew less to be good than devils do,

And hath ill lodged in her that would make
hell

Beyond that the furies dwell in,

Banish her hence, send her to some place

Where murders, rapines, or sins yet

Unheard of do inhabit, and where she can

Do us no mischief. Do you betake yourself

To your former virtue, and restore the prince

To those affections you once had for him,

¹ [Edits., *I must confess, had I.*]

² [Edits., *Friends here, been.*]

We then perhaps may live to see
Iberia happy.

EPH. Why am I forc'd thus to declare his
shame,

Which at the bound strikes me, and's made my own?

You know not how well Plangus can dissemble:

He is an hypocrite, I need not tell you more,

Those three syllables comprehend all ill.

My queen just now 'scaped from his base attempt,

Wherein he would have forc'd her to have
damn'd.

Herself and him, and dishonoured me.

What meant that armour on, and why so guarded?

Where was a danger threat'ned him? or doth he

Think his conscience could not sting him through
it?

I wish, my lords,¹ he might live. But, as nature

That, as he is my son, bids me preserve him;

So honour, which pleads to the king stronger

Than nature can, tells me, for that very reason,

I can less pardon him than something born

A stranger to my blood. But I deserve

To die, as well as he. If he be grown

A burden to the earth, I am so too,

That gave the monster being. Wherefore

Let me be drawn to execution too,

For fathers are guilty of their children's ills.

INO. Would Plangus then have forc'd Andro-
mana?

Yes, so would Daphne have ravish'd Phœbus!

I'll undertake goats are less salt than she.

But for his armour:—can any man that breathes

One common air with her not need an armour?

Brass walls can't be security enough.

Why speak you not, sir? are you dumb too?

¹ [Edits., *I wish that he might live, my lords.*]

PLAN. 'Tis for them to speak are sure to be
 believ'd,
 And not for him that is condemn'd as guilty.
 Words can excuse slight faults.
 If mine are esteem'd such, that all my actions,
 A speaking duty of one-and-twenty years,
 Speak not enough to clear me, silence shall.
 I've no more to say, therefore, but
 To bid you do your duty to the king,
 And ask him pardon for this¹ intemperate zeal :
 Heav'n knows I wish'd it not, nor would I buy
 My safety at one of my father's angry thoughts,
 Much less his fears, for those I fall by.
 Obey my father, and if ye love me, gentlemen,
 Shed not one tear for Plangus.
 For I am timely taken from those plagues
 This woman's crying sins must bring upon
 Iberia, and make you wish that you
 Had died as soon and innocent as I.

AND. That I was nothing, I confess ; that what
 I am,

I owe to Ephorbas ; nay, that the greatness
 I am now in tells me it is too high
 To be secure, my fears bear witness.
 I wish my life would excuse Plangus his ; at least
 My blood wash off the blackness of his guilt,
 Heav'n knows it should not be one minute, ere
 He should be restor'd to his former virtues ;
 But since it cannot be, I'll in and weep—
 Not for myself, but him.

INO. Millions of plagues go with thee. Sir [*Exit.*
To

PLANGUS], you shall
 Along with us ; we will not trust you
 Or to the king or her.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ [Edits., *the.*]

ACT V., SCENE 1.

LIBACER *solus.*

LIB. What politician was there ever yet
Who, swimming through a sea of plots and trea-
sons,

Sank not at last i' th' very haven's mouth?
And shall I do so too? No, my thoughts prompt
me,

I shall be told in story, as the first
That stood secure upon the dreadful ruins
He had thrown down beneath him. Yet I'm nigh
The precipice I strive to shun with so much care.
I have betray'd Plangus, 'tis true, and still
Have found a growing fortune; but so long
As jealousy binds up Ephorbas' thoughts
From searching deeper, deeper, 'tis not well
That Plangus lives at all: though he be dis-
grac'd.

H' has friends enow about the king, and they
Will find a time to pacify him, which will be
My undoing. He must not therefore live.
Andromana is of that mind too;
But how to compass it? or when perhaps
I have, what will become of me?
Nothing more usual than for those folks, who
Have by sinister means reach'd to the top
O' th' mountain of their hopes, but they throw
down

And forget the power that rais'd them; indeed
Necessity enforceth them, lest others climb
By the same steps they did, and ruin them.
I must not therefore trust her womanship,
Who, though I know she cannot stand without
Me now; yet, when she's queen alone,

Fortune may alter her, and make her look
 Upon me as one whose life whispers
 Unto her own guilt. 'Tis not safe to be
 The object of a princess' fear ; then she will find
 Others will be as apt to keep her up
 As I to raise her. I'll prevent her first.
 Time is not ripe yet ; but when it is (for
 I must walk on with her a little farther)
 I will unravel all this labyrinth ev'n
 To the king himself. Then let her accuse me,
 Though she should damn herself to hell,
 I know she'll be believ'd no more
 Than Plangus hath been hitherto.
 Thus shall I still grow great, though all the world
 Be to a dreadful ruin madly hurld. [Exit.

SCENE II.

PLANGUS *solus*.

PLAN. I can no longer hold ; 'tis not i' th' power
 Of fate to make me less. Bid me outstare
 The sun, outrun a falling star,
 Feed upon flames, or pocket up the clouds ;
 Or if there be a task mad Juno's hate
 Could not invent to plague poor Hercules,
 Impose it upon me, I'll do't without a grudge.
 Condemn me to a galley, load me with chains
 Whose weight may so keep me down, I can scarce
 Swell under my burden to let out a sigh,
 I would o'ercome all. Were there a deity
 That men adore, and throw their prayers upon,
 That would lend just ears to human wishes,
 I would grow great by being punished, and be
 A plague myself, so that when people curs'd
 Beyond invention, to their prodigious rhetoric

This epiphonema should be added,
 "Become as miserable as wretched Plangus."
 I have been jaded, basely jaded,
 By those tame fools, honour and piety,
 And now am wak'd into revenge, breathing forth
 ruin
 To those first spread this drowsiness upon
 My soul. A woman! O heaven, had I been
 gull'd
 By anything had borne the name of man!
 But this will look so sordidly in story:
 I shall be grown discourse for grooms and foot-
 boys,
 Be balladed, and sung to filthy tunes. But do
 I talk still? well, I must leave this patience.
 And now, Ephorbas,
 Since thou hast wrought me to this temper,
 I'll be reveng'd with as much skill as thou
 Hast injur'd me. I will to these presently, for
 My hour-glass shall not run ten minutes longer,
 And having kill'd myself before thee,
 I'll pluck my heart out, tell thee all
 My innocence, and leave thee hemm'd in with
 A despair thicker than Egyptian darkness.
 I know thou canst not choose but die for grief.
 But here he is. [Exit.

SCENE III.

EPHORBAS *solus.*

EPH. Riddle on¹ riddle! I have dream'd this
 night
 Plangus was cloth'd, like innocence, all white;

¹ [Edits., upon.]

And Andromana then methought was grown
 So black, nothing but all one guilt was shown.
 What shall I do? Shall I believe a dream?
 Which is a vapour borne along the stream
 Of fancy, and sprung up from the gross fumes
 Of a full stomach, sent to th' upper rooms
 O' th' brain by our ill genius, to spoil our sight,
 And cloud our judgments like a misty night.
 Why do I doubt? 'tis ominous to stay
 Demurring, when the way is plain. Is day
 Or night best to judge colours? shall I stand,
 Trying the water's soundness, when the land
 Presents firm footing? Truth by day appears,
 And I from tapers hope to find my fears
 Oppos'd. And yet methinks 'tis very strange,
 A son of mine should suddenly thus change,
 And throw his nature off; I did not so
 When I was young. I am resolv'd to know
 The truth, and clear this mist from 'fore my
 eyes,
 If't can be done by care, by gold, or spies.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ANDROMANA sola.

AND. So badgers dig the holes, and foxes live
 in them.
 Of all factors, state-factors are the worst,
 And get least to themselves of all their labour.
 This Libacer
 Is wading to the throat in blood to do me
 Service. Tame fool! can he imagine I
 Remove a husband and a son, to suffer him
 To live still and upbraid my ills?

Enter LIBACER.

LIB. It is resolv'd.

But here she is, I must speak fairly for awhile.

AND. How doth it succeed now, my darling?
Shall we be great? [be] great alone?

LIB. As great as pride and fulness of revenge
Can swell us. Hark in your ear, madam,
I'll tell you all our plot; but softly, for
Perhaps the jealous walls may echo back
The treason. *[They whisper.]*

SCENE V.

Enter PLANGUS with his sword drawn.

PLAN. I bore whil[e]st I could; but now 'tis
grown
Too great to be contain'd in human breast,
And it shall out, though hoop'd with walls of
brass.

Are they at it? I stood once listening
At their entreaty; this time at my own
I'll stand and hearken. *[Steps aside.]*

AND. 'Tis impossible.

LIB. I tell you, no. I'll aggravate the injuries,
And tell him how basely poor it was for
A father to betray his son so.

AND. His piety shall never——

LIB. But his fury shall.

I'll stab the king himself, and bring
Those witnesses shall swear 'twas Plangus.

PLAN. Nay, then, 'tis time to strike—
There, carry thy intents to hell.

[He stabs LIBACER.]

AND. Help! murder, murder! a rape, a rape!

Enter EPHORBAS.

EPH. What dismal note was that?

AND. Sir, there

You see your martyr, whose force being
Too weak to save my honour, his fidelity
Was greater, and [has] died a royal sacrifice,
Offer'd by th' impious hand of that vile man.

EPH. O heav'n! doth not the earth yet gape
and swallow thee?

Thy life shall be my crime no longer; I gave it
thee,

And thus resume it with a thousand curses.

[He stabs PLANGUS.

PLAN. Sir, I at length am happy to the height
Of all my wishes. I'm a-going suddenly *[Faints.*
From all my troubles, all your fears; but I
Will tell my story first—

How you have wrong'd, and been wronged your-
self.

This woman, to be short, hath twin'd
Like ivy with my naked limbs, before
She married you, and would—O,
In spite of death

I will go on—have tempted me
To bed her since. Upon refusal, she
Turned her love to hate, and plots my ruin,
And next your death—I can no more—I kill'd
The instrument—farewell, forgive me. *[Dies.*

EPH. Can this be true, Andromana?

AND. Do you believe it?

EPH. I wish I had not cause—

AND. Sir, every syllable was true he told you;
Whose words I thus confirm.

[She takes PLANGUS'S *dagger, flings it at*
EPHORBAS, *and kills him.*

EPH. I'm slain! mercy, Heaven!

Enter INOPHILUS.

AND. You should have come a little sooner.

INO. Do I see well? or is the prince here slain?

AND. He is, and 'cause you love him,
Carry that token of my love to him.

[Stabs INOPHILUS.

I know he'll take it kindly that you take
So long a journey only to see him.

INO. It was the devil struck, sure,
A woman could not do it.—Plangus, O! *[Dies.*

SCENE VI.

Enter RINATUS, EUBULUS, ANAMEDES.

RIN. Heav'n defend us! what a sight is here?
The king,

The prince, both slain? what, and my son too?
Only this woman living? Speak out, [thou]
Screech-owl, witch, how came they by their
deaths!

AND. By me; how else?

RIN. Let's torture her.

AND. I can

Prevent you; I wouldn't live a minute longer
Unless to act my ills again, for all Iberia.

[Stabs herself.

I have lived long enough to boast an act,
After which no mischief shall be new—— *[Dies.*

RIN. Let's in, and weep our weary lives away;
When this is told, let after-ages say,
But Andromana none could have begun it,
And none but Andromana could have done it.

[Exeunt.

LADY ALIMONY.

EDITION.

Lady Alimony; or, The Alimony Lady. An Excellent Pleasant New Comedy. Duly Authorized, daily Acted, and frequently Followed.

Nolumus amplexus sponsales ; æra novellos
Nocte parent Socios, qui placuere magis.

LUCRET.

London, Printed by Tho. Vere and William Gilbertson, and are to be sold at the Angel without New-gate, and at the Bible in Gilt-spur-street. 1659. 4s.

This piece is now first reprinted from the original edition. It is a curious and peculiar production, and was perhaps written twenty or twenty-five years before the date which appears on the title-page. Its attribution jointly to Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene is one of those alike silly and capricious affiliations of our earlier bibliographers, which sometimes scarcely seem as if they were seriously intended. From a passage at p. 281, it is readily apparent that it was not in existence till after 1633.

The interest and point of the present play principally depend on a vivid description of the doings of certain ladies of pleasure, or *bona-robas*, who are styled Ladies Alimony. The peculiarity of the piece in point of structure and character may be thought, perhaps, to go some way in atoning for its occasional licentiousness.

A considerable number of uncommon phrases are scattered through "Lady Alimony;" some of them are not noticed by our glossographers.

THE ACTORS PERSONATED IN THIS
DRAMATIC.

EUGENIO, *the duke.*

SIR AMADIN PUNY,
SIR JASPER SIMPLETON,
SIR ARTHUR HEARTLESS,
SIR GREGORY SHAPELESS,
SIR TRISTRAM SHORTTOOL,
SIR REUBEN SCATTERGOOD, } *cashiered consorts.*

MADAM FRICASE,
MADAM CAVEARE,
MADAM JULIPPE,
MADAM JOCULETTE,
MADAM MEDLER,
MADAM TINDER, } *alimony ladies.*

FLORELLO,
CARANTO,
PALISADO,
SALIBRAND,
MORISCO,
TILLYVALLY, } *the ladies' Platonic confidants.*

GALLERIUS, *ghost.*

TIMON, *the composer.*

TRILLO, *the censor.*

SIPARIUS, *the book-holder.*

*Chorist, Constable, Watch, Country Boors, Trepanners,
Pages, with other Officials.*

The Scene, Seville.

LADY ALIMONY.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter TRILLO.

TRIL. Hey, boys! never did my spirit chirp more cheerfully since I had one. Here is work for Platronics. Never did ladies, brave buxom girls, dispense at easier rates with their forfeited honours. This were an excellent age for that Roman Carvilius to live in, who never loved any sheets worser than those his wife lay in, nor his wife any lodging worse than where her decrepit consort slept in. Divorces are now as common as scolding at Billingsgate. O Alimony, Alimony! a darling incomparably dearer than a sear-icy bed, possessed of the spirit of a dull, inactive husband! A fresh flowery spring and a chill frosty winter never suit well together. He were a rare justice, in these times of separation, who had the ceremonial art to join hearts together as well as hands; but that chemical cement is above the alchemy of his office or verge of his ministerial charge. Heyday! who comes here? The very professed smock-satyr or woman-hater in all Europe; one who, had he lived in that state, or under that zone, might have com-

pared with any Swetnam¹ in all the Albion Island.

SCENE II.

Enter TIMON, SIPARIUS, and a PAGE.

But, sure, he has some high design in hand ; he pores so fixedly upon the ground, as on my life he has some swingeing stuff for our fresh Dabrides, who have invested themselves in the Platonic order, and retain courage enough to make an exchange of their old consorts with their new confidants and amorous pretenders. Let us hear him ; he mumbles so strangely, he must surely either disburthen [him-] self, or stifle his teeming birth for want of timely delivery.

TIM. Good, as I live, wondrous good ! this is the way to catch the old one. Be all things ready, Siparius ?

SIP. How do you mean, sir ?

TIM. What a drolling bufflehead is this ! He has been book-holder to my revels for {decades of years, and the cuckoldry drone, as if he had slept in Trophonius' cave all his days, desires to know my meaning in the track of his own calling ! Sir, shall I question you in your own dialect ? Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrouded as the squint-eyed groundling[s] may not peep into your discovery ?

SIP. Leave that care to me, sir ; it is my charge.

TIM. But were our bills posted, that our house may be with a numerous auditory stored ? our boxes by ladies of quality and of the new dress

¹ [The author of a curious satire on the female sex, printed in 1616. See Hazlitt, in v.]

crowdingly furnished? our galleries and ground-front answerably to their pay completed?

SIP. Assure yourself, sir, nothing is a-wanting that may give way to the poet's improvement.

TIM. Thou sayest well; this is indeed the poet's third day, and must raise his pericranium deeply steeped in Frontiniac, a fair revenue for his rich Timonic fancy; or he must take a long adieu of the spirit of sack and that noble napry till the next vintage. But, Siparius——

SIP. Your will, sir?

TIM. Be sure that you hold not your book at too much distance. The actors, poor lapwings, are but pen-feathered; and once out, out for ever. We had a time, indeed—and it was a golden time for a pregnant fancy—when the actor could embellish his author, and return a pæan to his pen in every accent; but our great disaster at Cannæ, than which none ever more tragical to our theatre, made a speedy despatch of our rarest Rosciuses, closing them jointly in one funeral epilogue. Now for you, boy: as you play the chorus, so be mindful of your hint. I know you to be a wag by nature, and you must play the waggish actor.

PAGE. I shall not sleep in my action, sir, if your line have so much life as to provoke a laugh-ter. I shall not strangle the height of your conceit with a dull gesture; nor weaken the weight of your plot with too flat or unbecoming a deportment.

TIM. Thou promisest fairly; go on.

TRIL. And so does Timon too, or his judgment fails him. Well, I will accost him.—Health to our stock of stoical wit, ingenious Timon! Come, sir, what brave dramatic piece has your running Mercury now upon the loom? The title of your new play, sir?

TIM. Every post may sufficiently inform you ; nay, the fame of the city cannot choose but echo it to you, so much is expected. Neither shall you discover a mouse peeping out of a mountain, believe it.

Nulla fides spectanda feris, nec gratia victis.

TRIL. No, nor a monkey dancing his tricotee on a rope, for want of strong lines from the poet's pen.

Corpora distendunt versibus affanda nefandis.

TIM. You are i' th' right on't, Trillo. These pigmies of mine shall not play the egregious puppies in deluding an ignorant rabble with the sad presentment of a roasted savage.

Tempora sunt Cuculi gratissima labilis anni ;

TRIL. Your conceit is above the scale of admiration. But the subject of your invention, sir ? Where may you lay your scene ; and what name [do] you bestow upon this long-expected comedy ?

Cornua sunt sponsis trista, leta procis.—Auson.

TIM. My scene, Trillo, is Horn Alley : the name it bears is "Lady Alimony." The subject I shall not preoccupate. Let the fancies of my thirsty auditory fall a-working ; if ever their small expense confined to three hours' space were better recompensed, I will henceforth disclaim my society with a happy genius, and bestow the remainder of my time in catching flies with Domitian.

TRIL. Excellent, excellent ! I am confident your acrimonious spirit will discurtain our changeable taffeta ladies to a hair.

TIM. Thou knowest my humour, and let me perish if I do not pursue it. Thou hast heard, no doubt, how I never found any branch more pleasingly fruitful, nor to my view more grateful, than when I found a woman hanging on it ; wishing heartily that all trees in mine orchard bore such fruit.

TRIL. If your wish had proved true, no doubt

but your orchard would have rendered you store of medlars. But your hour, sir, your hour.

TIM. You know, Trillo, our theatral time to a minute. One thing I must tell you, and you will attest it upon our presentment, that never was any stage, since the first erection of our ancient Roman amphitheatres, with suitable properties more accurately furnished, with choicer music more gracefully accommodated, nor by boys, though young, with more virile spirits presented.

TRIL. I'm already noosed in your poetical springe, and shall henceforth wish, for your sake, that all crop-eared histriomastixes, who cannot endure a civil, witty comedy, but by his racked exposition renders it downright drollery, may be doomed to Ancyrus, and skip there amongst satyrs for his rough and severe censure.

TIM. Parnassus is a debtor to thee, Trillo, for thy clear and serene opinion of the Muses and their individual darling; of which, meaning to imprint our addresses all the better in your memory, our stage presents ever the most lively and lovely fancy:—

“Where th' stage breathes lines, scenes, subject,
action fit,

Th' age must admire it, or it has no wit.”

TRIL. Yet I have heard, Timon, that you were sometimes stoical, and could not endure the noise of an interlude, but snuff at it, as the satyr did at the first sight of fire.

TIM. All this is most authentically true; but shall I unbosom myself ingeniously¹ to thee, my dear Trillo? As his hate to woman made Eupolis

¹ [Ingenuously.]

eat nettle pottage, so became I fired in my spirit. My experience of a shrew drove me to turn the shrewd comedian; and yet all our boxes are stored with complete doxies; nay, some, whose carriage give life to this day's action.

TRIL. May the poet's day prove fair and fortunate! Full audience and honest door-keepers. I shall, perchance, rank myself amongst your gallery-men.

TIM. We shall hold our labours incomparably heightened by the breath of such approved judgments.

Enter MESSENGER.

MES. Sir, here is a proud, peremptory, pragmatical fellow, newly come into our tiring-room, who disturbs our preparation, vowing, like a desperate haxter,¹ that he has express command to seize upon all our properties.

TIM. The devil he has! What furious Mercury might this be?

MES. Nay, sir, I know not what he may be; but, sure, if he be what he seems to be, he can be no less than one of our city Hectors; but I hope your spirit will conjure him, and make him a Clinias. He speaks nothing less than braving, buff-leather language, and has made all our boys so feverish, as if a quotidian ague had seized on them.

TIM. Sure, it is one of our trepanning decoys, sent forth for a champion to defend those ladies'

¹ Notwithstanding the explanation found in Nares and Halliwell, it appears to me that this term is here, at least, intended in the sense of *bully* or *ruffian*, especially when we compare the next speech of the Messenger.]

engaged honour, whom our stage is this day to present! This shall not serve their turn. Call him in; we will collar him.

TRIL. Ha-ha-ha! This will prove rare sport, to see how the poet's genius will grapple with this bawdry!

SCENE III.

Enter HAXTER.

HAX. Sir!

TIM. Surly sir, your design?

HAX. To ruin your design, illicitiate playwright. Down with your bills, sir.

TIM. Your bill cannot do it, sir.

HAX. But my commission shall, sir. Can you read, sir?

TIM. Yes, sir, and write too, else were I not fit for this employment. [*He reads the paper.*]

TRIL. With what a scurvy, screwed look the myrmidon eyes him! He will surely bastinado our comedian out of his laureate periwig. Hold him tug, poet, or thou runs thy poetical pinnace on a desperate shelf!

TIM. What bugbear has your terrible bladeship brought us here? A mandate from one of our own society to blanch the credit of our comedy! You're in a wrong box, sir; this will not do't.

HAX. You dare not disobey it!

TIM. Dare not! A word of high affront to a professed Parnassian! I dare exchange in pen with you and your penurious poetaster's pike; and if your valour or his swell to that height or heat as it will admit no other cooler but a downright scuffle, let wit perish and fall a-wool-gathering, if with a cheerful brow I leave not the precious

rills of Hippocrene, and wing my course for Campus Martius.

HAX. 'Slid, this Musæus is a Martialist ; and if I had not held him a feverish white-livered staniel,¹ that would never have encountered any but the Seven Sisters, that knight of the sun² who employed me should have done his errand himself. Well, I would I were out of his clutches ! The only way, then, is to put on a clear face, lest I bring a storm upon myself. [*Aside.*] Virtuous sir, what answer will your ingenuity be pleased to return by your most humble and obsequious vassal ?

TIM. Ho ! sir, are you there with you[r] bears ? How this Gargantua's spirit begins to thaw ! Sirrah, you punto³ of valour !

HAX. I have, indeed, puissant sir, been in my time rallied amongst those blades ; but it has been my scorn of late to engage my tuck upon unjust grounds.

TIM. Tucca, thy valour is infinitely beholden to thy discretion. But, pray thee, resolve me : art thou made known to the purport of thine errand ?

HAX. In part I am.

TIM. And partly I will tell thee ; this squirt-squib wherewith that pragmatical monopolist Nasutius Neapolitanus has here employed thee to obstruct our action shall be received and returned with as much scorn as it was sent us with spiteful im-

¹ [Literally, an inferior kind of hawk, but here used to signify a coward, a poor creature.]

² [This term, borrowed from the old romance so called, is frequently employed in the sense of an adventurer or knight-errant.]

³ [This word seems here to signify an infinitesimal quantity, a cypher, a nonentity, in which sense it is apparently un glossed.]

pudence! Let him come if he like; he may trouble himself and his own impoverished patience, but we shall slight him on our stage, and tax him of frontless insolence.

HAX. You shall do well, sir.

TIM. Well or ill, sir, we will do it. Pray, tell me, brave spark, what Archias may this be who takes thus upon him to excise the revenues of our theatral pleasure to his purse? Be his monopolising brains of such extent as they have power to engross all inventions to his coffer, all our stage-action to his exchequer?

HAX. I would be loth to praise him too much, because your transcendent self prize[s] him so little; but his travels have highly improved his expression.

TIM. We know it, don, and he knows it too, to his advantage. But no man knows the issue of his travel better than Timon. It is true, he addressed his course for Malagasco; but for what end?—to learn hard words, school himself in the Utopian tongue; and, to close up all, he sticked not, Xerxes-like, to deface bridges in the ruins whereof, poor gentleman, he irreparably suffered.

HAX. To my knowledge, he speaks no more than authentic truth; for I myself, in my own proper person, got a snap by a Neapolitan ferret at the very same time; ever since which hot Ætnean service my legs have been taught to pace iambics, and jadishly to interfere upon any condition. [Aside.

TIM. Thus much for your despatch. Only this: be it your civility, valiant don, to present my service to his naked savages, monkeys, baboons, and marmosets, advising, withal, your master of the bear-yard, that he henceforth content his hydroptic thoughts with his own box-holders; and, lest he

lose by his outlandish properties, be it his care to pick out some doxies of his own, lest those she-sharks whom he has employed upon that trading occasion abuse his confidence.

HAX. Your commands, sir, shall be observed with all punctuality.

TIM. Do so, brave don, lest I call you to account, and return your wages with a bastinado. But withal tell that cockspur, your magnificent Mecænas, that he keep at home, and distemper not our stage with the fury of his visits, lest he be encountered by my little terriers, which will affright him more than all his Spanish gipsies.

HAX. Account me, invincible sir, your most serviceable slave upon all interests. Well, I have secured my crazy bulk as well from a basting as ever mortal did; and if ever I be put on such desperate adventures again, let this weak radish body of mine become stuck round with cloves, and be hung up for a gammon of Westphalia bacon to all uses and purposes. [*Aside. Exit.*]

TRIL. So, you have conjured down the spirit of one furious haxter!

SCENE IV.

Enter Boy.

TIM. And just so must all our tavern tarmagons be used, or they'll trepan you, as they did that old scarified friar, whose bitter experiences furnished with ability enough to discover their carriage and his feverish distemper.

BOY. Sir, all our boxes are already stored and seated with the choicest and eminentest damosellas that all Seville can afford. Besides, sir, all our

galleries and ground-stands are long ago furnished. The groundlings within the yard grow infinitely unruly.

TIM. Go to, boy; this plebeian incivility must not precipitate the course of our action. How oft have they sounded?

BOY. They're upon the last sound; but our expectance of that great Count, whose desires are winged for us, foreflow our entry.

TIM. These comic presentments may properly resemble our comet apparitions, where their first darting begets impressions of an affectionate wonder or prophetic astonishment. The world, I must confess, is a ball racketed above the line and below into every hazard: but whimses and careers challenge such influence over the judgment of our gallant refined wits; as their fancies must be humoured, and their humours tickled, or they leave our rooms discontented. So as the comedian's garden must find lettuce for all lips, or the disrelished poet must be untrussed, and paid home with a swingeing censure. This must be my fate; for I can expect no less from these satirical madams, whose ticklish resentment of their injured honour will make them kick before they be galled. But Timon is armed *cap-a-pie* against all such feminine assailants. They shall find my scenes more modest than some of their actions have merited; and I must tell thee one thing by the way, my ingenious Trillo—that I never found more freedom in my sprightly genius, than in the very last night, when I set my period to this living fancy. But time and conveniences of the stage enjoin me to leave thee; make choice of thy place, and expect the sequel.

*Extremâ nocte
nullam scenis
feliciorē re-
peri.—Afran.*

TRIL. May your acts live to a succeeding age,
And the Ladies Alimony enrich your stage. [*Exeunt.*]

After the third sound—

PROLOGUE.

*Madams, you're welcome ; though our poet show
A severe brow, it is not meant to you.
Your virtues, like your features, they are such,
They neither can be priz'd nor prais'd too much :
Lov'd and admir'd wheres'ever you are known,
Scorning to mix Platonics with your own :
Sit with a pleasing silence, and take view
Of forms vermilion'd in another hue.
Who make free traffic of their nuptial bed,
As if they had of fancy surfeited :
Who come not here to hear our comic scenes,
But to complete imaginary dreams
With realler conceptions. If you mind them,
Their new loves stand before, old loves behind them :
And from that prospect this impresa read,
Rich pearls show best when they are set in lead.
Such be your blameless beauties, which comply
With no complexion but a native dye,
Apt for a spousal hug, and, like rich ore,
Admit one choice impression and no more.
Those faces only merit our esteem,
Seem what they be, and be the same they seem.
For they who beauty clothe with borrow'd airs,
May well disclaim them, being none of theirs.
Here shall you see Nature adorn'd with skill,
And if this do not please, sure, nothing will.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter two BOYS.

1ST BOY. Room, room for the ladies of the new dress.

2D BOY. Thou styles them rightly, Tim ; for

they have played the snakes, and put off their old slough. New brooms sweep clean. Frosty age and youth suit not well together. These *bonarobas* must sate their appetites with fresh cates, or their sharp attractive stomachs will be quickly cloyed.

1ST BOY. True, Nick ; hadst thou known their nightly quartering as well as I have done, thou wouldst hold them rare coy-ducks for retrieving new game, and storing their lobbies upon all adventures.

2D BOY. Why, Tim, art thou one of that covey?

1ST BOY. Let it suffice thee, wag, I know all their fagaries¹ to a hair. I have not played such a truant in my place as to become their pee-dee² during all the time of their restraint, and not to attain the principles of a puisne bolt : a faithful secret pimp deserves his constant pay.

2D BOY. But, in good sadness, resolve me : were these dainty Dabrides ever in restraint ?

1ST BOY. As close cooped up, believe it, as any parachitoees ever were. Only they assumed to their pretended aggrievances to exclaim against their hard fortunes in being matched with such impotent and defective husbands ; and now they have, by long flickering and strong favourites, got out o' th' cage, and wrought themselves into alimony.

2D BOY. Uds ! so will their dainty fingers tug in alum-work ?

1ST BOY. What an ignorant puppy thou art ! This is no alum-work, but such a calcinated metal as it will run like quicksilver over all their husbands' domains, and in very short time make a quick despatch of all his Long-acre.

¹ [Figgaries.]

² [Query, a page who walks behind a lady in the street. Compare Halliwell in *v.*]

2D BOY. Trust me, Tim, these be mad-mettled girls, brave braches to breed on!

1ST BOY. What a wanton monkey is this? He's but newly bred, and he can talk of wenches breeding! Well, thou wilt grow a cock of th' game if thy pen-feathered youth mount to't. But silence, wag; the she-myrmidons are entering the stage, and I am pricked out for the chorus.

SCENE II.

Enter six Ladies fantastically habited, in a wanton and pleasant posture: passing over the stage, they are encountered by six amorous complimentary Servants, every one singling forth his mistress for discourse.

2D BOY. What humorous tomboys be these?

1ST BOY. The only gallant Messalinas of our age. That love-spotted ermine is Madam Fricase, a woman of a rampant spirit; a confident pretender to language; and, for the Latin, she makes herself as familiar with the breach of Priscian's head as if it were her husband's.

2D BOY. Who is she, that looks like a mounted scaledrake?¹

1ST BOY. That spitfire is Madam Caveare: one whose assiduate trading brought age upon her before her time. But art has taught her to supply furrowed deformities with ceruse boxes, and to repair a decayed complexion with an Italian fucus. This, with other fomentations, have so enlivened her, as they render her no less active than if she at last grass had but casten her colt's-tooth. The next in rank is that mincing madam Julippe, who would not bear a child for a world

¹ [Sheldrake, or shieldrake.]

(though her endeavours be pregnant enough), for fear she should disfeature the comeliness of her body.

2D BOY. Yet she's a medlar.¹

1ST BOY. A mellow one, and as ready to fall in autumn upon all occasions.

2D BOY. What may that gaudy gewgaw lady be, that throws such scornful looks upon our galleries?

1ST BOY. That's a brave martial Milanoise: Semiramis never had a more imperious spirit. She styles herself Madam Joculette; a jocund girl, on my word, and one that will not engage her honour, nor barter in a low commodity, for nothing. She was a tirewoman at first in the suburbs of Milan; but falling into an ebb of fortune, and hearing the quaint and various fancies of our country damosellas, she took upon her this adventure to improve her annual pension; which she has by the dexterity of her wit and incomparable curiosity of art highly enlarged, and by this unexpected means—for it happened, to give an addition to her future happiness, that one Sir Gregory Shapeless, a mundungo² monopolist, a paltry-penurious-pecking pinchgut, who had smoked himself into a mercenary title of knightship, set his affection upon her soon after her arrival here; whom thou may imagine, Nick, to be no sooner wooed than won. But scarcely were their marriage-sheets warm, till her dissembled fancy, having no other bait but lucre to feed it, grew cold, and the mundungo-knight became pitifully crest-fallen—more in love with the world than his Italian doxy. A divorce she sues, and so happily pursues, as by the sollicitancy of her

¹ [A play on the similarity of sound between *meddler* and *medlar*.]

² [Tobacco. Old copy, *mundungo's*.]

private ingles she became whole sharer in his trucking fortunes; since which time she pastures freely upon the common without fear of enclosure.

2D BOY. Why should she not? A barren ranging doe, having once leapt over her own pale, may encroach, though not with security, upon any other's liberty.

1ST BOY. That next her in rank, and as right as my leg in her career, is Madam Medler, a cunning civil trader, who with much simpering secrecy, as one that would seem sparing in discovery of her husband's debility, calls him¹ Sir Tristram Short-tool, a good, well-meaning man, and one that might content any woman under the equinoctial line, if Nature had measured her² right. Whereas his sufficiency has been elsewhere tried, which his many branches, sprung from other stocks, may sufficiently witness, being scions³ of his own inoculating, and at his own proper charge for breeding. As for that lady with the inflamed face, Madam Tinder, her desires are so strong and enlarged, as that torrid zone, where she sometimes planted, could not accommodate her supplies. And let this serve thee, Nick, for a short character of these alimomial ladies.

2D BOY. Those Platonic servants of theirs are upon a strong debate with their amorous mistresses.

1ST BOY. But note, my precious wag, how infinitely they seem tickled with the accounts, which those ladies return them of their court proceedings.

[*They retire, and listen.*]

¹ [Old copy, *her.*]

² [Old copy, *him.*]

³ [Old copy, *Ciens.*]

SCENE III.

FLO. You overglad me, Madam Fricase,
With your select discourse, closing so fairly
With our expected wishes.

CAR. No conceit
Struck more on fancy than the tale you told me ;
'Tis so attractive, Madam Caveare.
It acts delight without a passive object,
And forms an embryo in the phantasy
By love's mysterious spell. May Ida's court
Ne'er see Caranto exercise his revels,
If he neglect those ceremonial rites
Which love and duty have oblig'd him to.
May all the orbs make music in their motion,
And smile on our enjoyment !

PAL. Fair Julippe,
Your choice has crown'd me ; nor shall track of time
Raze out that imprese which¹ your free assent
Has here engraven. Palisado's zeal
Shall merit your affection, if endeavours
May mount to such a pitch as they may cheer
My hopes in retribution. Secrecy,
Or what may most suit with a lady's honour,
Shall in this breast keep constant sentry.²

SAL. If Salibrand fall short, may he be forc'd
To sue his own divorce. Dear Jocuette,
May your estrangement from a loathed bed
Complete your choice with a delightful change.

MOR. Balls, treats, rear-banquets, theatral receipts
To solace tedious hours, shall entertain
My mellow Medlar ; and when evening pleasure
Shall with enlivening vigour summon more
Duly-reserved offices, which Love

¹ [Old copy, *with*.]

² [Old copy, *century*]

In her arrival, her desir'd repose,
 Shall pay his loyal tribute, only due
 To crowns and nuptial rites : or as pure times
 Make these divisions legal, to supply
 Defects by abler farmers, which defray'd,
 Proves man to be himself. I'll vow no more :
 Only give leave to your devoted servant,
 Whose purest victim is a constant heart,
 To make this tender good. Before I fail
 In acting your content, may youthful heat
 Disclaim its interest in me, and this spirit,
 Active and sprightly, lose his native strength—
 Nay, thaw itself to atoms, and resolve
 To ophic powder, juice of cucumber,
 Or what may show most chilness in the blood.

TIL. Like brave Platonic, you profess much
 love,
 Which you enamel with gilt promises ;
 But my affection's conscious of no guilt,¹
 Nor a rhetoric tincture. Some can speak,
 And call the heavens to record, when their fancy,
 Mere planet-struck, has fix'd their influence
 On various objects : this deludes poor wenches,
 And makes them melt like ceruse ! Heav'ns for-
 give them !
 I'm none of that light leaven ; nor, Florello,
 Caranto, Palisado, Salibrand,
 Nor you, Morisco. Moments of delight
 May prompt unmanag'd youths to damn'd protests
 And vows which they intend not : whereas,
 : madams,
 Your choice has made you happy in your change.
 This shall my dear affianc'd Tinder find
 In her embraces ; and in those conclude
 Stol'n waters be the sweetest.

¹ [An equivoque may be intended.]

FLO. Or (what's worst of all)
 May those contents, which you expect from us,
 Discover our defects, and make you wish
 Your nuptial beds untouch'd.

ALL. May all these fall,
 And crush us with their grandeur.

LADIES. Be it so,
 And if our levity disvalue vows,
 Or what may most oblige us : may like censure
 Impeach our perish'd honours. [*They retire.*]

1ST BOY. So : the match
 Is clapp'd already up. They need no witness.

2D BOY. Trust me, they couple handsomely, as
 if they had been married after th' new fashion.

1ST BOY. These need no dispensation. Fancy
 can act it without more ado. A mad match soon
 shuffled up !

2D BOY. But what shuffling would there be, if
 any of these wanton gossips should cry out before
 their time ?

1ST BOY. That cry, my dainty wag, would be
 soon stifled. There be many ways, as I have
 heard my old grannam say (who had been in her
 youth a Paracelsian doctor's leman), to impregnate
 a birth, and, by secret applications o' possems¹
 and cordials, not only to facilitate, but expedite,
 their production.

2D BOY. And what of all this ?

1ST BOY. Why then, Tim, the only safe way
 for these gamesome macquerellas² is to antedate
 their conception before their separation. This has
 been an approved receipt ; and, upon a long con-
 sult, found so, and returned authentic. Joy or
 grief produce wondrous effects in humorous³ ladies.

¹ [Old copy, *Apozems*. Perhaps the boy means *pozsets*.]

² [Old copy, *masquerellas*.] ³ [Capricious, fanciful.]

2D BOY. Thou art a cunning, sifting ningle for all rogueries.

SCENE IV.

Enter again the Ladies with their Platonic Confidants.

1ST BOY. What! so soon returned? upon my life, there's some amorous design on foot, either in displaying of the weakness of those rams'-heads whom they have deserted, or some pasquil of light mirth to ingratiate their late-entertained servants.

2D BOY. No drollery, for love sake :
"Facetious fancies are the least profane."

1ST BOY. That's a precious strain of modesty, Nick : make much on't : let's fasten our attentions. They are moving.

[BOYS retire again.]

FLO. Dear Madam Fricase, present those scenes, Those love-attractive scenes, your noble self With these long-injur'd ladies tend'red To your prudential senate.

FRI. Sure, Florello, You much mistake them ; can you call them scenes Which just complaints exhibit? True, they might,—

They might have prov'd to us, and to our honours That lay at stake, and by spectators thought Highly engag'd, nay, desperately expos'd To a judicial sentence—a decree Of fatal consequence.

CAR. But pregnant wits, Stor'd with maturest judgment, polite tongues, Calm'd an approaching storm.

PAL. Nay, made you gracious Before those rigid consuls.

SAL. For my part,

I never knew a good face spoil a cause,
 Though th' bench were ne'er so gravely ancient :
 Nor ripe in years.

MOR. Beauty's a taking bait,
 Which each fish nibbles at : this Appius felt,
 A reverend sage, whom furrowed brow, loose lip,
 Strait line of life, a rough distemper'd cough,
 Aged catarrhs, a shiver'd shell turn'd earth,
 Where nought appear'd that might partake of man,
 Save a weak breathing motion : yet could he
 Send forth light wand'ring eyes, and court
 Virginia

With a dull admiration : so the bard
 Describes his daring-doting appetite,
 Which he pursu'd, yet thought none durst discover:
 " Appius had silent tongue, but speaking eyes ;
 " Yet who says Appius loves Virginia, lies."

TIL. Not I, I vow ; let age attire itself,
 And in that garish habit fool his soul
 With fruitless wishes. What's all this to me ?
 Pygmalion may with his incessant vows,
 Sweet'ned with fancy's incense, seek t'enliven
 Motionless marble ; but such statues render
 Icy content. Imagination may
 Make th' image seem a Leda, yet the swan
 Retains her feature and her nature too.
 Let's leave these apprehensions ; they suit better
 With shady than essential favourites.
 Good madams, second our desires ; let's hear,
 How you were dealt withal.

FLO. Our instancy
 Begg so much favour.

CAR. It will cheer our spirits
 In the relation of your fair proceedings.

MOR. Where th' issue crown'd your suit with
 that success,
 No fates seem'd more propitious.

PAL. We must leave't ;
You know what longing means.

SAL. Come, who begins ?

LADIES. Stay, gallants, wing not your too speedy
course

With such Pegasian quickness ; our consent
Should go along : our interests are concern'd
To perfect your desires.

FLO. And we presume
Your acquiescence will accomplish it.
Our mutual loves close in that harmony
That, though the airs of music still admit
Their closure in divisions, our joint strings,
So sweetly tun'd, may run their diapason
Without a discord.

FRI. By which sense we gather,
That we must prove your fiddlers ?

FLO. You mistake me.

We hold you instruments ; your fancies, strings,
To actuate our motion with that fulness
Arion ne'er attain'd to.

LADIES. We must yield,
Or they will storm us.

FRI. Yet let our conditions
Bring them within our lists. Well, our surprise
Must make you parties i' th' discovery.

ALL. For love's sake, how ?

FRI. As thus : we stand at bar
T' express our grievances : and you must set
Grave censors or examiners to discuss
The weight of our complaints.

ALL. Content ; we'll do't.

LADIES. But do't exactly, or you spoil the plot.

CAR. 'Slid, doubt not, ladies, we have wit
enough

To frame intergotaries, so you make answer,
And with your quickness do not puzzle us.

ALL. Advance, advance ; let's mount, and play the consuls.

[*The Confidants ascend the higher seats, erected after the form of the Roman exedras, the Ladies, with petitions in their hands, standing at the bar.*]

1ST BOY. How will these dainty dottrels act their parts ?

2D BOY. Rarely, no doubt ; their audience makes them confident.

SCENE V.

FLO. Now, fair ladies, what wind has blown you hither ?

FRI. The storm of our insufferable wrongs
Call unto you for justice.

CAR. And your beauties
Enjoy our just assistance. Show your griefs.

1ST BOY. This is a caranto-man, with all my heart ! must
Beauty be his landskip on the seat of justice ? [*Aside.*]

2D BOY. Pray thee, give them line. [*Aside.*]

FRI. Should I discover my misfortunes, consuls,
They would enforce compassion, even in strangers,
Who know not my extraction. My descent,
Besides the fortunes I deriv'd from them
Who gave me being, breeding, with whate'er
Might complete youth, or give embellishment
To Nature's curious workmanship, was known
To shine more graceful in the eye of fame
Than to remain obscure : yet see my fate—
My sad occurring fate !

FLO. Express it, madam.

FRI. I married, reverend consul, and in that
Lost both my freedom, fortune, and myself.
My former single sweet condition

Clothes that remembrance in a sable weed,
 Resolves mine eyes to Niobe's, whose tears
 Might drop to marble, and erect an urn
 T' inhume my funeral spousals.

[*She feigns to weep, in resentment of her former estate.*

CAR. Alas! poor lady.

1ST BOY. Pitiful senator, if he have not drunk
 some coffee to keep him waking, he will question-
 less fall asleep, or melt into tears, before he delivers
 his sentence. [*Aside.*

PAL. Whence sprung this spring of infelicity?
 Resolve us, madam.

FRI. From mine helpless match;
 A tender stripling, whose unmanly chin
 Had ne'er known razor, nor discover'd
 A youthful down: yet his minority
 Was by o'erpow'ring friends accounted fit
 To match with my maturer growth; but time
 Display'd their folly who enjoined me to't.
 And (my misfortune most) light was his brain,
 But weaker far his strength to satisfy
 Those lawful nuptial heats which breathe in us
 An active fire. Now I appeal to you,
 Judicious consuls.

2D BOY. Hold there, madam, under favour;
 these brave senators you appeal to are more for
 execution than judgment. [*Aside.*

FRI. Could the patience
 Of Grisel, were she living, reap content
 In such enjoyments? Could she suffer youth,
 Quicken'd with blooming fancy, to expire,
 And quench her heat with such an useless snuff?

FLO. A match insufferable!

CAR. Opposing nature!

¹ [Old copy, *breath'd.*]

PAS. Nay, what in time would quite depopulate,
And make the world a desert.

SAL. Higher wrongs
Cannot inflicted be on womankind.

TIL. Nor aspersing more dishonour on that sex,
That most endeared sex, to which we owe
Ourselves and fortunes; for should their choice
beauties

Suffer a pillage by desertless hands,
Forc'd to a loathed bed, and made a prey
To seared age, or to unripen'd youth :
How soon might these unparallel'd deities,
By fixing their affections on strange faces
And their more graceful posture, which they valued
Above their churlish consorts, become strangers
To their due spousal rites? How soon engage
Their honour to th' embraces of a servant
Of brave deportment, sprightly eyes, neat limbs :
A virile presence and a countenance
'Twixt Ajax and Adonis ; neither fierce
Nor too effeminate, but mix'd 'twixt both :
Neither too light to scorn, nor stern to loathe.
'Twas this brought Troy to ruin ; for had Helen
Espous'd where she had lov'd, poor Menelaus
Had ne'er been branch'd, nor Troy reduc'd to
flames ;

Nor Priam and his Hecuba [been] the grounds
Of sad succeeding stories.

1ST BOY. A gallant consult, trust me ; he has
got by heart the ballad of " The Destruction of
Troy " to a syllable. [Aside.

FLO. Honour'd colleague,
You show yourself both learn'd and eloquent.
Madam, be pleased to solace discontent
With a retir'd repose. We have discuss'd
And balanced the grandeur of your wrongs
In a judicious scale, and shall apply

Proper receipts to your aggrivances,
When we have heard the rest.

1ST BOY. Receipts of their own application, I
warrant thee. [*Aside.*]

CAR. Madam Caveare,
You here appear as a complainant too ?

CAV. And none more justly : ne'er was woman
match'd

To such a stupid, sottish animal :
One that's compos'd of nonsense, and so weak
In masculine abilities, he ne'er read
The "Wife of Bath's Tale," nor what thing might
please

A woman best ; my curtain-lectures have
No influence on him. I must confess
He's simply honest ; but what's that to me ?
He apprehends not what concerns a woman :
Nor what may suit her quality in state
And fit dimension.

CAR. A most unfitting husband !

CAV. It was my parents' caution, I remember ;
But 'twas my sad fate not t' observe ¹ that lesson—
Never to fix my fancy on a person
Who had no sage in's pate, lest progeny of fools
Should make my race unhappy : this has made
My thoughts mere strangers to his weak embraces ;
Nor shall I e'er affect him.

FLO. Madam, no law
Would in the Spartan state enjoin a lady
So nobly accomplished to confine
Her fancy to such fury.

PAL. This objection
Admits no long debate.

SAL. Her rich deserts,
Adorn'd with such choice native faculties,
And grac'd with art to make them more complete,

¹ [Old copy, *not my sad fate t' observe.*]

In humane reason should exempt her youth
From such a servile yoke.

MOR. In ancient times,
When wisdom guarded senates, a decree,
Confirmed by public vote, enacted was,
That none should marry till he had observ'd
Domestic discipline ; and first to bear
With a composed garb th' indignities
Of a Xantippe, if his fortune were
To cope with such a fury : and to calm
Her passion with his patience. Now, grave col-
leagues,

What comfort might this injur'd lady drain,
In these punctilios which import her state,
From this insensate sot ?

TIL. Exchange his bed,
And sue his patent for the *Fatuano* ;
And, to display him to his visitants
In clearer colours, let this motto be
Engraven on those walls, deep-ach'd with time,
"Defective in his head-piece, here he lies,
Object of scorn to all surveying eyes."

2D BOY. So, poor scatterbrain, he has got his
judgment already. [Aside.

CAR. Praxiteles could ne'er portray him better,
Nor lodge his sconce more fitly. You may, madam,
Conceive how sensibly we feel your wounds,
And with what promptness we shall expedite
Your long-expected cure.

PAL. Madam Julippe,
You come next in rank ; declare your griefs,
And if our judgments hold them meriting
Our just relief, we have compassionate hearts
And powerful hands to vindicate your wrongs
To th' utmost scruple.

JUL. If they weigh not heavy,
Let me incur your censure. Patriots—
For I appeal to your judicious bosoms,

Where serious justice has a residence
 Mix'd with a pious pity—I shall unravel
 The clue of my misfortunes in small threads,
 Thin-spun as is the subtle gossamer.¹
 Deep wounds, like griefs, require contracted lines ;
 Few words, long sighs : accents that want express.
 First give me leave one beaming to bestow
 On my obscur'd, once glorious, family.

ALL. Madam, proceed ; Fame made it eminent.

JUL. But now contemptive—by marrying one
 Who bears the shape of man, and that is all :
 A base, white-liver'd coward, whose regard
 To his lost honour stamps him with that brand,
 That hateful stigma, which humanity
 Scorns as the basest complice.

PAL. Style it, madam.

JUL. Pusillanimity. That ranter breathes not,
 Who with his peek'd mouchatoes² may not brave
 him,

Baffle, nay baste him out of his possessions.
 His fortunes he esteems not, so his person
 May be secur'd from beating.

ALL. Matchless coward !

JUL. Nor is this all. 'Has sought t' engage my
 bed,

My nuptial bed and honour—nay, those sheets
 Where, I may safely vow, ne'er man lay in,
 Beside my husband.

2D BOY. Very like ; but how many when he
 was not there ? [*Aside.*

FLO. No misfortune worse,
 Nor humour hateful to a virile spirit,
 Whereof your noble family partakes,
 Than want of courage.

PAL. Tush, sir, that's not all.

¹ [Old copy, *Gothsemay.*]
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² [Moustachoes.]
 U

Her line, in time, might grow degenerate,
 And blanch the living memory of those
 From whence she came.

CAV. There's none who here appears
 Before you, conscript consuls, but can give
 Store of evincing instances of this :
 For matching with Sir Jasper Simpleton,
 An hairbrain'd puppy, most of all my brood
 Run like shell-headed lapwings in careers,
 Just as their own supposed father did,
 Simple Sir Jasper, whose small dose of sense
 Proportion'd their discretion—till a change
 Impregnated me more wisely.

FRI. So did I
 Suffer in my raw, puny Amadin ;
 Though all my fears summ'd up their period,
 And in it crown'd my wishes for one boy
 (Who, while he lives, I think, will prove a boy),
 I had by my young stripling, who can trace
 His father's steps directly : all his games,
 Wherein his lineal youth takes sole delight
 Are yert-point, nine-pins, job-nut, or span-counter,
 Or riding cock-horse, which his dad admires,
 Smiling to see such horsemanship perform'd.
 Now I appeal to you, whose judgments are
 Maturely serious, if these tomboy tricks
 Might not perplex me, and enforce me too,
 To act what my affections prompt me do ?

JOC. If one complain of the minority
 Of her thin-downy consort, and you, madam,
 Of his simplicity whom you have choos'd,
 And you, Julippe, of his cowardice
 Whom with averseness you have made your
 spouse,
 What grounds of discontent may I conceive,
 Unhappy Joculette, in my choice—
 My nightly torture, whose embraces be

Worse than those snaky windings unto me,
Dipt in Medusa's charms.

CAR. Unbare your wound.

2D BOY. Nay, let that be the least of your
fears; she'll do that to a hair. [*Aside.*]

JOC. Know, then, judicious consuls,
These arms are forc'd t' enwreathe a shapeless
mass

Of all deformity, a bear unlick'd :
One whom Thersites, that disfigur'd Greek,
So far excell'd in native lineaments,
Proportion, feature, and complexion
(All rare attractives to the eye of love),
As amorous Narcissus in his prime
Surpass'd the roughest sylvan that the woods
E'er nurs'd or harbour'd. Yet enjoin'd am I
To hug this centaur, who appears to me
A prodigy in Nature.

ALL. 'Tis a fate
Exacts compassion, and deserves redress.

FLO. Such a complete and exquisite beauty
Accomplish'd in all parts !

CAR. Nay, qualifi'd
With rarity of arts to make her sex
With pious emulation to admire
Her choice perfections——

PAL. And all these obscur'd,
Soil'd, sullied, perish'd by th' immeriting touch
Of a misshapen boor !

SAL. Such precious gems,
Set in ignoble metals, cannot choose
But much detract from th' native graceful lustre,
Which they retain'd, by means of that base ore
Impales their orient splendour.

MOR. This is nothing
To th' injury her lineage may receive
From his deformity.

TIL. I must confess
That threat'neth much of danger : yet I read not
That Vulcan's poult foot or his smutt'd look
Black'ned with Lemnian sea-coal, brought the
issue

Begot by Venus, if he any got,
To change their amorous physnomy.

MOR. He may thank
Mars for that active courtesy, or it had
Disfigur'd much his spurious progeny.

FLO. Well, madam, we compassionate your
choice
In your Sir Gregory Shapeless, and shall find
A quick receipt to cure your discontent
With a new-moulded and more pleasing feature
Than your sad fate enjoys. Repose, till we
Have run through all your griefs, and felt your
pulses.

2D BOY. For shame's sake, no further, my dainty
doctors. [*Aside.*

FLO. With th' symptoms or gradations as they
stream

In your desertless sufferings ; paroxysms,
Or what extremes may most surprise your fancies :
In these our serious judgments shall supply
Such sov'reign cordials as you shall not need
No use nor application of more help
Than what we shall prepare. Let this suffice :
It rests in us to cure your maladies—
Excuse us, Madam Medler ; these debates
Have kept us from discovery of your wrongs.

MED. Than which none more depressive—would
you judge

Th' musician good that wants his instrument ?
Or any artisan, who goes to work
Without provision of a proper tool,
To manage that employment ? Modesty

Bids me conceal the rest : my secret wants
Require an active tongue ; but womanhood
Enjoins me silence.

MOR. 'Las ! I'm sensible
Of her aggrivance, ere her dialect
Can give it breath or accent.

MED. But you say—
And our experience has inform'd us, too—
In that essential truth, that we must first
Disclose our wounds, if we expect a cure :
Let your impartial judgments, then, give ear
To a distressed lady's just complaint.
In my first years, as now I am not old,
My friends resolved to supply a portion,
Which my descent (though good) could not
afford,

To match my youth unto a man of age,
Whose nest was richly feather'd, stor'd of all
But native vigour, which express'd itself
As if all radical humour had been drench'd
In a chill shady bed of cucumbers
Before our nuptial night. Oft had I begg'd,
With sighs and tears, that this unequal match
Might be diverted ; but it might not be.
The fulness of his fortunes winged them
To consummate the match : this pleased them,
But me displeas'd, whom it concerned most.

FLO. The issue, madam ?

MED. None ; nor ever shall
With that sear, suckless kex.

MOR. Never was lady
So rarely beautifi'd, so highly wrong'd.

CAR. What flinty worldling[s] were those friends
of yours

To value fortunes more than your content !

PAL. To prostitute your honour to a clod
Of mould'red earth !

SAL. And in an icy bed
To starve your blooming comforts?

TIL. This exceeds
All spousal suffering, which preceding times
In our Italian stories ever read,
Or in their sable annals register'd.

FLO. Much of Sir Tristram Shorttool (so I think
Men call your husband) have I ofttimes heard,
And his penurious humour. But your wrongs
Were strangers to me, till your own relation
Display'd their quality; which to allay,
Nay, quite remove, transmit the care to us
And our directions, to supply your wants.
We should be just to all, but still retain
A bosom-pity to the weaker sex.
If we observ'd not this with tenderness,
We should not merit this judicial seat,
Whereto——

1ST BOY. These Dabrides rais'd you. [*Aside.*]

TIL. Now, Madam Tinder, your aggrieves are
last.

TIN. But not the least. What woman could
endure
In spousal rights to have a stranger share
In her enjoyments? or remain depriv'd
Of her propriety by losing those
Appropriate dues which nature has ordain'd,
And sacred rights approv'd? You see I'm young,
And youth expects that tribute which our sex
May challenge by descent.

ALL. Her plea is good.

TIN. Would you not, reverend consuls, hold it
strange
To see a savage, unconfined bull,
When th' pasture's fruitful, and the milk-pail full,
And all delights that might content a beast,
Range here and there, and break into those grounds

Which are less fertile, and where neither shade
Affords him umbrage, nor smooth-running brooks
Streams to allay his thirst : nay, where the grass,
Too strow¹ for fodder, and too rank for pasture,
Would generate more fatal maladies
Than a whole college of state empirics
Or country farriers had art to cure ?

FLO. Such bullocks, madam, well deserve a
baiting.

TIL. And beating too !

TIN. Yet this is my condition :

For marrying one Sir Reuben Scattergood,
A person in appearance like enough,
And well-dispos'd for aught my watchful eyes
Could long discover ; but, his father dead,
And his revenues by his death swol'n great,
His nuptial bed he leaves, and entertains
Such mercenary prostitutes as fancy—
His loose-exposed fancy—lur'd him to.

CAR. Injurious ribald !

PAL. Hateful libertine !

TIL. Had she been old, or crook'd, or any way
Deform'd.

SAL. Or ill-condition'd.

MOR.

Or averse,

When he was active.

FLO. Or run retrograde
To his just pleasures : these might have abridg'd
And weaken'd his affection. But when beauty,
Composed temper, and a graceful presence,
Cloth'd both with majesty and a sweet smile
Of such attractive quality, as the adamant
Cannot more virtually enforce its object,
Than these impressive motives of content :
He merits not the title of a man,

¹ [Loose, scattered.]

Much less the embraces of so choice a spouse,
Who violates his faith, deceives her trust.

CAR. I am directly, sir, of your opinion.

PAL. So I.

MOR. And I.

ALL. So all of us concur,
To make our judgments more unanimous.

TIN. And, to confirm't, may you be pleas'd to
give

Attention to a story I shall tell,
As true as strange, to manifest th' affronts
My patience has endur'd, and to what height
His luxury ascended.

ALL. Madam, do ;

We shall lend ready ears to your discourse.

TIN. It chanc'd one day,—and ofttimes so it
chanc'd,

For doubtful thoughts have ever jealous eyes,—
That my suspicion had begot a fear
That my neglectful husband had a kindness,
And more than usual, unto my maid—
A proper maid, if so she might be call'd :
Now, to possess myself whether those grounds
Whereon I built might just inducements be
Of my late-hatch'd fears, I made pretence,
(What is it jealousy will not design ?)
To go from home. But this was no recede,
But a retire : for in the ev'ning-time,
When these two amorous pair expected least
Such an unwelcome visit, I repair'd
To a close arbour set with sycamores,
The tamarisk, and sweet-breath'd eglantine,
That local object which I fix'd upon,
Not of myself, but by direction,
Where I found out what I suspected long :
Such wanton dalliance as the Lemnian smith
Never discover'd more, when he prepar'd

His artful net t' enwreath his Eriena
Impal'd in Mars his arms.

ALL. Could you contain

Your passion in such Aretine a posture ?

TIN. With much reluctancy I did indeed,
Curbing my temper, which was much enrag'd,
With this too mild expression, "Fie, for shame !
Minion, I'll have none of this work, not I."

"You may, when it is offer'd you," said he.

1ST BOY. Ha, ha, ha ! this was a bold-fac'd
niggler;¹ trust me, wag. [Aside.

FLO. Was't not enough for him t' enjoy his
pleasure,

But he must jeer you too ?

CAR. As if you were

A stale to his light dalliance ! !

PAL. Or a scorn to his embraces !

Was her servile beauty,
Expos'd to sale, dishonour of her sex,
To be compar'd to yours ?

SAL. Whose native splendour,
Without the help of art, which makes complexion
By borrow'd colours much unlike itself :
May challenge a prerogative i' th' rank
Of our completest features.

MOR.

It seems strange,

How you could brook th' affront without revenge
On that insulting prostitute.

TIL.

No doubt

She would take hold of opportunity
By th' foretop, and repair her pressing wrongs
By private satisfactions ; which works best,
When their revenge seems sleeping and at rest.

¹ [Sporter, if indeed it is not to be taken in an obscene sense, as suggested by one of the interpretations in Nares.]

This lady would not rate her worth so small,
As to forego both use and principal.

2D BOY. No, reverend favourite, you will find
this madam Spitfire of a keener metal than so.
She's right tinder : no sooner touch than take.

[*Aside.*

FLO. Ladies, we've heard your different complaints,
Forcing our just compassion and resolves
To tender your condition, and redress.
What may the purport be of your petition,
Relating to your grievances?

ALL-LADIES. A freedom
From our disrelish'd beds.

ALL-PLATONICS. 'Tis granted you.

LADIES. With alimony to support our state
In this division.

PLAT. Your suit is just ;
Should we oppose it, we might wrong ourselves.

1ST. BOY. Very likely ; for they mean to be
made whole sharers both in their persons and personal estates. This is brave judicial brokage.

[*Aside.*

FLO. Speak, fellow-colleagues, shall I limit them,
What we in justice hold expedient
For th' alimonal charge proportion'd them,
And in what measure to supply their wants ?

ALL. Do so, Florello ; we shall second it.

FLO. Thus, I conceive, these ladies have resign'd
Their title, property and interest,
In whole and not in part, which they enjoy'd
In their defective husbands. Were't not just
In lieu o' th' whole, which they have here disclaim'd,
That they should seize upon the moiety
Of their revenues, whom they've here deserted
As useless instruments unto the state ?

PLAT. A just proportion.

LADIES. We submit to it.

2D BOY. And so ye may well, if your husbands will yield to't.

1ST BOY. These be nimble shavers, Nick, as well as sharers; they know how to cut large thongs out of other folks' leather.¹ [*Aside.*]

FLO. This crowns our wishes, when with joint consent

We close our votes, and render you content.

CAR. Dismount, dismount, let's exercise no more These purple seats; their stories stand too high For our ascent: only let's thus much know, Whether our parts were acted well or no.

[*They descend.*]

LADIES. Above expectance. Singular in all, But best in your conclusion.

FRI. You did well

In your proportioning of our alimony,
Moulded to th' moiety of their estates
Whom we have justly left; but we had less
Allotted us in more authentic courts.

PAL. That was not in our verge to regulate.

CAV. Nor skills it much; we have a competence
Aspiring to exceedings; and in this
More bless'd, because exempted from those bonds,
Which our long servitude enchain'd us to.

FLO. Of consuls, then, which title we usurp'd
To cheer your fancies, we shall now become
Your servants, confidants, or favourites,
Or how you please to style us. We are all
Affianc'd yours: firm as the solid rock
In your reserved councils, and what may
Hold correspondence with your interests,
But soft and malleable as liquid amber
In its resolving temper, when delight

¹ [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 301.]

Shall sport it in your bosom, and admit
A sociable dalliance.

FRI. Your free discourse,
Grounded on former proofs of constancy,
Has so endear'd me, I am wholly yours.

CAV. Madam, we mean not you shall have it so :
You've broke the ice, and we will trace your steps.
Former experience has engaged me
To fix on my Caranto.

JUL. Palisado shall
Enjoy my love.

JOC. I for my Salibrand.

MED. Morisco mine.

TIN. Tinder shall Tilly's be.

TIL. Pure tender Tinder of affection,
The new-blown bloom, that craves a native warmth
To cherish its young growth, shall not receive
More solace from those orient rays which shine
On its fresh-springing beauty, than your choice
Shall in my dear embraces.

TIN. I shall try you.

1ST BOY. Thus walks the poor gentlemen's re-
venues to raise these doxies' alimony : and thus
runs their alimony to feed these youngsters' riot.

[*Aside.*

PLA. Our joy's completed. Seal this joint con-
veyance
With those ambrosiac signets of your lips.

[*They kiss.*

"One house did hold, one house shall hold us twain;
Once did we kiss, and we will kiss again."

2D BOY. How turtle-like they couple! [*Aside.*

SCENE VI.

Upon these Platonics' private parlance, dalliance, and embraces of the Ladies, Enter SIR AMADIN PUNY, SIR JASPER SIMPLETON, SIR ARTHUR HEARTLESS, SIR GREGORY SHAPELESS, SIR TRISTRAM SHORTTOOL, SIR REUBEN SCATTERGOOD, in a melancholy, discontented mood, with their hats over their eyes.

SIR AMA. Is this th' platonic law, all things in common ?

SIR JAS. Must all forego their wives, that are not wise ?

SIR ART. Or be divorc'd, because we dare not fight ?

SIR GRE. Or lose our mates, because we are not handsome ?

SIR TRIS. Nay, 'cause we are not arm'd so well as others be,

Forfeit our consort and our fortunes too ?

SIR REU. Yes, that's the plague on't. Lose a light-heeled trull—

That in my judgment's nothing ; but to lose all
Or moiety of that all, or any part at all
For a poor nifing¹ toy that's worse than nothing,
'Tis this that nettleth me ! I must confess
Tinder, that light-skirt, with impetuous heat
Sometimes pursu'd me, till that quenchless fire
Burst into flames of boundless jealousy,
Which cross'd mine humour ; for variety
Relish'd my palate. Phoenix' brains be rare ;
But if our dishes had no other fare,

¹ [Trifling.]

They would offend the stomach, and so sate it,
 As grosser meats would give a better taste :
 Such was my surfeit to a marriage-bed ;
 My fortunes I prefer before her beauty,
 Or what may most content the appetite.
 Money will purchase wenches ; but this want—
 This roguish thing called want—makes wanton
 thoughts

Look much unlike themselves : 'tis this white
 metal

Enliveneth spirits, knits our arteries
 Firm as Alcides. He that binds himself
 Apprentice to his wife merely for love,
 May he, pen-feathered widgeon, forfeit's freedom,
 With whatso'er is dearest to the vogue
 Of his affections. She were a rare piece
 That could engage me, or oblige me hers
 With all those ceremonial rites which Flamens use
 To Hymen's honour. Beauty, still say I,
 Will breed a surfeit, be it ne'er so choice
 Nor eye-attractive. I should choose a grave
 Before one mistress all mine interest have.
 O my alimony, alimony ! this is the goad that only
 prickles me.

PLA. Those be your husbands, ladies ;—how
 pitifully they look ?

LADIES. Alas, poor cuckolds !

KNIGHTS. Ladies, we were sometimes your hus-
 bands.

*[These Platonics discover the Knights, and scorn-
 fully eye them.]*

LADIES. True,

You were so : but your known defects have raz'd
 That style of wedlock, and enfranchis'd us
 From that tyrannic yoke. We're now our own ;
 Nor shall our beds by you be henceforth known.

SIR AMA. What have I done ?

FRI. Nothing, Sir Amadin.
 And that's sufficient to divide us two.
 Your puny years must grow in strength and sinews
 To prove you man, before you can partake
 In my enjoyments ; the court has so decreed,
 And by resentment of that injury
 Your blooming youth, unripened for delight,
 Has done to me, your hapless virgin bride,
 Held fit to number me amongst these ladies,
 All different sufferers ; and for supportance
 (As everything, you know, would gladly live)
 Allots us alimony.

FLO. So his score is paid. [Aside.

SIR JAS. Madam, look on Sir Jasper.

CAV. Honest simpleton,
 And so I will, just as the fowler is wont
 On a catch'd dottrel ; till your wasted brain
 Rise to more growth, I from my widow'd bed
 Will rise untouch'd : these breasts shall never give
 Their nursing teats unto a brood of fools.

CAR. So, good Sir Jasper, you've your doom in
 folio.¹ [Aside.

SIR ART. Receive me, dear Julippe.

JUL. For what end ?

Have you stol'n from your colours ? O, I hate
 A coward worser than a maidenhead
 Basely bestow'd. These Paphlagonian birds—
 These heartless partridges—shall never nestle
 Under my feathers. Till your spirit revive,
 And look like man, disclaim your interest
 And injur'd title in Julippe.

PAL. So ;

He must first learn to fight, ere she to love. [Aside.

JOC. What would Sir Gregory ?

¹ [Of course a play on the similarity between *folio* and *folio*.]

SIR GRE. That you would love me.

JOC. No; you must cast your slough first: can you see

Ought in yourself worth loving? Have you ever, Since our unhappy meeting, us'd a glass, And not been startled in the sad perusal Of your affrightful physnomy? Sir, hear me; And let me beg your patience, if you hear Aught may disrelish you. When th' camel shall Trans-shape himself into a nimble weasel, Or such-like active creature, and this bunch, Which Nemesis has on your shoulders pitch'd (This bunch of grapes, I mean) shall levell'd be,

[She lays her hand upon his shoulders.]

And brought into proportion by a press Equally squeezing, till it shall retain Adonis' feature, I shall value you, And hug you for my consort. But till then Excuse my strangeness.

SAL. So; his cause is heard:

He must unshape himself to gain her love.

MED. Sir Tristram Shorttool, have you ought to do

In this pursuit of fancy?

SIR TRIS. Something, madam.

MED. But to small¹ purpose. Sir Tristram; you have been

A man of reading, and on winter nights You told me tales (for that was all² you did), What strange adventures and what gallant acts Redoubted knights did for their ladies' sakes; But what did you for Medler all the while? Did you e'er toss a pike or brandish blade For her dear sake? Go to, I shall conceal,

¹ [Old copy, *small to.*]

² [Old copy, *all that was all.*]

And with a modest, bashful veil enshroud
 What sense bids me discover. Let me, sir,
 Advise you as a friend ; for other styles,
 Relating to an husband, I shall never
 Henceforth resent them with a free comply :
 Love suits not well with your decrepit age ;
 Let it be your chief care t' intend your health ;
 Use caudles, cordials, julips, pectorals ;
 Keep your feet warm ; bind up your nape o' th' neck
 Close against chilling airs, that you may live
 An old man long ; but take especial care
 You button on your nightcap.

MOR. After th' new fashion
 With his loave-ears¹ without it.

[*Aside.*

MED. This is all—
 Only your absence.

MOR. So good night, Sir Tristram. [*Aside.*

SIR REU. Sweet Madam Tinder.

[SIR REUBEN *offers to kiss her.*

TIN. Keep your distance, sir ;
 I love not to be touch'd.

SIR REU. Are you so hot,
 My tender tinder ?

TIN. No, sir ; look to the clime
 Where you inhabit ; there's the torrid zone.

TIL. Yea, there goes the hare² away ! [*Aside.*

SIR REU. Can you not love ?

TIN. Not one that loves so many.

SIR REU. 'Las, pretty peat ! [*Offers to touch her.*

TIN. Pray, sir, hold off your hand ;
 Truck with your low-pric'd traders ; I must tell you
 Mine honour's higher rated.

SIR REU. Be it so ;
 I wish you would disclaim your alimony

¹ [See Nares, arts. *lave-eared*, and *loave-ears*.]

² [Old copy, *hair*. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," p. 392.]

With that indiff'rent touch as you do love,
You should not need a dispensation, madam ;
It should be granted unpetitioned !

TIN. I'm confident it would ; nor shall the cool-
ness

Of your affection bring me to an ebb
Of favour with myself. Plant where you please,
I'll henceforth scorn to hug my own disease.

TIL. So, Sir Reuben's despatched, and, like a
ranger, may tappis¹ where he likes. [*Aside.*]

SIR REU. But hark you, madam ; what be these
brave blades

That thus accoutre you ? Are they your Platonic,
Hectors, or champion-haxters,² pimps or palliards,
Or your choice cabinet-confidants ?

TIN. You may exact accmpt from them.

SIR REU. No, but I will not ;

Long since I've heard a proverb made me wise,
And arm'd me cap-a-pie 'gainst such accounts :
"Whos'e'er he be that tugs with dirty foes,
He must be soil'd, admit he win or lose."

TIN. Shall I acquaint them with your adage, sir ?

SIR REU. Do, if you please.

TIN. No, sir, I am too tender

Of your endanger'd honour. Should a baffle
Engage your fame, and I the instrument,
It would disgust me.

SIR REU. You are wondrous kind ;
But, pray you, tell me, is this favourite,
Or turnkey of your council, in the rank
Of generous Hectors ? I would be resolv'd,
For it concerns me.

¹ [Literally, to lie on the ground, like game ; but it is here used in the sense *to lie.*]

² [This passage seems to corroborate the explanation already given of this word.]

TIN. Pray, good sir, as how ?

SIR REU. Since 'tis my fate, I would be branched nobly,

Lest mine adulterate line degenerate,
 And raze the ancient splendour of mine house,
 As many noble families have done
 By mixing with inferior apple-squires,
 Grooms, pages, ushers, which in time begot
 Such middle wits in this our middle region,
 None could distinguish them from Corydons,
 Nor well discover whence they might derive
 Their prime descent, unless it were by th' crest
 Their footmen wore, or what their coach presented
 In its rear quarter. All your Sir Reuben begs
 Aims mainly at your honour's privilege,
 Which shielded, I'm secure ; and it is this :

"Let choice hands meddle with your tinder-box !"

TIN. Make that your least of fears. We'll keep
 our fame,
 Amidst this freedom, still unblemished.

KNIGHTS. So we have all receiv'd their final
 answers.

SIR REU. Now¹ do I mean to draw up my re-
 joinder.

"He who will lose his wits or break his heart
 For such a wench as will not take his part,
 And will not shun what he may safely fly,
 May he a Bedlam or a beggar die !"

KNIGHTS. Farewell, inconstant ladies.

LADIES. Adieu, constant Acteons.

*[Exeunt omnes, the Ladies ushered in by their
 Confidants.]*

¹ [Old copy, Nor.]

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter TWO CITIZENS.

1ST CIT. Is it for certain that the duke's voyage holds for Salamanca?

2D CIT. No doubt on't; his resolution is so firmly fixed no motion can decline it; and if we may credit Fame (which seldom errs in all, though it exceed in many), never was fleet more bravely rigged, better prepared, nor with more military strength furnished, nor more virile spirits accompanied, nor by more expert commanders at any time since the battle of Lepanto conducted.

1ST CIT. It was thought he would not personally have engaged himself in this adventure, but have deputed some experienced general for perfecting this grand design, and imposing a final period to an action of such high consequence.

2D CIT. 'Tis true: but those many aggrievances, aggravated with numerous petitions presented by our Seville merchants, wrought such strong effects upon the sweet, compassionate nature of the good duke, as endeared that¹ resentment, which he retained upon those merchants' relation, touching the infinitely surcharging losses which they had suffered through the hostile piracy of the Salamancans, as he made a solemn vow to engage himself in their quarrel, and either revenge the injuries and indignities they had sustained, or seal his just desires with the sacrifice of his dearest life.

1ST CIT. Were the merchant-losses great?

2D CIT. In shipping infinite, and by accomptants of approved trust computed to many millions;

¹ [Old copy, *that endeared.*]

for, besides vessels of lesser burthen in one sea-voyage being driven by contrary winds upon the coasts of Calabria, they lost at one time The Panther, Libbard,¹ Bugle, Antelope, caracts² of great and formidable sail, such as would have made their party good against all assailants, had they not been dispersed and weakened by violent tempests, besides the unexpected hurricane, which dashed all the endeavours of the best pilots that all their fleet afforded: yet, reduced to this strait and sad exigent, they found no islander so compassionate as to pity their deplorable condition, but rather such as were ready to add fresh affliction to their late suffering, by seizing on whatsoever remained estimable in their freeborn vessels, and exposing them, without the least remonstrance of humanity or civil hospitality, to the mercy of the winds. This it was which winged the duke to this expedition, choosing, as report goes, the Revenge for his ship-of-war, and that only man-of-war wherein he means to steer his course, return his errand, and requite his quarrel.

1ST CIT. The duke's a person of a gallant spirit.

2D CIT. I dare affirm it, sir, that the state of Seville was never with more prowess, prudence, nor martial policy at any time managed, which not only his prosperous exploits abroad (than which none were more successive³), but likewise his vigilant care and command at home, may sufficiently manifest. For his late declaration under his great seal has discovered the incomparable zeal he had of serving both court and city, in commanding all such useless and incommodious weeds as trepanners, tarpaulins, with all our abusively entitled Hectors,

¹ [Leopard.]

² [More usually spelt *carricks*.]

³ [Successful.]

that they should by a peremptory day depart the city and line of communication in relation to the court: since which time they have resolved, for want of better supplies, to hazard the remainder of their broken fortunes upon a desperate adventure for Tunis.

1ST CIT. In such glorious designs, levelling at honour, they declare themselves really Hectors.

Enter a MARINER.

2D CIT. What news, Segasto ?

MAR. The duke's upon his march, and near approaching.

1ST CIT. How quick's his spirit to redress our wrongs ! [CITIZENS *stand aside*.¹

SCENE II.

Trumpets and kettle-drums sounding, with other martial music usually observed in that country.

Enter DUKE EUGENIO, Officers, and Soldiers with colours displayed.

DUKE. Thus far on our address !² May prosperous gales

Breathe on our sails : sails, on our just designs
In vindicating of our country's fame,
Too long impair'd by suffering injuries ;
Till which redress'd, our honour lies at stake,
And we made aliens to our own estate.

¹ [The two Citizens appear to retire only, while the events occupying the two next scenes take place, after which they come forward again.]

² [Attempt, enterprise.]

March on then bravely, that it may appear
 "Our courage can revenge as well as bear."

[*They march over the stage with trumpets, fifes, drums, and colours, and go out; manentibus civibus.*

1ST CIT. This gallant resolve of the duke, pursued with such alacrity, can never be sufficiently admired; and to engage his person, too, in so perilous adventure!

2D CIT. And all this in vindication of the merchants' honour, and their interest.

1ST CIT. Trust me, he appears bravely.

2D CIT. His disposition from his youth foretold
 What's manhood would assay—whence comes
 this noise?

Enter BOY.

BOY. Room for our bravoës, cadets! they march along in ranks and files; their pockets grow shallow; the taverns and ordinaries they vow to be infidels, so as they have enlisted themselves soldiers of fortune.

1ST CIT. These be those trepanners whom the duke
 Has proscribed, or I mistake it.
 Let us observe their posture.

SCENE III.

Enter CAPTAIN, TREPANNERS, TARPAULINS, with other runagadoës, orderly marching, and in the rear, BENHADAD, a Quaker, with tobacco-pipes.

1ST TRE. Rouse, buckets and tubs! Hey for Tunis and Argiers.¹

¹ [A not unusual form of Algiers.]

CAPT. Keep your ranks, my comrades, and fight valiantly.

2D TRE. What else, captain? We cheated before for nothing, and now, having nothing, we mean to fight for something.

3D TRE. 'Slid, bullies, I think the duke has done us a pleasure.

1ST TRE. Pray thee, how, boy?

3D TRE. I'll tell thee the short and long on't. Before, if any of us had been so valiant (as few of us were) as to borrow money on the highway, we were sometimes forced to repay it at the gibbet: but the world is turned upside down; if we get it, we may keep it, and never answer for it.

1ST TRE. Hey, boy, art thou in that lock?¹ But, noble lance-presado,² let us have a sea-sonnet, before we launch forth in our adventure-frigate. They say the syrens love singing.

CAPT. Agreed, wags. But which shall we have?

1ST TRE. That old catch of Tunis and Argiers; good captain, it suits best with our voyage.

CAPT. To't then, my Hectors; and keep your *elas*³ as you do your march. The syrens will not relish you, if you sing out o' tune.⁴

THE SEA-SONG.⁵

CAPT. *To Tunis and to Argiers, boys!
Great is our want, small be our joys.*

¹ [*i.e.*, Is that thy cue.]

² [Old copy, *land prisado*. See Dyce's *Middleton*, iii. 532.]

³ [Old copy, *Elose*.]

⁴ [Old copy, *out a*.]

⁵ [This song is not noticed in Mr Halliwell's "Early Naval Ballads," 1841.]

*Let's then some voyage take in hand
To get us means by sea or land.*

*Come, follow me, my boys, come follow me,
And if thou die, I'll die with thee.*

[*They join in the close.*]

*Hast thou a wife? I have one too,
And children some, as well as thou;
Yet who can see his brats to starve
So long as he has strength to serve?*

*Come, follow me, my cubs, come follow me,
And if thou die, I'll die with thee.*

[*He fixeth his eyes as upon objects in a
landskip.*]

*Methinks, my boys, I see the store
Of precious gems and golden ore;
Arabian silks and sables pure
Would make an haggard stoop to th' lure.*

Come, follow me, &c.

*No worthless mind e'er honour sought;
Let's fight as if we feared nought.
If bullets fly about our ears,
Let's laugh at death, and banish fears.*

Come, follow me, &c.

*And if thou canst not live so stench,¹
But thou must needs enjoy thy wench,
If thou, my boy, such pleasure crave,
A dainty doxy thou shalt have.*

Come, follow me, &c.

*Courage, my sparks, my knights o' th' sun;
Let Seville fame what we have done.
We'd better ten times fight a foe
Than once for all to Tyburn go.*

Come, follow me, &c.

¹ [Staunch.]

*Come, let's away, mount, march away ;
 This calm portends a prosperous day.
 When we return, it shall be said
 That by our voyage we are made.
 Come, follow me, &c.*

*But if we ne'er again return,
 Enclose our ashes in an urn,
 And with them spice a wassal-cup,
 And to Good Fellows drink it up.
 Come, follow me, &c.*

*Which health, when it is gone about,
 And stoutly set their foot unto't,
 No doubt they shall enrolled be
 I' th' Book of Fame, as well as we.
 Come, follow me, spruce sprigs, come follow me,
 And, if thou fall, I'll fall with thee.*

*Enter a rank of TARPULINS, pressed for the same
 adventure, marching over the stage, and joining
 in the catch, an health-cup in the leader's hand.*

TAR. *When this grand health is gone about,
 Where you as stoutly stood unto't,
 Doubt not you shall recorded be
 I' th' Book of Fame, as well as we.
 March after me, &c.*

*And when this bowl shall run so round
 Your legs can stand upon no ground,
 Fear not, brave blades,¹ but you shall be
 Sworn brothers made as well as we.
 March after me, &c.*

¹ [In 1641 appeared a tract entitled "The Brothers of the Blade answerable to the Sisters of the Scabbard," &c., but the phrase was, no doubt, older.]

*No other obsequies we crave,
Nor quaint inscriptions on our grave ;
A simple shroud's a soldier's share,
Which if he want he needs not care.
March after me, &c.*

*Such vails are all we wish at last,
Which if we want, the care is past.
This done, to think of us were just—
Who drink not get¹ as dry as dust.
March after me, &c.*

*While you act what we did before,
Discharge with chalk² the hostess' score ;
And if the hussy³ challenge more,
Charm th' maundring gossip with your roar.
March after me, we'll frolic be,
And, if thou die, I'll die with thee.*

SCENE IV.

BENHADAD furiously accosts them.

BEN. I proclaim you all Edomites ; dragooners of Dagon ; ding-dongs of Dathan ! A generation of vipers !

1ST TRE. No, father Benhadad, your gravity is mistaken grossly ; we are rather a generation of pipers. *[They smoke tobacco.]*

2D TRE. Go to, holy Benhadad ; stand you to your calling as we to our arms. Thou art for converting the Great Turk, and we for lining our

¹ [Old copy, *yet.*]

² [An allusion to the well-known practice of chalking up scores at taverns. See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 386.]

³ [Housewife. Perhaps it had already, however, become in vogue in a contemptuous sense.]

pockets with Tunis gold. Where if we get our design, hold to thy principles, but no further than thou canst maintain them, and we shall create thee our household chaplain.

Enter MARINER.

MAR. To sea, to sea! the winds are prosperous.

CAPT. And may we prosper with them! So farewell Seville and her dainty doxies.

ALL. Ran-tan! hey for Tunis and Argiers!

[Exeunt colours displayed, with fifes and drums.]

1ST CIT. Such was the duke's care to remove those weeds,

Whose fatal growth might choke maturer seeds.

2D CIT. Good governors wise gardeners imitate:
These cheer their plants; those steer a planted state.

[Exeunt.]

TRIL. *[From the high gallery.]* I cannot, gentlemen, contain myself.

TIM. Thy genius has surpass'd itself;
Thy scene is richly various: prease on still;
These galleries applaud thy comic skill.

[He takes his seat again.]

SCENE V.

Enter CONSTABLE and WATCH, in rug gowns, bills, and dark lanthorns.

CON. Come along with your horns, my lads of metal. It was the duke's pleasure before his departure, that we should be appointed the sinks and sentinels of the city, and that none shall have ingress, egress, or regress but by our special autho-

riety and favour. But, harm watch, harm catch: for my part, since I crept into this office, I am woven into such a knot of good fellowship, as I can watch no more than a dormouse: nay, I am verily persuaded, if I hold constable long, the deputy of the ward will return me one of the Seven Sleepers. But let me advise you, my birds of the Capitol, that you walk not after my example: be it your care to watch, while I sleep. Many eyes are upon you; but my eyes grow heavy; my day's society bids me take a nap.

WATCH. But one word, good master, before you drop into your slumber: report goes, that there be spirits that patrol familiarly in this sentry; what shall we say to them, if they pass by?

CON. Bid them stand.¹

WATCH. But what if they either cannot or will not?

CON. Let them then take themselves to their heels, and thank God you are so well rid of them.

WATCH. One word more, good constable, and then good night. Be these the spirits that allure our children with spice and trinkets to their schippers, and so convey them to th' Bermudas?²

CON. In no wise, neighbours; these spirits come from the low countries: and though at first sight very frightful, yet, appearing unarmed, they become less fearful.

1ST WATCH. Nay, if these pretty familiars come

¹ [An obvious imitation of Shakespeare's Dogberry.]

² [The island of Bermuda was formerly supposed to be enchanted, and was sometimes called by the sailors the Isle of Devils. This is a curious passage: the writer had perhaps in his recollection the speech of Ariel in the "Tempest," act. i. sc. 2. The old copy has *Barmondes*. See Hunter's "New Illustrations of Shakespeare," i. 149.]

to our guard naked,¹ we shall prove hard enough for them.

2D WATCH. Well, neighbour Rugweed, let us not presume too far on our strength : these spirits be a dangerous kind of whiffers, and, like our Robin Goodfellows, will play their legerdemain tricks, scudding here and there in a trice, and nimbly snap you, when least suspected.

SCENE VI.

Enter GALLERIUS' GHOST.

From the Cinnerian depth here am I come
Leaving an Erra Pater in my tomb,
To take a view, which of my fellows be
The thriving'st artists in astronomy.
Rank one by one in astrologic row,
And dying see, whom thou didst living know.

[He makes his figure.]

Mount, gainful Crinon ; for to thee we give,
As thou deserv'st, the sole prerogative :
For thy divining lines have purchas'd more
Than all our prime professors got before.
Jason won much at Colchis ; but thy gain
Has lin'd thy shoulders in a Swedish chain.
Rich divination ! But what's knowledge worth,
If people do not credit what's set forth ?

Omnia temporibus cecinit Cassandra futuris. Quae ventura suis—via unquam credita Teucris Melitus.

This was Cassandra's loss, whom we allow
And hold a prophetess as true as thou
But not so well believ'd. Take heed, my blade,
Thy late predictions cannot retrograde,
And give thine erring notions such a check,
As they unlink that chain which decks thy neck.
Signs sometimes change their influence, we see :

¹ [Without weapons.]

I wish the like event befall not thee.
The golden number and saturnian line
Have been propitious to thee all thy time :
Thy says held oracles : thy observations
For death, war, weather, held by foreign nations
As positive maxims : yet one critical point
Will throw this artful fabric out o' joint.
Dog-days each year affords ; if thou find none,
Thy fortune's clearer far than any one.
Let me then caution thee, divining Crinon,
Lest thy own bosom prove thy treach'rous Sinon,
Let not opinion make thy judgment err :
"The ev'ning conquest crowns the conqueror."
Hope of reward or one victorious field
Is no firm ground for any one to build.
May ill success clothe him with discontent,
That balanceth the cause by the event."
Next him ascend, Erigonus, whose art,
Richly embellish'd with a loyal heart,
Will not permit thy thoughts to stoop so low
As to pretend more than thy notions know,
Or can attain to. Thou hast ta'en content
With as much freedom under strait restraint,
As Pibrack in his paradox express'd,
Inwardly cheer'd when outwardly distress'd.
I have much mus'd, while thou convers'd with us
Of the gradations o' th' Celestial House,
Yet hadst none of thine own to shelter thee.
This was an humour that transported me :
To see a mind so large, and to discourse
As if he had got Fortunatus' purse !
This caus'd me think that we did greatly err
In holding thee a mere astrologer,
Though't be a sacred-secret speculation,
And highly meriting our admiration :
But rather some rare stoic, well content
With his estate, however the world went.

Yet when I saw thine artificial scheme
 Exactly drawn, as none of more esteem,
 I wonder'd much how such choice art could want,
 Unless the whole world were grown ignorant.
 I heard of late, what I did never dream,
 Thy farming life had drawn thee to a team,
 Preferring th' culture of an husbandman
 Before a needful astrologian,
 Who in this thankless age may pine and die,
 Before he profit by astronomy.
 For though I must confess an artist can
 Contrive things better than another man,
 Yet when the task is done, he finds his pains
 Nought¹ but to fill his belly with his brains.
 Is this the guerdon due to liberal arts,
 T' admire the head, and then to starve the parts?
 Timely prevention thou discreetly us'd,
 Before the fruits of knowledge were abus'd.
 "When learning has incurr'd a fearful damp,
 To save our oil 'tis good to quench our lamp."
 Rest, then, on thy enjoyments, and receive
 What may preserve a life, reserve a grave.
 This with convenience may supply thy store,
 And lodge thee with content: what wouldst thou
 more?

While he who thirsts for gold, and does receive it,
 Pules like a baby when he's forc'd to leave it.
 For you, Liberius, I would have you look
 For your improvement on your table-book;
 Where you shall find how you bore once a name
 Both in the rank of fortune and of fame;
 But others, rising to a higher merit,
 Darken'd that splendour which you did inherit,
 Or those mistakes which caus'd you err so far,
 As your late years have proved canicular.

¹ [Old copy, *Sought*.]

To waste more paper I would never have you,
 For I'm resolv'd your book will never save you,
 Nor you from it receive a benefit.
 Suppress, then, pray thee, thy leaf-falling wit ;
 Merlin's Collections will not serve thy turn,
 Retire, retire, and slumber in thine¹ urn.
 Dotage has chill'd thy brain : in silence sleep ;
 " He's wise enough that can his credit keep."
 For you, Columba, and rare Peregrine,
 It is your fate to nestle in a clime
 Of disadvantage : Wisdom bids you build
 Where you may dwell, and sow in such a field,
 Where you may reap the harvest you have sown :
 " Arts unimprov'd are to no purpose shown."
 Those only may be truly said to know,
 Whose knowledge pays their country what they
 owe ;
 And (with the bee) from labour never cease,
 Till they have stor'd their hives with sweet increase.
 Which thriving industry, infus'd by nature
 In such a small political a creature,
 Might by a native model render thee
 Conducts of science in astrology :
 For she accounts it as a fruitless toil
 To browse on suckets in a barren soil.
 For you, Alatus, mount with airy wing,
 And to [your] scatter'd nest some feathers bring :
 Though popular esteem afford delight,
 It cannot satisfy the appetite.
 Fame is a painted meat, and cannot feed
 Nor sate the stomach when it stands in need.
 This was mine own condition ; while I liv'd,
 I to the highest pitch of fame arriv'd ;
 All the Rialto sounded with my praise,
 Yet silence shrouded this within few days ;

Saltibus hirsutis haud spatiantur apes.

¹ [Old copy, *mine*.]

For after some few funeral tears were shed,
 My memory died, before tears went to bed.
 Yea, in my lifetime, when my state grew low,
 My fame found none she would conduct me to :
 And let this caution thee. Though thou swell
 great

In men's conceit, this will not get thee meat.
 "The only means to raise friends, fame, and
 store,

Is to make industry thy providor."

For Atro-Lucus Serands, they be such

I would not touch them, lest I should too much
 Impeach their branded fames : one word for all—
 As their disgrace is great, their knowledge small :
 Let these demoniacs practise less in black,
 It will discolour all their almanac.

But this was not my errand. I would know
 How ladies with their husbands suit below.
 Those frolic girls, I mean, and of none else,
 Who were induc'd by mine and Crinon's spells

[MEPHISTOPHILUS *appears and resolves him.*

To choose strange bedfellows. Pray, tell me how,
 Dear Mephistophilus, those wantons do.

MEPH. All out of joint : they've left their hus-
 bands' bed.

GAL. By this it seems they were not rightly
 wed ;

There was no justice in't : for if there had,
 Should they break loose, they would be judged mad.
 But now mine hour approacheth ; I must pass
 Down to that vault where late I lodged was.
 Fix, Mephistophilus, this on that gate,
 That those who knew me may collect my fate.

[MEPHISTOPHILUS *having fixed this inscription
 on the portal of the gate, they descend.*

INSCRIPTION.

*The Astronomical Anatomy in a shadowed phynomy,
recommended to posterity, dissected and presented
in the empirical ghost of D. Nicholas Gallerius.
— Facilis descensus Averni.*

*Enter WATCH distraughtedly, letting fall their
lanthorns.*

WATCH. Spirits, spirits, spirits !

Enter CONSTABLE, rubbing his eyes.

CON. Where, where, where ?

WATCH. Here, there, and everywhere ;
Now in the porter's lodge, then in the air !

CON. A *foutre* for such ranging mawkins ! I'll tell you, fellow-officers—for I have been since my weaning sufficiently schooled in the office of a constable—that we have no legislative power (do you mark me ?) to commit any person, be he never so notorious a delinquent, if he fly or (as our falconers say) mount up into th' air. We are not bound to follow him, neither to attach nor commit him. And why ? says the law. Because it is not in our power to catch him. But if he strut in the street, you may command him to come before me the Constable, as I am the representative body of the duke ; or before yourselves, being the representative body of your Constable ; and if the person so taken remain under safe custody, and he fly, if you overtake him by speed of foot, or by help of the bellman's mongrel, you may by the law of arms lay him by th' heels.

[Dismiss the WATCH, and exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter SIR AMADIN PUNY, SIR JASPER SIMPLETON,
SIR ARTHUR HEARTLESS, SIR GREGORY
SHAPELESS, SIR TRISTRAM SHORTTOOL, SIR
REUBEN SCATTERGOOD.

SIR REU. Doubt nothing, my fellow-knights of Hornsey ; the plot is so neatly and nimbly laid as it cannot but hold stitch.

ALL. But be the favourites' suits got, Sir Reuben ?

SIR REU. They are brought to our lodgings already. To try a conclusion, I have most fortunately made their pages our 'coys by the influence of a white powder, which has wrought so powerfully on their tender pulse, as they have engaged themselves ours back and edge. *Sunt munera vincula servis.*

SIR TRIS. 'Tis true, but how shall we pursue this project, that we may act to purpose what your ingenuity has contrived ?

SIR REU. Leave that to me ; be it your care to follow my direction, and if I make not these haxters as hateful to our hussies as ever they were to us who were their husbands, set me up for a Jack-a-Lent or a Shrove-cock for every boy to throw at ! The net is spread, and if they 'scape the noose, they must have more eyes than their own to discover it.

SIR AMA. Excellent, excellent ! I long till I be at work.

SIR REU. It will admit no delay, Sir Amadin, I assure you. We have not overwatched this night to no purpose. This very morning by times we must be fitted with our properties, and with a

scornful neglect pass by that rendezvous where our gamesome ladies expect their youthful Platonics.

SIR GRE. Revenge to me's far sweeter than to live.

ALL. To't, to't ; for love's sake, let us to't.

SIR REU. The plot is laid with such industrious skill,
If this take not, I do not know what will.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter MADAM FRICASE, MADAM CAVEARE, MADAM JULIPPE, MADAM JOCULETTE, MADAM MEDLAR, MADAM TINDER.

FRI. How tedious morns these be in our expectation

Of what we tender most ?

CAV. Credit me, madam,

My marriage-day from th' rising sun to night
Seem'd not so long, though it was long enough—
As the slow-running course of this morn's visit.

JUL. Desires cannot endure protractive hours ;
The poet has confirm'd our thoughts in this,
Placing our action far below our wish :

“Sooner quenched is love's fire
With fruition than desire.”

JOC. That poet surely was neither Mantuan,
Lucian, nor Claudian.

MED. No, sister ; nor Alcæus, Eubæus, nor
Apuleius ; but some cold cucumber-spirit—Xenocrates, who never actually knew how to hug his mistress.

TIN. This is the hour and place.

FRI. It is so ; and no doubt but our feathered favourites have overflown us.

SCENE II.

Enter VINTRESS and DRAWERS.

VIN. What do you lack, my princely beauties ?

CAV. What your sex cannot furnish us with, my dainty Dabrides.

Did you entertain no gallants lately ?

VIN. Not any, madam ; but gallants are men of their words ; they will stand to their tacking upon occasion : will you be pleased, noble ladies, in their absence to bestow yourselves in a room ; or, to procreate yourselves, take a turn in the garden ?

MED. 'Slid, does she hold us for Andalusian studs,¹ that can breed by the air, or procreate of ourselves ?

FRI. Well, her meaning is good ; we will accept her offer, and take a walk or a cheerful repose at our pleasure : and in it let each of us, for want of more real objects, entertain an imaginary apprehension of their absent lover. [*Knocking within.*]

DRAW. Anon, anon, sir ; quick, quick as Erebus, good Jeremy ! Uds so, what a chattering they make ? I verily think our old Tityre Tu's and Bugle Blews are come to town, they keep such a damnable quarter.

2D DRAW. They knock as they were madmen in the percullis. Quick, quick ; more attendants in the *Unicorn*. There goes none to the *Antwerp*. The *Lion* and the *Roebuck*² have not one drawer

¹ [Mares.]

² [The names of rooms in the tavern.]

to attend them. Who goes into the Ladies' Garden? ¹

1ST DRAW. We shall have a brave term, if we stir not our stumps better. [*Exeunt.*]

The Ladies' Garden.—JULLIPPE, &c.

JUL. Th' Elysian groves so richly beautified,
Deck'd with the tufted verdure : watered
With crystal rills, and cloth'd above conceit
In native diap'ry : may emblems be
Of this delicious platform, where each sense
May sate its quest with sweet satiety.

JOC. And th' edifying sense with melody.

[*Voices of nightingales.*]

Hark, how that ev'ning quire of nightingales
Warble with shrillest notes, pricks at their breasts,
Tereus' incestuous crime ; as if't had been
A fact inexpiable : wherein we doubt,
What we should do, if [we] were put unto't.
This is a garden, sure, of great frequent.

*Dum Philomela canit,
spinum sub
pectore figit:
Crimen ut in-
cestus se me-
minisse dolet.*

CAV. Lucullus nor the Roman Argentine
Had ne'er the like : nor with completer beauties
More gracefully embellish'd : it might be
Styl'd the Spring Garden for variety
Of all delights : balls, treats, and choice invites,
Address'd for amorous parliance ; and indeed
To make the bargain up—you know my meaning.

FRI. Thou art a dang'rous beagle. What say you, ladies ?

In this perpetual spring-like sweet retire,
To gratify her court'sy and conduct,
Who tender'd these respects : let's have a frolic—
A jovial frolic, till the Platonics come.

¹ [Perhaps a portion of the garden reserved for lady-guests.]

Whom we must chide, and with some discontent
Tax for their slowness.

ALL. The motion's wondrous good ;
We all assent to't.

JOC. But in this assent
Scatter such freedom as it may appear
Our fortunes be our own : and that no eye
Of jealousy or parsimonious thrift
Can bound our humour. Let's call up the drawer.
[They ring the bell.]

Enter DRAWER.

DRAW. Your pleasures, madams ?

ALL. What hast within, boy ?

DRAW. Cakes, creams, stewed prunes, olivets,
tongues, tarts, and——

CAV. What else, you Jack-of-all-trades ! Doth
your mistress take us, you nitty-napry rascal, for
her bordella's blouses ?¹

Bring us here pistachio nuts,

Strengthening oringo roots.

Quince, peach, and preserv'd apricock,

With the stones pendant to't.²

With such incentive and salacious cates,

As quicken hours, and sharpen appetite.

DRAW. You shall, you shall, madam ;—on my
life, these be the ladies of the New Dress ; they'll
never be satisfied. *[Aside. Exit.]*

CAV. Let us imagine ourselves now to be planted
in the Sparagus Garden, where if we want any-
thing, it is our own fault. A fair alimony needs
no pawn ; it will discharge a tavern-bill at any
time.

¹ [Light skirt. Compare Halliwell in r.]

² [An indelicate equivoque.]

SCENE III.

Enter again the VINTRESS and DRAWER with wine and fruit.

VIN. How is it, noble ladies? Your honours shall want no rarities that our storehouse may afford you.

CAV. A glass of muscadella for me. Here, Madam Fricase, to Monsieur Florello! [*Drinks.*]

FRI. This court'sy, madam, must not beget in you a forgetfulness of Caranto.

CAV. So nearly he's unbosomed, you need not fear it.

JUL. Nectarella for me. Here, princely Joculette, to your Salibrand! [*Drinks.*]

JOC. Meantime, remember loyal Palisado.

JUL. No individual can be well forgot.

MED. Medea shall be mine. This, Madam Tinder, to your Tillyvally! [*Drinks.*]

TIN. First to your own Morisco! So, this health's gone round.

FRI. Now when our throats are clear, let's join together

In some choice musical air.

ALL. Agreed, agreed,
What shall we have?

FRI. What may enliven love,
And feather fancy with Icarian wings.

ALL. We must be mounting then. Your subject, madam?

FRI. *Le Drollere Amaranto.*

ALL. Dainty airs,
And lines to suit them: we shall follow you.

SONG, *in various Airs.*

*What shall we poor ladies do,
 Match'd to shallops without brains,
 Whose demains¹ are in grains,
 And their wits in madding veins,
 Stor'd with Neapolitan mains ?
 Give us sprightly sprigs of manhood,
 None of these swads nor airy squibs,
 Who would fain do, but cannot.*

[*They alter the air upon the close
of every stanza.*]

*Poor ladies, how we dwindle ?
 Who can spin without a spindle ?
 Valour never learn'd to tremble,
 But in Cupid's dalliance nimble.
 Little good does that stud with a stallion,
 Fancies alien, weakly jointed,
 Meanly mann'd, worse appointed,
 Who would do, if he knew how,
 But, alas ! he would, but cannot.
 Penelope, though she were chaste,
 Yet she bade her spouse make haste,
 Lest by his sojourning long
 She might chance to change her song,
 And do her Ulysses wrong ;
 What then may we, who matched be
 With these haggards madly manned,
 Who would gladly do, but cannot ?
 Shall our youthful hopes decline ;
 Fade and perish in their prime :
 And like forc'd Andromeda
 Estrang'd from fancy's law !
 Shall we wives and widows be,
 Bound unto a barren tree ?*

¹ [Probably the same as *demaynes*, possessions. See Halliwell in *v.*]

*Ushers come and apple-squires
To complete our free desires :
Platonics there be store
Fittly fram'd and train'd to man it.
Bavin once set afire
Will not so soon expire ;
Let's never stay with such as they,
Who gladly would, but cannot.*

*Shall we love, live, and feel no heat
While our active pulses beat ?
Shall we hug none of our own,
But such as drop from th' frigid zone ?
Let's rather suit old love adieu,
And i' th' requests suit for some new
Who have the heart to man it.
Tell us not this nor tell us that ;
A kid is better than a cat,
And though he show, we know not what,
He cannot.*

FRI. As I'm a virgin, ladies, bravely performed !

Once more Frontiniac, and then a walk. [*She drinks.*
This wine wants flavour, sapour, odour, vigour ;
Taste it, dear madam, 'tis as pall and flat
As a sear fly-flap.

DRAW. Our last year's vintage, madam, was but small.

CAV. It seems so by your measure : this would never

Quicken the spirit nor inflame the blood.

[*One of the Ladies, looking out, discovers their deserted Knights attired like their favourites, with their cloaks over their faces.*

LADY. They come, they come, they come !

ALL. Let's entertain them with a joint neglect.

SCENE IV.

As their husbands pass along, they take occasion of discourse one with another.

KNIGHTS. Let us pass by them with regardless scorn.

SIR REU. Pox on these overacting prostitutes! They sate mine appetite.

[They interchange these expresses as they pass by their Ladies' room.]

SIR TRIS. Fancy so fed
Begets a surfeit, ere it gets to bed.

SIR GRE. Ere I Platonic turn or Confidant,
Or an officious servant to a puss,
Whose honour lies at stake, let me become
A scorn to my relations.

SIR ART. Or when I
Engage my person, like a profess'd bolt,
To vindicate a mistress, who for sale
Would set her soul at hazard, may my grave
Be in the kennel, and the scavenger
The penman of my epitaph!

SIR JAS. Or I
Embrace a monkey for a mass of treasure.

SIR AMA. May never down seize on this down-
less chin,
When I become an usher to her sin.

SIR REU. So, let them chaw of this. Our
scene is done,
We'll leave the rest to their digestion:
We must return those Adamites their clothes
To make their visits in, or they're lost men;
But it were strange, should they recruit again.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

FRI. How is it, ladies ?

CAV. Sure, we're in a dream.

Whence comes this strangeness ?

JUL. From the too much freedom
Of our affection : had we kept them still,
At a discreeter distance, we had play'd
The wiser falc'ners, and caus'd them stoop
Unto our lure with eager appetite.
Fruits offer'd are least valu'd : got by stealth
Or by surprise, they're precious.

JOC. Shall we sleep
With this affront ?

MED. Our spirits were remiss,
Should we not pay them home in their own coin.

TIN. Let Tinder lose her name, her family,
And alimony (which she values most),
If Tilly suffer not for this disgrace.

ALL. We vow the like : revenge may be excus'd,
For love resolves to hate when 'tis abus'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*The Favourites appear to their half-bodies in their
shirts, in rooms above.*

FLO. Why, you whoreson rogue ! where's my
suit ? As I hope for mercy, I am half-persuaded
that this slip-halter has pawned my clothes.

CAR. Nay, as our rooms be near, our fates are
all alike.

If my visit be admitted, I must present it naked.

JOC. When she sees her Salibrand so unmo-
diouly accoutred, she will jeer him out of his peri-
wig, and render him an Adamite cap-a-pie.

PAL. Never were servants without a dress less
suitable to ladies of the New Dress.

SAL. We shall be held for salemen, or Knights of the White Livery, if we encounter them thus habited.

MOR. Nay, rather for Knights o' th' Post, who had forfeited their broked suits for want of swearing.

TIL. Nay, for tumblers, truckers, or scullermen: Plato, in all his Commonweal, had never such naked followers. [*Their pages bring their clothes.*]

FLO. Now, you hemp-strings, had you no time to nim us, but when we were upon our visits?

PAGES. Your suits, sir, were not without employment. They were seam-rent, and stood in need of stitching.

ALL. Go to, rogues, you will never hang well together till you be stitched in a halter.

[*They attire themselves.*]

PAGES. Well, we got more clear gains by this shift than you will by your visit. [*Aside.*]

CAR. We trench too much upon these ladies' patience:

Better too late than never; let us haste
To crown their longing hopes with our attendance:
Delays in visits quicken our desires,
And in their objects kindle secret fires.

[*They come down buttoning themselves.*]

FLO. 'Tis high meridian! we've lost the time
Of our appointed treatment.¹

CAR. Let's contrive
Some neat evasion covertly disguis'd
To bear the face of truth.

SAL. It would do well,
Let's mould it as we go unto the garden.²

MOR. 'Twere vain to call; they're long ere this
dismiss'd.³

*Fastus in
Antidotum
frigoris, pro-
cessit et urget
Insolitos mo-
tus, lepi-
dæque Cupi-
dinis æstus,
Vestibus a-
mictus lace-
ratis, alget et
ardet.*

—Solin.

¹ [Entertainment.] ² [The Spring Garden.]
³ [Dispersed.]

PAL. And with incens'd spirits ; which t' allay
Were a receipt worth purchase.

TIL. Th' wound's so green,
It must admit a cure. Our confidence
Prepares us best admittance ; go along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter the ALIMONY LADIES at the other door.

FLO. How opportunely doth this season meet
To give us freedom in our intercourse !

MOR. There is a secret influence, no doubt,
Design'd to second us in our desires.

[*They go towards their Ladies.*]

FLO. Madam !

FRI. We were mad dames indeed, should we
give freedom to such injurious favourites.

CAR. This is stormy language ; I ever thought
our late neglect would nettle them. [*Aside.*]

FRI. You can affront us, sir, and with your wit
Take a deep draught of Lethe and forget !

FLO. Forget ! 'Slid, I did ne'er affront you.

FRI. No ?

Nor with a screw'd contemptuous look pass by us
When we were at our treat ? and with a scorn
Not only slight us, but impeach our fame ?

FLO. I call the heavens to witness, never I !

FRI. Perfidious wretch ! this did I hear and see,
And such records cannot deluded be.

Your words, sir, are regist'ed.

FLO. Pray, let's hear them.

FRI. You begun first with what your ulcerous
flesh,

If I be not deceiv'd, infected is.

[*The Favourites, as they appeared to their half-
bodies in the preceding scene : so the deserted
Knights become spectators of those public*]

affronts done them by their Ladies : only presenting themselves, and so withdrawing.

HUS. Hah, hah, hah ! how neatly be these widgeons catcht in their own springes !

TRILLO *from the gallery.*

Bravely continued, Timon, as I live ;
Each subtle strain deserves a laurel sprig.

FRI. " Pox on these overacting prostitutes
They sate mine appetite."

CAR. What might I say,
That should disrelish Madam Caveare ?

CAV. You rant it bravely, sir. " Fancy so fed
Begets a surfeit ere it gets to bed."

JUL. You, Palisado, stand more resolute ;
" Ere I Platonic turn or Confidant,
Or an officious servant to a puss
Whose honour lies at stake, let me become
A scorn to my relations."

JOC. " Or when I"
(Thus I deblazon you, base Salibrand)
" Engage my person, like a profess'd bolt
To vindicate a mistress, who for sale
Would set her soul at hazard, may my grave
Be in the kennel, and the scavenger
The penman of my epitaph."

MED. " Or I"
(Thus you renounce your Medlar, Don Morisco)
Embrace a monkey for a mass of treasure."

TIN. Nor would Sir Tilly be one hair behind
In scornful dereliction of our sex.
" May never down seize on his downless chin,
When he becomes an usher to our sin."

FLO. The devil's a witch, and has impostur'd
them.

ALL PLA. Do you believe all this !

LADIES. As we do you,

Stains to true love and all society !
Henceforth observe your distance, as you tender
Fame, freedom, life : else we do vow revenge
Shall dog you at the heels.

FLO. So, we are lost ;
We must go cast about for some new aërie :
For these be fledg'd and flown.

CAR. By this prevention
I'll hate a mistress of such rare invention.

PAL. It seems their spleens for picking quarrels
sought,
In pressing what we neither spake nor thought.
[Exeunt.]

ACT VIII.

Enter Two Seville Merchants.

1ST MER. Our Duke Eugenio is safe return'd,
Laden with trophies, spoils, and victories.

2D MER. Those Hectors, too, who launched forth
for Tunis,
Have shown their valour, and enrich'd their for-
tunes,
Which languish'd in despair before this voyage,
Above expectance ; rich rixdollars are
Sown like Pactolus' sand : their pockets cramm'd
With Indian ore.

1ST MER. What will not prowess do,
Where hope of honour, promise of reward,
Or country's fame—th' attractiv'st lure of all—
Give spirit to men's actions ?

2D MER. This appears
Instanc'd in them to life :¹ for by their hazard,
Successfully completed, foreign sails
Ne'er came so richly fraughted.

¹[i.e., To the life.]

1ST MER. It were well
 The rest of our stout myrmidons, whose courage
 Stands for the wall, or in a tavern quarrel
 Or an highway's surprise, to raise a stock
 To feed their debauch'd visits, were so employ'd
 It would secure our commerce.

2D MER. This good duke
 Will regulate, no doubt, his state-affairs
 With that composure, as no fruitless weed
 Shall promise to itself long nourishment
 Within the coast of Seville. What means this?

[*A noise of clarions, surdons, fifes, plausulets,
 within.*]

MESSENGER. The Duke's approaching in trium-
 phant state.

HERALD. Make clear the way; room for his
 excellence!

Never did Seville show more like herself
 Nor beautif'd with a more graceful presence
 Since her foundation.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

*Enter DUKE, trumpets and drums sounding, colours
 victoriously displayed. Field-Officers with Sol-
 diers martially ordered in rank and file.*

HER. What a majesty
 Without all servile affectation
 His personating presence, cloth'd with state
 And princely posture, seems to represent!

ALL. Conquest and affability contend
 Which to his count'nance may pretend most right.
 His spirit's too evenly poised to be transported
 With the success of fortune. Let us hear him.

DUKE. Safely arriv'd, thanks to the pow'rs
 above,

Here are we come : our enemies subdu'd,
 Our wrongs redress'd, our merchants satisfi'd :
 No foreign force t' oppose us. Thus has time
 Crown'd our addresses with triumphant palms,
 And by just war begot a thankful peace.

ALL. Long live Eugenio, Seville's governor !

DUKE. Our constant care shall gratify your
 love.

Meantime, let these brave soldiers sharers be
 In our success : whom you and we're to hold
 Such joint assistants in our victories,
 As their redoubted prowess merits fame,
 And competent rewards to recompense
 Their noble service : for (believe it, friends)
 Never were hazards better seconded,
 Nor by their valour to a period
 Sooner reduced ; so prosperous was our fight
 In dark'ning those who took away our light.
 And having now compos'd these broils abroad,
 We're to look homeward, and redress those
 wrongs

Which nestle in the bosom of our state :
 So much more dang'rous, because connivance
 Has wrought them into habits. These, we fear,
 Pretend a privilege, because the face
 Of greatness gives them count'nance. But our
 laws

Must be no spider-webs, to take small flies,
 And let the great ones 'scape. We have resolv'd
 "Greatness shall be no subterfuge to guilt."
 This must we act with speed, and closely too ;
 For secrecy, wing'd with celerity,
 Be the two wheels which manage moral states
 And martial actions. After short repose,
 These we'll chastise ; and by a due survey,
 As just complaints shall be exhibited,
 Measure our censure to the peccants' crime.

Nor must we spin our time : we have design'd
 Our very next day for aggrivances
 Of court and city, where our absence might
 Admit, perchance, more freedom to offend.
 "The only way to salve a deep disease
 Is to give what may cure, not what may please.
 Wherein delays prove worst : artists apply
 Receipts, before distempers grow too high."

[*Exit, tubis et tympanis sonantibus ; conspicuo
 aulicorum et stratiotum cœtu comitante.*

ALL. Under such guardians may we live and
 die. [Exeunt plebeii.

SCENE II.

*Enter a Regiment of TREPANNERS and TARPAUL-
 LINS, with drum and colours, gallantly march-
 ing in their victorious return and prosperous
 success from Tunis.*

1ST OFF. Sa-sa.

2D OFF. Ran-tan.

3D OFF. Tara-tantara. Thus far from the Isle
 of Canary. Is not this better, my boys, than
 trepanning an old drolling friar for a sequestered
 bond?—Hey boys, here be those Indian rats that
 cant and chirp in my pocket, as if after a long
 apprenticeship they sought to be made freemen.

[*He shakes his pocket.*

But I must not yet enlarge them.

2D OFF. O ye pitiful simpletons, who spend
 your days in throwing cudgels at Jack-a-Lents or
 Shrove-cocks !

3D OFF. Nay, in making gooselings in embers :
 and starting as if they were planet-struck at the
 weak report of a pot-gun.

1ST OFF. My wish shall be for all that puisne pen-feathered aërie of buzzardism¹ and stanielry :²
 "That such as they who love to stay to suck their mamma's teat,
 May live at home, but ne'er find one to give them clothes or meat."

LANCEPRES. Come along, wags ; let's in a frolic way march to our old friends in new suits, and reserve a screwed look for a threepenny ordinary.

2D OFF. Along, along ! but utter not too much language, honest pockets, till a question be asked you. *[He shakes his pocket.]*

ALL. Hey for a fee-farm rent in Tunis !

[Exeunt capering.]

SCENE III.

Enter two COUNTRY BOORS.

HUS. Content thee, content thee, Christabel.

WIFE. Yes, surely, that's a trim word ; but when, trow you, had I it ? As I am an honest woman, I have been this goodman Fumbler's wife so many years, and he never yet gave me content. 'Tis such a dry pilchard, he deserves nothing more than basting.

HUS. Fie, Christabel ! fie, for shame ! hold thy trattles ; is it my fault if thou be barren ?

WIFE. Barren, you cods-head ! Lies the fault there, you island cur ! Nay, all the parish will witness for me that I was not barren before I met with you. Barren, stichel !³ that shall not serve thy

¹ [Cowardice.]

² [A word formed from *staniel*, a base kind of hawk, and thence used figuratively as a term of contempt.]

³ [Nares quotes this passage only for the word ; compare Halliwell, *v.* Stichall.]

turn. In plain terms, Jocelin, since thou cannot content me one way, thou shalt another.

HUS. What would my duck have ?

WIFE. What, my drake, the law will give me.

HUS. Law !

WIFE. Yes, you wizard.¹ I have already fed a glib-tongued parrot, with a coif on his head, that will trounce you.

HUS. What have I done, my malmsey ?

WIFE. Nay, your doing nothing, you dumpling, has brought you into this pickle. The short and the long on't is this, I will have ale-money.²

HUS. Ale-money ! what means my chicken by that ?

WIFE. I have been neither so long nor ill taught by my betters, but I know the meaning of ale-money well enough. My land'slady Joculette, God bless her ! is matched to as handsome a frolic youngster as one can see on a summer's day ; yet she dislikes him, and has recovered a good stock of ale-money. I love to follow the example of my betters. Set your heart at rest, Jocelin ; I must and will have ale-money.

HUS. Thou shalt have anything, my coney Christabel, so thou wilt rest contented.

WIFE. Nay, husband, you know well that I am forced many nights to go to rest weakly contented. But, if I chance to trudge to court, I mean to lie all open ; you shall hear. I intend not to lay leaves on my wounds. The duke, I hear, is a merciful man, and will not suffer any of his poor subjects to fall short of their due.

HUS. Well, girl, thou shalt find me ready to appear before his grace at any time.

¹ [Wiseacre.]

² [Alimony.]

WIFE. You'll have a gracious bargain on't then, doubtless. Trust me, Jocelin, you will distemper all our ladies at court, if you push at the gate with your ram-horns.

HUS. She's possessed, sure.

WIFE. No, not yet; but I mean shortly to be possessed of my ale-money. You shall play no more the sharking foist with me, you fumbling fiddler, you. I hope I have friends at court that will take course that I may have my whole due; and then *foutre* for Jocelin! [*Exit.*]

HUS. Well, the thought is ta'en. I see one must thank God for a shrew as well as for a sheep, though the sheep have more wool on his back, and affords a more savoury repast at the board. Hanging and wedding go by destiny, and I hold the former to be the happier destiny of the twain; yet he that will practise the art of swinging in a halter, either to please or cross a shrew's humour, let him hang like a puppy without hope of pity, and die intestate to make his wife heir on't, till some nimble younker become his successor, and, stumbling on his grave, laugh at the cuckoldly slave.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter the cashiered CONFIDANTS, in a discontented posture.

FLO. Summoned to appear! for what? What have we done?

CAR. Incensed those humorous scornful ladies. Thence rose the ground, I durst wager my beaver on't; They ought us a spite, and their information has done't.

PAL. This falls pat on their resolves : for those disdainful wenches, in the heat of their passion, vowed jointly that revenge should kick up our heels.

SAL. Our heels are not so short, though theirs be. Should they pursue this information, it would dart highly on their dishonour.

MOR. Honour ! what may that be in this age, but an airy title ? These *bona-robas* have not lost the art of ingratiating, nor deluding their servants. There be chimneys enough at court to convey their smoke. Beauty and confidence keep strong sentinels in love's army. They cannot want solicitors in a place of liberty.

TIL. Let them hold to't ! Their complaints are but squibs in the air. Such whiffers are below my scorn, and beneath my spite.

Let's bravely on : I should account his fate
The worst of ills, that's foil'd by woman's hate.

FLO. Yet 'twas Alcides' heavy fate, and he
Was stronger far than twenty such as we.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter the ALIMONY LADIES.

FRI. Convened to court ! Some masque or princely ball, I'll gage mine honour on't. We must be employed, sisters.

CAV. And usefully too, I hope.

JUL. I see well the court can do nothing without our city revellers. Trust me, I am with child till I get to't : but my desires are enlivened for a sight of my lord especially.

JOC. Or your special lord, madam. We smell your meaning. As I am virtuous, he deserves your smile, or whatsoever may most endear him. I

have known none at any time court love with a more graceful nor accurate presence. He can be both seriously amorous and amorously serious.

MED. Surely, Lady Joculette, you set him at a rate far above th' market? you value him not as if you meant to sell.

JOC. No, nor buy neither. I have no property in such a rich pennyworth; for, if I had, I should wish——

MED. I know what, madam.

JOC. Good now! thy conceit?

MED. Shall I freely unbosom me?

ALL. Pray thee, madam; do, madam!

MED. You would wish that his puny baker-legs had more Essex¹ growth in them, for else they would make ill butcher's ware!

JOC. Thou art a shrewd wench, trust me.

TIN. Well, ladies, I know a new-minted lord, that can act the Spanish Don, with a peaked beard and a starched look, to an hair.

FRI. O Madam Tinder, I guess where you are; but he wants a little of your spirit. He can cringe and caress better than he dare fight. A lady's honour might perish under such a feverish champion.

CAR. For love's sake, let's make haste. Nothing will be done till we come.

Enter CHRISTABEL with a crutch.

CHRIS. Good madam landlady, take lame Christabel along with you; she means to have a bout for her ale-money.

JOC. We shall not want, then, for handsome attendance. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ [*i.e.*, More calf.]

SCENE VI.

Enter GENTLEMAN-USHER.

G.-USHER. Give way! make present way for his excellence and his consuls.

Enter DUKE EUGENIO and his Consuls. *After them the deserted* KNIGHTS; *the* PLATONIC CONFIDANTS; *the* ALIMONY LADIES; *the* TUNIS ENGAGERS.

DUKE. As we have view'd and clear'd our foreign coasts,
 We're now to prune those wild luxurious sprays,
 Which give impede unto this spreading vine,
 Our flow'ry Seville, whose succeeding fame,
 Acquir'd by civil¹ discipline, exacts
 Our care and yours, grave councillors of state.
 'Tis not enough with balms to close the skin,
 And leave the wound t' exulcerate within;
 For he, whose care's to cure the core without
 And searcheth not the bottom, spoils the root.
 Let's first then look on vices, which put on
 The face of virtue; and where modesty
 (Merely dissembled) cloth'd with taking beauty,
 Arms itself strongly 'gainst all opposition.
 Nay, what retains oftentimes such influence
 On reverend scarlet, as it darks the light
 Of judgment; and makes elders fix their eyes
 On rare-light objects, which so strangely takes,
 As they make judges vice's advocates.
 But here's none such, I hope. Our state is free,
 And so our patriots and state-consuls be.
 Complaints inform us, and we wond'ered much

¹ [A play is intended on the words *Seville* and *civil*.]

At th' first perusal, how a feminine nature,
So sweetly pleasing, should be so deprav'd.

FRI. What means the duke? [*Aside.*

CAR. I relish not th' discourse. [*Aside.*

DUKE. Have we not here some ladies o'th' New
Dress,

So newly styl'd, and in their honour soil'd,
Who have deserted whom they ought to love?

LADIES. Is this the court masque, and the ball
we look'd for? [*Aside.*

DUKE. Be you those ladies?

CHRIS. I am one of them, forsooth.

LADIES. We are the same, so like your excel-
lence.

And now redress'd.

DUKE. We understand no less :

Your alimonies signed by our court!

CHRIS. They have not signed mine, if't please
your dukeship. Truly, I am a very impudent,
lame woman, and my husband a feeble, weak-doing
man. Your grace must needs grant me ale-money.

DUKE. See what examples, ladies, you have given
To simple women! I shall here propose
Two tenders to your choice: either receive
(And with a conjugal endearment, too)
Your late-deserted husbands, or prepare
The remainder of your days to entertain
A strict monastic life. Your sentence's pass'd:
Choose which you please.

JOC. I never shall endure

A cloister'd life, unless I had a friar; Sir Gregory
Shapeless shall be my Platonic.

MED. Rather than none, I'll take Sir Tristram
Shorttool,

JUL. I for Sir Arthur Heartless.

CAV. I must put on my nightgown for Sir
Jasper Simpleton.

FRI. Sir Amadin Puny then must be my
joy,
Who will be still, I think, a puny boy.

TIN. Well, since we are to this condition grown,
'Tis better far to use our own than none.
While I, of youthful favourites bereft,
Will live with Scattergood, if aught be left.

SIR REV. Nay, madam, but it were not
amiss if you knew first whether Scattergood will
live with you, or no. Release your alimony, and
I'll resign my right in your propriety;¹ and in my
widowed life mourn in sack: lo, infinitely.²

DUKE. This juncto must be fix'd on firmer
ground;
Coolness of fancy acts not on the object
Which it pretends to love. Join hearts to hands,
And in this second contract reunite
What was so long divided. Love's a cement
Admits no other allay but itself
To work upon th' affections. [*To the husbands.*]
Be it yours

(For virile spirits should be so demean'd),
With pleasing candour to remit what's pass'd,
And with mild glosses to interpret thus
In their defence still to the better sense;
"Their frailties in your ladies wrought these
failings,

Which pious pity should commiserate,
And seal it with indulgence. [*To the ladies.*]
Then intend

Your office, madams: which is to redeem
Your late-abused time: which may be deem'd
Richly recover'd, being once redeem'd."

¹ [Property.]

² [Perhaps we should read *lo, infinitely* as spoken aside, and possibly the author wrote *infinite lie*.]

LADIES. May all our actions close with discontent

When we oppose their humours.

KNIGHTS. Say and hold ;
And this act of oblivion shall be sign'd.

[*They salute, and take hands.*]

DUKE. This does content us highly ; powers
above

Makes lovers' breach renewal of their love.¹

CHRIS. And must Christabel, too, pack home
to her husband without her ale-money ?

DUKE. Or to thy death an aged prioress !

CHRIS. Nay, but by your good favour I'll
meddle with none of your priorities ; I'll rather
go mumble a crust at home, and chuck my old
Jocelin.

DUKE. Nor is this all ; our sentence must extend
Unto those ladies' favourites, whose hours,
Strangely debauch'd, make spoil of women's
honours.

LADIES. We hate them worse than hell.

FAVOURITES. Good your grace, we are re-
claim'd.

DUKE. That's but an airy note.

When practical, we'll hold it cordial.
Meantime, we do adjudge you to the quarries ;
Where you shall toil, till a relation give
Test of your reformation. Look on those
Tunis-engagers, who were timely drawn
From their trepanning course, and by their hazard,
Secur'd through valour, rais'd their ruin'd for-
tunes

Above expectance ! When your work is done,
We shall find like adventures² for your spirits

¹ [An adaptation of the often-quoted *Amantium ira*, &c.]

² [Old copy, *adventurers.*]

To grapple with, and rear your blanch'd repute.
 Leave interceding, for we are resolv'd.
 Now, conscript consuls, whose direction gives
 Life to our laws, we cannot choose but wonder
 How your impartial judgments should submit
 (As if they had been biassed) to grant
 These alimonies to their loose demands.
 Sure, such decrees would not have relish'd well
 Your jealous palates, had you so been used.
 "Wives to desert your beds, impeach your fames,
 In public courts discover your defects,
 Nay, to belie your weakness, and recover
 For all these scandals alimonious wages
 To feed their boundless riot!"

CONSUL. They're annull'd;
 Our courts will not admit them.

DUKE. 'Tis well done,
 For gentlemen t' engage their state and fame,
 And beds of honour, were a juggling game.
 So we dismiss you. May the palms of peace
 Crown Seville's state with safety and increase.
 Whereto when our reluctant actions give
 The least impede, may we no longer live!

[*Exeunt omnes. Trumpets sounding.*]

EPILOGUE.

*You see our Ladies now are vanished,
And gone, perchance, unto their husbands' bed,
Convinc'd of guilt ; where if they cannot tame
Their loose desires, but still retain the name
Of Alimony Ladies, you shall hear,
They will not forfeit what they hold so dear—
Prohibited delights ; and in that stain ;
With blushless dalliance visit you again.
Nor shall we build on these our confidence
Who give less reins to reason than to sense :
Yet for redemption of their husbands' lands,
Seal our acquittance with your graceful hands.*

*Naviter incumbens calamo, sine merce laboro ;
Merce carens vates nomine verus ero.*

*Hæc thalami socias alimonia fecit iniquas ;
“Haud aries uni sufficit unus ovi.”—Arnold.*

FINIS.

THE PARSON'S WEDDING.

.....

EDITION.

*The Parson's Wedding, A Comedy. The Scene London.
Written at Basil in Switzerland: by Thomas Killigrew. Dedicated to the Lady Ursula Bartv [Bertie] Widow. London: Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman. . . . 1663.*

This forms part of the collected edition of the works in folio, mentioned presently.

[PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION.]

THOMAS KILLIGREW, one of the sons of Sir Robert Killigrew, Chamberlain to the Queen, was born at Hanworth, in the county of Middlesex, in the month of February 1611.¹ Although his writings are not wanting in those requisites which confer reputation on an author, yet [we are permitted to conclude that it was chiefly to his conversational and social qualities, that Killigrew owed his ascendancy at Charles II.'s court—first abroad, and afterwards in England. Hence Sir John Denham was probably led to write those lines—

“ Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
Combin'd in one, they'd made a matchless wit.”

But, as we know, for at least two generations the Killigrews were all men and women of genius, and were as remarkable, too, for their physical as for their intellectual graces. Killigrew] seems to have been early intended for the court; and to qualify him for rising there, every circumstance of his education appears to have been adapted. In the year 1635, while upon his travels, he chanced to be at Loudon, and an eye-

¹ “ Sidney Papers,” vi. 373.—*Gilchrist*.

witness of the celebrated imposture of exorcising the devil out of several nuns belonging to a convent in that town. Of this transaction he wrote a very minute and accurate account,¹ still in MS. in the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. He was appointed page-of-honour to King Charles I., and faithfully adhered to his cause until the death of his master, after which he attended his son in his exile, to whom he was highly acceptable, on account of his social and convivial qualifications. He married Mrs Cicilia Crofts, one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Henrietta. With this lady he had a dispute on the subject of jealousy, at which Thomas Carew was present, and wrote a poem, introduced into the masque of "Cælum Britannicum," and afterwards a copy of verses on their nuptials, printed in his works.²

[It appears from the original documents still preserved, that Killigrew was with Prince Charles at Paris in April 1647, and obtained from him a licence to travel, dated April 23. In 1649 he had a grant from James, Duke of York, of the office of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber; and from 1649 to 1652 he was engaged in diplomatic negotiations at Vienna and Florence. His papers, as well as those which he addressed to the Republic of Venice, are extant. Speaking of his mission to Venice], "Although," says Lord Clarendon,³ "the king was much dissuaded from it, but afterwards his majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him (Killigrew) that in that capacity he might borrow money of English merchants for his own subsistence; which he

¹ No. 8383.

² Carew's Poems, [edit. Hazlitt, pp. 103-4.]

³ "Life of Lord Clarendon," p. 116.

did, and nothing to the honour of his master, but was at last compelled to leave the Republic for his vicious behaviour, of which the Venetian ambassador complained to the king, when he came afterwards to Paris." On his return from Venice, Sir John Denham wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works,¹ bantering the foibles of his friend Killigrew who, from his account, was as little sensible to the inconveniences of exile as his royal master. [But the curious preface to Killigrew's Plays where, under the thin veil of levity, so strong a vein of seriousness seems to be perceptible, tells a different story, perhaps. He wishes the public as much leisure to read his plays as he had to write them—a banishment of twenty years. One of the documents connected with the Killigrews which have come down to us, shows that in 1660 Thomas received the freedom of the city of Maastricht, in Holland. This was perhaps a parting compliment, when he prepared to return to England with his royal companion in exile. At the Restoration] he was appointed Groom of the Bedchamber, and became so great a favourite with his majesty, that he was admitted into his company on terms of the most unrestrained familiarity, and at times when audience was refused to the first ministers, and even on the most important occasions. It does not appear that he availed himself of his interest with the king, either to amass a fortune, or to advance himself in the state. We

¹ P. 41, edit. 1719. The stanza which relates particularly to his authorship is the following:—

" But who says he was not
A man of much plot
May repent the false accusation ;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The *Farce* of his negotiation."

—*Collier.*

do not find that he obtained any other preferment than the post of Master of the Revels, which he held with that of Groom of the Bed-chamber. Oldys [very foolishly and absurdly] says he was king's jester at the same time; but although he might, and certainly did entertain his majesty in that capacity, it can scarce be imagined to have been in consequence of any appointment of that kind. He died at Whitehall on the 19th of March 1682,¹ having in 1664 published a collected edition of his plays, viz. :—

1. The Prisoners: a Tragi-Comedy. Written at London, and acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane.

2. Claracilla: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Rome, and acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane. [Dedicated to his dear sister, the Lady Shannon.]²

3. The Princess; or, Love at First Sight: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Naples. [Dedicated to his dear Niece, the Lady Anne Wentworth, wife to the Lord Lovelace.]

4. The Parson's Wedding.

5. The Pilgrim: a Tragedy. Written in Paris.

6. The First Part of Cicilia and Clorinda; or, Love in Arms: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Turin.

7. The Second Part of Cicilia and Clorinda; or, Love in Arms: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Florence.

8. Thomaso; or the Wanderer: a Comedy. Written in Madrid.

9. The Second Part of Thomaso; or, The Wanderer. Written in Madrid.

¹ Query; Lysons says 1684.—*Gilchrist*.

² [Both these plays were printed in 12^o, 1641, with verses prefixed by H. Bennet, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Arlington, Robert Waring, and William Cartwright.]

10. The First Part of Bellamira, her Dream ; or, The Love of Shadows: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Venice.

11. The Second Part of Bellamira, her Dream; or, The Love of Shadows: a Tragi-Comedy. Written in Venice.

Thomas Killigrew had two brothers, both dramatic writers, viz., Sir William Killigrew,¹ author of *Ormasdes*, *Pandora*, *Selindra*, and *The Siege of Urbin* ;² and Dr Henry Killigrew, a clergyman, author of a play called *The Conspiracy*, printed in 4^o, 1638, and afterwards altered, and printed in folio, 1653, under the title of *Pallantus and Eudora*.

Dr Henry Killigrew was father to Mrs Ann Killigrew, a young lady celebrated for her wit, beauty, and virtue, and who was the writer of several poems, very highly esteemed by Dryden.

¹ An account of Sir W. Killigrew will be found in *Restituta*, ii. 130. The three first of his plays here mentioned were published together in 8^o in 1664 or 1665, for the title-pages bear both these dates. *Pandora* was "not approved upon the stage as a tragedy," and therefore the author turned it into a comedy, and Waller wrote some lines upon the change.—*Collier*.

² A play called *The Imperial Tragedy* has also been assigned to him upon no adequate authority.—*Collier*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MASTER CARELESS, *a gentleman and a wit.*

MASTER WILD, *a gentleman, nephew to the Widow.*

MASTER JOLLY, *a humorous gentleman, and a courtier.*

CAPTAIN, *a leading wit, full of designs.*

PARSON, *a wit also, but overreached by the Captain and his
Wanton.*

MASTER CONSTANT, } *two dull suitors to the lady Widow and*
MASTER SAD, } *Mistress Pleasant.*

CROP, *the Brownist, a scrivener.*

LADY WILD, *a rich (and somewhat youthful) widow.*

MISTRESS PLEASANT, *a handsome young gentlewoman, of a
good fortune.*

MISTRESS SECRET, *her (indifferent honest) woman.*

LADY LOVEALL, *an old stallion-hunting widow.*

FAITHFUL, *her (errant honest) woman.*

MISTRESS WANTON, *the Captain's livery punk, married to the
Parson by confederacy.*

Bawds, Servants, Drawers, Fiddlers.

THE PARSON'S WEDDING.¹

ACT I., SCENE 1.

Enter the CAPTAIN in choler, and WANTON.

CAP. No more ; I'll sooner be reconciled to want or sickness than that rascal : a thing that my charity made sociable ; one that when I smiled would fawn upon me, and wag his stern, like starved dogs ; so nasty, the company cried foh ! upon him, he stunk so of poverty, ale, and bawdry. So poor and despicable, when I relieved him, he could not avow his calling for want of a cassock, but stood at corners of streets and whispered gentlemen in the ear as they passed, and so delivered his wants like a message ; which being done, the rogue vanished, and would dive at Westminster like a dabchick, and rise again at Temple-gate. The ingenuity of the rascal, his wit being snuffed by want, burnt clear then, and furnished him with

¹ This play was originally represented wholly by women. See Wright's "Historia Histrionica," 1690, *post*, and Grainger's "Hist. Engl." iv. On this occasion a Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by Mrs Marshall (of whom see "Memoires de Grammont," p. 202, edit. 4^o. Strawberry Hill), which are printed in "Covent Garden Drollery," 1672, p. 3.—*Gilchrist*.

a bawdy jest or two, to take the company ; but now the rogue shall find he has lost a patron.

WAN. As I live, if I had thought you would have been in such a fury, you should never have known it.

CAPT. Treacherous rogue ! he has always railed against thee to me, as a danger his friendship ought to give me warning of, and nightly cried, Yet look back, and hunt not, with good-nature and the beauties of thy youth, that false woman ; but hear thy friend, that speaks from sad experience.

WAN. Did he say this ?

CAPT. Yes, and swears ye are as unsatiate as the sea, as covetous, and as ungrateful : that you have your tempests too, and calms more dangerous than it.

WAN. Was the slave so eloquent in his malice ?

CAPT. Yes, faith, and urged you (for your part) were never particular, and seldom sound.

WAN. Not sound ! why, he offered to marry me, and swore he thought I was chaste, I was so particular ; and proved it, that consent was full marriage by the first institution, and those that love and lie together, and tell, have fulfilled all ceremonies now.

CAPT. Did he offer to marry thee ?

WAN. Yes, yes.

CAPT. If ever then I deserved from thee, or if thou be'st dear to thyself, as thou hast anything thou hop'st shall be safe or sound about thee, I conjure thee, take my counsel : marry him, to afflict him.

WAN. Marry him ?

CAPT. If I have any power, I shall prevail. Thou know'st he has a fat benefice, and leave me to plague him till he give it me to be rid of thee.

WAN. Will you not keep me then ?

CAPT. I keep thee ! prythee, wilt thou keep me ? I know not why men are such fools to pay : we bring as much to the sport as women. Keep thee ! I'd marry thee as soon ; why, *that's wedding sin* ; no, no keeping, I : that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before wives.

WAN. I hope this is not real.

CAPT. Art thou such a stranger to my humour ? why, I tell thee I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loathe all women within my knowledge ; and 'tis six to four, if I knew thy sign, I'd come there no more. A strange mistress makes every night a new ; and these are your pleasing sins. I had as lief be good, as sin by course.

WAN. Then I am miserable.

CAPT. Not so, if you'll be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

WAN. But have you these humours ?

CAPT. Yes, faith ; yet, if you will observe them, though you marry him, I may perchance be your friend : but you must be sure to be coy ; for to me the hunting is more pleasant than the quarry.¹

WAN. But, if I observe this, will you be my friend hereafter ?

CAPT. Firm as the day. Hark, I hear him [*The PARSON calls within.*] ; I knew he would follow me. I gave him a small touch that wakened his guilt. Resolve to endear yourself to him, which you may easily do by taking his part when I have vexed

¹ *i.e.*, The game. *Quarry* is a term both of hunting and falconry. The allusion here is to the former. *Quarrie* (as referring to the latter), according to Latham's explanation, "is taken for the fowle which is flowne at, and slaine at any time, especially when young hawks are flowne thereunto."

him. No dispute ; resolve it, or, as I live, here I disclaim thee for ever.

WAN. 'Tis well ; something I'll do.

[*Exit* WANTON.]

CAPT. Open the door, I say, and let me in : your favourite and his tithes shall come no more here.

Enter PARSON.

PAR. Yes, but he shall ; 'tis not you, nor your braced drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men. I have read divine Seneca : thou know'st nothing but the earthly part, and canst cry to that, *Faces about*.¹

CAPT. Thou read Seneca ! thou steal'st his cover to clothe thee, naked and wicked, that for money wouldst sell the share of the Twelve, and art allowed by all that know thee fitter to have been Judas than Judas was, for treachery.

PAR. Rail, do rail, my illiterate captain, that can only abuse by memory ; and should I live till thou couldst read my sentence, I should never die.

CAPT. No, ungrateful, live till I destroy thee ; and, thankless wretch, did all my care of thee deserve nothing but thy malice and treacherous speaking darkly still ? with thy fine, *No, not he*, when any malicious discourse was made of me ;

¹ So in "Every Man in his Humour," act iii. sc. 1—

"Good captain *faces about*."

And in Fletcher's "Scornful Lady," act v.—

"Cutting Morecraft *faces about*."

And again, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," Ralph, exercising his men, says—

"Double your files : as you were ; *faces about*."

and by thy false faint, *No, faith; confess*, in thy denials, whilst thy smiling excuses stood a greater and more dangerous evidence against me than my enemies' affidavits could have done.

PAR. I'll lie for never a lean soldier of you all.

CAPT. I have for thee, slave, when I have been wondered at for keeping company with such a face: but they were such as knew thee not; all which thy looks deceived, as they did me: they are so simple, they'd cosen a jury, and a judge that had wit would swear thou liedst, should thou confess what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee; 'tis so strange and so new a thing to find so much Rogue lodge at the sign of the Fool.

PAR. Leave this injurious language, or I'll lay off my cassock; for nothing shall privilege your bragger's tongue to abuse me, a gentleman, and a soldier ancienter than thyself.

CAPT. Yes, thou wert so: and now I think on't, I'll recount the cause which, it may be, thou hast forgot, through thy variety of sins. It was a hue-and-cry that followed thee a scholar, and found thee a soldier.

PAR. Thou liest: thou and Scandal have but one tongue; hers dwells with thy coward's teeth.

CAPT. O, do you rage? nay, I'll put the cause in print too: I am but a scurvy poet, yet I'll make a ballad shall tell how like a faithful disciple you followed your poor whore till her martyrdom in the suburbs.

PAR. I'll be revenged for this scandal.

CAPT. Then shall succeed thy flight from the university, disguised into captain, only the outside was worse buff, and the inside more atheist than they; furnished with an insolent faith, uncharitable heart, envious as old women, cruel and

bloody as cowards : thus armed at all points, thou went'st out, threatening God, and trembling at men.

PAR. I'll be revenged, thou poor man of war, I'll be revenged.

Enter WANTON.

WAN. And why so bitter? Whose house is this? Who dares tell this story?

CAPT. Why, sweet, hath he not treacherously broke into our cabinet, and would have stol'n thee thence? by these hilts, I'll hang him; and then I can conclude my ballad with *take warning, all Christian people, by the same*: I will, you lean slave; I'll prosecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a servitor's gown again, and live upon crumbs with the robin redbreasts that haunt the hall (your old messmates). Do you snarl? I'll do't, I will, and put thee to fight with the dogs for the bones that but smell of meat—those that your hungry students have polished with their teeth.

WAN. If you do this, good captain, lieutenant, and company (for all your command, I think, is within your reach)—I say, if you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that bad stand,¹ and made a carrier pay a dear rent for a little ground upon his majesty's highway.

CAPT. How now, Mistress Wanton! what's this? what's this?

PAR. This! 'tis matter for a jury; I'll swear,

¹ The exclamation of a highwayman on stopping a passenger, as many examples would prove. It is only noticed now for the sake of mentioning an ingenious turn given to it in Middleton's "Phœnix," 1607, where one of the characters justifies robbery by observing, "As long as drunkenness is a vice, *stand* is a virtue."—*Collier*.

and positively. I'll hang thee, I'll do't, by this hand: let me alone to swear the jury out of doubt.

CAPT. But you are in jest, Mistress Wanton, and will confess (I hope) this is no truth.

WAN. Yes, sir, as great a truth as that you are in your unpaid-for scarlet. Fool! didst think I'd quit such a friend and his staid fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay and hopes of a second covenant?

CAPT. His fortune! what is't? th' advowson of Tyburn deanery?

PAR. No, nor rents brought in by long staff-speeches, that ask alms with frowns, till thy looks and speech have laid violent hands upon men's charity.

WAN. Let him alone; I'll warrant, he'll never be indicted of drawing anything but his tongue against a man.

CAPT. Very good.

PAR. Dear Mistress Wanton, you have won my heart, and I shall live to doat upon you for abusing this impetuous captain. Will you listen to my old suit? will you marry me, and vex him? say, dare you do't without more dispute?

CAPT. 'Twas a good question; she that dares marry thee, dares do anything: she may as safely lie with the great bell upon her, and his clapper is less dangerous than thine.

WAN. Why, I pray?

CAPT. What a miserable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honest woman; and if thou shouldst turn honest, would it not vex thee to be chaste and poxed¹—a saint without a nose? what calendar will admit thee by² an incurable slave that's made of rogue's flesh? consider that.

¹ [The folio reads *Paxat.*]

² [? By the side of.]

WAN. Why, that's something yet; thou hast nothing but a few scars and a little old fame to trust to; and that scarce thatches your head.

CAPT. Nay, then I see thou art base, and this plot not accident. And now I do not grudge him thee; go together, 'tis pity to part you, whore and parson, as consonant——

WAN. As whore and captain.

CAPT. Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder. I'll prophesy she shall lie with thy whole congregation, and bring an heir to thy parish; one that thou may'st enclose the common by his title, and recover it by common law.

PAR. That's more than thy dear dam could do for thee, thou son of a thousand fathers, all poor soldiers: rogues that ought mischiefs, no midwives, for their birth. But I cry thee mercy, my patron has an estate of old iron by his side, with the farm of old ladies he scrapes a dirty living from.

WAN. He earn from an old lady: hang him, he's only wicked in his desires; and for adultery he cannot be condemned, though he should have the vanity to betray himself. God forgive me for belying him so often as I have done; the weak-chined slave hired me once to say I was with child by him.

CAPT. This is pretty. Farewell; and may the next pig thou farrow'st have a promising face, without the dad's fool or gallows in't, that all may swear, at first sight, that's a bastard; and it shall go hard, but I'll have it called mine. I have the way; 'tis but praising thee, and swearing thou art honest before I am asked: you taught me the trick.

PAR. Next levy I'll preach against thee, and tell them what a piece you are. Your drum and borrowed scarf shall not prevail; nor shall you

win with charms, half-ell long (hight ferret rib-and) the youth of our parish, as you have done.¹

CAPT. No, lose no time: prythee, study and learn to preach, and leave railing against the surplice, now thou hast preached thyself into linen. Adieu, Abigail! adieu, heir-apparent to Sir Oliver Mar-text! to church, go; I'll send a beadle shall sing your epithalamium.

PAR. Adieu, my captain of a tame band. I'll tell your old lady how you abused her breath, and swore you earned your money harder than those that dig in the mines for't. [*Exit* CAPTAIN.] A fart fill thy sail, captain of a galley foist.² He's gone: come, sweet, let's to church immediately, that I may go and take my revenge: I'll make him wear thin breeches.

WAN. But if you should be such a man as he says you are, what would my friends say when they hear I have cast myself away?

PAR. He says! hang him, lean, mercenary, provand³ rogue: I knew his beginning, when he made the stocks lousy, and swarmed so with vermin, we

¹ [The Parson is describing the Captain as a recruiting officer.]

² A *galley foist* was the name of a pleasure-boat, or one used on particular days for pomp and state. The Lord Mayor's and Companies' barges were sometimes formerly called "The City Galley Foists." See Wood's "South-East View of the City and part of Southwark, as it appeared about the year 1599."

³ [Common. See Nares, edit. 1859, in *v.*] This epithet of contempt is of frequent occurrence: *provand*, as all the commentators on "Romeo and Juliet," act ii. sc. 1, agree, means *provision*. In Massinger's "Maid of Honour," act i. sc. 1, we meet with it applied to a sword, and Mr Gifford explains it to mean there *plain, unornamented*, such a sword as the troops were provided with. . . . —*Collier*.

were afraid he would have brought that curse upon the country. He says! but what matters what he says? a rogue by sire and dam! his father was a broad, fat pedlar, a what-do-you-lack, sir? that haunted good houses, and stole more than he bought: his dam was a gipsy, a pilfering, canting Sybil in her youth, and she suffered in her old age for a witch. Poor Stromwell, the rogue was a perpetual burthen to her, she carried him longer at her back than in her belly; he dwelt there, till she lost him one night in the great frost upon our common, and there he was found in the morning candied in ice—a pox of their charity that thawed him! You might smell a rogue then in the bud: he is now run away from his wife.

WAN. His wife?

PAR. Yes, his wife; why, do you not know he's married according to the rogues' liturgy? a left-handed bridegroom. I saw him take the ring from a tinker's dowager.

WAN. Is this possible?

PAR. Yes, most possible, and you shall see how I'll be revenged on him: I will immediately go seek the ordinance against reformadoes.

WAN. What ordinance?

PAR. Why, they do so swarm about the town, and are so destructive to trade and all civil government, that the state has declared no person shall keep above two colonels and four captains (of what trade soever) in his family; for now the war is done, broken breech, woodmonger, ragman, butcher, and linkboy (comrades that made up the ragged regiment in this holy war), think to return and be admitted to serve out their times again.

WAN. Your ordinance will not touch the captain, for he is a known soldier.

PAR. He a captain! an apocryphal modern one,

that went convoy once to Brentford with those troops that conducted the contribution-puddings in the late holy war, when the city ran mad after their russet Levites, apron-rogues with horn hands. Hang him, he's but the sign of a soldier; and I hope to see him hanged for that commission, when the king comes to his place again.

WAN. You abuse him now he's gone; but——

PAR. Why, dost thou think I fear him? No, wench, I know him too well for a cowardly slave, that dares as soon eat his fox,¹ as draw it in earnest: the slave's noted to make a conscience of nothing but fighting.

WAN. Well, if you be not a good man and a kind husband——

PAR. Thou knowest the proverb, as happy as the parson's wife during her husband's life. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter MISTRESS PLEASANT, WIDOW WILD, *her aunt,*
and SECRET, *her woman, above in the music-*
room, as dressing her: a glass, a table, and she
in her night-clothes.

PLEA. Secret, give me the glass, and see who knocks.

¹ A *fox* was formerly a cant word for a sword. So in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," act ii. sc. 6: "What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt and an *old fox* in't?" Again, in "Philaster," by Beaumont and Fletcher, act iv.—

"I made my father's *old fox* fly about his ears."

And in "Henry V.," by Shakespeare, act iv. sc. 4—

"Thou diest on point of *fox*."

See Steevens's note on the latter passage, where many passages of our ancient writers are produced to prove the explanation.

WID. Niece, what, shut the door? as I live, this music was meant to you: I know my nephew's voice.

PLEA. Yes, but you think his friend's has more music in't.

WID. No, faith, I can laugh with him, or so, but he comes no nearer than my lace.

PLEA. You do well to keep your smock betwixt.

WID. Faith, wench, so wilt thou, and thou be'st wise, from him and all of them; and, be ruled by me, we'll abuse all the sex, till they put a true value upon us.

PLEA. But dare you forbid the travelled gentlemen, and abuse them and your servant, and swear, with me, not to marry in a twelvemonth, though a lord bait the hook, and hang out the sign of a court Cupid, whipped by a country widow? then I believe we may have mirth cheaper than at the price of ourselves, and some sport with the wits that went to lose themselves in France.

WID. Come, no dissembling, lest I tell your servant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the last new fashion.

SEC. Madam, 'tis almost noon; will you not dress yourself to-day?

WID. She speaks as if we were boarders; pry-thee, wench, is not the dinner our own I sure, my cook shall lay by my own roast till my stomach be up!

PLEA. But there may be company, and they will say we take too long time to trim. Secret, give me the flowers my servant sent me: he sware 'twas the first the wench made of the kind.

WID. But when he shall hear you had music sent you to-day, 'twill make him appear in his old clothes.

PLEA. Marry, I would he would take exception, he should not want ill-usage to rid me of his

trouble. As I live, custom has made me so acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not so displeasing as at first; and if he fall out with me, I must with him, to secure myself. Sure, aunt, he must find sense and reason absent; for when a question knocks at his head, the answer tells that there is nobody at home. I asked him th' other day if he did not find a blemish in his understanding, and he sware a great oath, not he. I told him 'twas very strange, for fool was so visible an eyesore, that neither birth nor fortune could reconcile to me.

WID. Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purse will buy good company; and I can laugh, and be merry with him sometimes.

PLEA. Why, pray, aunt, take him to yourself, and see how merry we will be. I can laugh at anybody's fool but mine own.

WID. By my troth, but that I have married one fool already, you should not have him. Consider, he asks no portion, and yet will make a great jointure. A fool with these conveniences, a kind, loving fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill husband, niece. There are other arguments, too, to bid a fool welcome, which you will find without teaching. Think of it, niece: you may lay out your affection to purchase some dear wit or judgment of the city, and repent at leisure a good bargain in this fool.

PLEA. Faith, aunt, fools are cheap in the butchery and dear in the kitchen; they are such unsavoury, insipid things, that there goes more charge to the sauce than the fool is worth, ere a woman can confidently serve him, either to her bed or board. Then, if he be a loving fool, he troubles all the world a-days, and me all night.

SEC. Friendship-love, madam, has a remedy for that.

PLEA. See if the air of this place has not inclined Secret to be a bawd already! No, Secret, you get no gowns that way, upon my word. If I marry, it shall be a gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a sword by his side: such a one naked is better than a fool with all his trappings, bells, and baubles.

WID. Why, as I live, he's a handsome fellow, and merry: mine is such a sad soul, and tells me stories of lovers that died in despair, and of the lamentable end of their mistresses (according to the ballad), and thinks to win me by example.

PLEA. Faith, mine talks of nothing but how long he has loved me; and those that know me not think I am old, and still finds new causes (as he calls them) for his love. I asked him the other day, if I changed so fast, or no.

WID. But what think'st thou, Secret? my nephew dances well, and has a handsome house in the Piazza.

PLEA. Your nephew! not I, as I live; he looks as if he would be wooed. I'll warrant you, he'll never begin with a woman, till he has lost the opinion of himself; but since you are so courteous, I'll speak to his friend, and let him know how you suffer for him.

WID. Him! marry, God bless all good women from him. Why, he talks as if the dairymaid and all her cows could not serve his turn. Then they wear such bawdy breeches, 'twould startle an honest woman to come in their company, for fear they should break, and put her to count from the fall of them; for I'll warrant the year of the Lord would sooner out of her head than such a sight.

PLEA. I am not such an enemy now to his humour as to your nephew's. He rails against our sex, and thinks, by beating down the price of a woman, to make us despair of merchants; but if I had his heartstrings tied on a true-lover's knot, I would so firke him, till he found physick in a rope.

SEC. He's a scurvy-tongued fellow, I am sure of that; and if I could have got a staff, I had marked him.

WID. What did he do to thee, Secret?

PLEA. Why, he swore he had a better opinion of her than to think she had her maidenhead; but if she were that fool, and had preserved the toy, he swore he would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it. I confess, I would fain be revenged on them, because they are so blown up with opinion of their wit.

WID. As I live, my nephew travels still: the sober, honest Ned Wild will not be at home this month.

PLEA. What say you? will you abuse them and all the rest, and stand to my first proposition?

WID. Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my servant Sad; for he cannot last above another fall. And how, think you, will your servant take it?

PLEA. Mine! O, God help me, mine's a healthy fool. I would he were subject to pine, and take things unkindly: there were some hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to use him as ill as anybody.

WID. As I live, I am easily resolved: for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to choose.

SEC. By my troth, madam, you are hard to please, else the courtier might have served turn.

WID. Serve turn! Prythee, what haste, Secret,

that I should put myself to bed with one I might make a shift with? When I marry, thou shalt cry, *Ay marry, madam, this is a husband!* without blushing, wench, and none of your so-so husbands. Yet he might have¹ overcome my aversion, I confess.

PLEA. Overcome! I think so: he might have won a city his way; for when he saw you were resolved he should not eat with you, he would set himself down as if he meant to besiege us, and had vowed never to rise till he had taken us in; and because our sex forbade force, he meant to do it by famine. Yet you may stay, and miss a better market; for, hang me, I am of Secret's opinion, he had but two faults—a handsome fellow, and too soon denied.

WID. 'Tis true, he was a handsome fellow, and a civil, that I shall report him; for as soon as it was given him to understand I desired he would come no more, I never saw him since, but by chance.

PLEA. Why did you forbid him?

WID. There were divers exceptions; but that which angered me then was, he came with the king's letters patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his majesty's use.

PLEA. Alas! was that all? Why, 'tis their way at court, a common course among them. And was it not one the king had a great care of? When my mother was alive, I had such a packet from the court: directed unto me: I bid them pay the post, and make the fellow drink; which he took as ill as I could wish, and has been ever since such a friendly enemy——

¹ [Old copy; *half*.]

WID. Nay, as I live, she was for the captain too : his scarf and feather won her heart.

SEC. Truly, madam, never flatter yourself ; for the gentleman did not like you so well as to put you to the trouble of saying no.

PLEA. Lord, how I hated and dreaded that scarf and buff-coat !

SEC. Why, Mistress Pleasant, a captain is an honourable charge.

WID. Prythee, Secret, name them no more. Colonel and captain, commissioner, free-quarters, ordnance and contribution. When Buff utters these words, I tremble and dread the sound : it frights me still when I do but think on them. Cud's body, they're twigs of the old rod, wench, that whipped us so lately.

PLEA. Ay, ay, and they were happy days, wench, when the captain was a lean poor humble thing, and the soldier tame, and durst not come within the city for fear of a constable and a whipping-post. They know the penal statutes give no quarter. Then Buff was out of countenance, and skulked from alehouse to alehouse, and the city had no militia but the sheriff's men. In those merry days, a bailiff trod the streets with terror, when all the chains in the city were rusty but Master Sheriff's ; when the people knew no evil but the constable and his watch. Now every committee has as much power and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence, and authority, as a constable in the king's key.

[People talking without.

WID. See who's that so loud ?

SEC. The men you talked of, newly come to town.

[Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.

*Enter JACK CONSTANT, WILL SAD, JOLLY, and a FOOTMAN : they comb their heads and talk.*¹

JOLLY. Remember our covenants, get them that can all friends ; and be sure to despatch the plot to carry them into the country, lest the brace of newcome monsieurs get them.

¹ This custom, strange as it would now appear, was the constant practice of gentlemen in the 17th century. When on visits, either of ceremony or business, or even in company of ladies and at public places, their constant amusement was to comb their hair or wigs, and the fashion continued until the reign of Queen Anne. Dryden alludes to it in the Prologue to "Almanzor and Almahide"—

"But, as when vizard masque appears in pit
Straight every man, who thinks himself a wit,
Perks up ; and managing *his comb* with grace,
With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face."

And Mincing, in "The Way of the World," says—

"The gentlemen stay but to *comb*, madam, and will wait on you."

These instances I am indebted for to Mr Steevens.—*Reed.*

To the above instances may be added the following, which will show that the fashion mentioned in the text kept its ground a considerable length of time.

"How we rejoic'd to see 'em in our pit !
What difference, methought, there was
Betwixt a country gallant and a wit,
When you did *order perrwig with comb*,
They only us'd four fingers and a thumb."

—Epilogue to "The Wrangling Lovers," 1677.

"He looked, indeed, and sighed and set his cravat-string, and sighed again, and *combed his perrwig* : sighed a third time, and then took snuff, I guess to shew the whiteness of his hand."—"The Fortune Hunters," act i., sc., 2, 1689.

"How have I shook and trembling stood with awe,
When here, behind the scenes, I've seen 'em draw
—A *comb* ; that dead-doing weapon to the heart,
And turn each powder'd hair into a dart."

—Prologue to "The Relapse," 1697.

CON. Those flesh-flies ! I'll warrant thee from them : yet 'twas foolishly done of me to put on this gravity. I shall break out, and return to myself, if you put me to a winter's wooing.

SAD. A little patience does it, and I am content to suffer anything, till they're out of town. Secret says they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

JOLLY. Does she ? That shall be one hint to advance your designs and my revenge : for so she be cosened, I care not who does it, for scorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlously.

FOOT. Sir, what shall I do with the horses ?

SAD. Carry them to Brumsted's.

FOOT. What shall I do with your worship's ?

JOLLY. Mine ? Take him, hamstring him, kill him, anything to make away with him ; lest, having such a conveniency, I be betrayed to another journey into the country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my country house. Charing Cross, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

CON. What ! not reconciled to the country yet ?

SAD. He was not long enough there to see the pleasure of it.

JOLLY. Pleasure ! what is't called ? walking, or hawking, or shooting at butts ?

CON. You found other pleasures, or else the story of the meadow is no gospel.

JOLLY. Yes, a pox upon the necessity ! Here I could as soon have taken the cow as such a milk-maid.

SAD. The wine and meat's good, and the company.

JOLLY. When, at a Tuesday meeting, the country comes into a match at two-shillings rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what shall be done this parliament, railing against the court and Pope, after the old Elizabeth-way of preaching, till they

are drunk with zeal ; and then the old knight of the shire from the board's end, in his coronation breeches, vies clinches with a silenced minister—a rogue that railed against the reformation, merely to be eased of the trouble of preaching.

CON. Nay, as I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him. The man's a very able man.

JOLLY. You'll be able to say so one day, upon your wife's report. I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion : by this good day, they get more souls than they save.

SAD. And what think you of the knight's son? I hope he's a fine gentleman, when his green suit and his blue stockings are on ; and the welcomest thing to Mistress Abigail, but Tib and Tom in the stock.¹

JOLLY. Who, Master Jeffrey? Hobbinol the second ! By this life, 'tis a very veal, and he licks his nose like one of them. By his discourse you'd guess he had eaten nothing but hay. I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he stales. He talks of nothing but the stable. The cobbler's blackbird at the corner has more discourse. He has not so much as the family jest which these Corydons use to inherit. I posed him in Booker's prophecies,² till

¹ Terms at the game of gleek, which she is supposed to love immoderately.—*Pegge*.

² William Lilly gives the following account of John Booker, the person here mentioned :—He “was born in Manchester, in the year 1601 ; was in his youth well instructed in the Latin tongue, which he understood very well. He seemed, from his infancy, to be designed for astrology ; for, from the time he had any understanding, he would be always poring on and studying almanacks. He came to London at fitting years, and served an apprenticeship to an haberdasher in Lawrence Lane, London : but either wanting stock to set up, or disliking the calling, he

he confessed he had not mastered his almanac yet.

CON. But what was that you whispered to him in the hall?

JOLLY. Why, the butler and I, by the intercession of Marchbeer, had newly reconciled him to his dad's old codpiece corslet in the hall, which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, because it hung upon a cross.

CON. But what think you of my neighbour? I hope her charity takes you.

JOLLY. Yes, and her old waiting-woman's devotion: she sighed in the pew behind me. A Dutch skipper belches not so loud or so sour. My lady's miserable sinner with the white eyes, she does so squeeze out her prayers, and so wring out, *Have mercy upon us*. I warrant her she has a waiting-woman's sting in her conscience. She looks like a dirty-souled bawd.

left his trade, and taught to write, at Hadley, in Middlesex, several scholars in that school. He wrote singularly well both secretary and Roman. In process of time he served Sir Christopher Clethero, Knight, alderman of London, as his clerk, being a city justice of peace. He also was clerk to Sir Hugh Hammersley, alderman of London: both which he served with great credit and estimation, and, by that means, became not only well known, but as well respected, of the most eminent citizens of London, even to his dying day.

“He was an excellent proficient in astrology; whose excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England. He was a very honest man; abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts, and as successful in resolving love-questions. He was no mean proficient in astronomy; he understood much in physic; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chymistry, which he loved well, but did not practise. He died in 1667.”

CON. Who? is this my Lady Freedom's woman that he describes?

JOLLY. The same, the independent lady. I have promised to send her a cripple or two by the next carrier. Her subject-husband would needs show me his house one morning. I never visited such an hospital: it stank like Bedlam, and all the servants were carrying poultices, juleps, and glisters, and several remedies for all diseases but his. The man sighed to see his estate crumbling away. I counselled him either to give or take an ounce of ratsbane, to cure his mind.

CON. She is my cousin; but he made such a complaint to me, I thought he had married the company of Surgeons' Hall: for his directions to me for several things for his wife's use were fitter for an apothecary's shop than a lady's closet.

JOLLY. I advised him to settle no jointure but her old stills and a box of instruments upon her. She hates a man with all his limbs: a wooden leg, a crutch, and *fistula in ano*, wins her heart. Her gentleman-usher broke his leg last dogdays merely to have the honour to have her set it: A foul, rank rogue! and so full of salt humours, that he posed a whole college of old women with a gangrene, which spoiled the jest, and his ambling before my lady, by applying a handsaw to his gart'ring-place; and now the rogue wears booted bed-staves, and destroys all the young ashes to make him legs.

SAD. I never saw such a nasty affection: she would ha' done well in the incurable—a handmaid to have waited on the cripples.

JOLLY. She converses with naked men, and handles all their members, though never so ill affected, and calls the fornication charity. All her discourse to me was flat bawdry, which I could

not chide, but spoke as flat as she, till she rebuked me, calling mine beastliness, and hers natural philosophy. By this day, if I were to marry, I would as soon have chosen a drawn whore out of mine own hospital, and cure the sins of her youth, as marry a she-chirurgeon—one that, for her sins in her first husband's days, cures all the crimes of her sex in my time. I would have him call her Chiron, the Centaur's own daughter: a chirurgeon by sire and dam, Apollo's own colt. She's red-haired too, like that bonny beast with the golden mane and flaming tail.

SAD. You had a long discourse with her, Jolly: what was't about?

JOLLY. I was advising her to be divorced, and marry the man in the almanac: 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

SAD. By this day, I never saw such a mule as her husband is, to bear with her madness. The house is a good house, and well furnished.

JOLLY. Yes; but 'tis such a sight to see great French beds full of found children, sons of bachelors, priests' heirs, Bridewell orphans: there they lie by dozens in a bed, like sucking rabbits in a dish, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole dairy of milch-whores to suckle them.

SAD. She is successful; and that spoils her, and makes her deaf to counsel. I had him poison two or three, to disgrace her; for the vanity and pride of their remedies make those women more diligent than their charity.

JOLLY. I asked him why he married her; and he confessed, if he had been sound, he had never had her.

CON. He confessed she cured him of three claps before he married her.

JOLLY. Yes, and I believe some other member

(though then ill-affected) pleaded more than his tongue; and the rogue is like to find her business still, for he flies at all. My God, I owe thee thanks for many things; but 'tis not the least I am not her husband nor a country gentleman, whither, I believe, you cannot easily seduce me again, unless you can persuade London to stand in the country. To Hyde Park, or so, I may venture upon your Lady-fair days, when the filly foals of fifteen come kicking in, with their manes and tails tied up in ribands, to see their eyes roll and neigh, when the spring makes their blood prick them: so far I am with you, by the way of a country gentleman and a beer-drinker.

SAD. For all this dislike, Master Jolly, your greatest acquaintance lies amongst country gentlemen.

JOLLY. Ay, at London: there your country gentlemen are good company; where to be seen with them is a kind of credit. I come to a mercer's shop in your coach: *Boy, call your master: he comes bare; I whisper him, Do you know the Constants and the Sads of Norfolk? Yes, yes, he replies, and strokes his beard. They are good men, cry I. Yes, yes. No more; cut me off three suits of satin. He does it, and in the delivery whispers, Will these be bound? Pish! drive on, coachman: speak with me to-morrow.*

CON. And what then?

JOLLY. What then? why, come again next day.

SAD. And what if the country gentleman will not be bound?

JOLLY. Then he must fight.

SAD. I would I had known that, before I had signed your bond: I would have set my sword sooner than my seal to it.

JOLLY. Why, if thou repent, there's no harm done: fight rather than pay it.

SAD. Why, do you think I dare not fight ?

JOLLY. Yes, but I think thou hast more wit than to fight with me ; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will sign in fear : and if thou shouldst kill me, anybody that knows us would swear 'twere very strange, and cry, There's God's just judgment now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'st his hangman's place at the rate of thy estate.

CON. By this hand, he is in the right ; and, for mine, I meant to pay when I signed. Hang it, never put good fellows to say, *Prythee, give me a hundred pounds.*

SAD. 'Tis true, 'tis a good janty¹ way of begging ; yet, for being killed if I refuse it—would there were no more danger in the widow's unkindness than in your fighting, I would not mistrust my design.

JOLLY. Why, ay, there's a point now in nicety of honour. I should kill you for her, for you know I pretended first ; and it may be, if I had writ sad lines to her, and hid myself in my cloak, and haunted her coach—it may be in time she would have sought me. Not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble myself for a wench ; and married widows are but customary authorised wenches.

CON. Being of that opinion, how canst thou think of marrying one ?

JOLLY. Why, faith, I know not : I thought to rest

¹ The etymology of this word is doubted ; but as it was not used in English until about the time of the Restoration, it is most probably from the French *gentil*, and not from the Teutonic.—*Collier.* [The word is sometimes, but incorrectly, spelt *jaunty*.]

me, for I was run out of breath with pleasure, and grew so acquainted with sin, I would have been good, for variety : in these thoughts 'twas my fortune to meet with this widow—handsome, and of a clear fame.

CON. Didst love her ?

JOLLY. Yes, faith : I had love, but not to the disease that makes men sick ; and I could have loved her still, but that I was angry to have her refuse me for a fault I told her of myself ; so I went no more.

SAD. Did she forbid you but once ?

JOLLY. Faith, I think I slipped a fair opportunity : a handsome wench and three thousand pounds *per annum* in certainty, besides the possibility of being saved.

CON. Which now you think desperate ?

[WIDOW and PLEASANT looking out at a window.]

PLEA. That is you : cross or pile, will you have him yet, or no ?

WID. Peace ! observe them.

JOLLY. Faith, no, I do not despair ; but I cannot resolve.

Enter WILD, CARELESS, and the CAPTAIN, going in haste ; he comes in at the middle door.

WID. Who are those ?

CARE. Captain, whither in such haste ? What, defeated ? Call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends ?

PLEA. Your nephew, and his governor, and his friend ! Here will be a scene ! Sit close, and we may know the secret of their hearts.

WID. They have not met since they returned :
I shall love this bay-window.¹

CAPT. Prythee, let me go : there's mischief a-broiling ; and if thou shak'st me once more, thou wilt jumble a lie together I have been hammering this hour.

CARE. A pox upon you ! a-studying lies ?

CAPT. Why, then they are no lies, but something in the praise of an old lady's beauty : what do you call that ?

JOLLY. Who are those ? [*They spy each other.*]

SAD. Is't not the captain and my friend ?

[*JOLLY salutes them ; then he goes to the CAPTAIN to embrace him : the CAPTAIN stands in a French posture,² and slides from his old way of embracing.*]

JOLLY. Ned Wild ! Tom Careless ! what ail'st thou ? dost thou scorn my embraces ?

CAPT. I see you have never been abroad, else

¹ A *bay-window* is a [recess of a square or polygonal form, serving as a window, and is strictly distinct from a *bow-window*, the name of which indicates its character and shape ; the two are often confounded.] The term frequently occurs in ancient writers. So in the "Second Part of Antonio and Melida," by Marston, act i. sc. 3—

"Three times I grasp'd at shades :
And thrice deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc'd my thoughts make stand ; when, lo ! I op'd
A large *bay-window*, thorough which the night
Struck terror to my soul."

Again, in "Cynthia's Revels," act iv. sc. 3 : "In which time (retiring myself into a *bay-window*) the beauteous lady Annabel," &c.

And in "A Chast Mayd in Cheape-side," by Middleton, 1630, p. 62—

"In troth a match, wench :
We are simply stock'd with cloth of tissue, cushions,
To furnish out *bay-windows*."

² So in the epilogue to "Evening Love, or the Mock Astrologer," by Dryden—

"Up starts a *Monsieur*, new come o'er ; and warm
In the *French stoop*, and the pull back o' th' arm ;
Morbieu, dit il," &c.

you would know how to put a value upon those, whose careful observation brought home the most exquisite garb and courtship that Paris could sell us.

JOLLY. A pox on this fooling, and leave off ceremony!

CAPT. Why, then, agreed: off with our masks, and let's embrace like the old knot.

[*They embrace.*]

JOLLY. Faith, say where have you spent these three years' time?—in our neighbour France? or have you ventured o'er the Alps, to see the seat of the Cæsars?

SAD. And can tell us ignorant (doomed to walk upon our own land), how large a seat the goddess fixed her flying Trojans in.

CON. Yes, yes, and have seen and drunk (perhaps) of Tiber's famous stream.

JOLLY. And have been where Æneas buried his trumpeter and his nurse. Tom looks as if he had sucked the one, and had a battle sounded by the other, for joy to see our nation ambitious not to be understood or known, when they come home.

CAPT. So, now I'm welcome home: this is freedom, and these are friends, and with these I can be merry; for, gentlemen, you must give me leave to be free too.

JOLLY. So you will spare us miserable men, condemned to London and the company of a Michaelmas term, and never travelled those countries that set mountains on fire a-purpose to light us to our lodging.

WILD. Why, this is better than to stay at home, and lie by hearsay, wearing out yourselves and fortunes like your clothes, to see her that hates you for being so fine; then appearing at a play,

dressed like some part of it, while the company admire the mercer's and the tailor's work, and swear they have done their parts to make you fine gentlemen.

CARE. Then leap out of your coach, and throw your cloak over your shoulder, the casting-nets to catch a widow, while we have seen the world, and learned her customs.

CAPT. Yes, sir, and returned perfect monsieurs.

SAD. Yes, even to their diseases. I confess my ignorance; I cannot amble, nor ride like St George at Waltham.¹

JOLLY. Yet, upon my conscience, he may be as welcome with a trot as the other with his pace. And faith, Jack (to be a little free), tell me, dost thou not think thou hadst been as well to pass here, with that English nose thou carriedst hence, as with the French tongue thou hast brought home? [*The CAPTAIN has a patch over his nose.*]

CAPT. It is an accident, and to a soldier 'tis but a scar. 'Tis true, such a sign upon Master Jolly's face had been as ill as a *red cross*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*,² at his lodging-door, to have kept women out of court.

JOLLY. For aught you know of the court.

CAPT. I know the court, and thee, and thy use, and how you serve but as the handsomest movables; a kind of implement above-stairs, and look much like one of the old court-servants in the hangings.

WILD. But that they move and look fresher, and your apparel more modern.

CARE. Yes, faith, their office is the same, to adorn

¹ [The sign of an inn there. See x. 212.]

² The manner in which houses were marked in which the plague was raging.—*Collier*.

the room, and be gazed on. Alas! he's sad: courage, man, these riding-clothes will serve thee at the latter day.

CAPT. Which is one of their grievances; for nothing troubles them more than to think they must appear in a foul winding-sheet, and come undressed.

JOLLY. Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the court: we know a traveller too, especially when he is thus changed and exchanged, as your worships, both in purse and person, and have brought home foreign visages and inscriptions.

CON. Why, that's their perfection: their ambition to have it said: There go those that have profitably observed the vices of other countries, and made them their own; and the faults of several nations, at their return, are their parts.

JOLLY. Why, there's Jack Careless—he carried out as good staple-manners as any was in Suffolk, and now he is returned with a shrug, and a trick to stand crooked, like a scurvy bow unbent; and looks as if he would maintain oil and salads against a chine of beef. I knew a great beast of this kind; it haunted the court much, and would scarcely allow us (fully reduced to civility) for serving up mutton in whole joints.

CON. What, silent?

SAD. Faith, the captain is in a study.

JOLLY. Do, do, con the rivers and towns perfectly, captain: thou may'st become intelligencer to the people, and lie thy two sheets a week in Corrantos too.

CON. And could you not make friends at court to get their pictures cut ugly, in the corner of a map, like the old navigators?

JOLLY. We'll see, we'll see.

Enter WIDOW and PLEASANT above.

WID. I'll interrupt them. Servant, you're welcome to town. How now, nephew? what, dumb? where are all our travelled tongues?

JOLLY. Servant!¹ who doth she mean? by this hand, I disclaim the title!

PLEA. Captain, Secret has taken notes, and desires you would instruct her in what concerns a waiting-woman and an old lady.

CAPT. Very good! yet this shall not save your dinner.

WID. Nay, while you are in this humour, I'll not sell your companies; and though Master Jolly be incensed, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

JOLLY. Faith, lady, you mistake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her anywhere, but at bed.

[Exit JOLLY.]

WILD. No more, aunt, we'll come: and if you will give us good meat, we'll bring good humours and good stomachs. *[WIDOW shuts the curtain.]*

CARE. By this day, I'll not dine there: they

¹ The usual manner in which ladies formerly addressed their lovers. See Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," act iv. sc. 2, and "Every Man out of his Humour," act iii. sc. 9; Massinger's "Fatal Dowry," act ii. sc. 2; "Bashful Lover," act iv. sc. 1; "A Very Woman," act i. sc. 1; Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act ii. sc. 1, and the same is to be seen in most of the dramatic productions of the times.—*Reed.*

This title, which was a mark of favouritism tolerated by married women towards unmarried gentlemen in the reigns of James and Charles, is found in almost every old play. The plot of Chapman's "Monsieur D'Olive," turns upon the not very unnatural jealousy of a husband towards this equivocal service in a friend. See [the new edition of Chapman's plays.]—*Gilchrist.*

take a pleasure to raise a spirit that they will not lay. I'll to Banks's.

CAPT. A pox forbid it! you shall not break company, now you know what we are to do after dinner.

CARE. I will consent, upon condition you forbid the spiritual nonsense the age calls Platonic love.

CAPT. I must away too; but I'll be there at dinner. You will join in a plot after dinner?

WILD. Anything, good, bad, or indifferent, for a friend and mirth. [*Exeunt all but the CAPTAIN.*]

CAPT. I must go and prevent the rogue's mischief with the old lady. [*Exit CAPTAIN.*]

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter JOLLY and the old lady LOVEALL.

LOVE. Away, unworthy, false, ungrateful! with what brow dar'st thou come again into my sight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how false to love?

JOLLY. No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deserve not those truths of love I have paid here; else you would not believe every report that envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have so often tried and found faithful.

LOVE. Yes, till I, too credulous, had pity on your tears; till I had mercy, you durst not be false.

JOLLY. Nor am not yet.

LOVE. What dost thou call false? Is there a treachery beyond what thou hast done? When I had given my fame, my fortune, myself, and my husband's honour, all in one obligation, a sacrifice to that passion which thou seem'dst to labour with

despair of, to tell and brag of a conquest o'er a woman, fooled by her passion, and lost in her love to thee? unworthy—— [*She turns away her head.*

JOLLY. By this day, 'tis as false as he that said it. Hang him, son of a bachelor! a slave that, envying my fortune in such a happiness as your love and chaste embraces, took this way to ruin it. Come, dry your eyes, and let the guilty weep: if I were guilty, I durst as soon approach a constable drunk, as come here. You know I am your slave.

LOVE. You swore so, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miseries.

JOLLY. Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

LOVE. Nay, never weep, or sit sadly: I am friends, so you will only talk and discourse; for 'tis your company I only covet.

JOLLY. No, you cannot forgive, because you have injur'd me: 'tis right woman's justice, accuse first; and harder to reconcile when they are guilty than when they are innocent; or else you would not turn from me thus.

LOVE. You know your youth hath a strong power over me: turn those bewitching eyes away; I cannot see them with safety of mine honour.

JOLLY. Come, you shall not hide your face: there's a charm in it against those that come burnt with unchaste fires; for let but your eyes or nose drop upon his heart, it would burn it up, or quench it straight.

LOVE. No cogging, you have injured me; and now, though my love plead, I must be deaf; my honour bids me; for you will not fear again to prove unworthy, when you find I am so easy to forgive. Why, you will not be uncivil?

[*JOLLY kisses her, and she shoves him away with her mouth.*

JOLLY. So, the storm is laid! I must have those pearls. She shoved me away with her mouth! I'll to her again. *[Aside.]*

LOVE. Where are you? what do you take me for? why, you will not be uncivil?

[Still as he offers to touch her, she starts as if he plucked up her coats.]

JOLLY. Uncivil! by thy chaste self I cannot, chick: thou hast such a terror, such a guard in those eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon so much fire. Prythee, sirrah, let me hide me from their power here.

LOVE. You presume upon the weakness of our sex. What shall I say or do, tyrant love?

JOLLY. There's a charm in those pearls! pull them off: if they have a frost in them, let me wear them, and then we are both safe.

LOVE. I would you had taken them sooner! I had then been innocent, and might with whiteness have worn my love, which I shall ne'er outlive.

JOLLY. Dear, do not too fast pour in my joys, lest I too soon reach my heaven.

LOVE. Begone, then, lest we prove (having gained that height) this sad truth in love, *The first minute after noon is night.*

JOLLY. Part now? the gods forbid! take from me first this load of joys you have thrown upon me, for 'tis a burthen harder to bear than sadness. I was not born till now; this my first night, in which I reap true bliss.

LOVE. No, no, I would it had been your first night, then your falsehood had not given argument for these tears; and I hate myself to think I should be such a foolish fly thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

JOLLY. Come, divert these thoughts. I'll go see your closet.

LOVE. No, no, I swear you shall not.

JOLLY. You know I am going out of town for two days.

LOVE. When you return, I'll show it you; you will forget me else when you are gone, and at court.

JOLLY. Can your love endure delays; or shall business thee from thence remove? These were your own arguments. Come, you shall show it me.

LOVE. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find. Ye gods, are all men false?

JOLLY. As I live, you shall. Stay: come, you ought to make me amends for slandering of me. Hang me, if ever I told; and he that reports it is the damnedst rogue in a country. Come, I say——

[He pulls her bodkin, that is tied in a piece of black bobbin.]

LOVE. Ah! as I live, I will not, I have sworn. Do not pull me: I will not be damned, I have sworn.

[He pulls her, and says this.]

JOLLY. As I live I'll break your bodkin then. A weeping tyrant! Come, by this good day, you shall be merciful.

LOVE. Why, you will not be uncivil! You will not force me, will you? As I live, I will not.

JOLLY. Nay, an' you be wilful, I can be stubborn too.

[He pulls still.]

LOVE. Hang me, I'll call aloud. Why, Nan! Nay, you may force me; but, as I live, I'll do nothing.

[Exeunt ambo.]

SCENE II.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. A pox upon you, are you earthed? The rogue has got her necklace of pearl; but I hope he will leave the rope to hang me in. How the pox

came they so great? I must have some trick to break his neck, else the young rogue will work me out. 'Tis an excellent old lady, but I dare not call her so: yet would she were young enough to bear, we might do some good for our heirs, by leaving such a charitable brood behind. She's a woman after the first kind; 'tis but going into her, and you may know her. Then she'll oblige so readily, and gives with greater thanks than others receive; takes it so kindly to be courted. I am now to oblige her (as she calls it) by professing young Wild's love, and desiring an assurance she's sensible of his sufferings; which though it be false and beyond my commission, yet the hopes of such a new young thing, that has the vogue of the town for handsomest, 'twill so tickle her age, and so blow up her vanity, to have it said he is in love with her, and so endear her to me for being the means, that the parson's malice will be able to take no root. She comes: I must not be seen.

Enter LOVEALL and JOLLY.

LOVE. Give me that letter; I'll swear you shall not read it.

JOLLY. Take it; I'll away. What time shall I call you? in the evening? There's a play at court to-night.

LOVE. I would willingly be there, but your ladies are so censorious and malicious to us young ladies in the town, especially to me, because the wits are pleased to afford me a visit or so: I could be content else to be seen at court. Pray, what humour is the queen of? The captain of her guard I know.

JOLLY. The queen! Who's that knocks at the back-door?

[The CAPTAIN knocks.]

LOVE. Smoothe my band ; I know not. Go down that way, and look you be not false ; if you should be false, I'll swear I should spoil myself with weeping.

JOLLY. Farewell ! In the evening I'll call you.
[Exit JOLLY.]

LOVE. Who's there ? Captain, where have you been all this while ? I might sit alone, I see, for you, if I could not find conversation in books.

[She takes a book in her hand, and sits down.]

CAPT. Faith, madam, friends newly come to town engaged me ; and my stay was civility rather than desire. What book's that ?

LOVE. I'll swear he was a witch that writ it ; for he speaks my thoughts, as if he had been within me : the original, they say, was French.

CAPT. O, I know it ; 'tis the *Accomplished Woman* :¹ yourself he means by this, while you are yourself.

LOVE. Indeed, I confess, I am a great friend to conversation, if we could have it without suspicion ; but the world's so apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to salute a man.

CAPT. Innocence, madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be shook with whispers.

LOVE. You are ever civil, and therefore welcome. Pray, what news is there now in town ? for I am recluded here. Unless it be yours, I receive no visits ; and I'll swear, I charged the wench to-day not to let you in : I wonder she let you come.

CAPT. Faith, madam, if it had been my own business, I should not have ventured so boldly ; but the necessity that forces me to come concerns

¹ [A translation from the French by the Honourable Walter Montague, 8^o, 1656.]

my friend, against whom if your mercy be now bounded with those strict ties of honour and cold thoughts which I have ever found guard your heart, my friend, a young and handsome man, is lost, is lost in his prime, and falls like early blossoms. But methinks you should not prove the envious frost to destroy this young man, this delicate young man, that has whole bundles of boys in his breeches: yet if you be cruel, he and they die, as useless as open-arses¹ gathered green.

[She must be earnest in her looks all the time he speaks, desirous to know who he speaks of.]

LOVE. Good captain, out with the particular. What way can my charity assist him? You know by experience I cannot be cruel: remember how I fetched you out of a swoon, and laid you in my own bed.

CAPT. That act preserved a life that has always been laboured in your service, and, I dare say, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

LOVE. But I hope he will not be so uncivil as you were: I'll swear I could have hanged you for that rape, if I would have followed the law; but I forgave you upon condition you would do so again. But what's this young man you speak of?

CAPT. Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your content, else I'd have poisoned him, ere I'd have brought him to your house.

LOVE. Why, I pray?

CAPT. Because he's young, handsome, and of sound parts: that I am sure will ruin me here.

¹ [Medlars.]

LOVE. His love may make all these beauties ; else I have an honour will defend me against him, were he as handsome as young Wild.

CAPT. Why, ay, there it is : that one word has removed all my fears and jealousies with a despair ; for that's the man whose love, life, and fortune lies at your feet ; and, if you were single, by lawful means he would hope to reach what now he despairs of.

LOVE. Let him not despair ; love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will assist him ; and if his love be noble, I can meet it, for there's none that sacrifices more to friendship-love than I.

CAPT. My friend's interest makes me rejoice at this. Dare you trust me to say this to him, though it be not usual ! Pray, speak : nay, you are so long still a-resolving to be kind ! Remember, charity is as great a virtue as chastity, and greater, if we will hear nature plead : for the one may make many maids, the other can but preserve one. But I know you will be persuaded ; let it be my importunity that prevailed. Shall I bring him hither one evening ?

LOVE. Why do you plead thus ? Pray, be silent, and when you see him, tell him he has a seat here, and I——

[She turns away.]

CAPT. Out with it ; what is't ? Shall he call you mistress, and his Platonic ?

LOVE. Away, away ! Me ?

CAPT. No niceness ; is't a match ?

LOVE. Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him so) : he shall find me one of the humblest mistresses that ever he was pleased to honour with his affections.

CAPT. Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it ? I confess I am such a friend

to friendship-love too, that I would even bring him on my back to a midnight's meeting.

LOVE. If you will stay here, I'll go in and write it.

[She's going out, he calls her.]

CAPT. Madam, I forgot to ask your ladyship one question.

LOVE. What was't?

CAPT. There happened a business last night betwixt Master Wild and one Jolly, a courtier, that brags extremely of your favour. I swear, if it had not been for friends that interposed themselves, there had been mischief, for Master Wild was extreme zealous in your cause.

LOVE. Such a rascal I know. Villain, to bring my name upon the stage, for a subject of his quarrels! I'll have him cudgelled.

CAPT. And I'll answer he deserved it; for the quarrel ended in a bet of a buck-hunting-nag, that some time to-day he would bring a necklace and chain of pearl of yours (not stol'n, but freely given) to witness his power.

LOVE. Did the vain rascal promise that?

CAPT. Yes, but we laugh'd at it.

LOVE. So you might; and as I live, if the necklace were come from stringing, I'd send them both to Master Wild, to wear as a favour, to assure him I am his, and to put the vain slave out of countenance.

CAPT. Ay, marry, such a timely favour were worth a dozen letters, to assure him of your love, and remove all the doubts the other's discourse may put into his head: and, faith, I'd send him the chain now, and in my letter promise him the necklace: he'll deserve such a favour.

LOVE. I'll go in and fetch it immediately: will you favour me to deliver it?

CAPT. I'll wait upon your ladyship.

LOVE. I'll swear you shall not go in : you know I foreswore being alone with you.

[*She goes, and he follows her ; she turns, and bids him stay.*]

CAPT. Hang me, I'll go in. Does my message deserve to wait an answer at the door.

LOVE. Ay, but you'll be naught.

CAPT. O, ne'er trust me if I break.

LOVE. If you break, some such forfeit you'll lose. Well, come in for once.

CAPT. You are so suspicious.

LOVE. I'll swear I have reason for't : you are such another man. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter WANTON and BAWD.

WAN. Is he gone ?

BAWD. Yes, he's gone to the old lady's, high with mischief.

WAN. Fare him well, easy fool : how the trout strove to be tickled ! And how does this ring become me, ha ! They are fine kind of things, these wedding-rings.

[*She plays with the wedding-ring upon her finger.*]

BAWD. Besides the good custom of putting so much gold in 'em,¹ they bring such conveniences along.

¹ The weight of a wedding-ring, in Middleton's time (a little earlier than that of Killigrew), may be seen by the following part of a dialogue from his "Chaste Maid in Cheapside," 1630, p. 7—

"TOUCHWOOD, jun. I would have a wedding-ring made for a gentle woman, with all speed that may be.

"YELLOWHAMMER. Of what weight, sir? : 1

"TOUCHWOOD, jun. Of some half ounce."

—Collier.

WAN. Why, ay; now I have but one to please, and if I please him, who dares offend me? and that wife's a fool that cannot make her husband one.

BAWD. Nay, I am absolutely of opinion it was fit for you to marry. But whether he be a good husband or no——

WAN. A pox of a good husband! give me a wise one; they only make the secure cuckolds, the cuckold in grain: for dye a husband that has wit but with an opinion thou art honest, and see who dares wash the colour out. Now your fool changes with every drop, doats with confidence in the morning, and at night jealous even to murder, and his love (Lord help us!) fades like my gredaline petticoat.¹

BAWD. This is a new doctrine.

WAN. 'Tis a truth, wench, I have gained from my own observations, and the paradox will be maintained. Take wise men for cuckolds, and fools to make them: for your wise man draws eyes and suspicion with his visit, and begets jealous thoughts in the husband, that his wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaseth both; laughs with the one, and lies with the other, and all without suspicion. I tell thee, a fool that has money is the man. The wits and the we's, which is a distinct parreal of wit bound by itself, and to be sold at Wit-hall, or at the sign of the King's-head in the butchery: these wise things will make twenty jealous, ere one man a cuckold, when the family of fools will head a parish, ere they are suspected.

¹ A *gredaline petticoat* is probably a petticoat *puckered*, or *crumpled*, from the French word *grediller*. See Cotgrave. In Boyer's Dictionary [it is explained, *Gris de lin, sorte de couleur*.

BAWD. Well, I see one may live and learn : and if he be but as good at it now you are his own, as he was when he was your friend's friend (as they call it), you have got one of the best hidiers of such a business in the town. Lord, how he would sister you at a play !

WAN. Faith, 'tis as he is used at first ; if he gets the bridle in's teeth, he'll ride to the devil ; but if thou be'st true, we'll make him amble ere we have done. The plot is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the proverb, *The parson gets the children,* to, *The parson fathers them.*

BAWD. Anything that may get rule : I love to wear the breeches.

WAN. So do we all, wench. Empire 'tis all our aim ; and I'll put my ranting Roger in a cage but I'll tame him. He loves already, which is an excellent ring in a fool's nose, and thou shalt hear him sing—

*Happy only is that family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.*

BAWD. Do this, I'll serve you for nothing : the impetuous slave had wont to taunt me for beating of my husband, and would sing that song in mockery of me.

WAN. In revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) shalt make him sing,

*Happy is that family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter PARSON, LOVEALL, and FAITHFUL.

LOVE. Go, you are a naughty man. Do you come hither to rail against an honest gentle-

man? I have heard how you fell out: you may be ashamed on't, a man of your coat.

PAR. What! to speak truth, and perform my duty? The world cries out you are a scabbed sheep, and I am come to tar you; that is, give you notice how your fame suffers i' th' opinion of the world.

LOVE. My fame, sirrah! 'Tis purer than thy doctrine. Get thee out of my house.

FAITH. You uncivil fellow, you come hither to tell my lady of her faults, as if her own Levite could not discern 'em?

LOVE. My own Levite! I hope he's better bred than to tell me of my faults.

FAITH. He finds work enough to correct his dearly-beloved sinners.

PAR. And the right worshipful my lady and yourself, they mend at leisure.

LOVE. You are a saucy fellow, sirrah, to call me sinner in my own house. Get you gone with your *Madam, I hear*, and *Madam, I could advise, but I am loth to speak: take heed; the world talks*;—and thus with dark sentences put my innocence into a fright, with *You know what you know, good Mistress Faithful*: so do I, and the world shall know, too, thou hast married a whore.

PAR. Madam, a whore?

FAITH. No, sir, 'tis not so well as a madam-whore; 'tis a poor whore, a captain's cast whore.

LOVE. Now bless me, marry a whore! I wonder any man can endure those things. What kind of creatures are they?

PAR. They're like ladies, but that they are handsomer; and though you take a privilege to injure me, yet I would advise your woman to tie up her tongue, and not abuse my wife.

LOVE. Fie! art thou not ashamed to call a whore

wife? Lord bless us, what will not these men do when God leaves them? but for a man of your coat to cast himself away upon a whore! Come, wench, let's go and leave him! I'll swear¹ 'tis strange the state doth not provide to have all whores hanged or drowned.

FAITH. Ay, and 'tis time they look into it; for they begin to spread so, that a man can scarce find an honest woman in a country. They say they're voted down now; 'twas moved by that charitable member that got an order to have it but five miles to Croydon, for ease of the market-women.

LOVE. Ay, ay, 'tis a blessed parliament.

[*Exeunt* LOVEALL and FAITHFUL.

PAR. That I have played the fool is visible. This comes of rashness. Something I must do to set this right, or else she'll hate, and he'll laugh at me. I must not lose him and my revenge too. Something that's mischief I am resolved to do.

[*Exit* PARSON.

SCENE V.

Enter WILD and CARELESS.

WILD. Now is the parson's wife so contemptible?

CARE. No; but I'm so full of that resolution to dislike the sex, that I will allow none honest, none handsome. I tell thee, we must beat down the price with ourselves; court none of them, but let

¹ Paulo Purganti's wife has the same sentiment. She

“thought the nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.”

—*Prior.*

their maidenheads and their faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity: then they'll haunt us to find proper chapmen to deal for their ware.

WILD. I like this, but 'twill be long adoing, and it may be, ere they be forced to sell, our bank will be exhausted, and we shall not be able to purchase.

CARE. Ay, but we'll keep a credit, and at three six months thou and the captain shall be my factors.

WILD. You had best have a partner, else such an undertaking would break a better back than yours.

CARE. No partners in such commodities: your factor that takes up maidenheads, 'tis upon his own account still.

WILD. But what course will you take to purchase this trade with women?

CARE. I am resolved to put on their own silence and modesty, answer *forsooth*, swear nothing but *God's nigs*, and hold arguments of their own cold tenets, as if I believed there were no true love below the line, then sigh when 'tis proper, and with forced studies betray the enemy who, seeing my eye fixed on her, her vanity thinks I am lost in admiration, calls and shakes me, ere I wake out of my design, and being collected, answer out of purpose, *Love, divinest? yes, who is it that is mortal and does not? or which amongst all the senate of the gods can gaze upon those eyes, and carry thence the power he brought?* This will start her.

WILD. Yes, and make her think thee mad.

CARE. Why, that's my design; for then I start too, and rub my eyes as if I waked: then sigh and strangle a yawn, till I have wrung it into tears, with which I rise as if o'ercome with grief; then kiss her hands, and let fall those witnesses of faith

and love, bribed for my design. This takes; for who would suspect such a devil as craft and youth to live together?

WILD. But what kind of women do you think this will take?

CARE. All kind of women. Those that think themselves handsome, it being probable, conclude it real; and those that are handsome in their opinion, that small number will believe it, because it agrees with their wishes.

WILD. And when you are gone, it may be they sigh, and their love breaks out into paper, and what then?

CARE. What then? why then I'll laugh, and show thee their letters, and teach the world how easy 'tis to win any woman.

WILD. This is the way: and be sure to dislike all but her you design for: be scarce civil to any of the sex besides.

CARE. That's my meaning; but to her that I mean my prey, all her slave: she shall be my deity, and her opinion my religion.

WILD. And while you sad it once to one, I'll talk freer than a privileged fool, and swear as unreasonably as losing gamesters, and abuse thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love: call them all bowls thrown, that will run where they will run, and lovers like fools run after them, crying, *rub* and *fly* for me. I believe none fair, nor handsome, nor honest, but the kind.

CARE. We must make the captain of our plot, lest he betray us. This will gain us some revenge upon the lovers to whom I grudge the wenches, not that I believe they're worth half the cost they pay for them. And we may talk; but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier or more miserable.

Enter JOLLY.

WILD. Jolly ! Will, where hast thou been ? We had such sport with the parson of our town : he's married this morning to Wanton.

JOLLY. Who? the captain's wench? he's in a good humour then. As you love mirth, let's find him : I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us to see him divided betwixt the several causes of his anger, and lose himself in his rage, while he disputes which is the greater. Your opinion, gentlemen : is this or his wench the greater loss?

CARE. What hast thou there ? pearl !¹ they're false, I hope. [*Here he pulls out the pearl.*]

JOLLY. Why do you hope so ?

CARE. Because I am thy friend, and would be loth to have thee hanged for stealing.

JOLLY. I will not swear they are honestly come by : but I'll be sworn there's neither force nor theft in't.

WILD. Prythee, speak out of riddles : here's none but your friends.

JOLLY. Faith, take it. You have heard the captain brag of an old lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a box ; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in, or so. From her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dulled with plenty this morning, with three good words and four good deeds I earned this toy.

CARE. The mirth yet we will all share. I am in pain till we find him, that we may vex his wit, that he presumes so much on.

WILD. Let's go, let's go. I will desire him to

¹ [Pearl here, and in three or four other places below, is used as a plural, *quasi* a rope of pearl.]

let me see his wench : I will not understand him if he says she's gone.

CARE. I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance' sake, to let me see his old lady.

JOLLY. Hark ! I hear his voice.——

CAPT. [*Within*] Which way ?

CARE. The game plays itself. Begin with him, Ned, while we talk as if we were busy : we'll take our cue.

WILD. When I put off my hat.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. 'Sblood, I thought you had been sunk : I have been hunting you these four hours. Death ! you might ha' left word where you went, and not put me to hunt like Tom Fool. 'Tis well you are at London, where you know the way home.

WILD. Why in choler ? We have been all this while searching you. Come, this is put on to divert me from claiming your promise. I must see the wench.

CAPT. You cannot, adad : adad, you cannot.

WILD. I did not think you would have refused such a kindness.

CARE. What's that ?

WILD. Nothing, a toy. He refuses to show me his wench !

CARE. The devil he does ! What ! have we been thus long comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common wenches particular ? I say, thou shalt see her, and lie with her too, if thou wilt.

JOLLY. What ! in thy dumps, brother ? Call to thy aid two-edged wit. The captain sad ! 'tis prophetic : I'd as lieve¹ have dreamt of pearl, or the

¹ Or lief.

loss of my teeth : yet if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, Ned, I'll help thee to a bout. I know his cloak, his long cloak that hides her : I am acquainted with the parson : he shall befriend thee.

CAPT. 'Tis very well, gentlemen ; but none of you have seen her yet ?

WILD. Yes, but we have, by thyself—by thy anger, which is now bigger than thou. By chance we crossed her coming from church, leading in her hand the parson, to whom she swore she was this day married.

JOLLY. And our friendships were now guiding us to find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy Levite.

CARE. Come, bear it like a man ; there are more wenches. What hast thou spied ?

[He gives no answer, but peeps under JOLLY'S hat.]

WILD. His pearl, I believe.

CAPT. Gentlemen, I see you are merry : I'll leave you. I must go a little way to inquire about a business.

WILD. H' has got a sore eye, I think.

CAPT. I will only ask one question, and return.

CARE. No, faith, stay, and be satisfied.

JOLLY. Do, good brother ; for I believe there is no question that you now would ask, but here's an oracle can resolve you.

CAPT. Are those pearl true ?

JOLLY. Yes.

CAPT. And did not you steal them ?

JOLLY. No.

CARE. Nor he did not buy them with ready money, but took them upon mortgage of himself to an old lady.

JOLLY. Dwelling at the sign of the Buck in Broad Street. Are you satisfied, or must I play the oracle still ?

CAPT. No, no; I am satisfied.

JOLLY. Like jealous men that take their wives at it, are you not?

CAPT. Well, very well: 'tis visible I am abused on all hands. But, gentlemen, why all against me?

CARE. To let you see your wit's mortal, and not proof against all.

WILD. The parson hath shot it through with a jest.

CAPT. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in that?

JOLLY. Faith, none; only a general joy to find the captain overreached.

CAPT. But, do you go sharers in the profit as well as in the jest?

JOLLY. No, faith, the toy's mine own.

CAPT. They are very fine, and you may afford a good pennyworth. Will you sell them?

JOLLY. Sell them! ay, where's a chapman?

CAPT. Here; I'll purchase them.

JOLLY. Thou! no, no, I have barred thee, bye and main,¹ for I am resolved not to fight for them: that excludes thy purchase by the sword; and thy wench has proved such a loss, in thy last adventure of wit, that I'm afraid it will spoil thy credit that way too.

CAPT. Gentlemen, as a friend, let me have the refusal: set your price.

WILD. He's serious.

CARE. Leave fooling.

JOLLY. Why, if thou couldst buy them, what wouldst thou do with them?

CAPT. They're very fair ones; let me see them: methinks they should match very well with these?

JOLLY. These! which?

¹ [*i.e.*, On all sides, both by the bye and the main passages.]

OMNES. Which ?

CARE. They are true.

CAPT. Yes, but not earned with a pair of stol'n verses, of, *I was not born till now, This my first night, And so forsooth*; nor given as a charm against lust.

CARE. What means all this ?

JOLLY. What ! why, 'tis truth, and it means to shame the devil. By this good day, he repeats the same words with which I gathered these pearls.

WILD. Why, then, we have two to laugh at.

CARE. And all friends hereafter. Let's fool all together.

CAPT. Gentlemen with the fine wits, and my very good friends, do you, or you, or he, think I'll keep you company to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too ?

CARE. Come, come, the captain's in the right.

CAPT. Yes, yes, the captain knows it, and dares tell you your wit, your fortune, and his face, are but my ploughs ; and I would have my fine monsieur know, who, in spite of my counsel, will be finer than his mistress, and appears before her so curiously built, she dares not play with him for fear of spoiling him : and to let him know the truth I speak, to his fair hands I present this letter, but withal give him to understand the contents belong to me. [*He reads the letter.*

WILD. The pearl are sent to me.

CAPT. I deny that, unless you prove you sent me: for the letter begins, " Sir, this noble gentleman, the bearer, whom you are pleased to make the messenger of your love," and so forth. And now you should do well to inquire for that noble gentleman, and take an account of him how he has laid out your love ; and it may be, he'll return you pearl for it. And now, gentlemen, I dare propose

a peace, at least a cessation of wit (but what is defensive) till such time as the plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your shares.

WILD. So she knows I have not the pearl, I am content.

CAPT. She'll quickly find that, when she sees you come not to-night according to my appointment, and hears I have sold the pearl.

JOLLY. Here then ceaseth our offensive war.

CAPT. I'll give you counsel worth two ropes of pearl.

CARE. But the wench—how came the parson to get her?

CAPT. Faith, 'tis hard to say which laboured most, he or I, to make that match; but the knave did well. There it is, if you assist, I mean to lay the scene of your mirth to-night; for I am not yet fully revenged upon the rogue: for that I know him miserable, is nothing, till he believe so too. Wanton and I have laid the plot.

JOLLY. Do you hold correspondence?

CAPT. Correspondence! I tell thee, the plots we laid to draw him on would make a comedy.

Enter a SERVANT.

SER. Sir, the ladies stay dinner.

JOLLY. And as we go, I'll tell you all the story, and after dinner be free from all engagements, as we promised thee; and, follow but our¹ directions, I'll warrant you mirth and a pretty wench.

OMNES. Agreed; anything that breeds mirth is welcome.

JOLLY. Not a word at the widow's: let them go on quietly, and steal their wedding too.

¹ [Old copy, *your*.]

CAPT. I heard a bird sing, as if it were concluded amongst the couples.

WILD. They have been long about: my coz is a girl deserves more haste to her bed. He has arrived there by carrier's journeys.

CARE. But that I hate wooing, by this good day, I like your aunt so well and her humour, she should scarce be thrown away upon pale-face, that has sighed her into a wedding-ring, and will but double her jointure.

CAPT. Why, ay, thus it should be. Pray let us make them the seat of the war all dinner, and continue united and true among ourselves; then we may defy all foreign danger.

JOLLY. And with full bowls let us crown this peace, and sing,
Wit without war no mirth doth bring. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Enter PARSON and WANTON.

WAN. Was she deaf to your report?

PAR. Yes, yes.

[*The PARSON walks troubled up and down.*

WAN. And Ugly, her Abigail, she had her say too?

PAR. Yes, yes.

WAN. And do you walk here, biting your nails? do you think I'll be satisfied with such a way of righting me?

PAR. What wouldst have me do?

WAN. Have you no gall? be abused and laughed at by a dull captain, that a strict muster would turn fool! You had wit, and could rail when I offended you; and none so sudden, none so ter-

rible, none so sure in his revenge, when I displease you.

PAR. Something I'll do.

WAN. Do it, then, or I shall curse that e'er I saw you. Death! let the sign of my lady, an out-of-fashion whore, that has paid for sin ever since yellow starch¹ and wheel fardingales were cried down, let her abuse me, and say nothing: if this passes——

PAR. As Christ bless me, but I did, sweet heart; and if it were not church livings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of my² coat, she should find I am no churchman within, nor Master Parson but in my coat. Come to dinner, and after dinner I'll do something.

WAN. I shall do something will vex somebody.

Enter BAWD.

BAWD. Will you please to come to dinner? the company stays.

PAR. Come, let's go in.

WAN. No, I must walk a little to digest this breakfast; the guests else will wonder to see I am troubled.

PAR. Come, let this day pass in mirth, spite of mischief, for luck's sake. [*Exit* PARSON.]

WAN. I'll follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

BAWD. Why, he stands already.

WAN. Peace, let me alone: I'll make him jostle like the miller's mare, and stand like the dun cow, till thou may'st milk him.

BAWD. Pray break him of his miserableness; it is one of the chief exceptions I have against him.

¹ See note to "Albumazar" [xi. 328].

² [Old copy, *your*.]

He reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'worth of milk, and then with his own dagger slew it, and made me dress it : blessed myself to see him eat it, and he bid me beg the litter, and swore it was sweeter and wholesomer than sucking rabbits or London pigs, which he called Bellmen's issue.

PAR. [*Within*] Why, sweet heart!

WAN. Hark! he calls me. We must humour him a little, he'll rebel else.

SCENE VII.

Enter (at the windows) the WIDOW and MASTER CARELESS, MISTRESS PLEASANT and MASTER WILD, CAPTAIN, MASTER SAD, CONSTANT, JOLLY, SECRET : a table and knives ready for oysters.

WID. You're welcome all, but especially Master Jolly. No reply with, *I thank your ladyship.*

PLEA. I beseech you, sir, let us never be better acquainted? [*She speaks to MASTER JOLLY.*]

JOLLY. I shall endeavour, lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to disoblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill opinion than I.

PLEA. I rejoice at it; for the less love, the better welcome still.

WID. And as ever you had an ounce of love for the widow, be not friends among yourselves.

WILD. Aunt, though we were at strife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a politic state against the common enemy.

PLEA. The common enemy! what is that?

WILD. Women, and lovers in general.

WID. Nay, then we have a party, niece: claim quickly, now is the time, according to the proverb, keep a thing seven years, and then if thou hast no use on't, throw't away.

PLEA. Agreed, let's challenge our servants: by the love they have professed, they cannot in honour refuse to join with us. And see where they come!

Enter SAD and CONSTANT, and meet SECRET; she whispers this to SAD.

SEC. Sir, 'tis done.

SAD. Be secret and grave, I'll warrant our design will take as we can wish.

CON. Sweet Mistress Pleasant!

WID. Servant Sad.

SAD. Madam.

WID. We are threatened to have a war waged against us: will you not second us?

SAD. With these youths we'll do enough, madam.

WID. I'll swear my servant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a master in the noble science of wit.

PLEA. Mine laid about him with spick and span¹ new arguments, not like the same man: his old sayings and precedents laid by.

WID. Thus armed, then, we'll stand and defy them.

WILD. Where's your points? sure, aunt, this should be your wedding-day, for you have taken the man for better for worse.

WID. No, nephew, this will not prove the day, that we shall either give or take a ring.

CARE. Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your honour.

WILD. Or in justice refuse him liberty that has served out his time: either marry him, or provide for him, for he is maimed in your service.

¹ [Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 343, and note to Tomkis's "Albumazar," xi. 334-5.]

WID. Why, servant Sad, you'll arm? my nephew has thrown the first dart at you.

CAPT. Hast hit, hast hit?

WILD. No, captain; 'twas too wide.

CAPT. Too wide! marry, he's an ill marksman that shoots wider than a widow.

JOLLY. We are both in one hole, captain; but I was loth to venture my opinion, lest her ladyship should think I was angry, for I have a good mind to fall upon the widow.

PLEA. You're a constant man, Master Jolly; you have been in that mind this twelvemonth's day.

CON. You are in the right, madam; she has it to show under his hand, but she will not come in the list with him again: she threw him the last year.

WID. Come, shall we eat oysters? Who's there? Call for some wine. Master Jolly, you are not warm yet. Pray, be free, you are at home.

JOLLY. Your ladyship is merry.

WID. You do not take it ill to have me assure you, you are at home here?

WILD. Such another invitation (though in jest) will take away Master Sad's stomach.

[Oysters not brought in yet.]

SAD. No, faith, Ned, though she should take him, it will not take away my stomach: my love is so fixed, I may wish my wishes, but she shall never want them to wait upon hers.

PLEA. A traitor! bind him! has pulled down a side. Profess your love thus public?

JOLLY. Ay, by my faith, continue, Master Sad, [to] give it out you love; and call it a new love, a love never seen before; we'll all come to it as your friends.

SAD. Gentlemen, still I love : and if she to whom I thus sacrifice will not reward it, yet the worst malice can say is, I was unfortunate ; and misfortune, not falsehood, made me so.

JOLLY. In what chapter shall we find this written, and what verse ? you should preach with a method, Master Sad.

WID. Gentlemen, if ever he spoke so much dangerous sense before (either of love or reason), hang me.

SAD. Madam, my love is no news, where you are : know, your scorn has made it public ; and though it could gain no return from you, yet others have esteemed me for the faith and constancy I have paid here.

PLEA. Did not I foretell you of his love ? I foresaw this danger. Shall I never live to see wit and love dwell together ?

CAPT. I am but a poor soldier, and yet never reached to the honour of being a lover ; yet from my own observations, Master Sad, take a truth : 'tis a folly to believe any woman loves a man for being constant to another ; they dissemble their hearts only, and hate a man in love worse than a wench.

JOLLY. And they have reason ; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the sex may be theirs.

CARE. When your constant lover, if a woman have a mind to him, and be blessed with so much grace to discover it, he, out of the noble mistake of honour hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches reason to her passion, and cries : Miserable beauty, to be so unfortunate as to inhabit in so much frailty !

CAPT. This counsel makes her hate him more than she loved before. These are troubles those

that love are subject to; while we look on and laugh, to see both thus slaved, while we are free.

CARE. My prayers still shall be, Lord deliver me from love.

CAPT. 'Tis plague, pestilence, famine, sword, and sometimes sudden death.

SAD. Yet I love, I must love, I will love, and I do love.

CAPT. In the present tense.

WID. No more of this argument, for love's sake.

CAPT. By any means, madam, give him leave to love: and you are resolved to walk tied up in your own arms, with your love as visible in your face as your mistress's colours in your hat; that any porter at Charing Cross may take you like a letter at the carrier's, and having read the superscription, deliver Master Sad to the fair hands of Mistress or My Lady Such-a-one, lying at the sign of the Hard Heart.

PLEA. And she, if she has wit (as I believe she hath), will scarce pay the post for the packet.

WID. Treason! how now, niece? join with the enemy?
[They give the CAPTAIN wine.]

CAPT. A health, Ned: what shall I call it?

CARE. To Master Sad! he needs it that avows himself a lover.

SAD. Gentlemen, you have the advantage, the time, the place, the company; but we may meet when your wits shall not have such advantage as my love.

PLEA. No more of love, I am so sick on't.

CON. By your pardon, mistress, I must not leave love thus unguarded: I vow myself his follower.

JOLLY. Much good may love do him. Give me a glass of wine here. Will, let them keep com-

pany with the blind boy. Give us his mother, and let them preach again: Hear that will, he has good luck persuades me 'tis an ugly sin to lie with a handsome woman.

CAPT. A pox upon your nurse; she frightened me so, when I was young, with stories of the devil, I was almost fourteen ere I could prevail with reasons to unbind my reason, it was so slaved to faith and conscience. She made me believe wine was an evil spirit, and fornication, like the whore of Babylon, a fine face, but a dragon under her petticoats, and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met since.

WID. Fie, fie! for shame, do not talk so: are you not ashamed to glory in sin, as if variety of women were none?

JOLLY. Madam, we do not glory in fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

CAPT. Why, does your ladyship think it a sin to lie with variety of handsome women? If it be, would I were the wicked'st man in the company.

PLEA. You have been marked for an indifferent sinner that way, captain.

CAPT. Who, I? no, faith, I was a fool; but, and I were to begin again, I would not do as I have done. I kept one, but if ever I keep another, hang me; nor would I advise any friend of mine to do it.

JOLLY. Why, I am sure 'tis a provident and safe way: a man may always be provided and sound.

PLEA. Fie upon this discourse!

CAPT. Those considerations betrayed me: a pox! it is a dull sin to travel, like a carrier's horse, always one road.

WID. Fie, captain! repent for shame, and marry.

CAPT. Your ladyship would have said, marry and repent: no, though it be not the greatest pleasure, yet it is better than marrying; for when I am weary of her, my inconstancy is termed virtue, and I shall be said to turn to grace. Beware of women for better, for worse; for our wicked nature, when her sport is lawful, cloyes straight: therefore, rather than marry, keep a wench.

JOLLY. Faith, he's in the right; for 'tis the same thing in number and kind, and then the sport is quickened, and made poignant with sin.

CAPT. Yet 'tis a fault, faith, and I'll persuade all my friends from it; especially here, where any innovation is dangerous. 'Twas the newness of the sin that made me suffer in the opinion of my friends, and I was condemned by all sorts of people; not that I sinned, but that I sinned no more.

CARE. Why, ay, hadst thou been wicked in fashion, and privily lain with everybody, their guilt would have made them protect thee: so that to be more wicked is to be innocent, at least safe. A wicked world, Lord help us!

CAPT. But being particular to her, and not in love, nor subject to it: taking an antidote every morning, before I venture into those infectious places where love and beauty dwell; this enraged the maiden beauties of the time, who thought it a prejudice to their beauties to see me careless, and securely pass by their conquering eyes, my name being found amongst none of those that decked their triumphs. But from this 'tis easy to be safe; for their pride will not let them love, nor my leisure me. Then the old ladies that pay for their pleasures,—they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, despairing when their

money could not prevail; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

JOLLY. Gentlemen, take warning: a fee from every man; for by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

WILD. Captain, you forgot to pledge Master Careless! Here, will you not drink a cup of wine? Who's there? Bring the oysters.

CAPT. Yes, madam, if you please.

WILD. Proceed, captain.

PLEA. Fie, Master Wild! are you not ashamed to encourage him to this filthy discourse?

CAPT. A glass of wine then, and I'll drink to all the new-married wives that grieve to think at what rate their fathers purchase a little husband. These, when they lie thirsting for the thing they paid so dear for——

Enter a SERVANT with oysters.

CARE. These, methinks, should be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

CAPT. Yes, till the faithful nurse cries; Alas, madam! he keeps such a one, he has enough at home. Then she swells with envy and rage against us both; calls my mistress ugly, common, unsafe, and me a weak secure fool.

JOLLY. These are strange truths, madam.

WID. Ay, ay; but those oysters are a better jest.

CAPT. But she's abused that will let such reason tame her desire, and a fool in love's-school; else she would not be ignorant that variety is such a friend to love, that he which rises a sunk coward from the lady's bed, would find new fires at her

maid's: nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

PLEA. For God's sake, leave this discourse.

WID. The captain has a mind we should eat no oysters.

WILD. Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you shall stay it out. Proceed, captain.

WID. Fie, captain, I am ashamed to hear you talk thus: marry, and then you'll have a better opinion of women.

CAPT. Marry! yes, this knowledge will invite me: it is a good encouragement, is it not, think you? What is your opinion? Were not these marriages made in heaven? By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haste to be fooled, but we four: and I hope there's none of us believes there has any marriages been made in heaven since Adam.

JOLLY. By my faith, 'tis thought the devil gave the ring there too.

WID. Nephew, I'll swear I'll be gone.

CAPT. Hold her, Ned [*He points at SAD*], she goes not yet; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more than all the rest—*ecce signum!* She is one of those who, clothed in purple, triumph over their dead husbands; these will be caught at first sight, and at first sight must be caught. 'Tis a bird that must be shot flying, for they never sit. If a man delay, they cool, and fall into considerations of jointure and friends' opinion; in which time, if she hears thou keep'st a wench, thou hadst better be a beggar in her opinion; for then her pride, it may be, would betray her to the vanity of setting up a proper man (as they call it); but for a wench no argument prevails with your widow; for she believes they have spent too much that way to be able to pay her due benevolence.

WID. As I live, I'll be gone, if you speak one word more of this uncivil subject.

JOLLY. Captain, let me kiss thy cheek for that, widow. You understand this, widow? I say no more. Here, captain, here's to thee! As it goes down, a pox of care!

WID. Jesus! Master Jolly, have you no observations of the court, that are so affected with this of the town.

CON. Faith, they say, there's good sport there sometimes.

PLEA. Master Jolly is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

JOLLY. No, faith, madam.

CAPT. By this drink, if he stay till I have eaten a few more, I'll describe it.

JOLLY. What should I say? 'Tis certain the court is the bravest place in the kingdom for sport, if it were well looked to, and the game preserved fair; but, as 'tis, a man may sooner make a set in the Strand; and it will never be better whilst your divine lovers¹ inhabit there.

CARE. Let the king make me master of the game.²

CAPT. And admit us laity-lovers.

JOLLY. I would he would; for, as 'tis, there's no hopes amongst the ladies: besides, 'tis such an example to see a king and queen good husband and wife, that to be kind will grow out of fashion.

CAPT. Nay, that's not all; for the women grow malicious because they are not courted: nay, they bred all the last mischiefs, and called the king's chastity a neglect of them.

¹ [Platonic lovers.]

² [A very ancient office at the court; but here, of course, intended in another sense.]

JOLLY. Thou art in the right. An Edward or a Harry, with seven queens in buckram, that haught¹ among the men, and stroked the women, are the monarchs they wish to bow to; they love no tame princes, but lions in the forest!

CAPT. Why, and those were properly called the fathers of their people, that were indeed akin to their nobility: now they wear out their youth and beauty, without hope of a monumental ballad, or trophy of a libel that shall hereafter point at such a lord, and cry, that is the royal son of such a one!

JOLLY. And these were the ways that made them powerful at home: for the city is a kind of tame beast; you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear sometimes. Queen Bess, of famous memory, had the trick on't; and I have heard them say, in eighty-eight, ere I was born, as well as I can remember, she rode to Tilbury on that bonny beast, the mayor.

CAPT. I would I might counsel him, I'd so reform the court.

CARE. Never too soon; for now, when a stranger comes in, and spies a covey of beauties would

¹ This word is seldom used as a verb: as an adjective it is not uncommon. See note to "Cornelia," [v. 230]. In this place it ought to be understood as "*was haught* among the men." It was anciently printed *haul* and *halty*, to be nearer the etymology: thus in Wilson's "Rhetorique," 1558, fol. 9, in the eulogy upon the Duke of Suffolk and his brother, we are told that they were "*haul* without hate, kynde without crafte:" and in "The Orator, handling a hundred severall Discourses," by L. Piot [*i.e.*, Anthony Munday], Decl. 81, p. 327, "for to say the truth, every *haulty* spirit are in that like unto women, who do for the most part covet after that which they are forbidden to touch."—*Collier*.

make a falconer unhood, before he can draw his leash, he is warned that's a marked partridge ; and that and every he has by their example a particular she.

WILD. By this light, the six fair maids stand like the working-days in the almanac ; one with A scored upon her breast, that is as much as to say, I belong to such a lord ; the next with B, for an elder brother ; C, for such a knight ; D, possessed with melancholy, and at her breast you may knock an hour ere you get an answer, and then she'll tell you there's no lodging there ; she has a constant fellow-courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own use : in short, all are disposed of but the good mother, and she comes in like the Sabbath at the week's end ; and I warrant her to make any one rest that comes at her.

CARE. Ay, marry, if she were like the Jews' Sabbath, it were somewhat ; but this looks like a broken commandment, that has had more work done upon her than all the week besides.

CAPT. And what think you—is not this finely carried ? you, that are about the king, counsel him, if he will have his sport fair, he must let the game be free, as it has been in former ages. Then a stranger that has wit, good means, and handsome clothes, no sooner enters the privy chamber, and beats about with three graceful legs,¹ but he springs a mistress that danced as well as he, sung better : as free as fair. Those

¹ Bows. So in the "Wonderful Yeare, 1603" [attributed to Dekker] : "Janus (that beares two faces under one hood) made a very mannerly *lowe legge*," &c. And again—

"He calls forth one by one, to note their graces ;
Whilst they *make legs*, he copies out their faces."

—*Ibid.*

at first sight could speak, for wit is always acquainted : these fools must be akin, ere they can speak. And now friends make the bargain, and they go to bed, ere they know why.

JOLLY. Faith, he's in the right : you shall have a buzzard now hover and beat after a pretty wench, till she is so weary of him she's forced to take her bed for covert, and find less danger in being trussed than in flying.

CAPT. And what becomes of all this pudder?¹ after he has made them sport for one night, to see him touze the quarry, he carries her into the country ; and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

CARE. And all this mischief comes of love and constancy. We shall never see better days till there be an act of parliament against it, enjoining husbands not to till their wives, but change and lay them fallow.

JOLLY. A pox, the women will never consent to it : they'll be tilled to death first.

WILD. Gentlemen, you are very bold with the sex.

CAPT. Faith, madam, it is our care of them. Why, you see they are married at fourteen, yield a crop and a half, and then die : 'tis merely their love that destroys 'em ; for if they get a good husbandman, the poor things yield their very hearts.

PLEA. And do you blame their loves, gentlemen?

JOLLY. No, not their love, but their discretion ; let them love, and do, a God's name, but let them do with discretion.

WILD. But how will you amend this ?

JOLLY. Instead of two beds and a physician, I'd have the state prescribe two wives and a mistress.

WILD. Ho ! it will never be granted : the state

¹ [Pother.]

is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

JOLLY. We will petition the lower house; there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would pass it, if they thought the upper house would cross it; besides, they ought to do it. Death! they provide against cutting down old trees, and preserving highways and post-horses, and let pretty wenches run to decay.

CARE. Why may it not come within the statute of depopulation? As I live, the state ought to take care of those pretty creatures. Be you judge, madam: is't not a sad sight to see a rich young beauty, with all her innocence and blossoms on, subject to some rough rude fellow, that ploughs her, and esteems and uses her as a chattel, till she is so lean, a man may find as good grass upon the common, where it may be she'll sit coughing with sunk eyes, so weak that a boy (with a dog) that can but whistle, may keep a score of them?

WID. You are strangely charitable to our sex on a sudden!

CAPT. I know not what they are; but, for my part, I'll be a traitor, ere I'll look on and see beauty go thus to wreck. It is enough custom has made us suffer them to be enclosed. I am sure they were created common, and for the use of man, and not intended to be subject to jealousy and choler, or to be bought or sold, or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, or else sold at outcries:¹ *Oh yes! who'll give most, take her.*

WID. Why do not some of you excellent men

¹ *Outcry* was the ancient term for an auction. As in Massinger's "City Madam," act i. sc. 3—

"The goods of this poor man sold at an out-cry.
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forc'd
To beg their bread."

marry, and mend all these errors by your good example ?

JOLLY. Because we want fortunes to buy rich wives or keep poor ones, and be loth to get beggars or whores, as well as I love 'em.

PLEA. Why, are all their children so that have no fortune, think you ?

JOLLY. No, not all : I have heard of Whittington and his Cat,¹ and others, that have made fortunes by strange means, but I scarce believe my son would rise from *Hop, a halfpenny and a lamb's-skin* ;² and

And again in Middleton's "Chast Mayd in Cheape-side" [Dyce's edit. iv. 58 :]

"I'll sell all at an *out-cry*."

Again in Ben Jonson's "Catiline," act ii. sc. 3—

"Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
And their goods, under the spear at *outcry*."

Upon which last passage Mr Whalley observes, that "the Roman way of selling things by auction was setting up a *spear*; and hence the phrase *sub hasta vendere*."

¹ See Evans's "Collection of Old Ballads," i. 292.

The story of Whittington and his Cat, though under different names, is common to various languages. Messrs Grim have pointed it out in German, and it is given in Italian as one of [the "Facetie" of the] celebrated Arlotto under the following title: "*Il Piovano, a un prete che fece mercantia di palle, dice la novella della gatte*." He relates it of a *mercante Genovese avventurato il quale navigando fu portato dalla fortuna a una isola lontanissima*. The story was probably borrowed in English and assigned to Whittington: it is noticed in "Eastward Hoe" as "the famous fable of Whittington and his Puss." This play was written soon after 1603, and the ballad in Evans's collection is [certainly in its present form] not so old. The "Novella" was printed in Italy [soon after 1500]; and Arlotto, to whom it is attributed, died in 1483.

² [Old copy, *Hope, a half peny, &c*. This appears to be an allusion to the proverb,

"At the west-gate came Thornton in,
With a hop, a halfpenny, and a lamb's skin."

See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," p. 78. Thornton was a merchant of Newcastle.]

the wenches, commonly having more wit and beauty than money, foreseeing small portions, grow sad and read romances, till their wit spy some unfortunate merit like their own, without money too ; and they two sigh after one another till they grow mysterious in colours, and become a proverb for their constancy : and when their love has worn out the cause, marry in the end a new couple ; then, grown ashamed of the knowledge they so long hunted, at length part by consent, and vanish into Abigail and governor.

WID. Well, gentlemen, excuse me for this one time ; and if ever I invite you to dinner again, punish me with such another discourse. In the meantime, let's go in and dine ; meat stays for us.

CAPT.¹ Faith, madam, we were resolved to be merry : we have not met these three years till to-day, and at the Bear we meant to have dined ; and since your ladyship would have our company, you must pardon our humour. Here, Master ² Sad, here's the widow's health to you.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT III., SCENE 1.

Enter all from dinner.

WID. Nephew, how do you dispose of yourself this afternoon ?

WILD. We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome company ; and we'll make no excuse, because you peeped into our privacies to-day.

¹ [In the modern editions, this speech improperly makes part of the next scene.]

² [The folio reads *Mistress.*]

CARE. Your humble servant, ladies ; gentlemen, we'll leave you to pursue your fortunes.

[*Exit CARELESS.*]

JOLLY. Farewell, widow : may'st thou live unmarried till thou run'st away with thyself.

[*Exit JOLLY.*]

CAPT. No, no, when that day comes, command the humblest of your servants. [*Exit CAPTAIN.*]

WILD. Farewell, aunt : sweet Mistress Pleasant, I wish you good fortune. [*Exit WILD.*]

WID. Farewell, farewell, gentlemen. Niece, now, if we could be rid of these troublesome lovers too, we would go see a play. [*Aside.*]

PLEA. Rid of them ! why, they are but now in season. As I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any she in town, and yet I do not grudge him the happiness of carrying me to a play.

WID. Ay, but the world will talk, because they pretend ; and then we shall be sure to meet my nephew there and his wild company, and they will laugh to see us together.

PLEA. Who will you have, Tim the butler or Formal your gentleman-usher ? I would take Philip, the foreman of the shop, as soon.

WID. Let's mask ourselves, and take Secret, and go alone by water.

PLEA. Yes, and follow her, like one of my aunts of the suburbs.¹ It is a good way to know what you may yield in a market ; for, I'll undertake, there are those that shall bid for you before the play will be done.

SEC. As I live, madam, Mistress Pleasant is in the right ; I had such a kindness offered me once,

¹ An *aunt of the suburbs* was synonymous with *bawd*. See [Dyce's *Middleton*, i. 444.]

and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me, if the rogue was not putting the earnest of his affection into my hand.

WID. Let's go to the Glass-House¹ then.

PLEA. I'll go to a play with my servant, and so shall you. Hang opinion! and we'll go to the Glass-House afterwards: it is too hot to sup early.

SEC. Pray, madam, go: they say 'tis a fine play, and a knight writ it.

PLEA. Pray, let Secret prevail; I'll propose it to the lovers. In the meantime, go you, and bid the coachman make ready the coach.

[SECRET *whispers* SAD, 'Twill take,

SEC. Alas, madam! he's sick, poor fellow, and gone to bed; he could not wait at dinner.

WID. Sick?

PLEA. Why, see how all things work for the young men, either their coach or afoot! Master Constant, what think you of seeing a play this afternoon? Is it not too hot to venture this infectious time?

CON. Fie! madam, there's no danger: the bill decreased twenty last week.²

SAD. I swear, they say 'tis a very good play to-day.

WID. Shall we go, niece?

PLEA. Faith, 'tis hot, and there's nobody but we.

SAD. Does that hinder? Pray, madam, grudge

¹ [From the context, evidently a place of entertainment, a kind of restaurant. Perhaps the modern Glass-House Street may fix the site.]

² *i.e.*, The bill of the mortality by the plague. The theatres were sometimes closed, in consequence of the prevalence of the disease. Such was the case in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. See note to Nash's "Summer's Last Will and Testament [viii. 15]."—*Collier*.

us not the favour of venturing yourself in our company.

WID. Come, leave this ceremony. I'll go in, and put on my mask. Secret shall bring yours.

PLEA. No, I'll go, and put it on within.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter WILD, CARELESS, CAPTAIN, and JOLLY.

CARE. By this day, you have nettled the widow.

WILD. The captain neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

JOLLY. When did he oversee his drinking so?

CAPT. Gentlemen, still it is my fortune to make your worships merry.

WILD. As I live, captain, I subscribe, and am content to hold my wit as a tenant to thee; and to-night I'll invite you to supper, where it shall not be lawful to speak till thou hast victualled thy man-of-war.

CAPT. Shall's be merry? What shall we have?

WILD. Half a score dishes of meat; choose them yourself.

CAPT. Provide me then the chines fried, and the salmon calvered, a carp and black sauce, red deer in the blood, and an assembly of woodcocks and jacksnipes, so fat you would think they had their winding-sheets on; and upon these, as their pages, let me have wait your Sussex wheatear, with a feather in his cap; over all which let our countryman, General Chine of beef, command. I hate your French pottage, that looks as the cook-maid had more hand in it than the cook.

WILD. I'll promise you all this.

CARE. And let me alone to cook the fish.

CAPT. You cook it! no, no, I left an honest

fellow in town, when I went into Italy, Signor Ricardo Ligones, one of the ancient house of the Armenian ambassadors ; if he be alive, he shall be our cook.

WILD. Is he excellent at it ?

CAPT. Excellent ! you shall try, you shall try. Why, I tell you, I saw him once dress a shoeing-horn and a joiner's apron, that the company left pheasant for it.

WILD. A shoeing-horn !

CAPT. Yes, a shoeing-horn. Marry, there was garlic in the sauce.

WILD. Is this all you would have ?

CAPT. This, and a bird, of paradise, to entertain the rest of the night, and let me alone to cook her.

WILD. A bird of paradise ! What's that ?

CAPT. A girl of fifteen, smooth as satin, white as her Sunday apron, plump, and of the first down. I'll take her with her guts in her belly, and warm her with a country-dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of sheets ; there pour into her so much oil of wit as will make her turn to a man, and stick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taste of what she is doing ; then, having strewed a man all over her, shut the door and leave us, we'll work ourselves into such a sauce as you can never surfeit on, so poignant, and yet no haut goût.¹ Take heed of a haut goût : your onion and woman make the worst sauce. This shook together by an English cook (for your French seasoning spoils many a woman), and there's a dish for a king.

WILD. For the first part I'll undertake, Captain.

CAPT. But this for supper. No more of this

¹ [The folio reads *hogough*.]

² [In old copy this word forms part of the next sentence.]

now ; this afternoon, as you are true to the petticoat, observe your instructions, and meet at Ned's house in the evening.

OMNES. We will not fail.

CAPT. I must write to Wanton, to know how things stand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thrived with the old lady to-day.

WILD. Whither will you go to write ?

CAPT. To thy house, 'tis hard by ; there's the Fleece.

JOLLY. Do ; and in the meantime I'll go home and despatch a little business, and meet you.

WILD. Make haste, then.

JOLLY. Where shall I meet you ?

WILD. Whither shall we go, till it be time to attend the design ?

CARE. Let's go to court for an hour.

JOLLY. Do : I'll meet you at the queen's side.

WILD. No, prythee, we are the monsieurs new come over ; and if we go fine, they will laugh at us, and think we believe ourselves so : if not, then they will abuse our clothes, and swear we went into France only to have our cloaks cut shorter.

CARE. Will you go see a play ?

CAPT. Do, and thither I'll come to you, if it be none of our gentlemen poets, that excuse their writings with a prologue that professes they are no scholars.

JOLLY. On my word, this is held the best penned of the time, and he has writ a very good play : by this day, it was extremely applauded.

CAPT. Does he write plays by the day ? Indeed, a man would ha' judged him a labouring poet.

JOLLY. A labouring poet ! By this hand, he's a knight. Upon my recommendation, venture to see it ; hang me if you be not extremely well satisfied.

CARE. A knight, and writes plays! It may be, but 'tis strange to us; so they say there are other gentlemen poets without land or Latin; this was not ordinary; prythee, when was he knighted?

JOLLY. In the north, the last great knighting, when 'twas God's great mercy we were not all knights.

WILD. I'll swear they say, there are poets that have more men in liveries than books in their studies.

CAPT. And what think you, gentlemen, are not these things to start a man? I believe 'tis the first time you have found them lie at the sign of the page, footmen, and gilded coaches. They were wont to lodge at the thin cloak; they and their muses made up the family, and thence sent scenes to their patrons, like boys in at windows; and one would return with a doublet, another with a pair of breeches, a third with a little ready money, which, together with their credit with a company, in three terms you rarely saw a poet repaired.

JOLLY. This truth nobody denies.

WILD. Prythee, let us resolve what we shall do, lest we meet with some of them; for it seems they swarm, and I fear nothing like a dedication, though it be but of himself; for I must hear him say more than either I deserve or he believes. I hate that in a poet; they must be dull, or all upon all subjects; so that they can oblige none but their muse.

JOLLY. I perceive by this you will not see the play. What think you of going to Sim's¹ to bowls, till I come?

CARE. Yes, if you will go to see that comedy. But there is no reason we should pay for our com-

¹ [Probably a tavern so called.]

ing in, and act too, like some whose interest in the timber robs them of their reason, and they run as if they had stolen a bias.¹

WILD. Resolve what you will do ; I am contented.

CARE. Let's go walk in Spring Garden.

WILD. I'll do it for company ; but I had as lief be rid in the horse-market as walk in that fool's fair, where neither wit nor money is, nor sure to take up a wench. There's none but honest women.

CAPT. A pox on't, what should we do there ? Let's go and cross the field to Pike's ; her kitchen is cool, winter and summer.

CARE. I like that motion well ; but we have no time, and I hate to do that business by half. After supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

CAPT. Well, I must go write : therefore resolve of somewhat. Shall I propose an indifferent place, where 'tis probable we shall all meet ?

OMNES. Yes.

CAPT. Go you before to the Devil,² and I'll make haste after.

CARE. Agreed. We shall be sure of good wine there, and in fresco ; for he is never without patent snow.

WILD. Patent snow ! What, doth that project hold ?

JOLLY. Yes, faith ; and now there's a commission appointed for toasts against the next winter.

WILD. Marry, they are wise, and foresaw the parliament, and were resolved their monopolies should be no grievance to the people.

¹ [The weight inserted in a bowl.]

² This probably is the same tavern mentioned in "A Match at Midnight," act i. : "My master means the *sign of the Devil*," &c.—*Collier*.

CAPT. Farewell! You will be sure to meet?

OMNES. Yes, yes. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Enter WANTON and her MAID, with her lap full of things.

WANTON. Bid them ply him close, and flatter him, and rail upon the old lady and the captain: and, do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life. Do it handsomely, and you shall see the sack will clip his tongue.

MAID. I warrant you, I'll fit him.

WAN. When he is in his discourse, leave him, and come down into the parlour, and steal away his box with the false rings that stands by his bedside. I have all his little plate here already.

MAID. Make you haste. I'll warrant you, you'll dress him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter the CAPTAIN, with a letter in his hand, and his BOY to him with a candle: is going to write the superscription.

BOY. Sir, the Lady Loveall passed by even now.

CAPT. The Lady Loveall! Which way went she?

BOY. To the rich lady, the widow, where your worship dined.

CAPT. 'Tis no matter. Here, carry this letter, and bring an answer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll stay there till the time be fit for the design. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter CARELESS, WILD, and a DRAWER, at the Devil.

CARE. Jack, how goes the world? Bring us some bottles of the best wine.

DRAW. You shall, sir. Your worship is welcome into England.

CARE. Why, look you: who says a drawer can say nothing but *Anon, anon, sir*; score a quart of sack in the half-moon?¹

DRAW. Your worship is merry; but I'll fetch you that, sir, shall speak Greek, and make your worship prophesy. You drank none such in your journey.

WILD. Do it then, and make a hole in this angel thou may'st creep through. [*Gives him an angel.*] Who is't that peeps? a fiddler? Bring him by the ears.

Enter the TAILOR that peeps.

TAI. A tailor, an't like your worship.

CARE. A tailor! Hast thou a stout faith?

TAI. I have had, an't like your worship; but now I am in despair.

CARE. Why, then, thou art damned. Go, go home, and throw thyself into thine own hell; it is the next way to the other.

TAI. I hope your worship is not displeas'd.

¹ [*i.e.*, It is presumed, put a quart of sack into your head at my expense. He afterwards gives him an angel. A *half-moon* was an old cant term for a wig. See Dyce's *Middleton*, ii. 382.]

CARE. What dost do here? A tailor without faith! Dost come to take measure of ours?

TAI. No; I come to speak with one Master Jolly, a courtier; a very fine-spoken gentleman and a just counter, but one of the worst paymasters in the world.

WILD. As thou lov'st me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with sack, that he may urge him till he beats him. We shall have the sport, and be revenged upon the rogue for dunning a gentleman in a tavern. *[Aside.]*

CARE. I'll charge him. Here, drink, poor fellow, and stay in the next room till he comes.

TAI. I thank your worship, but I'm fasting; and if it please your worship to call for a dozen of manchets, that I may eat a crust first, then I'll be bold with a glass of your sack.

WILD. Here, here, drink. In the meantime, fetch him some bread.

TAI. Will your worship have me drink all this vessel of sack?

CARE. Yes, yes, off with't: 'twill do you no harm. *[The TAILOR drinks.]*

WILD. Why do you not take some order with that Jolly, to make him pay thee?

TAI. I have petitioned him often, but can do no good.

CARE. A pox upon him! Petition him! his heart is hardened to ill. Threaten to arrest him: nothing but a serjeant can touch his conscience.

TAI. Truly, gentlemen I have reason to be angry, for he uses me ill when I ask him for my money.

JOLLY. *[Speaking within.]* Where is Master Wild and Master Careless?

TAI. I hear his voice.

JOLLY. Let the coach stay. How now, who would he speak with ?

Enter JOLLY.

WILD. Do not you know ?

JOLLY. Yes, and be you judge, if the rogue does not suffer deservedly. I have bid him any time this twelvemonth but send his wife, I'll pay her, and the rogue replies, nobody shall lie with his wife but himself.

CARE. Nay, if you be such a one—

TAI. No more they shall not. I am but a poor man.

JOLLY. By this hand, he's drunk.

TAI. Nay, then, I arrest you, in mine own name, at his majesty's suit.

WILD. As I live, thou shalt not beat him.

JOLLY. Beat him ! I'll kiss him. I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of sack to keep him in the humour.

[He hugs the quart-pot.]

TAI. Help, rescue ! I'll have his body : no bail shall serve.

Enter DRAWER.

DRAW. Sir, yonder is a gentleman would speak with you. I do not like his followers.

JOLLY. What are they ? bailiffs ?

DRAW. Little better.

JOLLY. Send him up alone, and stand you ready at the stairs' feet.

CARE. How can that be ? ¹

JOLLY. It is the scrivener at the corner. Pick a quarrel with him for coming into our company.

¹ *i.e.*, *Who* can that be ? In this manner the word *who* is pronounced in some parts of the kingdom, particularly in the county of Kent.—*Pegge.*;

The drawers will be armed behind them, and we will so rout the rascals! Take your swords, and let him¹ sleep.

CARE. What scrivener?

JOLLY. Crop the Brownist: he that the ballad was made on.

CARE. What ballad?

JOLLY. Have you not heard of the scrivener's wife, that brought the blackmoor from the holy land, and made him a Brownist, and in pure charity lay with him, and was delivered of a magpie, a pied prophet, which when the elect saw, they prophesied, if it lived, 'twould prove a great enemy to their sect, for the midwife cried out 'twas born a bishop, with tippet and white sleeves: at which the zealous mother cried, Down with the idol! So the midwife and she, in pure devotion, killed it.

WILD. Killed it! what became of them?

JOLLY. Why, they were taken and condemned, and suffered under a Catholic sheriff, that afflicted them with the litany all the way from Newgate to the gallows; which in roguery he made to be set up altarwise, too, and hanged them without a psalm.

WILD. But how took they that breach of privilege?

JOLLY. I know not: Gregory turned them off, and so they descended and became Brown-martyrs.

WILD. And is the husband at door now?

JOLLY. Yes, yes; but he is married again to a rich widow at Wapping, a wench of another temper: one that you cannot please better than by abusing him. I always pick quarrels with him, that she may reconcile us. The peace is always worth a dinner at least. Hark! I hear him. [*Enter*

¹ *i.e.*, The Tailor, who very suddenly got drunk, and as suddenly drowsy.—*Collier*.

CROP.] Save you, Master Crop : you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

CROP. No, sir, I have other business. Shall I be paid my money or no? [JOLLY *drinks.*

JOLLY. Yes.

CROP. Sir?

JOLLY. You asked whether you should be paid your money, or no, and I said, yes.

CROP. Pray, sir, be plain.

CARE. And be you so, sir. How durst you come into this room and company without leave?

CROP. Sir, I have come into good lords' company ere now.

CARE. It may be so; but you shall either fall upon your knees, and pledge this health, or you come no more into lords' companies: no, by these hilts! [They tug him, and make him kneel.

CROP. 'Tis idolatry! Do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor join in sin with the wicked.

JOLLY. Either kneel, or I'll tear thy cloak which, by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the primitive church.

CROP. Pay me, and I'll wear a better. It would be honestlier done, than to abuse this, and profane the text; a text that shows your bishops in those days wore no lawn-sleeves. And you may be ashamed to protect one that will not pay his debts: the cries of the widow will come against you for it.

JOLLY. Remember, sirrah, the dinners and suppers, fat venison and good words, I was fain to give you, christening your children still by the way of brokage. Count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for sheriff, and thou art in my debt. Then I am damned for speaking well of thee so often against my conscience, which you never consider.

CROP. I am an honest man, sir.

JOLLY. Then ushering your wife, and Mistress Ugly, her daughter, to plays and masques at court. You think these courtesies deserve nothing in the hundred! 'Tis true, they made room for themselves with their dagger elbows, and when Spider, your daughter, laid about her with her breath, the devil would not have sat near her.

CROP. You did not borrow my money with this language.

JOLLY. No, sirrah: then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay, fain sometimes to join in) the lying praises of the holy sister that expired at Tyburn.

CROP. Do, abuse her, and be cursed. 'Tis well known she died a martyr, and her blood will be upon some of you. 'Tis her orphan's money I require, and this is the last time I'll ask it: I'll find a way to get it.

[He offers to go, and JOLLY stays him.]

JOLLY. Art serious? By that light, I'll consent, and take it for an infinite obligation, if thou wilt teach the rest of my creditors that trick: 'twill save me a world of labour, for hang me if I know how to do't.

CROP. Well, sir, since I see your resolution, I shall make it my business.

CARE. Prythee, let's be rid of this fool.

CROP. Fool! Let him pay the fool his money, and he'll be gone.

JOLLY. No, sir, not a farthing. 'Twas my business to borrow it, and it shall be yours to get it in again. Nay, by this hand, I'll be feasted too, and have good words. Nay, thou shalt lend me more, ere thou gett'st this again.

CROP. I'll lay my action upon you.

JOLLY. Your action! You rogue, lay two.

[*They kick him, and thrust him out of the room.*¹

CARE. Lay three for battery.—What have we here? A she-creditor, too? Who would she speak with?

Enter FAITHFUL. WILD and CARELESS return and meet her.

WILD. She looks as if she had trusted in her time.

CARE. Would you speak with any here, old gentlewoman?

FAITH. My business is to Master Jolly.

CARE. From yourself, or are you but a messenger?

FAITH. My business, sir, is from a lady.

CARE. From a lady! From what lady, pray? Why so coy?

FAITH. From a lady in the town.

CARE. Hoh, hoh! from a lady in the town! Is it possible? I should have guessed you came from a lady in the suburbs or some country-madam by your riding face.

Enter JOLLY again.

JOLLY. I think we have routed the rascals. Faithful! what makes thy gravity in a tavern?

FAITH. Sport, it seems, for your saucy companions.

JOLLY. Ho, ho, Mull,² ho! No fury, Faithful.

¹ Jolly makes his *exit* at the same time, and returns again where his entrance is marked.—*Collier*.

² [Probably Faithful's Christian name was *Moll*, which Jolly pronounces *Mull*.]

FAITH. 'Tis well, sir. My lady presents her service to you, and hath sent you a letter : there's my business.

CARE. Prythee, who is her lady?

JOLLY. The Lady Loveall.

CARE. O, O, does she serve that old lady? God help her!

FAITH. God help her! Pray for yourself, sir : my lady scorns your prayers.

JOLLY. Faithful, come hither. Prythee, is thy lady drunk?

FAITH. Drunk, sir?

JOLLY. Ay, drunk or mad? she'd never writ this else. She requires me here to send back by you the pearl she gave me this morning, which, sure, she'd never do if she were sober; for, you know, I earned them hard.

FAITH. I know! What do I know? You will not defame my lady, will you?

CARE. By no means. This is by way of counsel. Fie! give a thing and take a thing?¹ If he did not perform, he shall come at night, and pay his scores.

FAITH. 'Tis well, sir. Is this your return for my lady's favours? Shall I have the pearl, sir?

JOLLY. No; and tell her, 'tis the opinion of us all, he that opens her stinking oyster² is worthy of the pearl.

FAITH. You are a foul-mouthed fellow, sirrah, and I shall live to see you load a gallows, when my lady shall find the way to her own again.

JOLLY. If she miss, there are divers can direct her, you know. Adieu, Faithful. Do you hear?

¹ [See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," 1869, p. 141.]

² [This word was perhaps then, as now, understood in a cant sense.]

Steal privately down by the back-door, lest some knavish boy spy thee, and call thine age Bawd.

[*Exit* FAITHFUL.

CARE. Prythee, who is this thing?

JOLLY. 'Tis my lady's waiting-woman, her bawd, her she-confessor, herself at second-hand. Her beginning was simple and below stairs, till her lady finding her to be a likely promising bawd, secret as the key at her girdle, obedient as her thoughts, those virtues raised her from the flat petticoat and kercher to the gorget and bum-roll. And I remember 'twas good sport at first to see the wench perplexed with her metamorphosis. She since has been in love with all the family, and now sighs after the Levite; and if he forsake her too, I prophesy a waiting-woman's curse will fall upon her: to die old, despised, poor, and out of fashion.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Why do you not hang out a painted cloth, and take twopence apiece, and let in all the tame fools at door—those sons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad?¹

CARE. 'Tis no matter what they think: madness is proper here. Are not taverns Bacchus's temples, the place of madness? Does not the sign of madness hang out at the door?

JOLLY. —while we within possess our joys and cups, as full of pleasure as weeping Niobe's afflicted eyes were swelled with grief and tears! Blessing on the cause that made our joys thus complete: for see Plutus in our pockets, Mars by our sides,

¹ [A crowd had assembled outside, it appears, inquisitive to know what was going on within.]

Bacchus in our heads, self-love in our hearts, and change of virgins in our arms; beauties whose eyes and hearts speak love and welcome; no rigid thinkers, no niggard beauties, that maliciously rake up their fire in green sickness to preserve a spark, that shall flame only in some dull day of marriage: let such swear and forswear, till (of the whole parish) they love each other least, whilst we wisely set out our cobwebs in the most conspicuous places to catch these foolish flies.

CARE. He's in the right. Dost think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a score of sheep, or dispute the legality of votes and weigh the power of prerogative and parliament, and club for concluding sack, or read the Fathers here, till we grow costive, like those that have worn their suffering elbows bare, to find a knowledge to perplex 'em? A pox on such brain-breaking thoughts! avoid them, and take me into my¹ hand a glass of eternal sack, and prophesy the restoration of senses and the fall of a lover from grace; which our dear friend Master Jolly will prove to whom the Lady Loveall (by Faithful lately departed) sent for the pearl you wot of.

CAPT. But I hope he had the grace to keep them.

JOLLY. No, no; I'm a fool, I!

CAPT. Was not my boy here?

JOLLY. No, we saw him not.

CAPT. A pox of the rogue! he's grown so lazy.

WILD. Your boy is come in just now, and called for the key of the back-door. There's women with him.

CAPT. O, that's well! 'tis Wanton: I sent for her to laugh over the story of the old lady and her pearl.

³ [Old copy, *thy*.]

Enter BOY.

Where have you been all this while, sirrah ?

BOY. I could overtake the coach, sir, no sooner.

CAPT. The coach ! what coach ?

BOY. The Lady Loveall's.

CAPT. The Lady Loveall's ! Why, what had you to do with her coach ?

BOY. I went to give her the letter your worship sent her.

CAPT. The letter ! What letter ?

BOY. That your worship gave me.

CAPT. That I writ at Ned's house to Wanton ?

BOY. The letter you gave me, sir, was directed to the Lady Loveall, and she stormed like a mad woman at reading of it.

[The CAPTAIN threatens to beat him.]

CARE. Why, thou wilt not beat the boy for thy own fault ? What letter was it ?

CAPT. 'Twas enough ; only a relation of the pearl, wherein she finds herself sufficiently abused to Wanton.

JOLLY. Now, gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

CAPT. A pox of fooling ! let's resolve what to do. There's no denying, for she has all the particulars under my hand.

BOY. You must resolve of something, for she's coming, and stayed only till the back-door was opened.

CAPT. How did she know I was here ?

BOY. Your-worship bad me tell her you would stay here for her.

CARE. How came this mistake ?

CAPT. Why, the devil owed us a shame, it seems. You know I went home to give Wanton

an account how we advanced in our design ; and when I was writing the superscription, I remember the boy came in and told me the Lady Loveall passed by.

JOLLY. And so it seems you, in pure mistake, directed your letter to her.

CARE. Well, resolve what you'll do with her when she comes.

CAPT. Faith, bear it like men ; 'tis only an old lady lost ; let's resolve to defy her, we are sure of our pearl ; but lest we prolong the war, take the first occasion you can all to avoid the room. When she's alone, I'll try whether she'll listen to a composition.

JOLLY. Have you no friends in the close committee ?

CAPT. Yes, yes, I am an Essex man.¹

CARE. Then get some of them to move, it may be voted no letter.

JOLLY. Ay, ay ; and after 'tis voted no letter, then vote it false, scandalous, and illegal, and that is in it : they have a precedent for it in the Danish packet, which they took from a foolish fellow who, presuming upon the law of nations, came upon an embassy to the king without an order or pass from both houses !

CAPT. Hark, I hear her coming.

Enter LOVEALL and FAITHFUL.

LOVE. Sir, I received a letter, but by what accident, I know not ; for I believe it was not intended [to] me, though the contents concern me.

CAPT. Madam, 'tis too late to deny it ; is it peace or war you bring ? without dispute, if war,

¹ [A proverbial expression for a simpleton.]

I hang out my defiance : if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

LOVE. Are you all unworthy? your whole sex falsehood? is it not possible to oblige a man to be loyal? this is such a treachery no age can match! apply yourself with youth and wit to gain a lady's love and friendship, only to betray it? was it not enough you commanded my fortune, but you must wreck my honour too, and instead of being grateful for that charity which still assisted your wants, strive to pay me with injuries, and attempt to make the world believe I pay to lose my fame; and then make me the scorned subject of your whore's mirth? Base and unworthy! [*He smiles.*] Do you smile, false one? I shall find a time for you too, and my vengeance shall find you all.

FAITH. Yea, sir; and you that had such ready wit to proclaim my lady whore, and me bawd, I hope to see you load a gallows for it.

CAPT. Once again, is it peace or war?

LOVE. Peace! I'll have thy blood first, dog. Where's my pearl? [*She speaks to WILD.*] You ought to right me, sir, in this particular; it was to you I sent them.

WILD. Madam, I sent not for them.

CAPT. No more words: I have them, I earned them, and you paid them.

FAITH. You are a foul-mouthed fellow, sirrah.

LOVE. Peace, wench, I scorn their slander, it cannot shake my honour: 'tis too weighty and too fixed for their calumny.

JOLLY. I'll be sworn for my part on't; I think it is a great honour: I am sure I had as much as I could carry away in ten nights, and yet there was no miss on't.

CAPT. You! I think so; there's no mark of my work, you see, and yet I came after thee, and

brought away loads would have sunk a sedan-man.

WILD. By this relation she should be a woman of a great fame.

CARE. Let that consideration, with her condition and her age, move some reverence, at least to what she was. Madam, I am sorry I cannot serve you in this particular. [*Exeunt JOLLY and CARELESS.*]

LOVE. I see all your mean baseness: pursue your scorn. Come, let's go, wench, I shall find some to right my fame; and though I have lost my opinion, I have gained a knowledge how to distinguish of love hereafter; and I shall scorn you and all your sex, that have not soul enough to value a noble friendship.

WILD. Pray, madam, let me speak with you.

CAPT. We'll have no whispering: I said it, and I'll maintain it with my sword.

Enter DRAWER.

DRAW. Sir, there's one without would speak with you.

CAPT. With me?

DRAW. No, sir, with Master Wild.

WILD. Madam, I'll wait upon you presently.

[*Exit WILD.*]

CAPT. Madam, I know my company is displeasing to you, therefore I'll take my leave. Drawer, show me another room.

[*The CAPTAIN makes a turn or two; they look at each other, then he goes out.*]

LOVE. O Faithful, Faithful! I am most miserably abused, and can find no way to my revenge.

FAITH. Madam, I'll give them ratsbane, and speedily too, ere they can tell; for that rascal

the captain has a tongue else will proclaim you, and undo your fame for ever.

LOVE. Ay, ay, my fame, my fame, Faithful : and if it were not for mine honour, which I have kept unstained to this minute, I would not care.

FAITH. This it is : you will set your affection upon every young thing : I could but tell you on't.

LOVE. Who could have suspected they would have been so false in their loves to me, that have been so faithful to them ?

Enter DRAWER.

Honest friend, where is Master Wild ?

DRAW. The other gentlemen carried him away with them.

LOVE. Are they all gone then ?

DRAW. Yes, by this hand. These gentlemen are quickly satisfied : what an ugly whore they have got ! how she states it.¹ [*Aside.*]

LOVE. Come, let's go, wench. [*She offers to go.*]

DRAW. Mistress, who pays the reckoning ?

LOVE. What says he ?

FAITH. He asks me who pays the reckoning ?

LOVE. Who pays the reckoning ! Why, what have we to do with the reckoning ?

DRAW. Shut the door, Dick. [*To LOVEALL.*] We'll have the reckoning before you go.

FAITH. Why, goodman sauce-box, you will not make my lady pay for their reckoning, will you ?

DRAW. My lady ! a pox of her title, she'd need of something to make her pass.

FAITH. What do you say, sirrah ?

DRAW. I say, the gentlemen paid well for their sport, and I know no reason why we should lose our reckoning.

¹ [In how stately a fashion she carries herself.]

LOVE. What do you take me for, my friend?

DRAW. In troth, I take you for nothing; but I would be loth to take you for that use I think they make shift with you for.

FAITH. Madam, this is that rascally captain's plot.

LOVE. Patience, patience! O, for a bite at the slave's heart. Friend, mistake me not, my name is Loveall, a lady: send one along with me, and you shall have your money.

DRAW. You must pardon me, madam, I am but a servant: if you be a lady, pray sit in an inner room, and send home your woman for the money: the sum is six pounds, and be pleased to remember the waiters.

LOVE. Go, Faithful, go fetch the money. O, revenge, revenge! shall I lose my honour, and have no revenge? [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter WANTON, CAPTAIN, CARELESS, and WILD.

WAN. By all that a longing bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleased with this revenge than mine own plot, which takes as I could wish. I have so anointed my high priest with sack, that he would have confuted Baal's priest; and now he does so slumber in his ale, and calls to bed already—swears the sun is set.

CAPT. Faith, wench, her abusing of me made me leave her for the reckoning.

CARE. Yes, faith, they have treated her upsey¹ whore, lain with her, told, and then pawned her.

¹ [Drunken, from the Dutch *op zee*, which means literally at sea, and thence drunk, like our own *half-seas-over*.]

WAN. Yes, yes, you are fine things : I wonder women can endure you ; for me, I expect you worse, and am armed for't.

WILD. Faith, let's send and release her ; the jest is gone far enough ; as I live, I pity her.

WAN. Pity her ! hang her, and rid the country of her. She is a thing wears out her limbs as fast as her clothes ; one that never goes to bed at all, nor sleeps in a whole skin, but is taken to pieces like a motion, as if she were too long ; she should be hanged for offering to be a whore.

CAPT. As I live, she's in the right. I peeped once to see what she did before she went to bed ; by this light, her maids were dissecting her ; and when they had done, they brought some of her to bed, and the rest they either pinned or hung up, and so she lay dismembered till morning ; in which time her chamber was strewed all over, like an anatomy-school.

WAN. And when she travels anywhere, she is transported with as great a care and fear of spoiling, as a juggler's motion, when he removes from fair to fair.

CARE. She is a right broken gamester who, though she lacks wherewithal to play, yet loves to be looking on.

Enter WANTON'S MAID.

BAWD. He is awake, and calls for you impatiently : he would fain be in bed ; the company is all gone.

WAN. Are you instructed ?

BAWD. Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part.

WAN. Farewell then ; you are all ready. Who plays master constable ?

CAPT. I, I ; and Ned Jolly the summer.¹

WAN. Farewell, farewell then.

[*Exit WANTON and BAUD.*]

WILD. It is a delicate wench.

CARE. She has excellent flesh and a fine face. By this light, we must depose the captain from his reign here. [*They whisper this.*]

WILD. I like her shrewdly ; I hate a wench that is all whore and no company ; this is a comedy all day and a fair² at night.

CARE. I hope to exalt the parson's horn here.

CAPT. And what think you ? is it not a sweet sin, this lying with another man's wife ?

WAN. Is Jolly come ? [*WANTON above.*]

CAPT. No, but he'll be here instantly.

WILD. Is he abed ?

WAN. Yes, yes ; and he sleeps as if he had been put to bed by his sexton, with *dust to dust*, and *ashes to ashes*.

CAPT. And we'll wake him with that shall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

WAN. Let him sleep awhile, that he may be fresh, else the jest is spoiled ; for it is his sense of his disgrace must work my ends.

WILD. I'll go home then, and get supper ready, and expect you.

CAPT. Do ; our scene lies here. [*Enter JOLLY.*]
Who's there ? Jolly ?

JOLLY. Yes.

CAPT. Are you fitted ?

JOLLY. Yes, I have got the Blackfriars music. I was fain to stay till the last act. And who do you think I saw there ?

WILD. I know not.

¹ [Summoner.]

² [A play on words.]

JOLLY. Guess.

WILD. Prythee : I cannot guess.

JOLLY. Your aunt and Mistress Pleasant, and trusty Secret.

WILD. What, man ?

JOLLY. The lovers only, so close in a box !

CAPT. It will be a match, and there's an end. Prythee, let them go to't : what is't to us ? Let's mind our business now, and think on them hereafter.

WAN. A pox upon them, for a couple of stalk-hounds. Have they killed at last ? Why, this is fool's fortune.¹ It would be long enough ere one that has wit got such a wife !

CAPT. No more of this now. Have you borrowed the watchmen's coats ?

JOLLY. Yes, and bills, beards, and constable's staff and lantern ; and let me alone to fit him for the summer. But when this is done, I expect my fee, a tithe-night at least. Wanton, I will lie with thee for thy roguery. What ! are you dumb ? You will not refuse me, I hope ?

WAN. Not if I thought you desiredst it ; but I hate to have it desired indifferently, and but so-so done neither, when 'tis done.

JOLLY. I hope you will not disgrace my work, will you ?

WAN. Faith, they say, thy pleasure lies in thy tongue, and therefore, though I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing that will please thee as well.

JOLLY. Some [such] roguery I expected.

WAN. No, faith, I am serious : and because I will please you both, Master Wild shall lie here,

¹ [Alluding to the common expression, Fools have fortune.]

and you shall have leave to say you do, which will please you as well.

JOLLY. Faith, and my part is some pleasure ; else *I have loved, enjoyed, and told*, is mistook.

WAN. Ay, but never to love, seldom enjoy, and always tell—foh ! it stinks, and stains worse than Shoreditch dirt ; and women hate and dread men for't. Why, I, that am a whore professed, cannot see youth¹ digest it, though it be my profit and interest : for to be a private whore in this town starves in the nest like young birds, when the old one's killed.

CARE. Excellent girl ! 'tis too true. Jolly, your tongue has kept many a woman honest.

WAN. Faith, 'tis a truth, this I shall say, you may all better your pleasures by, if you will observe it : I dare say, the fear of telling keeps more women honest than Bridewell hemp ; and were you wise men and true lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection no age could ever have hoped. Now you may sow such seed of pleasure, you may be prayed for hereafter. Now, in this age of zeal and ignorance, would I have you four, in old clothes and demure looks, present a petition to both houses, and say you are men touched in conscience for your share in that wickedness which is known to their worships by the pleasure of adultery ; and desire it may be death,²

¹ [The folio, *you he.*]

² Alluding to the acts of Oliver Cromwell's parliament for punishing adultery, incest, and fornication ; by which it was declared that the two former should be punishable with death on the first offence, and the latter upon the second conviction. "These acts," an excellent writer (Mr Barrington on the Statutes) observes, "could not have continued long unrepealed, *even if Charles II.* had not suc-

and that a law may be passed to that purpose: How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear statues in memory of their benefactors! The young and kind would then haunt your chambers, pray and present you, and court the sanguine youth for the sweet sin secured by such a law. None would lose an occasion, nor churlishly oppose kind nature, nor refuse to listen to her summons, when youth and passion calls for those forbidden sweets. When such security as your lives are at stake, who would fear to trust? With this law all oaths and protestations are cancelled. Letters and bawds would grow useless too: by instinct, the kind will find the kind, and, having one nature, become of one mind. Now we lose an age to observe and know a man's humour, ere we dare trust him; but get this law, then 'tis, like and enjoy. And whereas now, with expense of time and fortune you may glean some one mistress amongst your neighbours' wives, you shall reap women whole armfuls, as in the common field. There is one small town, wise only in this law; and I have heard them say that know it well, there has been but one execution this hundred years; yet the same party searched seven years, and could not find an honest woman in the town.

ceeded to the throne." It has been doubted whether there were any instances of carrying them into execution, notwithstanding the rigidness of the times wherein they were enacted. A newspaper, however, of that period furnishes an example which, from the extraordinary circumstances attending it, may perhaps be considered as not unworthy of being preserved. In *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 168, from Thursday, Aug. 25, to Thursday, Sept. 1, 1653, p. 2700, is the following passage:—"At Monmouth Assize an old man of *eighty-nine years* was put to death for adultery, committed with a woman above *sixty*."

CARE. An excellent plot! Let's about it. Ink and paper, dear Wanton: we will draw the petition presently.

WAN. Will Master Jolly consent too? You must not then, as soon as a handsome woman is named, smile and stroke your beard; tell him that is next you, you have lain with her. Such a lie is as dangerous as a truth, and 'twere but justice to have thee hanged for a sin thou never committedst, for having defamed so many women.

JOLLY. If all those liars were hanged, I believe the scale would weigh down with the guilty.

WAN. One rogue, hanged for example, would make a thousand kind girls. If it take, it shall be called my law, Wanton's law: then we may go in petticoats again; for women grew imperious, and wore the breeches only to fright the poor cuckolds, and make the fools digest their horns. Are you all ready? Shall I open the door?

CAPT. Yes.

WILD. I'll expect you at my house.

[Exit WILD one way, and the rest of the company another.]

OMNES. We'll come, we'll come.

CAPT. So, knock louder.

[They knock within, and the PARSON discovered in his bed, and the BAWD with him.]

PAR. Who's there? What would you have?

CAPT. Here's his majesty's watch, and master constable's worship must come in. We have a warrant from the lords to search for a delinquent.

PAR. You come not here. I'll answer your warrant to-morrow.

JOLLY. Break open the door.

PAR. I would you durst.

BAWD. Lord, dear, what shall we do?

PAR. Why, sweet, I'll warrant you. Art thou

not my wife, my rib, bone of my bone? I'll suffer anything ere one hair of thee shall be touched.

BAWD. Hark! they break open the door!

PAR. They dare not! Why dost thou tremble so? Alas, sweet innocence, how it shakes!

CAPT. Break open the door.

PAR. I'll complain to the bishop of this insolence.

BAWD. They come, they come, lamb!

PAR. No matter, sweet, they dare not touch thee. What would you have, master constable? You are very rude. *[He delivers the warrant.]*

CAPT. Read our warrant, and our business will excuse us. Do you know any such person as you find there?

PAR. Yes, sir, but not by this name. Such a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides.¹ We were married to-day, and I'll justify her my wife the next court-day. You have your answer, and may be gone.

JOLLY. We must take no notice of such excuses now. If she be your wife, make it appear in court, and she will be delivered unto you.

PAR. If she be my wife! Sir, I have wedded her and bedded her: what other ceremonies would you have? Be not afraid, sweetheart.

JOLLY. Sir, we can do no less than execute our warrant. We are but servants; and, master constable, I charge you in the king's name to do your duty. Behold the body of the delinquent.

PAR. Touch her that dares: I'll put my dagger

¹ [Lindabrides is a character in the "Mirror of Knight-hood," once a famous romance. The name was afterwards applied to women of a certain class. She is mentioned in act ii. of "A Match at Midnight."]

in him. [*He takes his dagger.*] Fear nothing, sweetheart. Master constable, you'll repent this insolence offered to a man of my coat.

BAWD. Help, my dearest, will you let me be haled¹ thus? [*Here they strive to take her out.*]

PAR. Villains, what will you do? Murder! Rape!

CAPT. Yes, yes, 'tis likely: I look like a ravisher!

JOLLY. Hold him, and we'll do well enough with her.

[*As they go to pull her out of the bed, they discover the BAWD. When they let him go, he turns to her and holds her in his arms.*]

CAPT. What have we here, an old woman?

PAR. Let me go. Slaves and murderers!

CAPT. Let him go.

JOLLY. Do any of you know this woman? This is not she we looked for.

PAR. No, rascal, that mistake shall not excuse you.

JOLLY. It is old Goodman What-d'ye-call-him his wife.

CAPT. Hold the candle, and let's see her face.

[*When they hold the candle, she lies in his bosom, and his arms about her. She must be as nastily dressed as they can dress her. When he sees her, he falls into amaze, and shoves her from him.*]

JOLLY. What have we here, adultery? Take them both: here will be new matter.

PAR. Master constable, a little argument will persuade you to believe I am grossly abused. Sure, this does not look like a piece that a man would sin to enjoy: let that then move your pity and care of my reputation. Consider my calling,

¹ [Dragged.]

and do not bring me to a public shame for what you're sure I am not guilty of, but by plot of some villains.¹

BAWD. Dear, will you disclaim me now?

PAR. O impudence!

JOLLY. Master constable, do your duty. Take them both away, as you will answer it.

CAPT. Give him his cassock to cover him.

[*They put on his cassock and her coat, and lead them away.*]

PAR. Why, gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

CAPT. To the next justice, I think it is Master Wild; he is newly come from travel. It will be a good way, neighbours, to express our respects to him.

PAR. No, faith, gentlemen, e'en go the next way to Tyburn, and despatch the business without ceremony, for you'll utterly disgrace me. This is that damned captain: my wife is abroad too; I fear she is of the plot.

JOLLY. Come, away with 'em.

BAWD. Whither will they lead us, dear?

PAR. O, O, impudence! Gentlemen, do not lead us together, I beseech you.

CAPT. Come, come, lead them together: no ceremonies. Your faults are both alike.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ This incident is borrowed from the Italian, and it is employed by many of their novelists. It also forms the eighth story of "Les Comptes du Monde aventureux," printed at [Paris in 1555, and a translation from the Italian.] Casti founded his tale of "La Celia" upon it, with the variation of making the old woman a negress; but in this change he was not original. Richard Brome employed it in his "Novella," acted at the Blackfriars Theatre thirty years before Killigrew's play was published.—*Collier.*

SCENE II.

Enter WANTON and WILD.

WAN. You had best brag now, and use me like my lady What-d'ye-call; but if you do, I care not.

WILD. Come, y' are a fool. I'll be a faithful friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit.

[WILD *sits down with WANTON in his lap.*

WAN. You must do it now or never.

WILD. Hark, hark! I hear them. What's the news?

Enter CAPTAIN, JOLLY, WATCH, BAWD, and PARSON.

CAPT. We have brought a couple of delinquents before your worship: they have committed a very foul fault.

JOLLY. And we have brought the fault along too, that your worship may see it. You will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

PAR. Ha! what do I see? My wife in master justice's lap!

WAN. What has the poor fellow done?

CAPT. Why, madam, he has been taken in bed with this woman, another man's wife.

WAN. In bed with her, and do you raise him to punish him? Master constable, if you would afflict him, command them to lie together again. Is not the man mad?

PAR. This is fine roguery! I find who rules the roost.

WILD. Well, to the business. You say he was taken in bed with another man's wife.

CAPT. Yes, and't like your worship.

WILD. Make his mittimusto the Hole at Newgate.

WAN. Sure, I have seen this fellow's face. Friend, have I never seen your face before?

PAR. If I mistake not, I have seen one very like your ladyship's too. She was a captain's cast whore in the town. I shall have a time to be revenged.

WILD. How now, sirrah, are you threatening? Away with him.

CAPT. I'll fetch a stronger watch, sir, and return presently.

WILD. Do, master constable; and give the poor woman something, and set her free; for I dare say 'twas his wickedness. She looks like one that ne'er thought on such a thing.

BAWD. God bless your worship, I am innocent. He never left making love till I consented.

Enter CAPTAIN in his own shape.

PAR. O miserable, miserable!

CAPT. How now, what's the news here? My honoured friend and master parson, what makes you here at this time of night? why, I should have thought this a time to have envied you for your fair bride's embraces. Do you give these favours? Are these your bride-laces? It's a new way. *[Plays with the cord that binds his arms.*

PAR. Is it new to you?

WAN. How now, captain?

CAPT. Wanton, is this your plot to endear your husband to you?

PAR. No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten captain; but I shall be revenged.

CAPT. Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't ; to undermine my Machiavel, which so greedily swallowed that sweet bait that had this hook.

PAR. 'Tis well.

CAPT. But my anger ends not here. Remember the base language you gave me—son of a thousand fathers ; captain of a tame band ; and one that got my living by the longstaff-speeches—for which and thy former treacheries I'll ruin thee, slave. I'll have no more mercy on thee than old women on blind puppies. I'll bring you to your commendations in Latin epistles again, nor leave thee anything to live on—no, not bread—but what thou earn'st by raking gentlewomen's names in anagrams.¹ And, master justice, if ever you'll oblige me, stand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the reverend bench.

PAR. I am undone.

WILD. I can do nothing but justice : you must excuse me. I shall only make it appear how fit it is to punish this kind of sin in that coat in time, and to crush such serpents in the shells.

PAR. Mercy, O, mercy !

WILD. Officers, away with him.

[*They pull him away.*]

PAR. No mercy ?

WAN. Yes, upon conditions, there may be some mercy. [*The PARSON looks very dejected.*]

WILD. And these they are : let the watch stay in t'other room. [*Exit WATCH.*] First, your wife shall have her liberty, and you yours, as she reports of you ; and when you bring her with you, you shall be welcome. Then you shall not be jealous ; that's another point.

¹ [A hit at some of the frivolous poetry of an earlier period. See Hazlitt's "Handbook" v. Lenton.]

CAPT. That he shall have a cure for.

WAN. Yes, yes, I'll apply something to his eyes shall cure him of his doubt.

WILD. Then you shall ask the captain pardon, and your wife. To him you shall allow half your parsonage to maintain her. The deeds are ready within: if you'll sign them, and deliver your wife to our use, she shall discharge you.

PAR. I submit, sir; but I hope your worship will desire no witness to the use of my wife. The sumner, and the watch too, I hope your worship will enjoin them silence.

WAN. You shall not need to fear; I'll have a care of your credit. Call in the watch. Do you know these faces? *[She discovers them.]*

PAR. Ha! abused.

JOLLY. Nay, no flinching: if you do, I betake me to master sumner again.

CAPT. And I become severe master constable in a trice.

PAR. No, no, I submit; and I hope we are all friends. I'm sure I have the hardest part to forgive.

WAN. And I, before all this company, promise to forget, and forgive thee, and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal husband, now you are tame; but you must see you do so no more; and give yourself to be blind when it is not fit for you to see; and practise to be deaf, and learn to sleep in time, and find business to call you away, when gentlemen come that would be private.

CAPT. Why so; now things are as they should be; and when you will obey, you shall command; but when you would be imperious, then I betake me to my constable's staff till you subscribe, *Cedunt armis togæ*: and if it be false Latin, parson, you must pardon that too.

JOLLY. By this hand, I must have my tithe-night with thee, thou art such a wag. Say when? When wilt thou give me leave, ha?

WAN. Never.

JOLLY. Never!

WAN. No, never.

JOLLY. D'ye hear? I am none of them that work for charity. Either resolve to pay, or I kick down all my milk again.

WAN. What would you have?

JOLLY. Give me leave to lie with you.

WAN. No indeed.

JOLLY. No!

WAN. No; but rather than quarrel, as I said before, I will give you leave to say you have lain with me.

WILD. I am of opinion she owes you nothing now. So, Mistress Wanton, take your husband; and, to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a wedding-supper.

PAR. This is better than Newgate-hole yet, Bridewell hemp, brown bread, and whipcord.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the WIDOW and MISTRESS PLEASANT, MASTER SAD, and MASTER CONSTANT.

WID. By my troth, it was a good play.

PLEA. And I'm glad I'm come home, for I am e'en a-weary with this walking. For God's sake, whereabouts does the pleasure of walking lie? I swear I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I ne'er could find it.

SAD. What do these halberds at your door?

[*A WATCH at the WIDOW'S door.*]

WID. Halberds! Where?

SAD. There, at your lodging.

CON. Friend, what would those watchmen have?

WATCH. The house is shut up for the sickness¹ this afternoon.

PLEA. The sickness!

WATCH. Yes, forsooth; there's a coachman dead, full of the tokens.

SAD. Where's the officer?

WATCH. He is gone to seek the lady of the house and some other company that dined here yesterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the pest-house.

WID. Ha! What shall we do, niece?

SAD. If you please to command our lodging.

PLEA. It will be too much trouble.

WID. Let's go to Loveall's.

PLEA. Not I, by my faith: it is scarce for our credits to let her come to us.

WID. Why, is she naught?

CON. Faith, madam, her reputation is not good.

WID. But what shall we do, then?

CON. Dare you adventure to oblige us?

WID. Thank you, sir? we'll go to my nephew's at Covent Garden: he may shift among his acquaintance.

PLEA. It was well thought on; the Piazza is hard by, too.

WID. We'll borrow your coach thither, and we'll send it you back again straight.

CON. We'll wait upon you, madam.

WID. This accident troubles me. I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow.

PLEA. I am sorry too: but pray, aunt, let us not

¹ The *sickness* was the common name for the plague. See Gifford's Ben Jonson, iii. 353, iv. 9, &c.—*Collier*.

forget ourselves in our grief. I am not ambitious of a red cross upon the door.¹

CON. Mistress Pleasant is in the right; for if you stay, the officers will put you in.

WID. We shall trouble you, sir, for your coach.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter PARSON, CAPTAIN, WILD, WANTON, CARELESS, and JOLLY.

PAR. I am reconciled, and will no longer be an uncharitable churchman. I think this sack is a cooler.

CAPT. What! does it make you to see your error?

¹ This alludes to one of the regulations made to prevent the spreading of the plague. When a house became infected, the officers empowered for that purpose immediately placed a guard before it, which continued there night and day, to prevent any person going from thence until the expiration of forty days. At the same time, *red crosses, of a foot long*, were painted on the doors and windows, with the words *LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US*, in great letters, wrote over them, to caution all passengers to avoid infected places.

In a collection of epigrams, entitled, "More Fools Yet," written by R. S. (Roger Sharpe), 1610, 4^o, is the following—

"Rusticus, an honest country swayne,
Whose education simple was, and plaine,
Having survey'd the citie round about,
Emptied his purse, and so went truiging out.
But by the way he saw, and much respected,
A doore belonging to a house infected;
Whereon was plac't (as 'tis the custome still)
Lord have mercy upon us! This sad bill
The sot perusde; and having read, he swore,
All London was ungodly, but that doore."
Here dwells some vertue yet, sayes he; for this
A most devout religious saying is:
And thus he wisht (with putting off his hatte)
That every doore had such a bill as that."

PAR. Yes, and consider my man-of-war : nor will I again dispute his letters of mart, nor call them passes for pirates. I am free.

CAPT. And welcome. Anything but anger is sufferable, and all is jest, when you laugh ; and I will hug thee for abusing me with thy eyes in their scabbards ; but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatening a Levite's second revenge¹ to all that touches your concubine, then I betake me to a dark lantern and a constable's staff ; and by help of these fathers whom I cite, I prove my text : *Women that are kind ought to be free.*

PAR. But, captain, is it not lawful for us shepherds to reclaim them ?

CAPT. A mere mistake ; for sin, like the sea, may be turned out, but will ne'er grow less : and though you should drain this Mistress Doll, yet the whore will find a place, and perhaps overflow some maid, till then honest ; and so you prove the author of a new sin, and the defiler of a pure temple : {therefore I say, while you live, let the whore alone, till she wears out ; nor is it safe to vamp them, as you shall find. Read Ball the first and the second.²

WILD. No more discourse. Strike up, fiddlers.

CAPT. See who's that knocks ?

[*A country-dance. When they are merry, singing catches and drinking healths, the WIDOW, MISTRESS PLEASANT, and the two Lovers, knock at the door.*]

¹ Robert Gomersall, in 1628, published a poem, in three cantos, called "The Levite's Revenge." It arrived at a second edition in 1633, and seems to have been popular.—*Collier.*

² This is probably meant to ridicule John Ball, a celebrated puritan divine, born in 1585, and died in 1640, after publishing many religious controversial works.—*Collier.*

SER. Sir, 'tis Mistress Pleasant and the two gentlemen that dined there to-day.

WILD. My aunt and Mistress Pleasant!

JOLLY. What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night?

CAPT. It may be, they have been a-wenching.

SER. Sir, they were upon alighting out of the coach when I came up.

WILD. Quickly, Mistress Wanton; you and your husband to bed; there's the key. Master Parson, you know the way to the old chamber, and to it quickly; all is friends now.

PAR. Sweetheart, we'll steal away.

WAN. The devil on them, they have spoiled our mirth. *[Exit PARSON.]*

WILD. Jack, get you and your company down the back-way into the kitchen, and stay there till we see what this visit means. *[Exeunt FIDDLEERS.]*

CAPT. Means! What should it mean? It is nothing but the mischievous nature all honest women are endued with, and naturally given to spoil sport. I wonder what fart blew them hither to-night.

WILD. Nay, have a little patience, captain, you and Master Jolly must sit quietly awhile within, till we know the cause.

CAPT. It is but deferring our mirth for an hour or so.

SER. Sir, here's my lady.

WILD. Quickly remove those things there. Captain, step in there——

Enter WIDOW, PLEASANT, SAD, and CONSTANT.

WID. Nephew, do you not wonder to see me here at this time of night?

WILD. I know it is not ordinary, therefore I

believe 'tis some design. What is it, Mistress Pleasant? Shall I make one?

PLEA. As I live, sir, pure necessity. Neither mirth nor kindness hath begot this visit.

CARE. What! is your coach broke?

WID. Faith, nephew, the truth is, the sickness is in my house, and my coachman died since dinner.

WILD. The sickness!

PLEA. Ay, as I live: we have been walking since the play; and when we came home, we found the watch at the door, and the house shut up.

SAD. And a constable gone in search of all those that dined there to-day, with order to furnish us lodgings in the pest-house.

WID. Are you not afraid to receive us?

WILD. As I live, the accident troubles me; and I am sorry such a misfortune should beget me this favour; and I could wish myself free from the honour, if the cause were removed too.

PLEA. As I live, Master Wild, I must have been forced to have lain with my servant to-night, if you had not received me.

WILD. If I thought so, I would carry you out in my arms, I am so much Master Constant's friend.

PLEA. But are you more his friend than mine, Master Wild?

WILD. No; but I presume by this he has gained so much interest, as he would not be very displeasing to you.

CON. O, your humble servant, sir.

PLEA. If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne'er come hither; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without dispute, for I fear nobody so much as a husband; and when I can conquer that doubt, I'll marry at a minute's warning.

WID. No dispute now. Can you furnish us with a couple of beds?

WILD. Yes, yes.

WID. And have you e'er a woman in the house?

WILD. My sister's maid is here.

CARE. Madam, if you resolve to do us this honour, you shall find clean linen, and your beds quickly ready.

WID. But where will my nephew and you, sir, lie to-night?

CARE. O, madam, we have acquaintance enough in the town.

WID. Well, sir, we'll accept this courtesy; and when you come into Suffolk, you shall command my house.

WILD. Prythee, call Bess, and bid her bring sheets to make the bed. I'll go and fetch in a pallet, 'tis as good a bed as the other; and if you will stay the removing, we'll set up a bedstead.

PLEA. No, a pallet, pray. But what shall we do for night-clothes, aunt?

WILD. Why, what are those you bought, my sister?

WID. Is not that linen gone yet?

CARE. No, faith, madam, his man forgot it, till the carriers were gone last week.

WILD. Will that serve?

PLEA. Yes, yes, pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but washing of it again.

WILD. Nay, it will serve: discourse no more; I'll fetch the bundle; and, prythee, fetch the combs and looking-glasses I bought the other day: for other necessaries that want a name the wench shall furnish you with.

WID. Nay, but where is she, nephew?

WILD. I'll call her, if she be not gone to bed.

It is an ignorant young thing ; I am to send her to my sister's in the country ; I have had such ado to put her in the fashion.

PLEA. What country is she ? Prythee, Master Wild, let's see her.

WILD. I'll call her down. [Exit WILD.]

SAD. Madam, now we see y' are safe, we'll kiss your hands, and wait upon you to-morrow.

WID. It must be early then, sir, for I shall borrow my nephew's coach, and be gone betimes into the country, to take a little fresh air, and prevent the search.

CON. Pray, madam, be pleased to command ours.

WILD. No, sir, I humbly thank you ; my nephew's will hold our company.

CON. Your humble servant, Mistress Pleasant.

SAD. Your servant, madam.

PLEA. Good night, Master Constant.

WID. Sir, you'll excuse us, we have nobody here to light you down.

CARE. Madam, I am here your servant as much as those who wear your livery ; and this house holds no other. We can be civil, madam, as well as extravagant.

WID. Your humble servant, Master Careless.

CARE. Gentlemen, if you'll wait on my lady to her chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

SAD. You oblige us, sir. [Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE V.

Enter WILD, CAPTAIN, WANTON, PARSON, and JOLLY.

CAPT. The plague !

WILD. The plague, as I live ; and all my rela-

tion is truth, every syllable. But, Mistress Wanton, now must you play your masterpiece : be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well : thou wilt pass for as arrant a chambermaid as any in the parish.

PAR. Hum ! new plots ?

CAPT. Let me put on a petticoat and a muffler, and I'll so chambermaid it, and be so diligent with the clean smock and the chamber-pot.¹ Now would I give all the shoes in my shop to lie with 'em both.

WAN. Let me alone to fit them ; I can make a scurvy curtsey naturally : remember, I am an Essex woman, if they ask.

WILD. Come, come quickly, take those sweet-meats ; bring the great cake and knife, and napkins, for they have not supped ; and, Captain, make some lemonade, and send it by the boy to my chamber ; and, do you hear, Jolly, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to-night.

JOLLY. We'll stay, but make haste then.

CAPT. And bring our cloaks and swords out with you.

WILD. I will, I will ; but be quiet all.

PAR. Master Wild, I hope there is no plot in this.

CAPT. There's no jealousy, Master Parson, 'tis all serious, upon my life. Come away with us.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ It seems doubtful whether the preceding part of this speech does not belong to Wanton.—*Collier.*

SCENE VI.

*The tiring-room, curtains drawn, and they discourse.
His chamber, two beds, two tables, looking-glasses,
night-clothes, waistcoats, sweet-bags, sweetmeats,
and wine: WANTON dressed like a chamber-
maid. All above, if the scene can be so ordered.*

*Enter WIDOW and MISTRESS PLEASANT, WILD and
CARELESS: the WIDOW and MISTRESS PLEA-
SANT salute WANTON.*

WILD. Faith, aunt, 'tis the first time I have had the honour to see you in my house, and as a stranger I must salute you.

WID. As I live, nephew, I'm ashamed to put you to this trouble.

WILD. It is an obligation. Mistress Pleasant, I know you have not supped; I pray you, be pleased to taste these sweetmeats, they are of Sall's doing; but I understand not sweetmeats, the wine I'll answer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: you are Patrona,¹ and we are slaves.

CARE. Good rest and a pleasing dream your humble servant wishes you.

WID. Good night, nephew; good night, Master Careless.

PLEA. Good night, Master Careless; your humble servant, Master Wild.

[Exeunt WILD and CARELESS.]

WID. Why, ay, here are men have some wit: by this good night, had we lain at my servant's, we should have found the laced cap and slippers that have been entailed upon the family these

¹ [Mistress.]

five descents, advanced upon the cupboard's head instead of plate. [*They sit down to undress them.*]

PLEA. They are a couple of the readiest youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for sending his sister's maid. A pretty wench.

WID. Pray, let's go to bed; I am weary.

PLEA. You will not go to bed with those windows open: sweetheart, prythee, shut them, and bring me hither—dost understand me? As I live, 'tis a great while since I went to the play.

WID. It has been one of the longest days; a year of them would be an age.

PLEA. O, do you grow weary? you'll break your covenant ere the year go out.

[*The curtains are closed.*]

WID. Prythee, shut the windows, and come pin up my hair.

SCENE VII.

Enter WILD, JOLLY, CARELESS, CAPTAIN, PARSON, and FIDDLERS, and one with a torch, with their cloaks and their swords, putting them on. Enter WILD'S man.

WILD. See you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for. Come, shall we go? 'tis very late.

CAPT. But how does Wanton carry it?

WILD. They saluted her; and Mistress Pleasant swore you might see the country simplicity in her face.

PAR. A pox upon her, crafty gipsy!

CAPT. Why, art not thou glad to see she can be honest when she will?

PAR. I'll show you all a trick for her within these few days, or I'll miss my aim.

JOLLY. Come, let's go. [*They all offer to go.*]

CAPT. I have a mind to stay till Wanton comes.

WILD. Stay a little, then, for 'twill not be long ere they be abed.

CAPT. I hear Wanton's voice.

Enter WANTON.

WILD. Are they abed?

WAN. Yes, and have so admired you and Master Careless, and abused the lovers! Well, gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counsel—well, they might lie alone this night; but it should go hard if I lay not with one of them within a month.

CARE. Were they so taken with their lodging?

WAN. All that can be said, they said: you are the friendliest men, the readiest men, the handsomest men; men that had wit, and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and Mistress What's-her-name, the younger, asked why Master Wild did not go a-wooing to some rich heir; upon her conscience, she said, you would speed.

CARE. Well, well, there's a time for all things: come, let's go. [*They offer to depart.*]

WILD. Take a light. Good night, Wanton.

CAPT. D'ye hear, d'ye hear? let me speak with you. [*They all come back again.*]

WILD. What's the business?

CAPT. I cannot get hence this night: but your good angels hang at your heels, and if I can prevail, you shall stay.

WILD. What to do?

CAPT. What to do? why I'll be hanged, if all this company do not guess.

JOLLY. Prythee, what should we stay for?

CAPT. For the widow and her niece. Are they worth the watching for a' night?

WILD. Yes, certainly.

CAPT. Then take my counsel, and let me give it out y' are married. You have new clothes come home this morning, and there's that you spoke of I'll fetch from the tailor's; and here's a parson shall rather give them his living than stay for a licence; the fiddlers, too, are ready to salute 'em.

CARE. But if they refuse?

JOLLY. Which, upon my conscience, they will.

CAPT. As you hope, else you are laughed at for missing the widow. Ned, follow my counsel; appear at her chamber-window in thy shirt, and salute all that passes by. Let me alone to give it out, and invite company, and provide dinner; then, when the business is known, and I have presented all your friends at court with ribands, she must consent, or her honour is lost, if you have but the grace to swear it, and keep your own counsel.

CARE. By this hand, he has reason, and I'll undertake the widow.

WILD. It will incense them, and precipitate the business, which is in a fair way now; and if they have wit, they must hate us for such a treachery.

CAPT. If they have wit, they will love you: beside, if it come to that, we two will swear we saw you married, and the parson shall be sworn he did it. Priest, will you not swear?

PAR. Yes, anything; what is't, Captain?

WILD. If this jest could do it, yet 'tis base to gain a wife so poorly. She came hither, too, for sanctuary; it would be an uncivil and an unhospit-

able thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without stealing her from herself: then, 'tis in mine own house.

CAPT. The better; nay, now I think on't, why came she hither? How do you know the plague is there? all was well at dinner; I'll be hanged if it be not a plot: the lovers, too, whom you abused at dinner, are joined with them: a trick, a mere trick of wit to abuse us! and to-morrow, when the birds are flown, they'll laugh at you, and say, two country-ladies put themselves naked into the hands of three travelled city wits, and they durst not lay hold on them.

CARE. A pox upon these niceties!

WAN. If they have not some design upon you, hang me: why did they talk so freely before me else?

CARE. Let's but try; we are not now to begin to make the world talk; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

CAPT. If you get them, are they worth having?

WILD. Having? yes.

CAPT. If you miss them, the jest is good. Prythee, Ned, let me prevail; 'tis but a mad trick.

WILD. If we would, how shall we get into the chamber?

WAN. Let me alone for that; I'll put on my country simplicity, and carry in a chamber-pot; then, under pretence of bolting the back-door, I'll open it—and yet I grudge them the sport so honestly; for you wenchers make the best husbands: after you are once married, one never sees you.

CAPT. I warrant thee, wench.

WAN. No, faith, I have observed it, they are still the doating'st husbands, and then retreat

and become justices of the peace, and none so violent upon the bench as they against us poor sinners. Yet I'll do it; for upon my conscience, the young gentlewoman will fall upon her back, and thank me. *[Exit WANTON.]*

CAPT. Away, go then, and leave your fooling; and in the morning, Ned, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

PAR. And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and stop them.

CAPT. Why, look you, you have the authority of the church too.

WILD. Well, I am now resolved: go you about your part, and make the report strong.

CARE. And d'ye hear? be sure you set the cook at work, that if we miss, we may have a good dinner and good wine to drink down our grief.

CAPT. Miss! I warrant thee, 'twill thrive.

[Exit CAPTAIN.]

CARE. Nay, if I knock not down the widow, geld me, and come out to-morrow complete uncle, and salute the company with, You are welcome, gentlemen, and Good-morrow, nephew Ned.

WILD. Uncle Tom, good morrow, uncle Tom.

Enter WANTON.

WAN. All's done; the door is open, and they're as still as children's thoughts: 'tis time you made you ready, which is to put off your breeches, for 'tis almost day. And take my counsel, be sure to offer force enough, the less reason will serve: especially you, Master Wild, do not put a maid to the pain of saying, Ay.

WILD. I warrant thee, wench; let me alone.

CARE. We'll in and undress us, and come again, for we must go in at the back-door.

WILD. I'll meet you. Is the Captain gone?

[*Exeunt WILD and CARELESS.*]

WAN. Yes, yes, he's gone.

JOLLY. Come, Master Parson, let us see the cook in readiness. Where are the fiddlers? What will become of our plot? for the coachman, Master Sad, and his friend, will stink of their jest if this thrive.

PAR. They have slept all night, on purpose to play all day.

JOLLY. When the ribands and points come from the Exchange, pray see the fiddlers have some; the rogues will play so out of tune all day else, they will spoil the dancing, if the plot do take.

Enter WILD and CARELESS in their shirts, with drawers under, nightgowns on, and in slippers.

WAN. Let's see them in the chamber first, and then I shall go with some heart about the business. So, so, creep close and quietly: you know the way; the widow lies in the high bed, and the pallet is next the door.

[*They kneel at the door to go in; she shakes her coats over them.*]

WILD. Must we creep?

WAN. Yes, yes, down upon your knees always, till you get a woman, and then stand up for the cause: stay, let me shake my smock over you for luck's sake.

JOLLY. Why so? I warrant you [I'll] thrive.

PAR. A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

WAN. Sweetheart, sweetheart, off with your shoes.

PAR. Ay, with all my heart, there's an old shoe after you.¹ Would I gave all in my shop the rest were furnished with wives too!

JOLLY. Parson, the sun is rising; go send in the fiddlers, and set the cook on work; let him chop soundly.

PAR. I have a tithe-pig at home, I'll e'en sacrifice it to the wedding. [Exit PARSON.]

WAN. They will find them in good posture, they may take privy marks, if they please; for they said it was so hot they could endure no clothes, and my simplicity was so diligent to lay them naked, and with such twists and turns fastened them to the feet, I'll answer for't they find not the way into them in an hour.

Enter SERVANT and PARSON.

JOLLY. Why, then, they may pull up their smocks, and hide their faces.

SER. Master Jolly, there was one without would speak with you.

JOLLY. Who was it?

SER. It is the lady that talks so well.

JOLLY. They say, indeed, she has an excellent tongue; I would she had changed it for a face; 'tis she that has been handsome.

¹ *To fling an old shoe* after a person to produce good luck is a custom still spoken of, and hardly yet disused. It is mentioned in many writers: as in "The Wild Goose Chase," act ii. sc. 1—

"If ye see us close once,
Begone, and leave me to my fortune suddenly,
For I am then determined to do wonders.
Farewell, and *fling an old shoe.*"

PAR. Who ? not the poetess we met at Master Sad's ?

JOLLY. Yes, the same.

PAR. Sure, she's mad.

JOLLY. Prythee, tell her I am gone to bed.

SER. I have done as well, sir: I told her Mistress Wanton was here ; at which discreetly, being touched with the guilt of her face, she threw out a curse or two, and retreated.

WAN. Who is this you speak of ? I will know who 'tis.

PAR. Why, 'tis she that married the Genoa merchant ; they cozened one another.

WAN. Who ? Peg Driver, bugle-eyes ?

JOLLY. The same, the same.

WAN. Why, she is ugly now ?

PAR. Yes ; but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever sinned in town or suburbs. When I knew her first, she was the original of all the wainscoat chambermaids with brooms and barefoot madams you see sold at Temple Bar and the Exchange.

WAN. Ah, th' art a devil ! how couldst thou find in thy heart to abuse her so ? Thou lov'st antiquities too : the very memory that she had been handsome should have pleaded something.

JOLLY. *Was handsome* signifies nothing to me.

WAN. But she's a wit, and a wench of an excellent discourse.

PAR. And as good company as any's i' th' town.

JOLLY. Company ! for whom ? Leather-ears, his majesty of Newgate watch ? There her story will do well, while they louse themselves.

PAR. Well, you are curious now, but the time was when you skipped for a kiss.

JOLLY. Prythee, parson, no more of wit and *was handsome*; but let us keep to this text—[*He kisses WANTON*]*]*—and with joy think upon thy little Wanton here, that's kind, soft, sweet, and sound: these are epithets for a mistress, nor is there any elegancy in a woman like it. Give me such a naked scene to study night and day: I care not for her tongue, so her face be good. A whore dressed in verse and set speeches tempts me no more to that sweet sin, than the statute of whipping can keep me from it. This thing we talked on, which retains nothing but the name of what she was, is not only poetical in her discourse, but her tears and her love, her health, nay, her pleasure, were all fictions, and had scarce any live flesh about her, till I administered.

PAR. Indeed, 'tis time she sat out, and gave others leave to play; for a reverend whore is an unseemly sight: besides it makes the sin malicious, which is but venial else.

WAN. Sure, he'll make a case of conscience on't: you should do well (sweetheart) to recommend her case to your brethren that attend the committee of affection, that they may order her to be sound and young again, for the good of the commonwealth.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter FIDDLERS, JOLLY, and WANTON.

JOLLY. O, are you ready, are you ready?

FID. Yes, an't like your worship.

JOLLY. And did you bid the cook chop lustily, and make a noise?

FID. Yes, sir, he's at it.

WAN. I hear the captain.

Enter the CAPTAIN.

JOLLY. Have you brought clothes and ribands?

CAPT. Yes, yes, all is ready: did you hear them squeak yet?

WAN. No, by this light: I think 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abused.

CAPT. Give the fiddlers their ribands, and carry the rest in. Mistress Wanton, you must play my lady's woman to-day, and mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiss you: and take heed of swearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

WAN. I'll warrant you for my part.

CAPT. Go, get you in, then, and let your husband dip the rosemary.¹

JOLLY. Is all ready?

CAPT. All, all; some of the company are below already. I have so blown it about, one porter is gone to the Exchange to invite Master Wild's merchant to his wedding, and, by the way, to bid two or three fruiterers to send in fruit for such a wedding; another in my lady's name to Sall's for sweetmeats. I swore at Bradborn in his shop myself, that I wondered he would disappoint Master Wild for his points, and having so long warning: he protested 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would send John with them presently. One of the watermen is gone to the Melon garden; the other to Cook's, at the Bear, for some bottles of

¹ See note to "A Match at Midnight" [xiii. 81].

his best wine; and thence to Gracious Street to the poulterer's, and all with directions to send in provisions for Master Wild's wedding. And who should I meet at the door but apricock Tom and Mary, waiting to speak with her young master? They came to beg that they might serve the feast. I promised them they should, if they would cry it up and down the town, to bring company, for Master Wild was resolved to keep open house.

JOLLY. Why, then, here will be witnesses enough.

CAPT. But who should I meet at the corner of the Piazza, but Joseph Taylor:¹ he tells me there's a new play at the Friars to-day, and I have bespoke a box for Master Wild and his bride.

JOLLY. And did not he wonder to hear he was married?

CAPT. Yes; but I told him 'twas a match his aunt made for him when he was abroad.

JOLLY. And I have spread it sufficiently at court, by sending to borrow plate for such a wedding.

Enter a SERVANT.

SER. There's half a dozen coachfuls of company lighted: they call for the bridelaces and points.

CAPT. Let the fiddlers play, then, and bid God give them joy by the name of my Lady Careless and Mistress Wild.

FID. Where shall we play, sir?

JOLLY. Come with us, we'll show you the window.

¹ One of the original actors in the plays of Shakespeare. See an account of him in Wright's "Historia Histrionica" *infra*, vol. xv.

SCENE II.

[*The FIDDLERS play in the tiring-room; and the stage curtains are drawn, and discover a chamber, as it were, with two beds, and the ladies asleep in them, MASTER WILD being at MISTRESS PLEASANT'S bedside, and MASTER CARELESS at the WIDOW'S. The music awakes the WIDOW.*

WID. Niece, niece, niece Pleasant.

[*She opens the curtain and calls her: she is under a canopy.*

PLEA. Ha! I hear you, I hear you; what would you have?

WID. Do you not hear the fiddlers?

PLEA. Yes, yes; but you have waked me from the finest dream——

WID. A dream! what was't, some knavery!

PLEA. Why, I know not, but 'twas merry; e'en as pleasing as some sins. Well, I'll lie no more in a man's bed, for fear I lose more than I get.

WID. Hark! that's a new tune.

PLEA. Yes, and they play it well. This is your janty nephew: I would he had less of the father in him, I'd venture to dream out my dream with him. O' my conscience, he's worth a dozen of my dull servant; that's such a troublesome visitant, without any kind of conveniency.

WID. Ay, ay, so are all of that kind; give me your subject-lover; those you call servants are but troubles, I confess.

PLEA. What is the difference, pray, betwixt a subject and a servant lover?

WID. Why, one I have absolute power over, the other's at large: your servant-lovers are those who

take mistresses upon trial, and scarce give them a quarter's warning before they are gone.

PLEA. Why, what do you subject-lovers do?—I am so sleepy.

WID. Do! all things for nothing: then they are the diligentest and the humblest things a woman can employ: nay, I ha' seen of them tame, and run loose about a house. I had one once, by this light, he would fetch and carry, go back, seek out; he would do anything: I think some falconer bred him.

PLEA. By my troth, I am of your mind.

WID. He would come over for all my friends; but it was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon's tail before them, and frown like John-a-Napes when the Pope is named. He heard me once praise my little spaniel bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I stirred for seven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

PLEA. And what became of him?

WID. Faith, when I married, he forsook me. I was advised since, that if I would ha' spit in's mouth sometimes, he would have stayed.

PLEA. That was cheap, but 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a general opinion that marriage is one of the certain'st cures for love that one can apply to a man that is sick of the sighings; yet if you were to live about this town still, such a fool would do you a world of service. I'm sure Secret will miss him, he would always take such a care of her, h' has saved her a hundred walks for hoods and masks.

WID. Yes, and I was certain of the earliest fruits and flowers that the spring afforded.

PLEA. By my troth, 'twas foolishly done to part with him; a few crumbs of your affections would have satisfied him, poor thing!

WID. Thou art in the right. In this town there's no living without 'em; they do more service in a house for nothing than a pair of those what-d'ye-call-'ems, those he-waiting-women beasts, that custom imposes upon ladies.

PLEA. Is there none of them to be had now, think you? I'd fain get a tame one to carry down into the country.

WID. Faith, I know but one breed of them about the town that's right, and that's at the court; the lady that has them brings 'em up all by hand: she breeds some of them from very puppies. There's another wit too in the town that has of them; but hers will not do so many tricks; good, sullen, diligent waiters those are which she breeds, but not half so serviceable.

PLEA. How does she do it? is there not a trick in't?

WID. Only patience; but she has a heavy hand with 'em (they say) at first, and many of them miscarry; she governs them with signs, and by the eye, as Banks breeds his horse.¹ There are

¹ Banks, who was famous for a horse, which was taught to show tricks, and perform several feats of art, to the great admiration of the virtuoso spectator. This celebrated horse is mentioned by several writers of Queen Elizabeth's time, as Ben Jonson, in "Every Man out of his Humour," act iv. sc. 6: "He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Banks did with his horse, or the fellow with the elephant."

Again, in "Jack Drum's Entertainment," sig. B 3: "It shall be chronicled next after the death of *Bankes his horse*."

Again, in Dekker's "Satiromastix," 1602: "I'll teach thee to turn me into *Bankes his horse*, and to tell gentlemen I am a juggler, and can show tricks."

And in Dekker's "Wonderfull Yeare," 1603: "These are those ranck riders of art, that have so spur gal'd your lustie wing'd Pegasus, that now he begins to be out of flesh,

some, too, that arrive at writing, and those are the right breed, for they commonly betake themselves to poetry : and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money ; for 'tis but using of him ill, and praising his verses sometimes, and you are sure of him for ever.

PLEA. But do they never grow surly, aunt ?

WID. Not if you keep them from raw flesh ; for they are a kind of lion-lovers, and if they once taste the sweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

PLEA. Lord, aunt, there will be no going without one this summer into the country : pray, let's inquire for one, either a he-one to entertain us, or a she-one to tell us the story of her love ; 'tis excellent to bedward, and makes one as drowsy as prayers.

WID. Faith, niece, this parliament has so destroyed 'em, and the Platonic humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we shall get one or no. Your leading members in the lower house have so cowed the ladies, that they have no leisure to breed any of late : their whole endeavours are spent now in feasting, and winning close committee men, a rugged kind of sullen fellows with implacable stomachs and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and observe them, as much as the foolish lovers use to do. Yet I think I know one she-lover ; but she is smitten in years o' th' wrong side of forty. I am certain she is poor, too, and in this lean age for courtiers she perhaps would be glad to run this summer in our park.

and (even only for provander sake) is glad to show tricks like *Bankes* his curtall."

See Digby "On Bodies," c. 37, p. 393. Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," 1st part, p. 178. Gayton's "Notes on Don Quixote," part 4, p. 289.

PLEA. Dear aunt, let us have her. Has she been famous? has she good tales, think you, of knights, such as have been false or true to love, no matter which?

WID. She cannot want cause to curse the sex: handsome, witty, well-born, and poor in court, cannot want the experience how false young men can be: her beauty has had the highest fame; and those eyes, that weep now unpitied, have had their envy and a dazzling power.

PLEA. And that tongue, I warrant you, which now grows hoarse with flattering the great law-breakers, once gave law to princes: was it not so, aunt? Lord, shall I die without begetting one story?

WID. Penthesilea nor all the cloven knights the poets treat of, yclad in mightiest petticoats, did her excel for gallant deeds, and with her honour still preserved her freedom. My brother loved her; and I have heard him swear Minerva might have owned her language; an eye like Pallas, Juno's wrists, a Venus for shape, and a mind chaste as Diana; but not so rough: never uncivilly cruel, nor faulty kind to any; no vanity, that sees more than lovers pay, nor blind to a gallant passion. Her maxim was, he that could love, and tell her so handsomely, was better company, but not a better lover, than a silent man. Thus all passions found her civility, and she a value from all her lovers. But alas! niece, this *was* (which is a sad word)—*was* handsome and *was* beloved are abhorred sounds in women's ears.

[*The FIDDLERS play again.*]

PLEA. Hark! the fiddlers are merry still. Will not Secret have the wit to find us this morning, think you?

FID. [*Within*] God give you joy, Master Care-

less! God give your ladyship joy, my Lady Wild!

WID. What did the fellows say? God give me joy?

PLEA. As I live, I think so.

FID. God give you joy, Mistress Pleasant Wild!

WID. This is my nephew: I smell him in this knavery.

PLEA. Why did they give me joy by the name of Mistress Wild? I shall pay dear for a night's lodging if that be so; especially lying alone. By this light, there is some knavery afoot.

[*All the company confused without, and bid God give them joy.*]

JOLLY. Rise, rise, for shame; the year's afore you.

CAPT. Why, Ned Wild; why, Tom, will you not rise and let's in? What, is it not enough to steal your wedding overnight, but lock yourselves up in the morning too? All your friends stay for points here, and kisses from the brides.

WILD. A little patience! you'll give us leave to dress us? [*The women squeak when they speak.*]

CARE. Why, what's o'clock, captain?

CAPT. It's late.

CARE. Faith, so it was before we slept.

WID. Why, nephew, what means this rudeness? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jest.

WILD. No, as I live, aunt, we are in earnest; but my part lies here, and there's a gentleman will do his best to satisfy you. [*They catch the women in their arms.*] And, sweet Mistress Pleasant, I know you have so much wit as to perceive this business cannot be remedied by denials. Here we are, as you see, naked,¹ and thus have saluted hundreds at

¹ [*i.e.*, Without their upper garments.]

the window that passed by, and gave us joy this morning.

PLEA. Joy! of what? what do you mean?

CARE. Madam, this is visible; and you may coy it, and refuse to call me husband, but I am resolved to call you wife, and such proofs I'll bring as shall not be denied. [CARELESS *kisses the* WIDOW.

WID. Promise yourself that; see whether your fine wits can make it good. You will not be uncivil?

CARE. Not a hair, but what you give, and that was in the contract before we undertook it; for any man may force a woman's body, but we have laid we will force your mind.

WILD. But that needs not, for we know by your discourse last night and this morning, we are men you have no aversion to; and I believe, if we had taken time, and wooed hard, this would have come o' course; but we had rather win you by wit, because you defied us.

WID. 'Tis very well, if it succeed.

CARE. And, for my part, but for the jest of winning you, and this way, not ten jointures should have made me marry.

WID. This is a new way of wooing.

CARE. 'Tis so, madam; but we have not laid our plot so weakly, though it were sudden, to leave it in anybody's power but our own to hinder it.

'PLEA. Do you think so?

WILD. We are secure enough, if we can be true to ourselves.

CARE. Yet we submit in the midst of our strength, and beg you will not wiffully spoil a good jest by refusing us. By this hand, we are both sound, and we'll be strangely honest, and never in ill humours; but live as merry as the maids, and

divide the year between the town and the country. What say you, is't a match? Your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not cost you much: I'll promise nothing but one heart, one purse betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boys. Is't a bargain?

WID. Not if I can hinder it, as I live.

WILD. Faith, Mistress Pleasant, he hath spoken nothing but reason, and I'll do my best to make it good: come, faith, teach my aunt what to do, and let me strike the bargain upon your lips.

PLEA. No, sir, not to be half a queen; if we should yield now, your wit would domineer for ever: and still in all disputes (though never so much reason on our side) this shall be urged as an argument of your master-wit to confute us. I am of your aunt's mind, sir, and, if I can hinder it, it shall be no match.

WILD. Why, then know it is not in your powers to prevent it.

WID. Why? we are not married yet.

CARE. No, 'tis true.

WID. By this good light, then, I'll be dumb for ever hereafter, lest I light upon the words of marriage by chance.

PLEA. 'Tis hard, when our own acts cannot be in our own power, gentlemen.

WILD. The plot is only known to four: the minister, and two that stood for fathers, and a simple country maid that waited upon you last night, which plays your chambermaid's part.

PLEA. And what will all these do?

WILD. Why, the two friends will swear they gave you, the parson will swear he married you, and the wench will swear she put us to bed.

WID. Have you men to swear we are married?

PLEA. And a parson to swear he did it?

BOTH. Yes.

WID. And a wench that will swear she put us to bed?

BOTH. Yes, by this good light, and witness of reputation.

PLEA. Dare they or you look us in the face, and swear this?

CARE. Yes, faith; and all but those four know no other but really it is so; and you may deny it, but I'll make master constable put you to bed, with this proof, at night.

WID. Pray, let's see these witnesses.

WILD. Call in the four only. [*Exit CARELESS.*]

PLEA. Well, this shall be a warning to me. I say nothing, but if ever I lie from home again——

WILD. I'll lie with you.

PLEA. 'Tis well. I daresay we are the first women, if this take, that ever were stolen against their wills.

WILD. I'll go call the gentlemen. [*Exit WILD.*]

WID. I that have refused a fellow that loved me these seven years, and would have put off his hat, and thanked me to come to bed, to be beaten with watchmen's staves into another's!—for, by this good light, for aught that I perceive, there's no keeping these out at night.

PLEA. And unless we consent to be their wives to-day, master justice will make us their whores at night. O, O, what would not I give to come off? not that I dislike them, but I hate they should get us thus.

Enter WILD, JOLLY, CAPTAIN, CARELESS, PARSON, WANTON, with rosemary in their hands, and points in their hats.

CARE. Follow. Will not you two swear we were married last night?

JOLLY *and* CAPT. Yes, by this light, will we.

WILD. Will you not swear you married us ?

PAR. Yea, verily.

CARE. And come hither, pretty one : will not you swear you left us all abed last night, and pleased ?

WAN. Yes, forsooth ; I'll swear anything your worship shall appoint me.

WID. But, gentleman, have you no shame, no conscience ? Will you swear false for sport ?

JOLLY. By this light, I'll swear, if it be but to vex you : remember you refused me. That [*Aside*] is contrary to covenants, though, with my brace of lovers : what will they do with their coachman's plot ? But 'tis no matter, I have my ends ; and, so they are cosened, I care not who does it.

CAPT. And faith, madam, I have sworn many times false to no purpose ; and I should take it ill, if it were mine own case, to have a friend refuse me an oath upon such an occasion.

PLEA. And are you all of one mind ?

PAR. Verily, we will all swear.

PLEA. Will you verily ? What shall we do, aunt ?

[PLEASANT *laughs*.

WID. Do you laugh ? by this light, I am heartily angry.

PLEA. Why, as I live, let's marry them, aunt, and be revenged.

WID. Marry ! Where's the parson ?

CAPT. Here, here, master parson, come and do your office.

PLEA. That fellow ! no, by my troth, let's be honestly joined, for luck's sake : we know not how soon we may part.

WILD. What shall we do for a parson ? Captain, you must run and fetch one.

CAPT. Yes, yes : but, methinks, this might serve turn : by this hand, he's a Marshall and a Case,¹ by sire and dam ; pray, try him : by this light, he comes of the best preaching-kind in Essex.

WID. Not I, as I live ; that were a blessing in the devil's name.

PAR. A pox on your wedding ! give me my wife, and let me be gone.

CAPT. Nay, nay, no choler, parson. The ladies do not like the colour of your beard !²

PAR. No, no, fetch another, and let them escape with that trick, then they'll jeer your beards blue, i' faith.

CARE. By this hand, he's in the right ; either this parson, or take one another's words : to bed now, and marry when we rise.

PLEA. As I live, you come not here till you are married ; I have been nobody's whore yet, and I will not begin with my husband.

WILD. Will you kiss upon the bargain, and promise before these witnesses not to spoil our jest, but rise and go to church ?

PLEA. And what will Master Constant and Master Sad say ?

CAPT. Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding, and you shall see them expire in their own garters.

JOLLY. No, no, ne'er fear't, their jest is only spoiled.

¹ Stephen Marshall and Thomas Case, two of the most celebrated divines among the Presbyterians. Marshall was the person who preached the famous sermon before the House of Commons, Feb. 13, 1641, from Judges v. 23, "Curse ye Meroz," &c. This sermon is mentioned by Lord Clarendon. Both these sectaries are noticed by Butler. See Dr Grey's edition of "Hudibras," p. 3, c. i., l. 884 ; p. 3, c. ii., l. 636, and the notes.

² [Perhaps a play on *choler* and *colour* is intended here.]

CAPT. Their jest ! what jest ?

JOLLY. Faith, now you shall know it, and the whole plot. In the first place, your coachman is well, whose death we, by the help of Secret, contrived, thinking by that trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of town.

CAPT. But had they this plot ?

JOLLY. Yes, faith, and see how it thrives ! They'll fret like carted bawds when they hear this news.

PLEA. Why, aunt, would you have thought Master Sad a plotter ? well, 'tis some comfort we have them to laugh at.

WID. Nay, faith, then, gentlemen, give us leave to rise, and I'll take my venture if it be but for revenge on them.

CARE. Gentlemen, bear witness.

CAPT. Come, come away, I'll get the points. I'm glad the coachman's well ; the rogue had like to have spoiled our comedy. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

Enter the LADY LOVEALL, MASTER SAD and CONSTANT, undressed, and buttoning themselves as they go.

SAD. Married ?

CON. And to them ?

LOVE. Ay, married, if you prevent it not : caught with a trick, an old stale trick ; I have seen a ballad on't.

SAD. We shall go near to prevent 'em. Boy, my sword.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Whither so fast ?

SAD. You guess.

CAPT. If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

CON. Why, are they married ?

CAPT. No, but lustily promised.

SAD. We may come time enough to be revenged, though——

CAPT. Upon whom? yourselves, for you are only guilty. Who carried them thither last night? who laid the plot for the coachman?

SAD. Why, do they know it?

LOVE. Well, you'll find the poet a rogue, 'tis he that has betrayed you; and if you'll take my counsel, be revenged upon him.

CON. Nay, we were told he did not love us.

CAPT. By my life, you wrong him: upon my knowledge, the poet meant you should have them.

SAD. Why, who had the power to hinder, then?

CAPT. I know not where the fault lies directly: they say the wits of the town would not consent to't; they claim a right in the ladies as orphan wits.

CON. The wits! hang 'em in their strong lines.

CAPT. Why, ay, such a clinch as that has undone you, and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

SAD. Why, what have they to do with us?

CAPT. I know not what you have done to disoblige them, but they crossed it: there was amongst 'em too a pair of she-wits, something stricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern author: besides, 'tis said you run naturally into the sixpenny-room, and steal sayings, and a discourse more than your penny-worth of jests every term. Why, just now you spit out one jest stolen from a poor play, that has but two more in five acts; what conscience is

there in't, knowing how dear we pay poets for our plays?

CON. 'Twas madam with the ill face, one of those whom you refused to salute the other day at Chipp's house: a cheesecake had saved all this.

LOVE. Why do you not make haste about your business, but lose time with this babbler?

SAD. Madam, will you give us leave to make use of your coach?

LOVE. You may command it, sir: when you have done, send him to the Exchange, where I'll despatch a little business, and be with you immediately. *[Exeunt all but the CAPTAIN.]*

CAPT. So, this fire is kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a peeper's place at the meeting? I'll make haste, and it shall go hard, but I'll bear my part of the mirth too. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter WIDOW, PLEASANT, CARELESS, WILD, PARSON, JOLLY, WANTON, and SECRET: *the FIDDLERS play as they come in.*

PAR. Master Jolly, I find I am naturally inclined to mirth this day, and methinks my corns ache more than my horns; and to a man that has read Seneca, a cuckold ought to be no grief, especially in this parish, where I see such droves of St Luke's clothing. There's little Secret too, th' allay of waiting-woman, makes me hope she may prove metal of the parson's standard. Find a way to rid me of Wanton, and I'll put in to be chaplain to this merry family: if I did not inveigle formal Secret, you should hang me. I know the trick on't; 'tis but praying to, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully seeing her cushion

laid, with her book and leaf turned down, does it, with a few anagrams, acrostics, and her name in the register of my Bible: these charm the soft-souled sinner: then sometimes to read a piece of my sermon, and tell her a Saturday where my text shall be, spells that work more than philtres.

JOLLY. If you can be serious, we'll think of this at leisure. See how they eye Wanton!

CARE. What! consulting, parson? let us be judges betwixt you. D'ye hear, Jack? if he offers ready money, I counsel, as a friend, take it; for, by this light, if you refuse it, your wife will not. D'ye see those gay petticoats?

PAR. Yes, if you mean my wife's.

CARE. You know they're his, and she only wears 'em for his pleasure: and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another man's petticoats. What if you should find his breeches upon her?

PAR. Are not you married too? take care that yours does not wear the breeches, another kind of danger, but as troublesome as that, or sore eyes; and if she get but a trick of taking as readily as she's persuaded to give, you may find a horn at home. I have seen a cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beast by his slot.¹

PLEA. How fine she is! and, by this light, a handsome wench. Master Jolly, I am easier persuaded to be reconciled to your fault than any man's I have seen of this kind: her eyes have more arguments in 'em than a thousand of those that seduce the world; hang me, if those quivers be not full of darts; I could kiss that mouth myself. Is this she my aunt quarrelled with you for?

¹ *Slot*, in hunting, means the print of the foot on the ground. See Todd's Johnson.—*Collier*.

JOLLY. The same, selfsame : and, by this hand, I was barbarous to her, for your aunt's sake ; and had I not 'scaped that mischief of matrimony, by this light, I had never seen her again. But I was resolved not to quit her till I was sure of a wife, for fear of what has followed. Had I been such an ass to have left her upon the airy hopes of a widow's oaths, what a case had I been in now ! You see your aunt's provided of a man. Bless him, and send him patience ! 'Twould have been fine to have seen me walking, and sighing upon cold hunting, seeking my whore again, or forced to make use of some common mercenary thing, that sells sin and diseases, crimes, penance, and sad repentance together ! Here's consolation and satisfaction in Wanton, though a man lose his meal with the widow. And faith, be free—how do you like my girl ? Rid thee of her ! What does she want now, pray, but a jointure, to satisfy any honest man ? Speak your conscience, ladies : don't you think a little repentance hereafter will serve for all the small sins that good-nature can act with such a sinner ?

PAR. Pray, sir, remember she's my wife, and be so civil to us both, as to forget these things.

JOLLY. For that, Jack, we'll understand hereafter. 'Tis but a trick of youth, man, and her jest will make us both merry, I warrant thee.

PAR. Pray, sir, no more of your jests, nor your Jack. Remember my coat and calling. This familiarity, both with my wife and myself, is not decent : your clergy with Christian names are scarce held good Christians.

WID. I wonder at nothing so much as Master Jolly's mirth to-day ! Where lies his part of the jest ? Cosened or refused by all, not a fish that stays in's net.

JOLLY. No ; what's this ? [JOLLY *hugs* WANTON.] Show me a fairer in all your streams. Nor is this my single joy, who am pleased to find you may be cosened ; rejoice to see you may be brought to lie with a man for a jest. Let me alone to fit you with a trick too.

CARE. Faith, it must be some new trick ; for thou art so beaten at the old one, 'twill neither please thee nor her ; besides, I mean to teach her that myself.

PLEA. I shall never be perfectly quiet in my mind till I see somebody as angry as myself : yet I have some consolation, when I think on the wise plot that killed the coachman. How the plague, red cross, and halbert has cut their fingers that designed it ! their anger will be perfect. Secret says they are coming, and that the Lady Loveall has given 'em the alarm.

Enter SAD and CONSTANT.

WILD. And see where the parties come !— storms and tempests in their minds ! their looks are daggers.

PLEA. Servant, what, you're melancholy, and full of wonder ! I see you have met the news.

SAD. Yes, madam ; we have heard a report that will concern both your judgment and your honour.

PLEA. Alas, sir ! we're innocent ; 'tis mere pre-destination.

CON. All weddings, Master Sad, you know, go by chance, like hanging.

PLEA. And, I thank my stars, I have 'scaped hanging. To ha' been his bride had been both.

CON. This is not like the promise you made us yesterday.

WID. Why, truly, servant, I scarce know what I do yet. The fright of the plague had so possessed my mind with fear, that I could think and dream of nothing last night but of a tall black man that came and kissed me in my sleep, and slapped his whip in mine ears. 'Twas a saucy ghost, not unlike my coachman that's dead, and accused you of having a hand in his murder, and vowed to haunt me till I was married. I told my niece the dream.

PLEA. Nay, the ghost sighed, and accused Secret and Master Sad of making him away. Confess, faith, had you a hand in that bloody jest?

WID. Fie, servant! Could you be so cruel as to join with my woman against me?

CON. 'Tis well, ladies. Why a pox do you look at me? This was your subtle plot; a pox on your clerk's wit! You said the jest would beget a comedy when 'twas known, and so I believe 'twill.

SAD. Madam, I find you have discovered our design, whose chief end was to prevent this mischief, which I doubt not but you'll both live to repent your share of, before you have done travelling to the Epsoms, Bourbonne,¹ and the Spaws, to cure those travelled diseases these knights-errant have with curiosity sought out for you. 'Tis true, they are mischiefs that dwell in pleasant countries, yet those roses have their thorns; and I doubt not but these gentlemen's wit may sting as well as please sometime; and you may find it harder to satisfy their travelled experience than to have suffered our home-bred ignorance.

CARE. Hark, if he be not fallen into a fit of his cousin! these names of places he has stolen out

¹ [Bourbonne-les-Bains, in the Haute Marne.]

of her receipt-book : amongst all whose diseases find me any so dangerous, troublesome, or incurable as a fool ; a lean, pale, sighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both ; being born to an estate, without a mind or heart capable to use it ; of a nature so miserable, he grudges himself meat ; nay, they say, he eats his meals twice : a fellow whose breath smells of yesterday's dinner, and stinks as if he had eat all our suppers over again. I would advise you, Master Sad, to sleep with your mouth open to air it, or get the brewer to tun it. Foh ! an empty justice, that stinks of the lees and casks, and belches Littleton and Plowden's cases ! Dost thou think any woman, that has wit or honour, would kiss that bung-hole ? By this light, his head and belly look as blue and lank as French rabbits or stale poultry ! Alas, sir ! my lady would have a husband to rejoice with ; no green-tailed lecturer, to stand sentry at his bedside, while his nasty soul scours through him, sneaking out at the back-door ! These, sir, are diseases which neither the Spaw or Bath can cure : your garters and willow are a more certain remedy.

CON. Well, sir, I find our plot's betrayed, and we have patience left. 'Tis that damned captain has informed.

SAD. Yet 'tis one comfort, madam, that you have missed that man of war, that knight of Finsbury. His dowager, with ale and switches, would ha' bred a ballad.

PLEA. Faith, sir, you see what a difficulty it is in this age for a woman to live honest, though she have a proper man for her husband ; therefore, it behoves us to consider whom we choose.

JOLLY. The lady has reason : for, being allowed but one, who would choose such weasels as we

see daily married? that are all head and tail, crooked, dirty, sordid vermin, predestined for cuckolds, painted snails, with houses on their backs, and horns as big as Dutch cows! Would any woman marry such? Nay, can any woman be honest that let's such hodmandods crawl o'er her virgin breast and belly, or suffer 'em to leave their slimy paths upon their bodies only for jointures? Out! 'tis mercenary and base! The generous heart has only the laws of nature and kindness in her view, and when she will oblige, Friend is all the ties that Nature seeks; who can both bear and excuse those kind crimes. And, I believe, one as poor as the despised captain and neglected courtier may make a woman as happy in a friendship as Master Sad, who has as many faults as we have debts: one whose father had no more credit with Nature than ours had with Fortune; whose soul wears rags as well as the captain's body.

SAD. Nay, then, I'll laugh; for I perceive y' are angrier than we. Alas! h' has lost both ventures—Wanton and the widow.

JOLLY. Both; and neither so unlucky as to be thy wife. Thy face is hanged with blacks already: we may see the bells toll in thy eyes. A bride and a wedding-shirt, a sexton and a winding-sheet. A scrivener to draw up jointures, a parson to make thy will, man. By this light, he's as chap-fallen as if he had lain under the table all night.

CARE. Faith, Master Sad, he's parlously in the right. Ne'er think of marrying in this dull clime. Wedlock's a trade you'll ne'er go through with. Wives draw bills upon sight, and 'twill not be for your credit to protest them. Rather follow my counsel, and marry *à la Venetiano*, for a night and

away ; a pistole jointure does it : then, 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman and the sin both i' th' bed. But if you play the fool, like your friends, and marry in serious earnest, you may repent it too, as they do ; but where's the remedy ? [*This is spoken a little aside.*]

WID. What was't you said, sir ? Do you repent ?

CARE. By this hand, widow, I don't know : but we have pursued a jest a great way. Parson, are you sure we are married ?

PAR. Yes, I warrant you, for their escaping.

CARE. Their escaping ! Fool, thou mistakest me ; there's no fear of that ! But I would fain know if there be no way for me to get out of this noose ? no hole to hide a man's head in from this wedlock ?

PAR. Not any, but what I presume she'll show you anon.

CARE. Hum ! now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me. Wanton and Mistress Pleasant both grow dangerously handsome. A thousand graces in each I never observed before. Now, just now, when I must not taste, I begin to long for some of their plums.

WID. Is this serious, sir !

CARE. Yes, truly, widow, sadly serious. Is there no way to get three or four mouthfuls of kisses from the parson's wife ?

WID. This is sad, sir, upon my wedding-day, to despise me for such a common thing.

SAD. As sad as I could wish. This is a jest makes me laugh.—Common ! No, madam, that's too bitter ; she's forest only, where the royal chase is as free as fair.

WAN. Were not you a widow to-day ?

SAD. Yes, faith, girl, and as foolish a one as ever coach jumbled out of joint.

WAN. Stay, then, till to-morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

SAD. I hope thou'lt prove a she-prophet. Could I live to see thee turn honest wife, and she the wanton widow!

WAN. I cannot but laugh, to see how easy it is to lose or win the opinion of the world. A little custom heals all; or else what's the difference betwixt a married widow and one of us? Can any woman be pure, or worth the serious sighing of a generous heart, that has had above one hand laid upon her? Is there place to write above one lover's name with honour in her heart? 'Tis indeed for one a royal palace; but if it admits of more, an hospital or an inn at best, as well as ours: only off from the road and less frequented.

PLEA. Shrewdly urged.

WAN. And though the sins of my family threw me into want, and made me subject to the treachery of that broken faith, to whose perjury I owe all my crimes, yet still I can distinguish betwixt that folly and this honour, which must tell you: *He or she, that would be thought twice so, was never once a lover.*

CON. Parson, thou art fitted! a whore and apothegms! What sport will she make us under a tree with a salad and sayings in the summer!

WILD. Come, Wanton, no fury; you see my aunt's angry.

WAN. So am I, sir, and yet can calmly reason this truth. Married widows, though chaste to the law and custom, yet their second Hymens make that, which was but dyeing in the first husband's bed, a stain in the second's sheets; where all their kindness and repeated embraces want their value, because they're sullied, and have lost their lustre.

SAD. By this light, I'll go to school to Wanton;

she has opened my eyes, and I begin to believe I have 'scaped miraculously. By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being married to this danger; for what can we call these second submissions, but a tolerated lawful mercenariness which though it be a rude and harsh expression, yet your carriage deserves it?

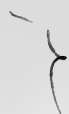
PLEA. Fie, Master Sad! pray leave being witty. I fear 'tis a mortal sin to begin in the fifth act of your days: upon an old subject, too—abusing of widows because they despise you!

WID. Alas, niece! let him alone: he may come in for his share: the parson, that has so oft received 'em, will not refuse him tithes there in charity.

WAN. That or conveniency, interest or impotunity, may by your example prevail: but 'tis not fair play, madam, to turn your lover to the common, as you call it, now he's rid lean in your service. Take heed, Master Careless, and warning, Master Sad; you see how fit for the scavenger's team your lady leaves her lovers!

CARE. Such a lecture, before I had married, would ha' made me have considered of this matter. Dost thou hear, Wanton? Let us forgive one another being married, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

WAN. And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours and a wedding crime, which is worst: to let love, youth, and good-humour betray us to a kindness, or to be gravely seduced by some aunt or uncle, without consideration of the disparity of age, birth, or persons, to lie down before a jointure. Ladies, you may flatter yourselves; but the ingenuous part of the world cannot deny but such minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have listened to the same things: interest counsels thereto.



CARE. Parson, what boot betwixt our wives? either come to a price, or draw off your doxy.

PAR. Propose, propose: here will be mirth anon.

SAD. Yes, yes, propose, while I break it to your lady. Madam, you see, here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot. What, dumb?

WAN. No, she's only thinking. Faith, madam, try 'em both to-night, and choose to-morrow.

WILD. Come, no more of this. Aunt, take my word for your husband, that have had more experience of him than all these: 'tis true he will long for these girls, as children do for plums; and when h' has done, make a meal upon cheese. And you must not wonder nor quarrel at what he says in his humour, but judge him by his actions; and when he is in his fit, and raves most, put him into your bed, and fold him close in your arms, aunt: if he does not rise as kind and as good a husband as he that sings psalms best, hang me? Why, you're a fool, aunt: a widow, and dislike a longing bridegroom! I thought you had known better. Do you love a spurred horse rather than a ducker, that neighs and scrapes? I would not say this, but that I know him. Let him not go out of your sight, for he's now in season—a ripe, mature husband. No delays: if you let him hang longer upon hope, his fruit will fall alone.

WID. You are merry, sir; but if I had known this humour—

WILD. You'd ha' kissed him first; but, being ignorant, let me make you blush. Come, a kiss, and all's friends. [*She kisses CARELESS, and he kisses her twice.*] How now, sir, again! again!

PLEA. Aunt, look to yourself.

CARE. Um! By this light, sweetheart, and I thank thee. Nay, widow, there's no jesting with

these things—[*Kisses her again*—]—nay, I am a lion in my love. Aware, puss, if you flatter me, for I shall deceive you.

PAR. Since all are cosened, why should I be troubled at my fortune? Faith, gentlemen, what will you two give for a wife betwixt you?

CON. Faith, they're mischiefs dear bought, though a man get 'em for nothing.

PAR. I'm almost of his mind; and if other people find no more pleasure in a married life than I upon my wedding-day, I'd pass my time in the Piazza with the mountebank, and let him practise upon my teeth, and draw 'em too, ere he persuades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. Ay, ay, Master Constant, you may laugh, you ha' missed a wife; would I were in your case, the world should see how cheerfully I should bear such an affliction.

CON. Jack, I ha' made my peace at home: and by seeing others shipwrecked, will avoid the danger, and here resolve never to sigh again for any woman: they're weeds grow in every hedge; and transplanting of 'em thus to our beds gives certain trouble, seldom pleasure, never profit.

Enter CAPTAIN.

PAR. See where the enemy comes! Now, if you be wise, arm, and unite against him as a common foe. He's come from his old lady, designing a reconciliation. The rogue's provident, and would fain have a nest for his age to rest in. Buff and feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty; but in the winter of old age captain at threescore, lame and lean, may lie with the almanac out of date.

CAPT. The parson's grown witty, and prophesies

upon the strength of bridecake. If I guess aright, thou'lt be hanged: for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear her fears were mistaken in me; but I find the witch more implacable than the devil. The waiting-woman is harder to forgive [for] her part than my lady. Faithful will not be reconciled: the merciless bawd is all fire and sword, no quarter. Bless me from an old waiting-woman's wrath! She'll never forgive me the disappointing her of a promise when I was drunk. Her lady and she are coming, but in such a fury, I would not have the storm find you out in the street: therefore I counsel you to avoid the boys, and take shelter in the next house.

WILD. No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner to defend us; and let the porter dispute it at the wicket, till she signs articles of peace.

OMNES. Agreed.

[*CARELESS is kind to the WIDOW. As he goes out, WILD and PLEASANT go together; JOLLY and the PARSON'S wife go together.*]

WILD. See how they pair now! 'Tis not three-score year will part 'em, now he has tasted a kiss or two.

JOLLY. Parson, I'll be your brideman.

PAR. 'Tis well, sir; I shall ha' my time too.

JOLLY. Ay, by this hand. Nay, we'll share fairly.

CAPT. That's but reason, Wanton; and since he grows tame, use him kindly, for my sake.

PAR. Can any of you digest sponge and arsenic?

CAPT. Arsenic! what's that?

PAR. An Italian salad, which I'll dress for you, by Jove, ere I'll walk in my canonical coat lined.

with horn. Death! if I suffer this, we shall have that damned courtier pluck on his shoes with the parson's musons. Fine, i' faith! none but the small Levite's brow to plant your shoeing-horn seed in? How now?

[*As he is going off, the CAPTAIN stays him.*]

CAPT. Prythee, Jack, stay, and say something to the gentlemen by way of epilogue. Thou art a piece of scurvy poet thyself; prythee, oblige the author, and give us a line or two in praise of his play.

PAR. I oblige him! hang him and all his friends, and hurt nobody. Yes, I am likely to speak for him. You see how I ha' been used to-day betwixt you. I shall find a time to be revenged. Let go my cloak; I have a province within of mine own to govern: let me go.

CAPT. Who, thy wife? Faith, stay and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over. You see, 'tis a thing resolved betwixt 'em; and now thou'rt satisfied in the matter, be wise and silent; who knows what good she may do thee another time? I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of herself.

PAR. Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your titles, sir.

CAPT. Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; you'd not ha' me present epilogue in buff,¹ whoreson dunce, with a red nose?

PAR. Sir, my business is praying, not epilogues.

CAPT. With that face? By this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so near the altar: thou look'st as if thou'dst cry *Tope* in the face of the congregation, instead of *Amen*.

¹ Prologues and epilogues were formerly spoken in *black cloaks*.

PAR. Thou'rt an ass, 'tis proper there; 't has zeal and fervour in't, and burns before the altar like the primitive lamps.

CAPT. I cry thee mercy. By this light, he'll make it sacrilege anon to steal his nose! thou'lt entitle the altar to that coal. Was't not kindled *ex voto*? Nay, I will have your cloak.

PAR. Take it; would 'twere Nessus's shirt, for you and your poet's sake. [*Exit PARSON.*]

CAPT. What, does the rogue wish 'twere made of nettles?¹

[*CAPTAIN puts on his cloak, and addresses himself to speak the epilogue, and is interrupted by LADY LOVEALL, and FAITHFUL her woman, who, in haste and full of anger, pull him by the cloak.*]

LOVE. By your favour, sir, did you see any company pass this way?

CAPT. None but the three brides, and they are gone just before you. Hark! the music will guide you. [*The music plays.*]

LOVE. Is it certain, then, they're married?

CAPT. Yes, lady; I saw the church's rites performed.

FAITH. Why does your ladyship lose time in talking with this fellow? don't you know him, madam? 'tis the rascally captain, hid in a black cloak. I know you, sirrah.

LOVE. She has reason; now I mark him better, I should know that false face too. See, Faithful, there are those treacherous eyes still.

CAPT. Alas! you mistake me, madam, I am Epilogue now. The captain's within, and as a friend, I counsel you not to incense the gentlemen against the poet, for he knows all your story, and

¹ [He misunderstands the Parson's classical allusion to Nessus.]

if you anger him, he'll put it in a play; but if you'll do friendly offices, I'll undertake, instead of your pearl you lost, to help you to the jewel; the Scotch Dictionary will tell you the value of it. Let them go alone, and fret not at their loss. Stay, and take my counsel: it shall be worth three revenges.

LOVE. Well, what is't, sir?

CAPT. They say you have a great power over the parson: if you can prevail with him to express his anger in some satiric comedy (for the knave has wit, and they say his genius lies that way), tell him 'tis expected he should be revenged upon the illiterate courtier that made this play. If you can bring this business about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the captain abused you to-day. Think on't: Stephen¹ is as handsome, when the play is done, as Master Wild was in the scene.

LOVE. There's something of reason in what he says. [*Aside.*] But, my friend, how shall one believe you? you that were such a rascal to-day in buff, is it to be hoped you can be honest only with putting on a black cloak? Well, I'll venture once again; and if I have any power, he shall sting the malicious rascal, and I think he is fit for such a business. I'm sure he has the worst tongue, and a conscience that neither honour nor truth binds; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in public, he may be even with your poet. I will clothe and feed him and his muse this seven years, but I will plague him. Secret tells me, 'twas your poet too that pawned me to-day in the tavern.

¹ [The name of the actor who filled the part of Wild.]

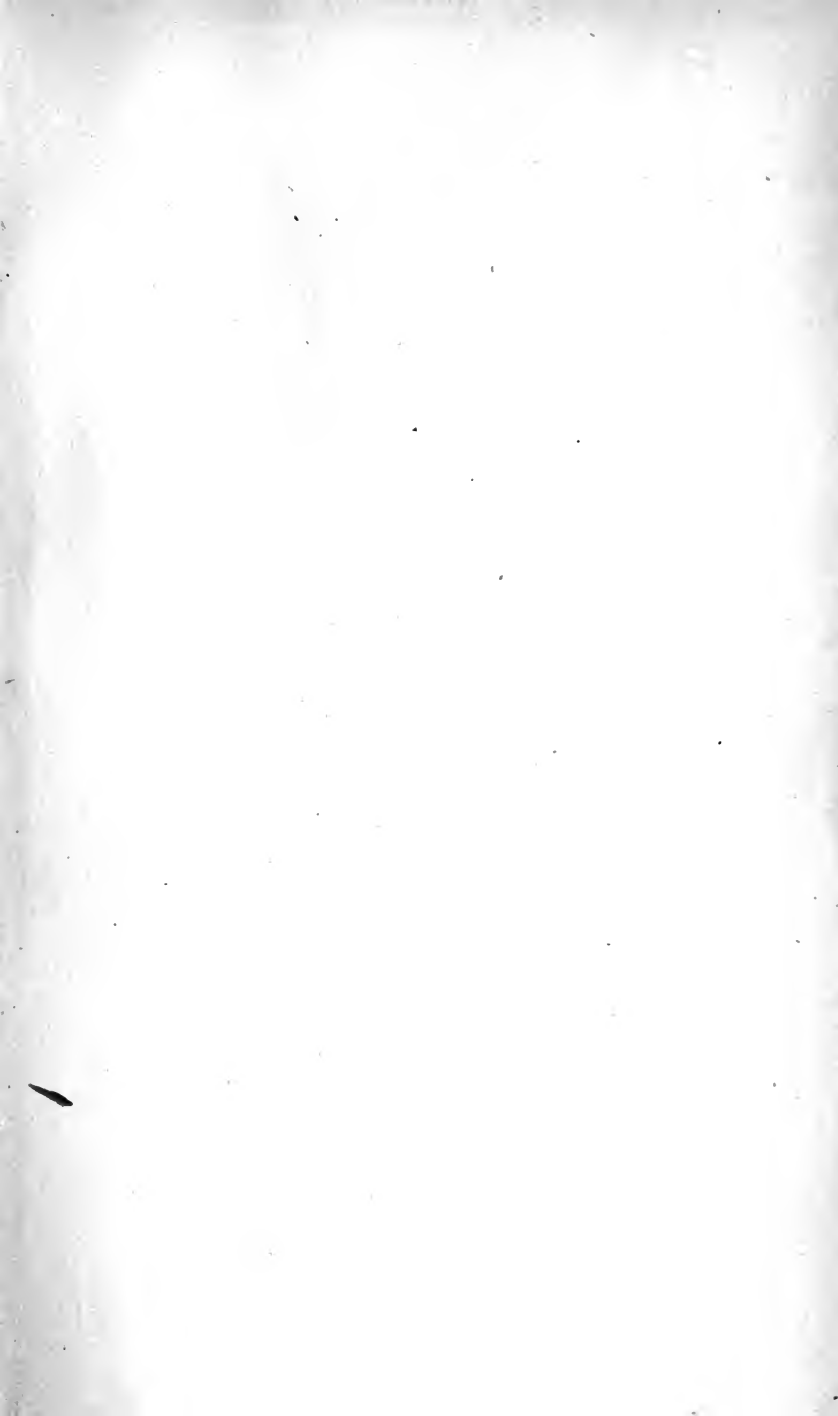
CAPT. By my faith, did he ; nay, 'twas he that told me of your friendship with Jolly.

LOVE. I wonder the parson has been so long silent ; a man of his coat and parts to be beaten with a pen by one that speaks sense by rote, like parrots ! one that knows not why sense is sense, but by the sound ! one that can scarce read, nay, not his own hand ! Well, remember your promise.

CAPT. Leave it to me, he is yours ; and if our plot take, you shall have all your shares in the mirth, but not the profit of the play ; and the parson more than his tithe, a second day.

LOVE. We will discourse of this some other time. And pray despatch what 'tis you have to say to this noble company, that I may be gone ; for those gentlemen will be in such fury if I stay, and think, because we are alone, God knows what.

CAPT. 'Tis no matter what they think ; 'tis not them we are to study now, but these guests, to whom pray address yourself civilly, and beg that they would please to become fathers, and give those brides within. What say you, gentlemen, will you lend your hands to join them ? The match, you see, is made. If you refuse, Stephen misses the wench, and then you cannot justly blame the poet ; for, you know, they say that alone is enough to spoil the play.





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